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VOLUME XIII.
JULY TO DECEMBER 1900

◆

G. O. SHIELDS (Coquina), Editor and Manager

◆

NEW YORK
23 West Twenty-fourth Street
1900

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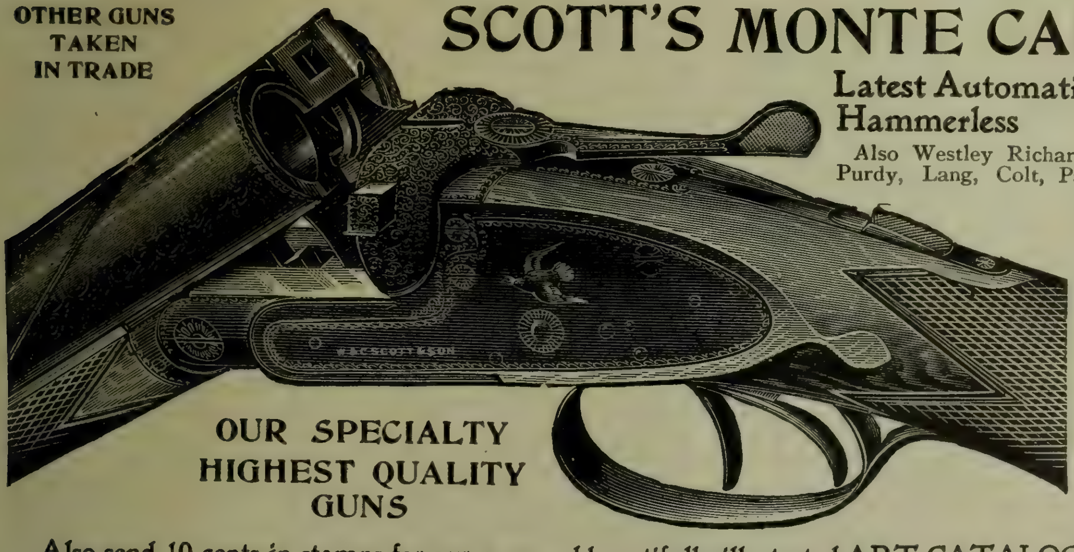

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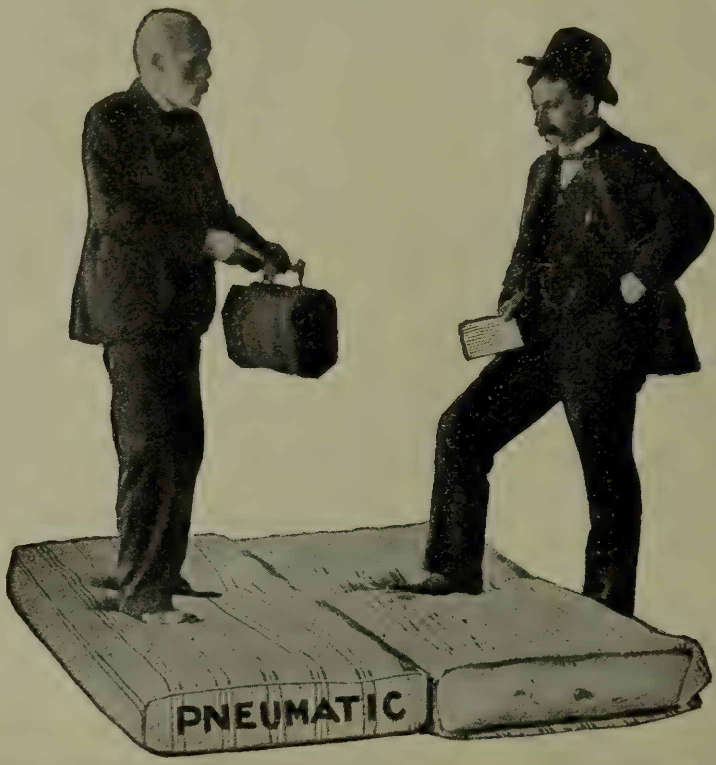

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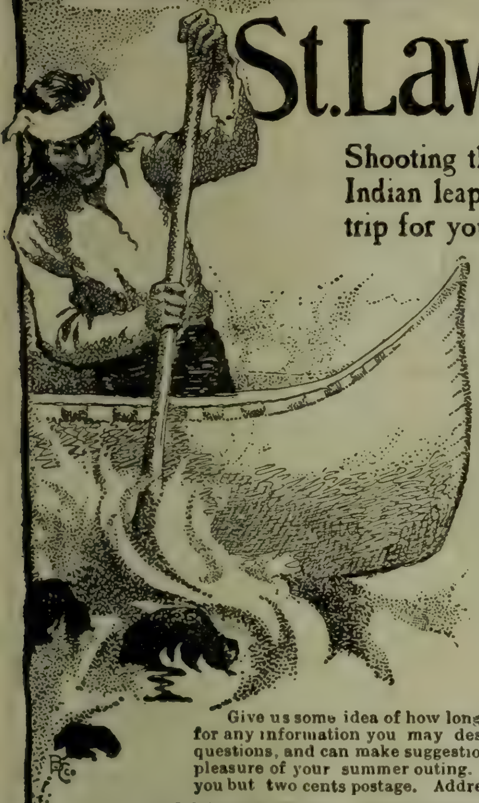

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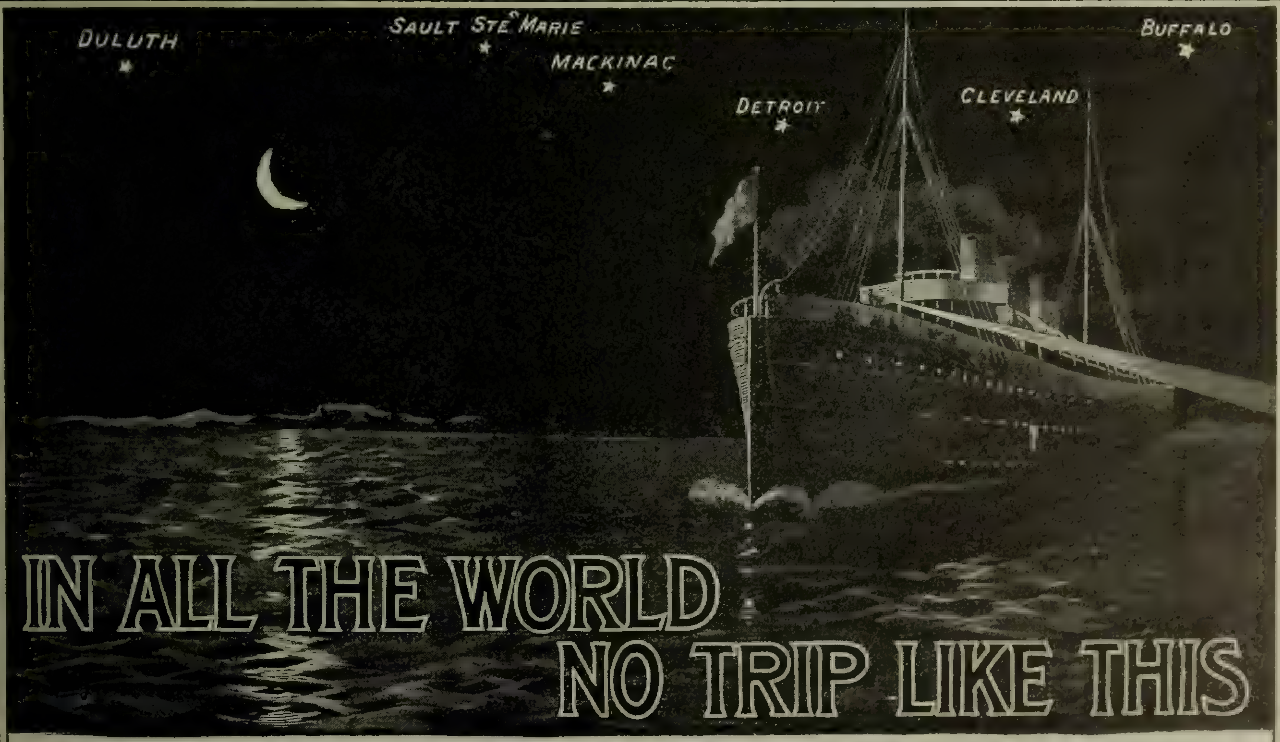

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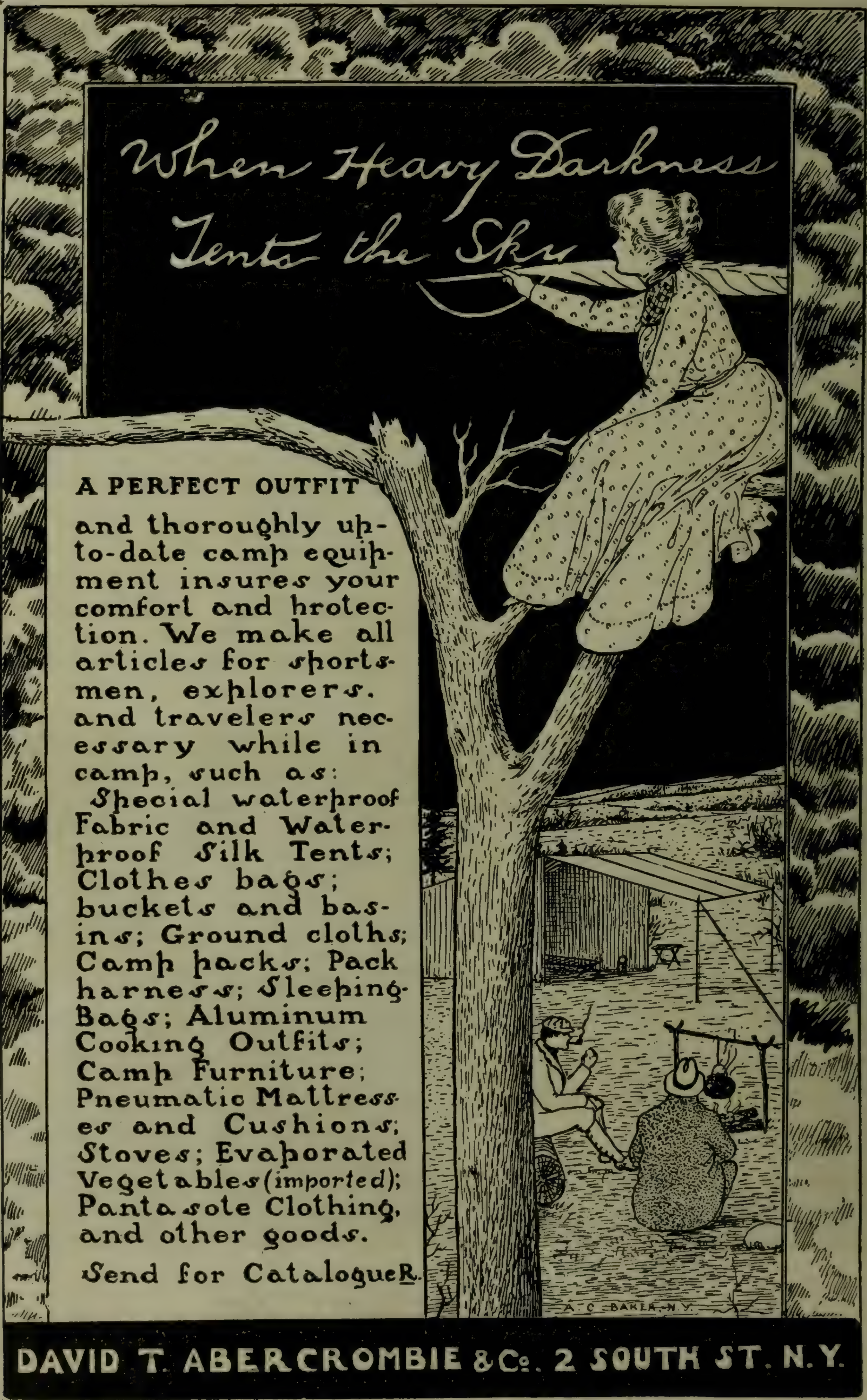
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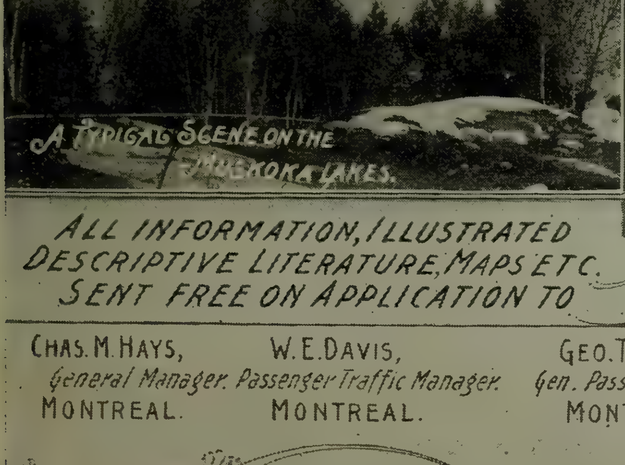
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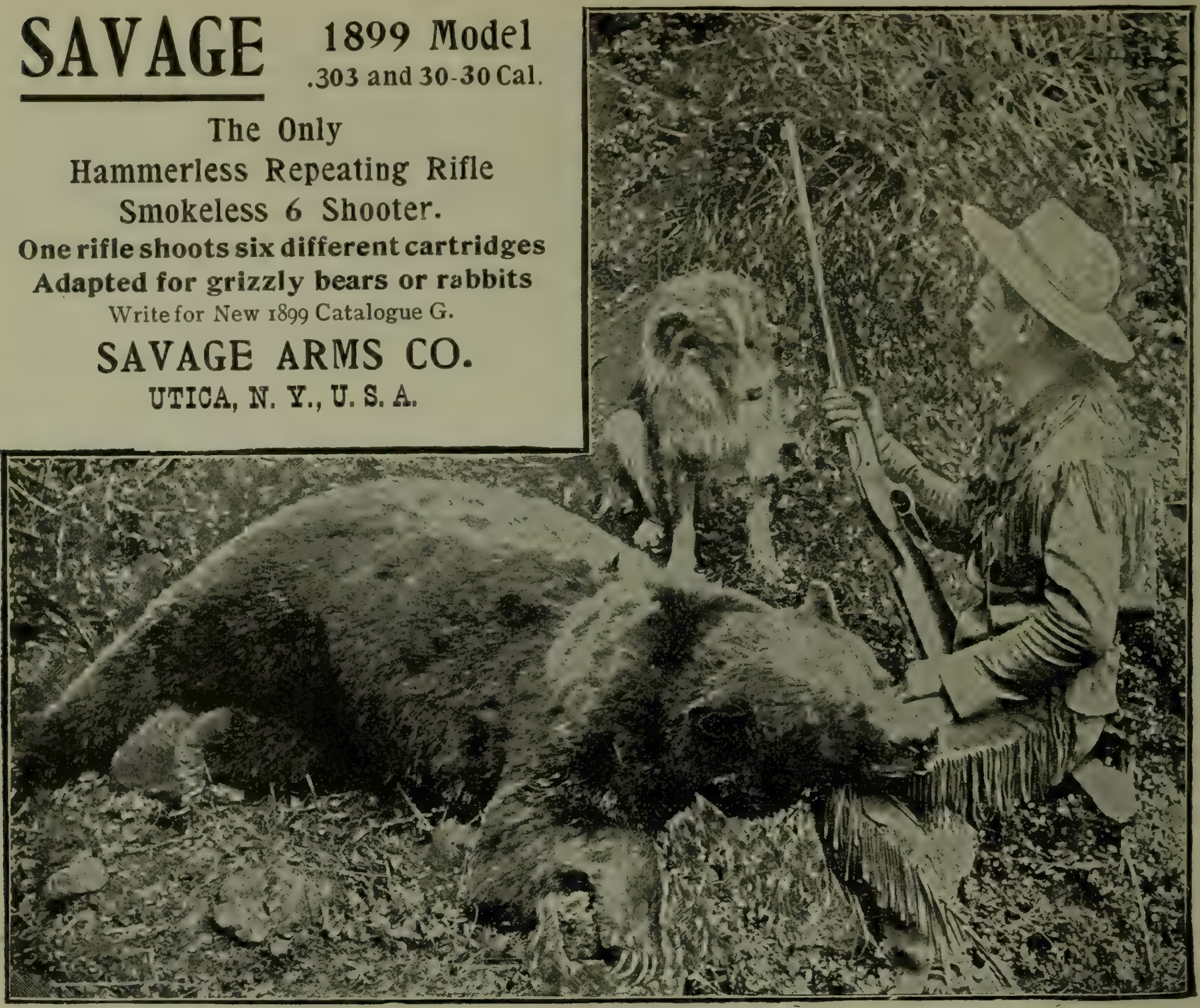

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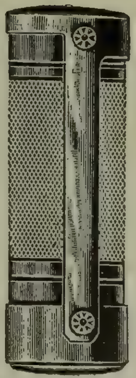

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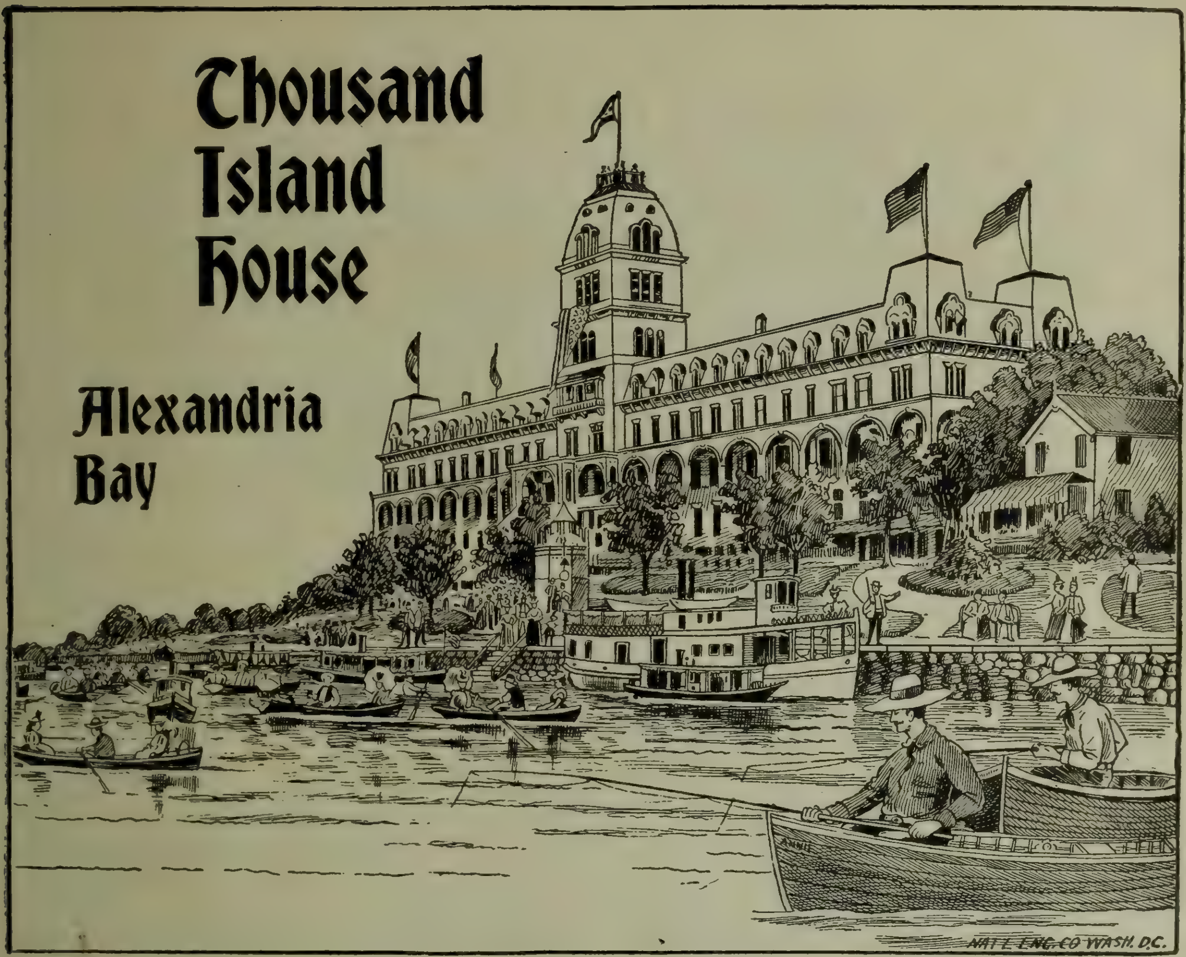
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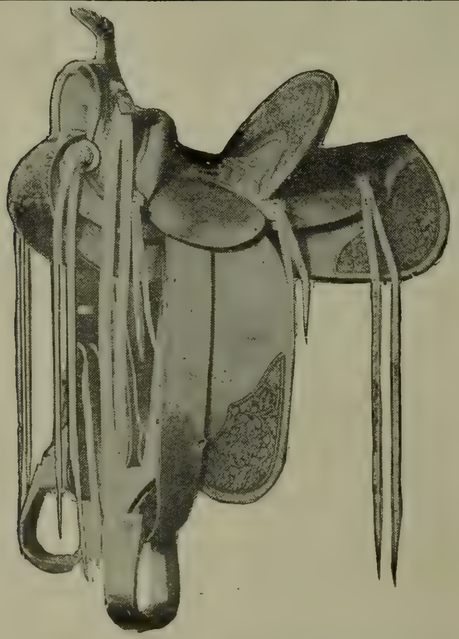

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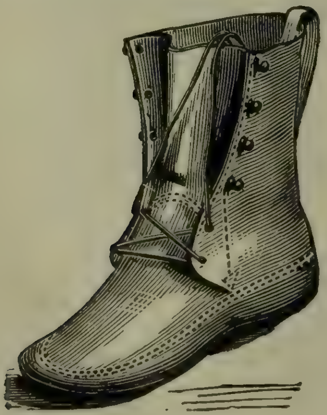

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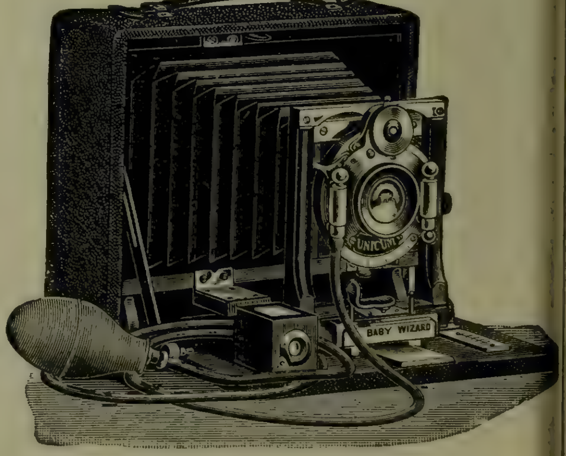

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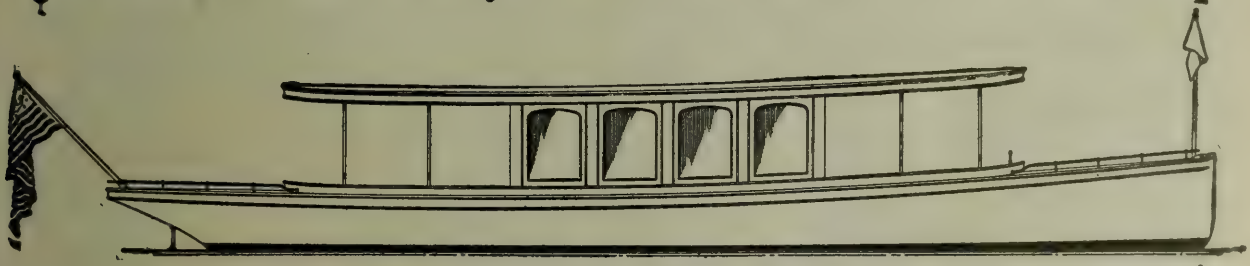

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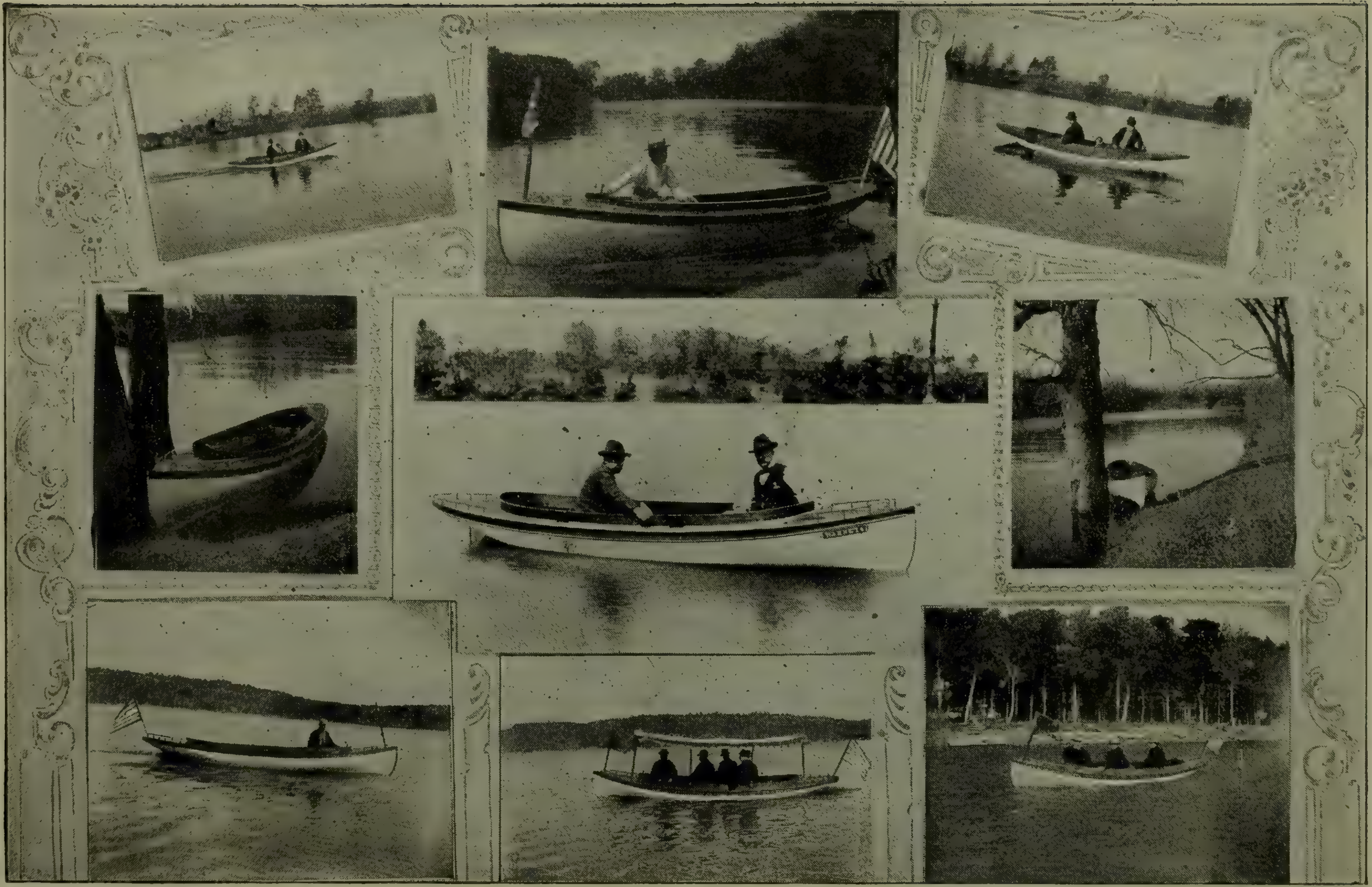

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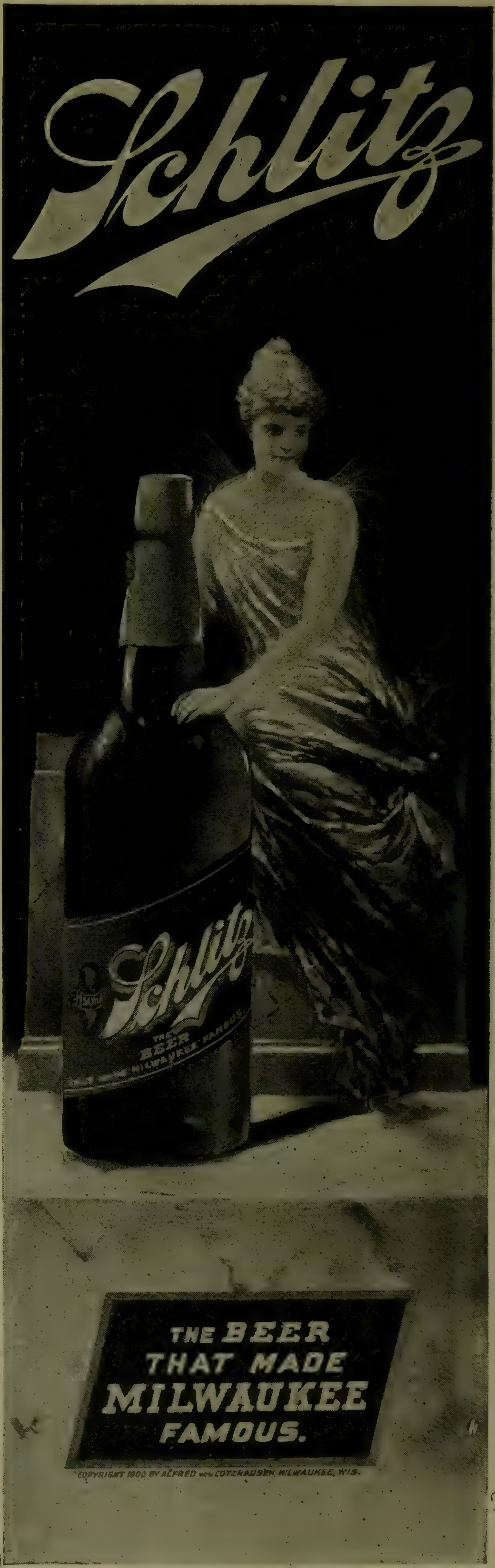
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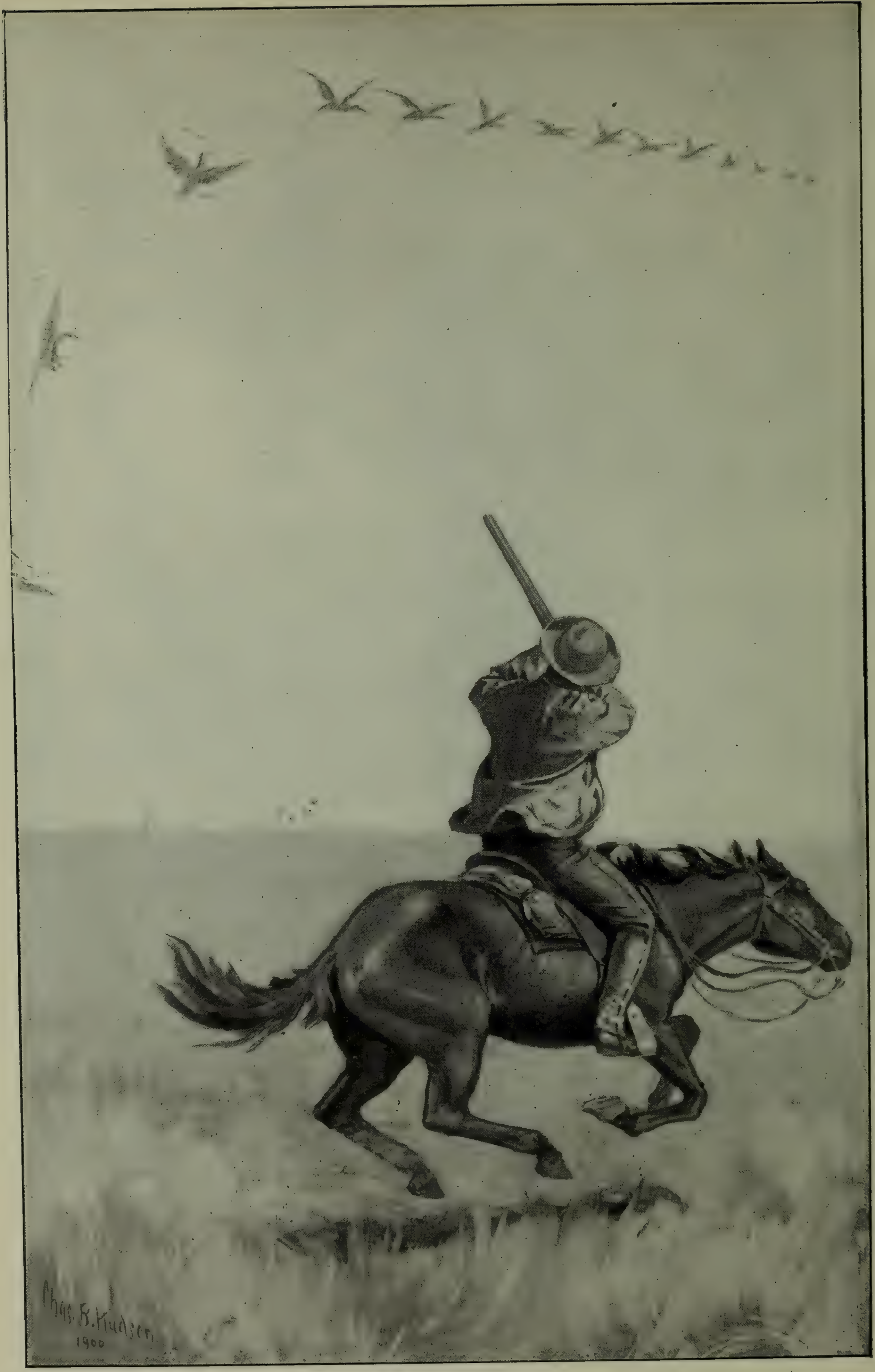

Chas. R. Knudsen
1900

"I KILLED 17 OF THEM."

RECREATION

Volume XIII. JULY, 1900. Number 1.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

THE MAJOR'S CURLEW YARN.

J. E. ALLEN.

The Major and I had spent a pleasant November day in the woods, quail shooting. I say the Major, because the scene of this story is Orange county, Florida, and everybody in the county knows I mean Major M. R. Marks. We have other majors here, but it is generally conceded that Mat. Marks is *the* Major.

On the way home the Major called my attention to 8 or 10 long-billed curlews leisurely flying in a line, crossing the road about 500 yards ahead of us, evidently making for their roosting place in a neighboring cypress swamp. "Drive quickly, Allen," he urged. "We can get half a dozen of them."

"They are too far away, Major," I replied. "Besides, old Dick is tired, and we have more birds in the buggy now than we need. Let them go."

The Major was quiet a few moments and watched the string of curlews disappear over the tops of the pines. Then turning to me he said,

"Those curlews remind me of the time I did the best shooting ever done in Florida, I don't care who the shooter is or what he shot at."

"That's a broad statement, Major. I have made some shots myself that were not bad. What did you shoot and where did you do this remarkable shooting?"

The Major settled himself down on the seat with his feet over the dashboard.

"It was curlews I shot at, curlews; like those we have just passed. I was on a camp hunt with a party from Sanford and we stopped one evening just about this time on the edge of Lake Jessup prairie. I was still sitting on my mare, as I was one of the last to come up, when I looked out across the prairie and saw the longest string of curlews I ever saw in my life. They were flying low. I had a small pin-fire breech loading shot gun and my little buckskin mare, Belle, was the fastest single footer that ever set foot on Florida soil. The prairie was level and as smooth as a ballroom floor. When I saw that string of birds stretched out against the horizon I put spurs to Belle and headed the procession off about half a mile from camp. Turning Belle's head the same way the birds were going, I dropped the bridle across her neck and let her go at full speed while I loaded my gun and began shooting the birds. The little mare seemed to catch the spirit of the thing and attended strictly to her part. I kept right under the string of curlews for ¾ of a mile and killed 17 of them. I didn't miss a shot, and only quit because my shells gave out."

At the conclusion of this yarn I made no comment. I did not even turn my eyes toward the Major, but gazed steadily at the beautifully tinted sunset clouds, in absolute silence. Finally I began to whistle softly. The Major waited a few moments and then, raising himself on the seat, said,

"Well, that's so; every word of it."

I still made no comment or reply, but I did stop whistling.

"May be you don't believe it?" continued the Major.

"Believe what, Major?"

"Believe what! Why, d——n it, that I shot the curlews I've been telling you about."

"Major, I didn't say I doubt your story. In fact, I haven't said a word about it. What are you getting angry about?" Here the Major got almost fighting mad.

"D——n it, sir! Actions sometimes speak louder than words. You act as though you don't believe me."

I still kept silence; and then again began to whistle softly.

"D——n it, Allen, I can prove that my story is true. J. E. Ingram, Bill Randolph and Joe Whitner were there and saw me kill the birds."

I was unable to restrain my feelings any longer and my pent-up laughter broke forth. It was growing dark and I could not see the expression on the Major's face, but I could hear him fuming and breathing heavily. As soon as I could choke off my mirth the Major, in a sneering tone, made his final remark:

"You think you are d——d smart, don't you?"

The remaining 2 miles we drove in silence.

When we reached home the Major said to me while the boy took the horse and buggy:

"Ned, don't say anything to anybody about that story. You are the only man I ever told it to. I was afraid people wouldn't believe it, and that is why I have never told it before. Good night, old man."

"Good night, Major."

I did not promise I would not tell the story.

CRABBING.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. J. DICK.

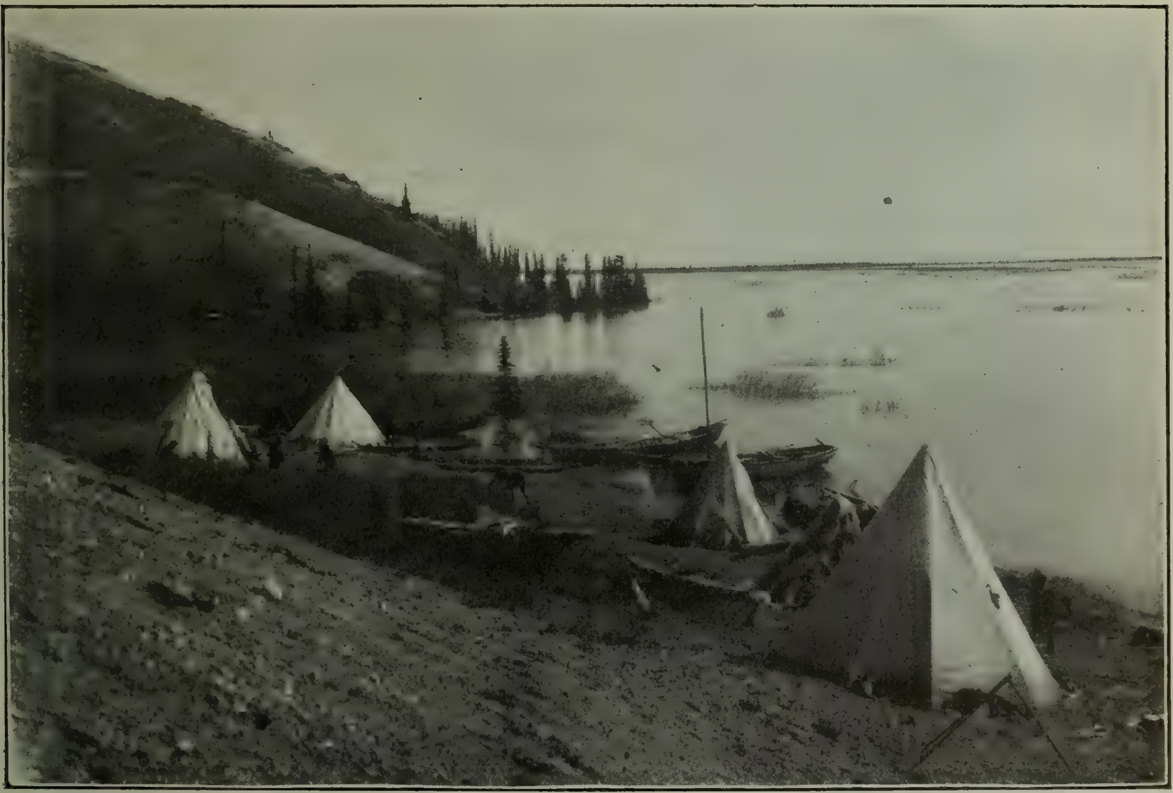
THE MACKENZIE; ITS FLORA, FAUNA, AND PEOPLE.

A. J. STONE.

Alexander MacKenzie, afterward knighted, was the first white explorer of the great river which now bears his name. That was in 1789. No records exist of any other white man's having followed him until 1836, when Dease and Simpson repeated the voyage to the coast, which they explored both East and West of the mouth of the river. Not, however, until recently was any actual survey made of the stream, and up to '99 the Lizard was the only tributary of the great river which had been accurately mapped. The work of Count de Sainville on Peel's river is only partly reliable. The chart prepared by Emile Petitot, the priest, in which he pretended to locate the lakes and streams Northward from and near to Great Bear lake, is now known to be inaccurate.

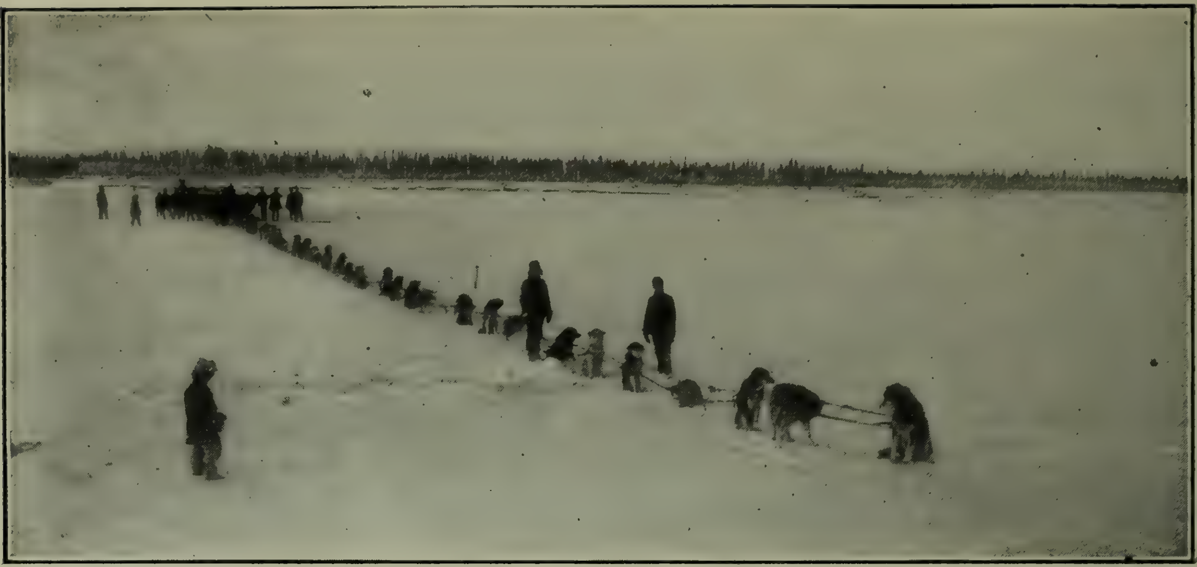
West of the Mackenzie is a wide region embracing the Rocky mountains, drained Eastwardly by the N. and S. Nahannas, the Gravel, Carcajou, Beaver, Red, Peel and many smaller streams, and Westwardly by sister streams into the Pacific. All these are unexplored. East of the Mackenzie lies all that vast region North of Great Slave lake and Hudson's bay, drained to a great extent by the Mackenzie, all unsurveyed, much of it unexplored. Various parties have penetrated the country East of the Mackenzie basin, by way of Great Bear lake, and a chain of small lakes in the same system, to the headwaters of the Coppermine river, thence following that river to the Arctic coast; but as their object was only to reach that point they have left no data for the guidance of others. Thousands of square miles of the regions described are yet innocent of the footsteps of the white man. Some of the map makers have been so honest as to mark small sections of it unexplored; but the maps made have been largely based on information obtained from native hunters, and are in consequence of no value. The U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey has practically completed a chart of the Alaskan and Pacific coasts, with the Yukon river, giving coast soundings; but the smaller important rivers have not been mapped.

The Mackenzie river country and the region East of it are commonly called possessions of Canada, which country doubtless claims them; but the fact is they belong to the Hudson's Bay Company. They own the



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

SCENE ON THE LOWER MACKENZIE DELTA.



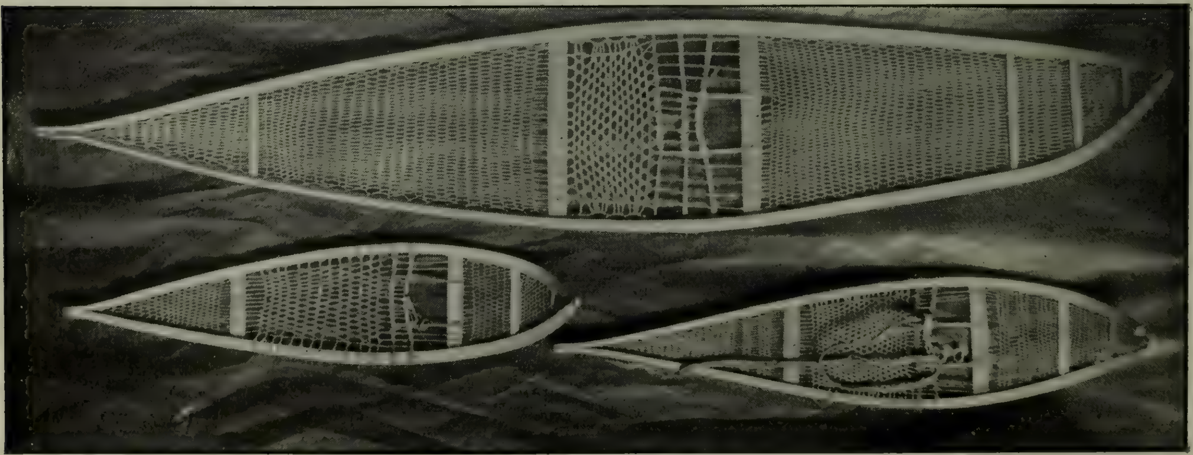
THIRTY DOGS IN ONE TEAM, DRAWING A BOAT ON THE ICE, MACKENZIE DELTA.

land and everything on it, over it and under it; the waters and all they contain, "the sea and all that therein is." The products of the country are natives, furs, meat and fish. All these are the property of the company. They receive the furs from the natives, fixing the price themselves, generally a fair one. The natives are their hunters, going whither they are sent, living on such food as is supplied them, except for the chance game they kill. The white traveler in those solitudes must depend on the company for his guides and helpers. They are furnished him at 2, 3, or 4 times the price the company pays for the same service. He is at their mercy and must accept or go alone. These guides eat the traveler's imported food, paid for at prices known nowhere else on earth, drink his tea and deceive him in every way.

The Peace and Athabasca combine to form the Slave river, which discharges the waters of Slave lake into the Mackenzie. The confluents just named, with the Liard, are the great river's greatest tributaries. The Mackenzie basin is one great system of lakes. Great Slave and Great Bear lakes are the largest 2, and there are hundreds of smaller ones. The natives go from lake to lake across the basin, carrying their light one-man birch bark canoes. At various points the river approaches close to the mountains, washing their base, at other times receding so far that the Rockies are invisible. From the first of November to the middle of May the river is closed with ice, which usually freezes 4 feet thick. Snow falls, on an average, 36 inches deep.

The "Burning Banks" of the Mackenzie, just above Fort Norman, deserve a passing note. Seams of lignite have been on fire since the first exploration of the river. Indian tradition accounts for the fire as follows: A giant once killed a big beaver on top of Bear Rock, went a few miles up stream, kindled a fire and cooked his game. The fire was not extinguished, and has been burning ever since. Large quantities of petrified wood and fossil leaves are found there. Beds of excellent salt are found in the mountains West of Norman.

Spruce is the chief timber in all this re-



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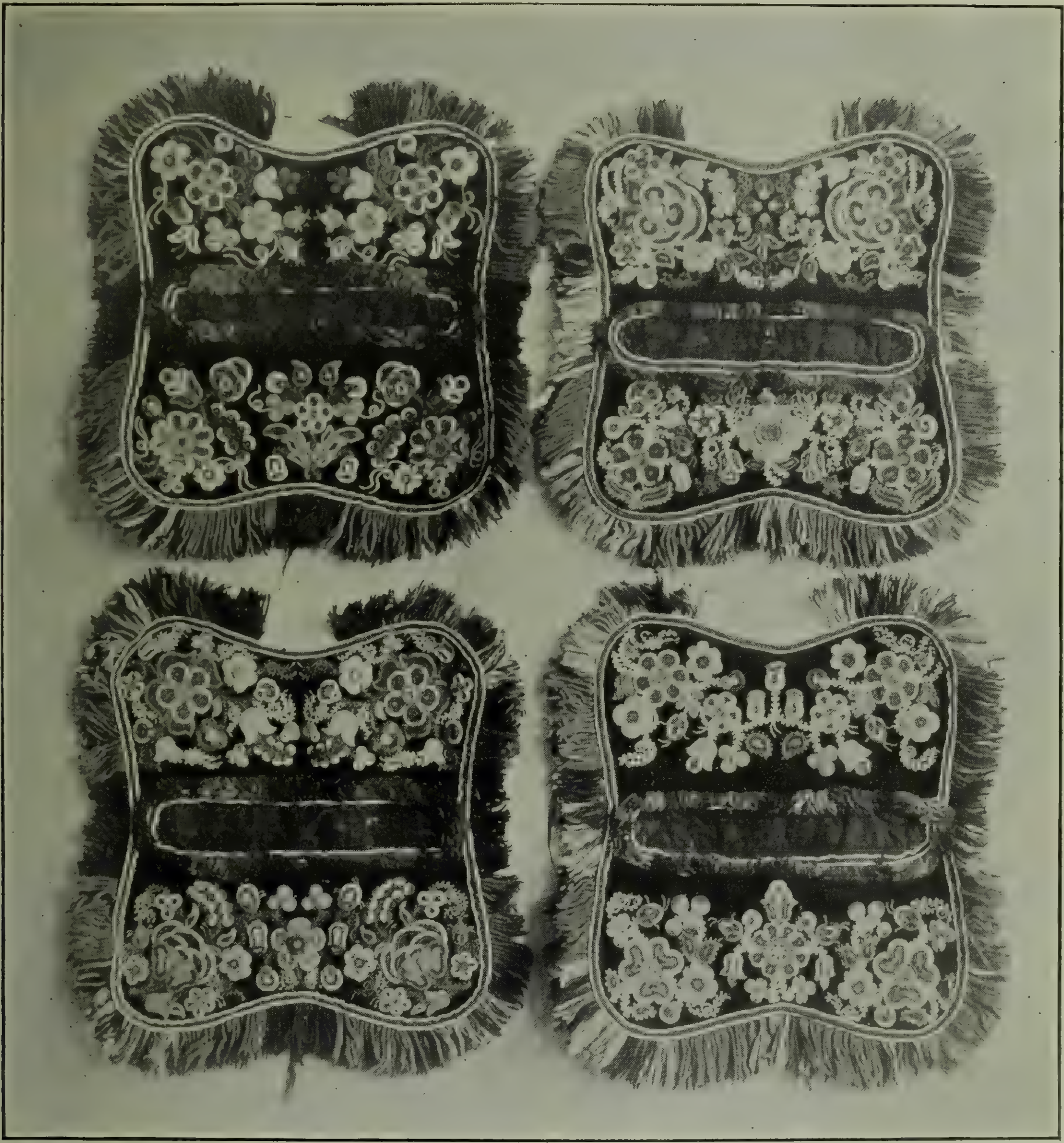
No. 1, 72-inch hunting shoe. No. 2, 40-inch shoes for going ahead of dogs. No. 3, 36-inch shoe used by dog driver.

gion, and in favored localities attains quite a size. It is sufficiently abundant to supply all the needs of the country. Tamarack, poplar and birch are found also, but too small to be valuable. Birch sufficient for sleds, snowshoes and canoes, though of inferior size and quality, is found. Willow and alder exist everywhere on lowlands. Moss covers all the country nearly, though but little grass grows. I found little attraction in the direction of wild flowers, either as to number or variety.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

TAPPEES, OR DOG BLANKETS; USED ONLY ON STATE OCCASIONS.

Gooseberries, raspberries, black and red currants, cranberries, blueberries and several other varieties which I did not recognize are native. Blueberries are everywhere and abundant.

The Mackenzie river country can scarcely be called a game or fur country, though it has both game and fur bearers. The former are nowhere found in large numbers. Moose are found throughout the lowlands in limited numbers. Caribou are in the mountains East of the Mackenzie, and in the barren grounds as well as in the Rocky mountains. In these latter mountains are also the *Ovis dalli.* Goats are found in the Rockies as far North as 63 degrees, among the sources of North Nahanna. The musk ox is found in the barrens East of the basin, but, I believe, does not range into the basin itself.

The game birds are sharp tailed grouse, spruce grouse, rock and willow ptarmigan, which remain all the year. Ducks breed in the lake region. The flight of geese in the fall only lasts about 3 days.

Martens, beavers, bears, foxes, lynxes,

wolverines, otters, minks, muskrats and wolves are the fur bearers, their relative values being about in the order in which I have named them.

In all my travels in the North I found no country so poor in furs as the Mackenzie basin. A few grizzlies are found in the Rockies, but they are small, and the fur is poor. Good black bear skins are found. Silver, cross and red foxes are caught in limited numbers, and a few blue and white foxes are brought in at Peel's river.

A TYPICAL LOUCHEAUX FACE.

The moose will longest survive the persecutions of his human foes, because of his natural cunning, the limitless extent of his range, and the almost insuperable obstacle which the boundless muskeag interposes in the path of the hunter. Now that the Indian is armed with modern rifles, the caribou and sheep, with their habit of bunching when alarmed, will be easier to kill off. Because martens and lynxes live on rabbits they will probably outlive the other fur bearers; but their food being variable in quantity they will vary in numbers in different seasons.

Birds usually desert that country in winter. One may travel many miles without seeing a living thing.

The native inhabitants are poor, lazy, dirty and lousy. The Lower Liard river Indians, and the Mackenzie river Indians are the wretchedest people I have ever met. The mountain Indians are the best hunters, with the Bear Lake tribe a good second. The big river people are the worst of the worthless, continually on the verge of starvation. No doubt they would starve but for the aid they get from the Hudson's Bay Company. Some of their hunters have rifles, some have muzzle loading shot guns, some have no weapon of any kind, not even a knife. The Gravel river Indians are said to furnish a good deal of dried meat to Fort Norman every year. I have seen them preparing this meat, and it is but fair to say, for the benefit of any possible buyer of dried venison at Fort Norman, that the method of preparing it, the habits of those who prepare it, the loathsome uses to which it is put are so utterly repulsive and abominable that no white man could eat it if he knew, nor would it be safe for him if he did.

I experienced no unusual difficulties in traveling in that country, though embarrassing incidents sometimes delayed me. For those I blame only the customs which have grown from dealing with Indians, which are just the same as they were 100 years ago.

The Hudson's Bay Company is unique. It is like no other concern in the world. Its agents, scattered over an immense region, are marvels of faithfulness and devotion. In no other such immense association is a business so extensive conducted with such regard to economy. No other equal body of men would serve on such pay, and with such strict integrity.

To the possible visitor who would follow my trail I would say, Take letters from

SLAVIS; TYPICAL MACKENZIE RIVER INDIANS

LOUCHEAUX WINTER CAMP.

bankers, from scientific sources, institutions of learning and the United States Government. Above all, call on the Hon. C. C. Chipman, Winnipeg, and arrange with him for your journey. He will manage the important details for you, and give you letters which will be an open sesame for you.

I made a few meteorological observations. I saw several brilliant auroral displays, in which the phenomena varied somewhat, though the arc always extended Northwest to Southeast. The colder the weather the more distinct the display.

From the head of the delta I saw 2 perfect mirages; the first at a temperature of 22 degrees, the other at 42 degrees. The latter showed the delta and a view of the Red river country 40 miles distant.

The coldest weather registered was 68½ degrees, though 60 degrees is rare. Ninety degrees was once reached in July.

Thursday, January 26th, 1899, the temperature was 40 degrees below zero, with light wind from East-southeast, sky almost clear, slightly streaked near horizon. About 3 p. m. the moon gave an exhibition strangely interesting. It was almost due North, full, and about 4 degrees above the horizon. For some time it assumed peculiar and unshapely outlines, at one time representing a circular saw, with dull, broken and uneven teeth; at another an old-fashioned copper kettle, with rounded sides, a lid, slightly oval on top, with a ring or button in the center for lifting; then the "Yellow Kid" was almost perfectly portrayed; then the outlines of a human head, profile, and other shapes were assumed, gradually changing from one form to another throughout a space of 60 or 70 minutes.

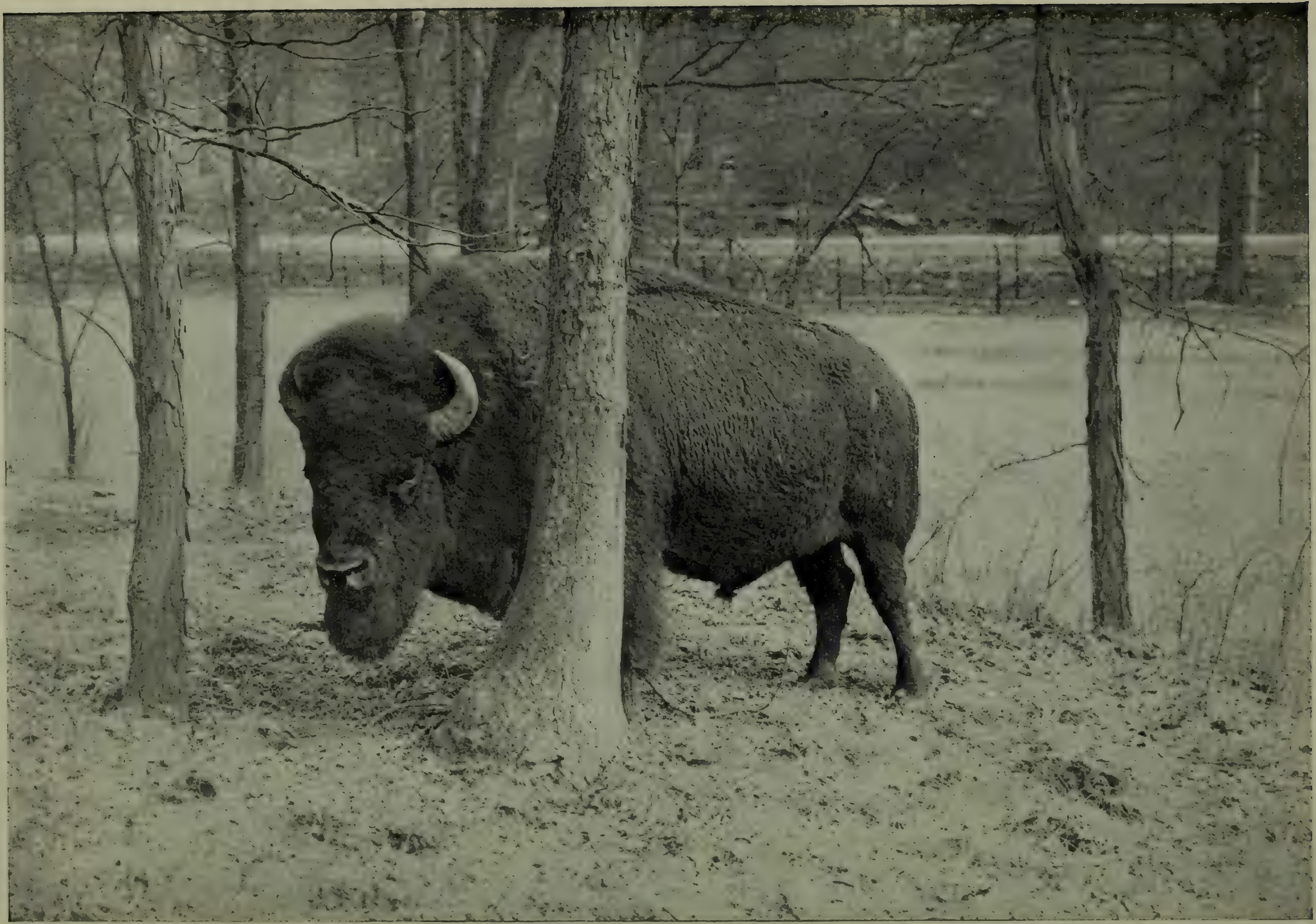
GRANDADDY'S SUBSCRIPTION.

H. J. WATTS.

Tim! what's that air book you've got, with red an' yeller cover?
Jest hand it here an' git my specs an' don't be all day, nuther.
I persume it's some old novel, "Grizzly Pete," er "Sure Shot Jim."
If it is, by gosh, I'll whale yeou, fer I've told yeou time an' agin
Not to read them pesky stories. Hain't yeou found them specs yet, Jim?
Yeou're the all-fired slowest mortal thar is around this town.
Found 'em, have ye? Take that chair thar; do yeou hear me? Now set deown.

Ahem! what's this? R-E-C-Recreation! Gosh, what's that?
Fer the rheumatiz, I reckon, er to make lean folks git fat.
Wal, I swan! A book on huntin'. Gee! them picters thar is fine!
Thar, that feller's been a fishin'. What's this? "Your place is with the swine."
Tim, come here. Now what does that mean? I see, callin' him to time.
Here's another; Look at thet one! See thet pile of dead birds thar!
Does beat all thar's some folks don't know when they've got their share.

There now, thar's a picter! What a forest! See them deer?
Makes me think of when I hunted, long ago; 'bout 60 year.
Lots of game in them days, b'ar an' deer an' catamount.
Done our shootin' with a rifle; bullet weighed darn nigh an ounce.
Could I shoot? Well, I should snicker! Hand as stidy as a rock.
Uster cut a squirrel's head off far's from here to that corn shock.
Hark! now; there's your mother callin'. Put your book up on the shelf,
Better send a year's subscription. Like to look 'em through myself.



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AMERICAN BISON.—"CLEVELAND."
Gift of Hon. Wm. C. Whitney. Captured wild in Panhandle of Texas, in 1887, by C. J. Jones.

HUNTING THE WHITE SHEEP IN ALASKA.

THOS. H. ROGERS.

At 11:45, accompanied by a shout of joy, the Wanderer shot out of Lake LeBarge, bucked her ice-scarred nose into the swollen Lewis, rose and fell with a ripperty-bump-bump a few times, and the 2,700-mile run down the great river of the North began in earnest. All hands breathed a sigh of relief. That bugbear of the Alaskan traveler, the Coast range, over which we had transported our supplies, mule fashion, by many days of patient labor, was fast fading into the blue summer's day.

We were a party of 4, bound for 40-Mile, the Mecca many a man has sought only to find his hopes a dream. That was the spring of 1888, 10 years before the Klondike rush. There was Lou, fresh from New York's greatest medical college. Then came poor old Batterman, with his soft hands and seductive smile, who gave up an easy job, handling shekels behind the wire screen of a Seattle bank, to join in the mad rush for gold! Then the writer; and, lastly, Ict Kwolon (One-Ear), our Indian guide, who had, at some bygone time, suffered the loss of his hearing appendage by the sweep of a grizzly's paw.

Though gold was the ultimate object of the trip, the love of adventure in each man's heart would every now and then bubble to the surface, to vent itself in ejaculations of wonder at the display of wild game for which the Yukon country was then noted, and impatience at having no chance to kill any of it. It was no uncommon sight to see numerous bighorn sheep standing out against the sky in bold relief on the cliffs as we floated down the silent, majestic river. Then the Winchesters would come into play, and streams of fire would belch from the Wanderer's side, which would cause old One-Ear in the stern to smile grimly and mutter in Chinook, "My white brothers are fools to waste their powder. Wait till we come to Haiker (Sheep mountain). Then I, Ict Kwolon, son of the chief of the Chilcats, will show the palefaced braves how to slay the sheep with the mighty horn."

One-Ear's words put practical Lou to thinking. When the guide said anything he usually meant it, so at Lou's suggestion it was decided to stop at Sheep mountain a few days, in the hope of replenishing the larder for the coming winter.

"The old devil may be lying," said Lou, "but the only way to make sure is to try a bunch. If it is a lie," he went on, glancing down at his number 9 boots, "there will be an old savage about One-Ear's size who will get it good and hard where his coat-tail ought to be. Cumtux, old man?"

"Wah," said the guide contemptuously; "my brother's words are pilton (foolish). The tongue of a wise man does not run like a bell clapper."

It was at the close of a brilliant June afternoon, subsequent to entering the Yukon proper, that all doubts of One-Ear's veracity were set at rest. While many miles away, where the river flows through a comparatively level country, the guide raised his gleaming paddle and pointed far Eastward, where a cone-shaped mound raised its head above the adjacent country.

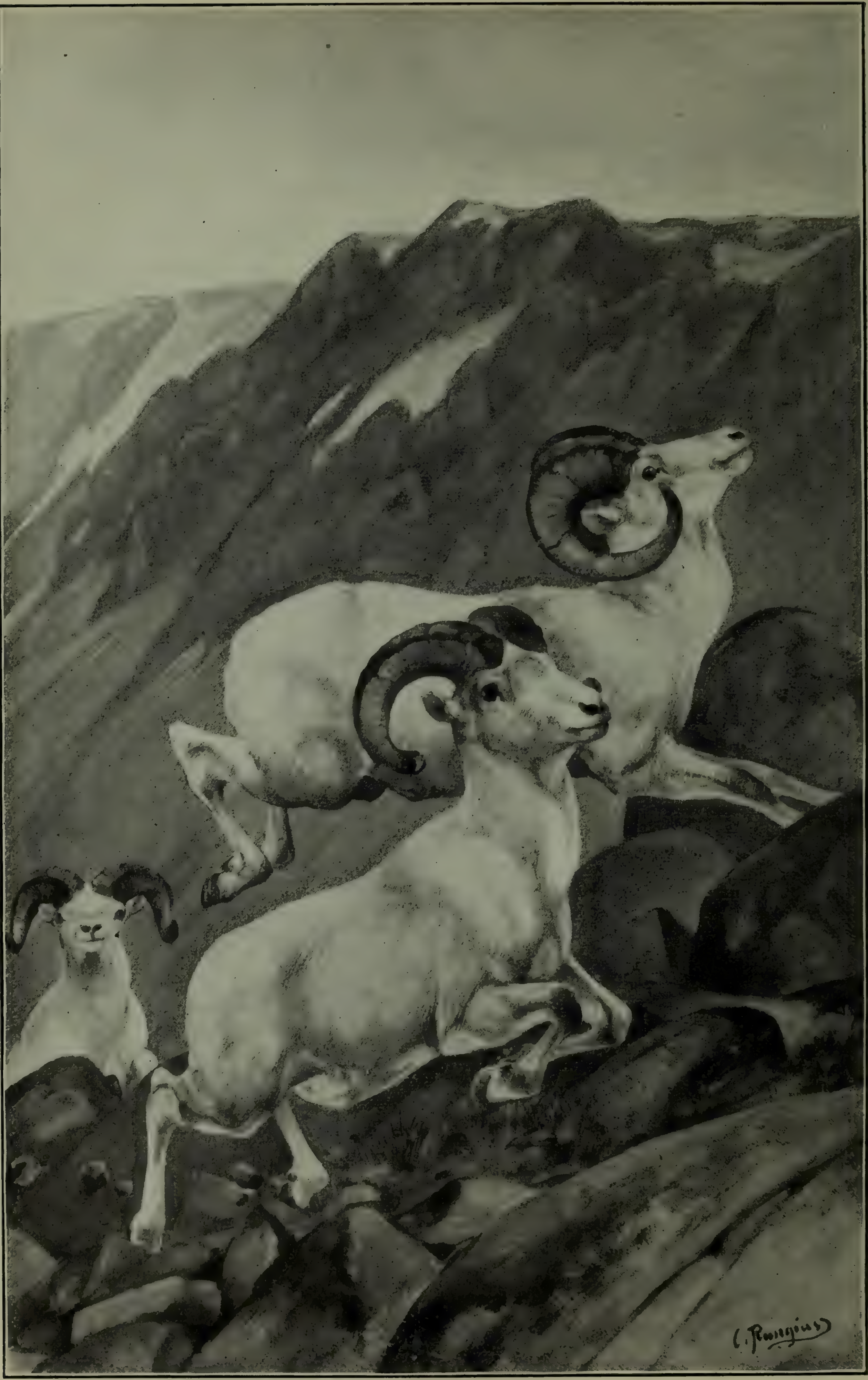
"Yowa Haiker," he muttered, as his eye rested momentarily on the Winchester at his knee. Then splash went the paddle, and, Indian like, as if ashamed of his momentary weakness, One-Ear resumed his wonted stoicism.

From that time on, the guide sent the little craft flying down the river with long, steady strokes, and a little before sundown ran her into the mouth of a small creek at its confluence with the Yukon.

"Now comes the tug of war!" said Lou, who had engaged the Chilcat in conversation for some miles back. "The old man tells me we have a portage to make; so you fellows pile out when he heads her in, and be quick about it, too."

The landing was by no means graceful. For once our expert oarsman lost his head. The swirl of the eddy first turned the Wanderer broadside on; then, quick as a flash, the 10-mile current hurled the little craft into the bank with a dull-sounding chug, as if bent on annihilation. The first thing to land was a frying-pan, which shot over the bow like a cantankerous ram, and lit with a whiz in some bushes 10 feet away. It was followed by a shower of tin cups and plates, which sailed through the air like a flock of quails—to the right, to the left and straight ahead. Then a discordant yell rang out from a member of the party, whose center of gravity was upset, and a moment later a burly form went by the board and lit with a splash, hands and feet down, in the ooze and muck of the Yukon bank.

"Damn your old skin," said Batterman, rising to his feet and shaking a mud-covered fist under One-Ear's nose. "If I thought you did that purposely I'd mash



"THE 3 ANIMALS CAME TEARING UP THE INCLINE."

your measly old carcass into a grease spot." But the guide had troubles of his own. The disgusted groan he gave as a ball of fire hopped out of his short-stemmed pipe and lit between the toes of his moccasinless feet would have been creditable as the dying wail of his great ancester Mox-Mox, whose bones lay sepulchred in the sand spit at far-away Dyea.

The landing was at last happily consummated, a suitable place found, and the goods cached. Then came the portage. It took a pull, a long pull, a hard pull, and a pull all together to get the water-soaked boat out of the river and on top of the bank. But that, too, was finally accomplished, and by sundown we had her over the ridge and into a narrow, timber-bordered lagoon, stretching away to the East as far as the eye could reach.

"Two suns," said One-Ear, motioning up the narrow strip of water; "then Haiker; then hyu sheep, hyu, hyu, h-y-u!"

"Shut up, you bamboozling old fool!" said the yet ruffled Batterman, as he helped Lou set up the tent. "You don't want to get gay at this stage of the game, or I'll give you the go-by like a white fish."

"Mica sullix? Mica wawa halo sense," rejoined the Chilcat, as he began gathering driftwood for the fire.

Three miles up the lagoon next morning Batterman's quick eye fell on a grazing caribou in the reeds 200 yards back from shore. Quickly raising his rifle he brought the animal down with a .44 slug, amidst a great thrashing and pounding of reeds and mud. To skin and quarter the animal took nearly an hour. Then we again embarked, One-Ear heading the boat up the lagoon with steady, silent strokes. Later that day, with the going down of the sun, a big black bear came lumbering out of a thicket on the bank and plunged into the water.

"Mosquito," said One-Ear. This was true. The huge, unwieldy beast, coming down from the highlands in quest of food, had been set upon and its eyesight totally destroyed by repeated stinging, leaving him at the mercy of the Alaskan vampire. Swinging the boat around, One-Ear put the brute out of its misery by sending a .44-50 slug crashing through its skull.

Two days of steady rowing, except when we were eating and sleeping, brought us to the Eastern end of the lagoon. There we ran the Wanderer ashore under the very shadow of Haiker, a colossal piece of table land reaching up into the sky many thousands of feet. Not till camp was pitched and the inner man satisfied—caribou steak, smoking hot, the menu—did our thoughts turn in earnestness to Haiker, on whose seamed and rugged top we would be found on the morrow. As the shadows lengthened and the soft summer twilight drew on apace, our eyes followed those of One-Ear, who, in the fashion of his race, squatted on the ground before the campfire, his arms about his knees, lost in silent meditation.

Up, straight up, a thousand feet in the air, a huge, overhanging spur stood out from the main body of the mountain, cut clear against the steel blue dome, not unlike a giant thumb, yet seeming ready to break away and fall. Should that occur, our little camp would be crushed into oblivion. To the right of the spur a huge crevasse had rent the mountain side in twain from top to bottom, leading up at an angle of 45 degrees to the apex, miles away.

"True now, One-Ear," said Batterman, as he filled and lighted his brierwood; "are the sheep as plentiful up there as you have pictured?"

"Ugh!" grunted One-Ear, his eyes yet on the giant thumb; "hyu sheep. Let brothers wait in patience. By and by, when the little sun shows his eye on another day, we will enter the illahe of plenty."

It is said there is no night in Alaska during the month of June. That night, at least, the appellation of "Midnight Sun" was well merited. We filled and lighted our pipes all around. Even old One-Ear joined in by taking a totem-carved pipe from his bosom and lighting it. We sat outside the tent in the twilight an hour or more, marking out the programme for the following day's sport. At the expiration of 2 hours Lou consulted his watch. It was 11:55, and so light one could easily have read RECREATION. Just at that moment the fiery eye of the sun shone through a gap in the mountain range, casting bars of gold over the desolate land. For a full minute it hung there, crowning Haiker's snowy crest with a diadem of frosty stars. Then it slowly swung behind the mountain battlements, and the semi-darkness reigned once more.

"Look, white men," said One-Ear, as the sun struck the devil's thumb; "look up there. The father of the sheep, who never sleeps, greets the tenas sun!"

We all looked up. On the very pinnacle, his great horns cut clear against the sky, immovable as a sphinx, was a magnificent bighorn, looking over the endless vista to the North. Batterman reached for his Winchester, raised the sights to 1,000 yards, took a careful aim and sent a leaden messenger speeding upward at the silhouetted animal against the sky. He might as well have blazed away at the moon. The distance was too great. Then Lou tried his hand. In fact, we all tried, even old One-Ear entering into the sport of the thing. Not until the magazines were empty did the bighorn vacate his dizzy perch. Then, as the last shot died away, he quitted his accommodating pose and bounded away into the fast returning darkness.

"He's gone to bed," said Batterman, "so I move we follow suit."

Time passes quickly with a tired man when in camp, hence it did not seem more than 2 hours when a deep guttural voice broke our slumbers with,

"Chaco!" (come.)

Three sleepy men yawned and sat up in the little tent. It was the first gray of dawn. We looked out through the parted flaps. In front of the tent crouched One-Ear, busily engaged in fanning a flickering fire to life. When he had produced a respectable blaze he flecked a bloodthirsty mosquito from his nose and said:

"Chaco iskum muck-a-muck nesika mitlite copa lemonta tenas sun." (Come and eat; we want to be on the mountain at sunrise.)

Breakfast was hastily dispatched. Then strapping on ammunition belts, likewise knives, with rifles in hand we began the ascent of Haiker. I have hit many a trail through the great Northwest, but they all pale into insignificance compared to the Nature-made route leading up to the apex of Sheep mountain. It was climb, climb, climb, and more climbing still. Huge, toppling blocks of stone barred the crevasse; leaping waterfalls deluged us to the skin, yet we pushed on and on, in our endeavor to keep pace with the tireless guide. One-Ear was like a fleet-footed chamois. One minute he would be seen, always surefooted, jumping from rock to rock; then he would disappear for minutes at a time, to come again in view, hundreds of feet farther up, and wave us on.

"Will this never end?" panted Batterman. "Shall we never reach the top?"

It had often puzzled me while quartered at Sheep camp to understand how the coast Indians hunted bighorns so successfully. It was no uncommon thing to see them return to camp after an absence of an hour or so laden with game. Batterman and I tried to do likewise, but in vain. We always returned empty handed. Then we appealed to our dusky friends. The Chilcats have no regard for the truth. Time and time again we were promised enlightenment on the *modus operandi*, but when the time came the wily aborigines would make themselves conspicuous by their absence.

The Indian art of hunting, however, was explained to our profound satisfaction shortly after reaching the table land. Striding across the 2-mile stretch, One-Ear hurried the 3 of us up the snow clad side of the mountain to the summit. Numerous bighorn were jumped on the way up, but the guide would suffer no one to shoot. From the apex of Haiker to the level below is one of the grandest places conceivable for rock rolling, there being a straight, steep runway for 2 miles or more. This was the secret of Indian bighorn hunting, and it seemed as though Providence had strewn the mountain top with boulders for our especial benefit that day. All that was necessary to set them going was a slight push. At a signal from One-Ear each man singled out a stone, gave it a shove, hastily picked up his rifle, and awaited results.

"Gee! See 'em go!" Lou exclaimed. "The fast mail isn't in it."

It was enough to make one enthusiastic. To see those big boulders start slowly off, then gather headway and bound into the air with a whiz and a roar, and thence go rolling, crunching, grinding down the mountain at railroad speed, with great blinding clouds of dust in their wake, was well worth the climb to Haiker's crest.

"Hyu rock, hyu sheep," said One-Ear, as the thunderous intonations began to die away.

Perhaps 5 minutes went by. Then across the perspective, at right angles, there emerged from a stunted growth of timber a pair of scraggy, wide-spreading horns. Then another; then another. Just then One-Ear started a boulder down the mountain. As the big rock sailed through the air the trio bunched, coming to a stop on an exposed ledge some 300 yards below. It was not at us they were looking, but at the meteoric flying missile, plunging down the slope. This is characteristic of the bighorn. If anything assails him in the line of danger ahead, he will always turn and look in the opposite direction.

"Now, boys," said Batterman, raising his rifle, "let 'em have it. There's one apiece."

Huddled up as they were, the bunch was a fair target, and we all 3 banged away. One-Ear held his rifle for a more auspicious time. Whether it was owing to a downhill shot or excitement I cannot tell, but at any rate we scored a miss each. In less time than it takes to tell it, too, the 3 animals came tearing up the incline, making a bee-line over the crest. Then old One-Ear showed his hand. He did not get excited, neither did he lose his head. His trusty Winchester came to his shoulder, a black, piercing eye looked along the polished barrel, a scrawny finger pressed the trigger, and as a white puff of smoke went up the largest bighorn it was ever my lot to see bounded high in the air and fell dead, almost at the Chilcat's feet, pierced through and through by his unerring missile.

As One-Ear's rifle spit fire there came

up over the crest from the South a rampant old buck, making the snow fly as he chugged along. Had a brick wall loomed up ahead the old ram would have charged it, and, in all probability, gone over it, too, so terrified was he by the jumping, grinding boulders. Ping, bang, ping! It was Batterman shooting. A bullet ploughed up the snow at my feet, another struck ker-spat on a nearby boulder, another one sang a wicked p-e-i-e-u overhead. He wasn't excited. Oh, no! Batterman never gets excited. He isn't the excitable kind, you know. At his fourth shot old One-Ear suddenly gave a tremendous "Wugh!" jumped about 3 feet high, dropped his rifle, and began clawing the air in his frantic endeavors to keep pace with his cap, which sailed off over the crest in company with the old ram. When One-Ear got back with it his headgear had a hole in it about as big as—well, say a billiard ball.

Just how many bighorn were disturbed by the rock-rolling Indian method that day I cannot say. At any rate they came thick and fast, and it was chug, chug, bang, bang! for over 20 minutes. Had any chance goldseeker happened along he would no doubt have mistaken the fusilade up in the clouds for a rapid fire gun.

Result of the day's shooting: If you will go down to 40-Mile and look inside of a certain log cabin on the bank of the river you will see 8 pairs of gigantic horns nailed to the wall.

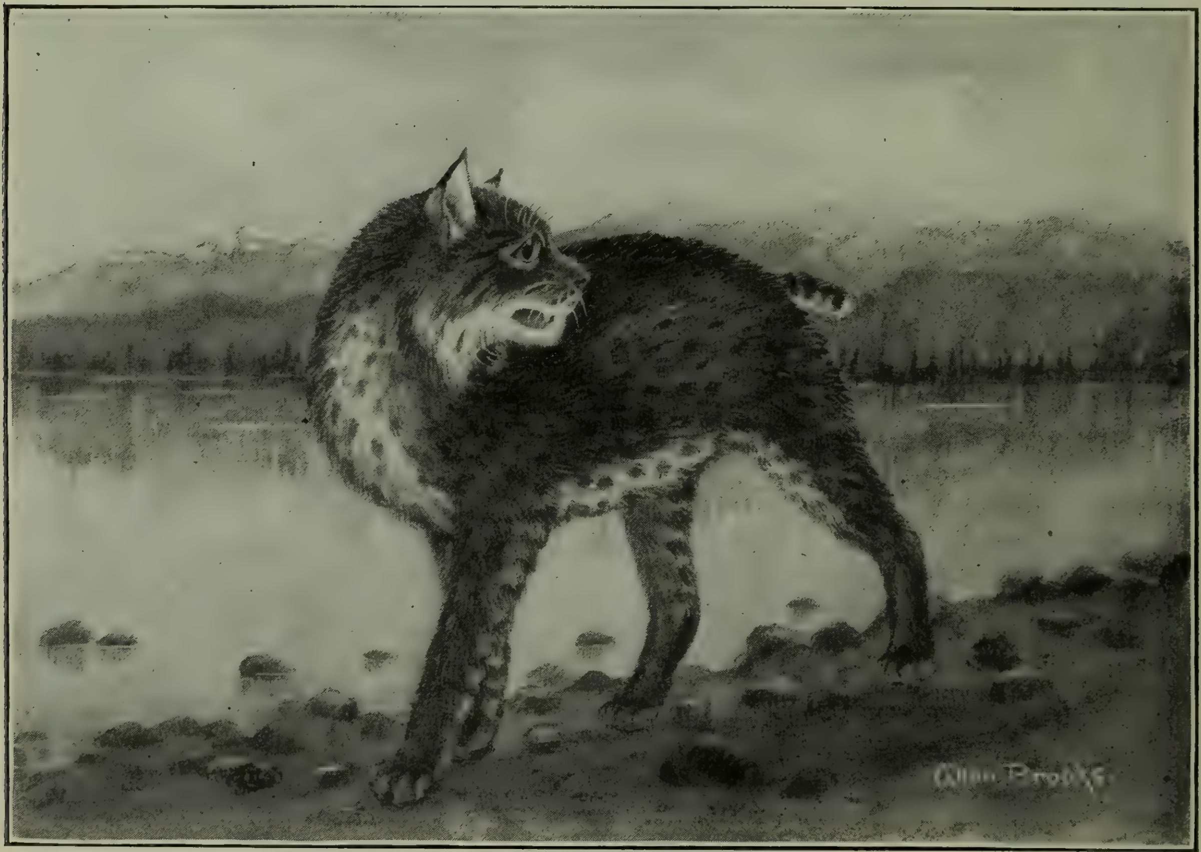
AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. E. MATHEWSON.

JACK O' LANTERN TIME.

PACIFIC WILDCAT, *LYNX FASCIATUS.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

Throughout America the smaller lynxes (*Rufus maculatus, baileyi,* etc.) are known as wildcats, although they are typical lynxes, being congeneric with the common, or Canada, lynx. In external appearance the lynxes differ from the true cats, of which the cougar or mountain lion is a typical representative, in their short, stubby tails, longer legs, and shorter bodies. They generally have the tips of the ears more or less tufted, and all lynxes have heavy whiskers on the cheeks. *Lynx fasciatus* is the handsomest of all the *rufus* group and is confined to the Pacific coast, being replaced farther inland by the paler *Lynx bailey* *Lynx fasciatus* is a heavily marked, dark colored species, with small tufts on the ears. I have always found wildcats difficult to trap, as food is generally plentiful where they are found, and they will not touch dead bait unless they have caught it themselves. Beaver castoreum seems to attract them and they are often caught in traps baited with the carcass of a beaver. The best way to trap them is on their runways, or on a log which they use as a bridge over a river or stream. They prey entirely on smaller mammals and game birds, and are often very destructive to poultry, but I never heard of their killing lambs or any other live stock. Only once have I seen a wildcat catch an animal. That was when I was dropping down a stream in a canoe. I saw one make a splendid spring of 12 or 15 feet and secure a muskrat which was feeding within 20 yards of me. Lynxes do a lot of fishing, especially during the salmon spawning season.



PACIFIC WILDCAT.

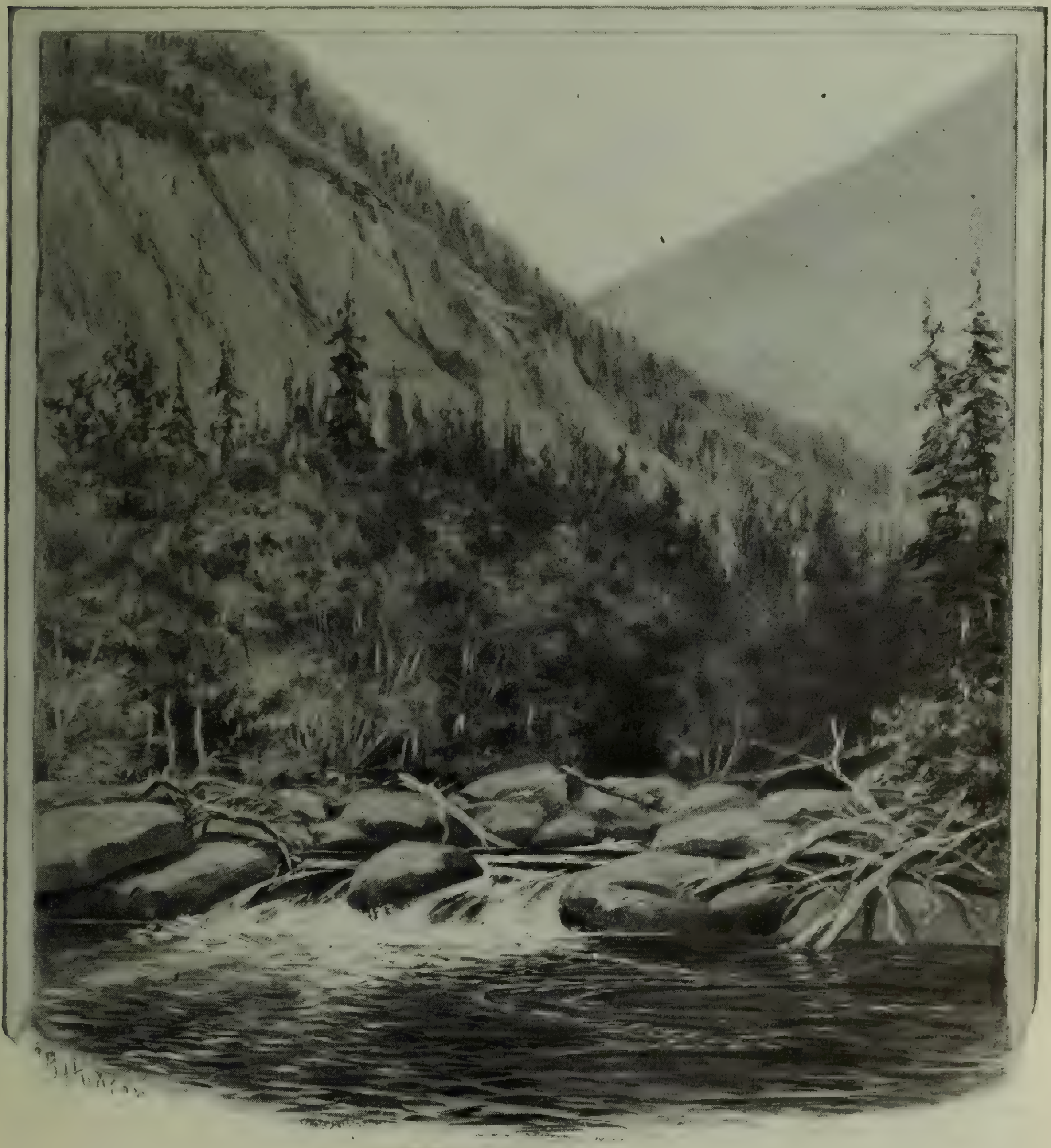
Why are lynxes almost invariably called "links"? Even trappers, who see the name correctly spelled in their fur catalogues, always speak of a "link." Wildcats and lynxes, like all animals of the cat tribe, are seldom seen, even when they are plentiful, their timid, skulking disposition keeping them out of sight. Adults of the Pacific wildcat will weigh 16 to 25 pounds, females being smaller than males. I have heard of males that weighed 30 pounds. The irides are light reddish brown, not bright yellow, as taxidermists generally represent them.

THE RIVER.

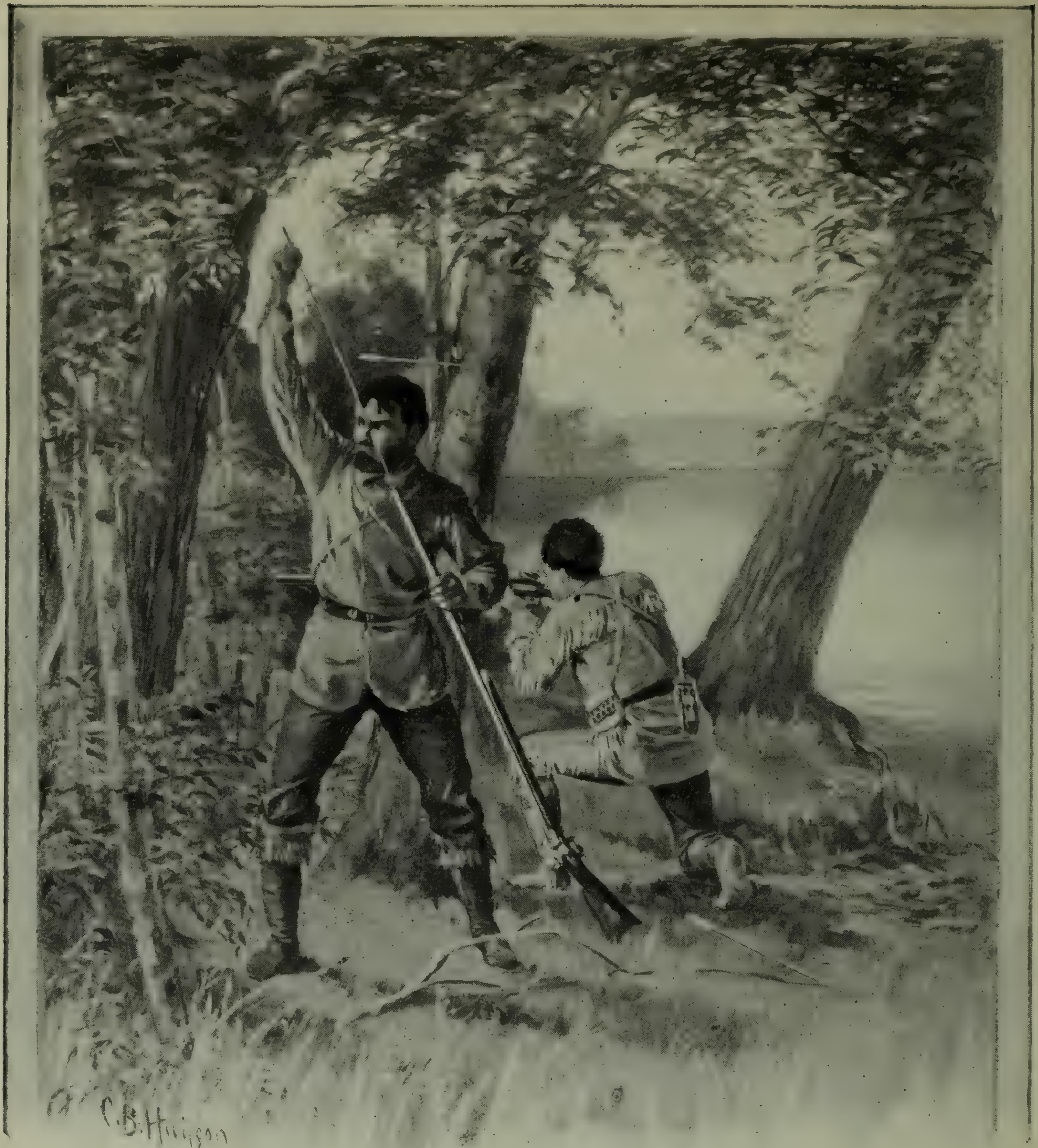
J. T. HOPKINS.

From dells where feeble streamlets play,
To meet and mingle as they go;
Where mountain channel points the way
For floods of rain and melting snow;
Where brooks their limpid volume lend,
Where all in one the waters blend;
Thence springs the noble river.

When Nature hid her charming face,
Her marvelous beauties long unseen;
Ere wandering tribe or lordlier race
In her sequestered realms had been;
As then, as now, it onward flows,
With noiseless movement comes and goes—
Sweeps grandly on—the river.



"THENCE SPRINGS THE NOBLE RIVER."



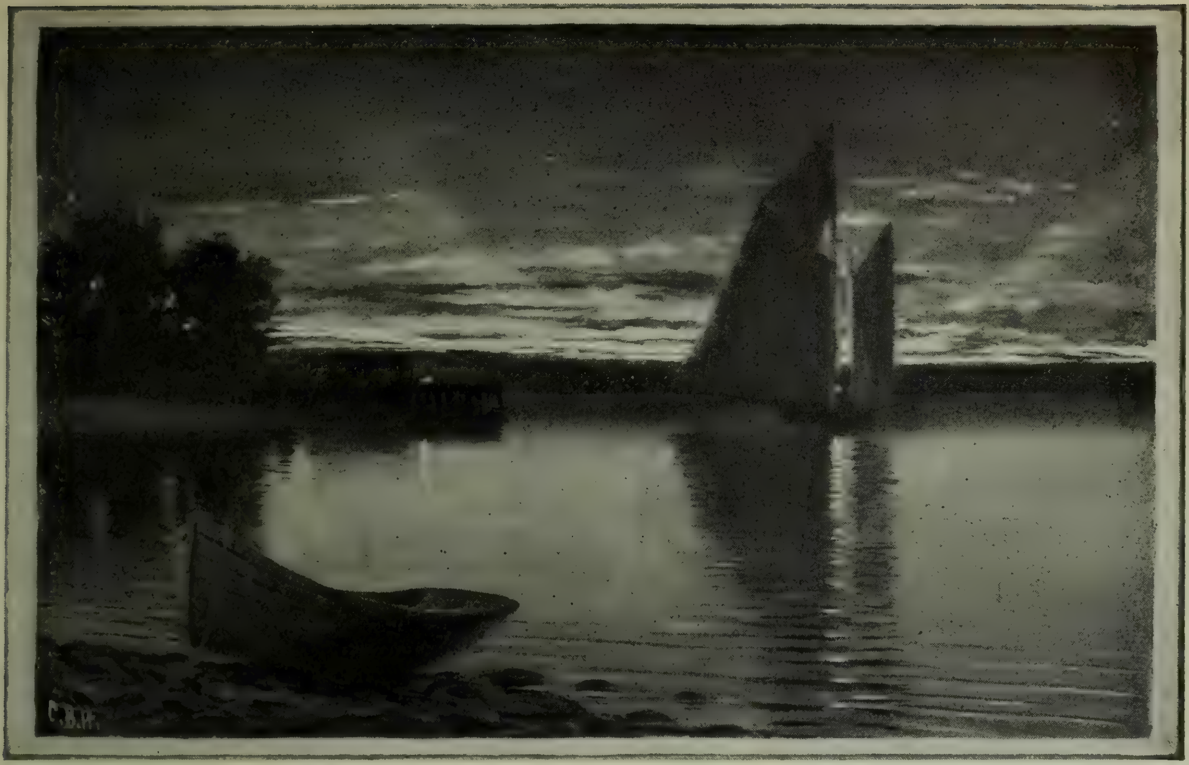
"BUT VALOR SPOKE THE STERN DECREE."

When virgin forests dark'd the plain,
The warring savage battling through;
The arrow sped in deadly rain,
The tomahawk no pity knew;
The scalping knife was red with blood;
A pale faced race in terror stood
Beside a weeping river.

But valor spoke the stern decree
That stayed for aye, the barb'rous hand.
When reason gained the mastery,
Dire superstition fled the land:
The Anglo-Saxon's hour arose;
Where strife had ruled came blest repose
To calm a troubled river.

The fruits of peace their commerce sought,
The dauntless boatman plied the oar;
The mine its varied treasure brought,
The wood its meed of tribute bore;
Throughout the fertile valley, wild,
Pomona blushed, and Ceres smiled
O'er all the span of river.

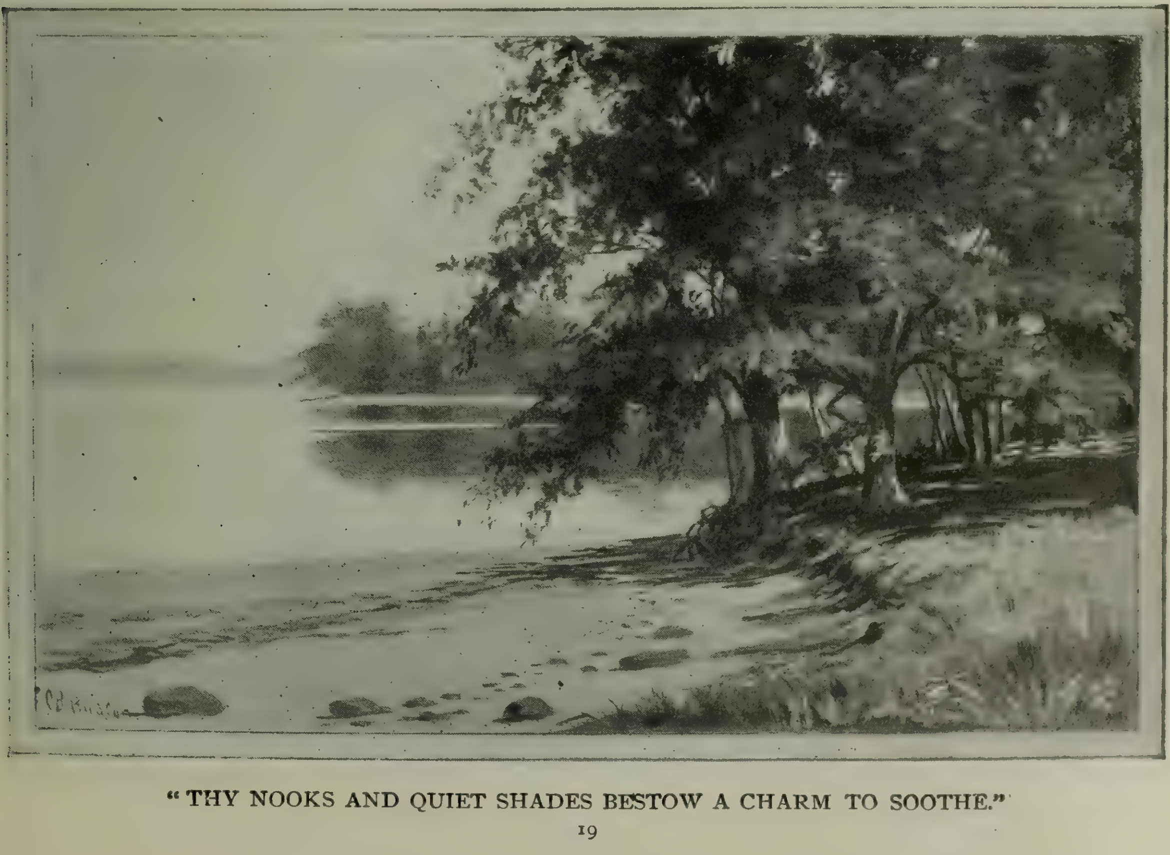
Thou, watery highway! deep and still,
The age thy vantage later knew;
Soon man's unbending, eager will
From doubt to faith awakened new;
Progression shed its blessings o'er,
Invention brought its subtle power
To honor thee, thou river.



"THOU WATERY HIGHWAY! DEEP AND STILL."

Then fear not thou a rival's strength
By man revealed to humble thee!
Nay, heed it not. Through all thy length
Flow calmly on, and tranquilly.
Creation's nobler work thou art!
Let man's devices bear their part—
E'en rest a burdened river.

Delightful stream whose beauties grow,
As oft one seeks to view them o'er;
Thy nooks and quiet shades bestow
A charm to soothe, and please the more,
The more one lingers there to steal
An idle, passing hour; and feel
Thy presence near—O river.



"THY NOOKS AND QUIET SHADES BESTOW A CHARM TO SOOTHE."

MISSION MOUNTAINS, MONTANA.

MORTON J. ELROD.

The Mission mountains, of which I enclose a photo, are in Western Montana. The range is only about 100 miles long, extending the entire length of the Flathead lake, and South along the valley bordering the lake. At the Southern end are the high peaks of the range, rising abruptly to a height of nearly 10,000 feet, which is 6,000 feet above the plain. The Northern end has had its ridges all knocked off by a glacier, no doubt the continental glacier, and the hills are consequently smooth and rounded. Huge boulders, scarred and scratched, lie high up on these elevations. The rock is unlike that of the mountains themselves, and has no doubt been brought a long distance. This range of mountains was made by an immense fault. During upheaval the rock on one side of the rent was elevated, the other depressed, thus making a jagged and abrupt ridge and a lake. Since their formation both the lake and the mountains have undergone great change. The Mission range contains some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, and will some day be a retreat as alluring to the traveler as the Alps or the Adirondacks. Jagged peaks and cliffs, everlasting snow, beautiful lakes of crystal clearness, waterfalls of great height and surpassing beauty, clear atmosphere and beautiful sunshine, are some of the attractions one may find. In the spring and early summer there is a profusion of flowers of gorgeous color. Ferns higher than a man's head grow in the canyons. Ruffed grouse nest in dense thickets and blue grouse in the hills. Goats and sheep live among the rocky crags, and deer and bear feed on the lower slopes. All the streams abound in trout. For the hunter, the fisherman, the artist, the lover of nature unadorned by act of man, the range offers a retreat.

MISSION MOUNTAINS, CROW CREEK IN FOREGROUND. AMATEUR PHOTO BY M. J. ELROD.

The view here given, the Mission range after a storm, was taken late in August. The negative was made with a wide angle lens, Forbes' orthochromatic plate, and ray filter. The range is 12 or 15 miles distant, and on account of the wide angle lens is much reduced.

The ascent is not specially difficult, ¾ of it on horseback, the remainder a 4 hours' climb. Owing to its remoteness from large centers this range is not visited much, but as it becomes better known and facilities for reaching it are improved, the range will be visited by greater numbers of people.

IN THE CAMPS OF CRŒSUS.

GENE S. PORTER.

**For everybody knows, if you have the clothes,
You can go in the crowd where the rest of 'em goes."**

Though I prefer spending my summer days along willow fringed rivers, on mirror surfaced lakes, down dashing trout streams, in marches and lilied floods, through trackless forests, where every step is overflowing with delight, there are occasions when through necessity I quit the camps of hunters and anglers, clothe myself in the garb of civilization, and consort with the possessors of millions. Personally I should prefer to scrub. Why should a woman waste her strength and neglect her intellect to fill her house with fine furnishings, when there is all God's incomparable workmanship just outside her door? Why shorten life in the effort to live in a young palace and keep it in order, when I would leave it for the woods and the waters every moment I possibly could? Why spend hundreds to case my frame in bars of steel, wads of cotton, wire, leather, drygoods and jewels when I know I will break for the birds, flowers and my little furred friends at every opportunity?

My world is jewel strung. There are diamonds on every morning's twinkling blades of grass, on every wind tossed leaf, in the shifting golden sands of the trout streams; and diamonds every time the sun rises on a snow bound world.

The Deacon and I were going to Indian river. I had wailed over Indian river for 10 years. Since I had owned a camera and had been interested in RECREATION I had talked of it in my sleep. It was Saturday, and we would be compelled to stay in Petoskey over Sunday, but we figured that we could get to Indian river by noon Monday. That was what we proposed, but we were disposed of in an entirely different manner, and that is how we came to visit the camps of Crœsus.

Long ago the woods began at Grand Rapids. From Reed City on was wilderness, with impenetrable forests, here and there a trout stream dashing over logs and stones, and rippling green marshes, broken by great patches of scarlet foxfire. Now, the fire fiend has laid low those majestic forests and the stumps lie upheaved in miles of stump fences, the ugliest things that ever defaced a landscape. The swamps are cleared and doing a rushing business in potato patches; the trout streams are chained and used to run horrible board saw mills, surrounded by ugly, unpainted shanties that are the forerunners of what people call civilization. It is another name for destruction of all natural beauty of the landscape.

You can see and hear almost anything at Petoskey. I have seen a swell of 2 continents glide around a corner on a chainless bicycle, and 3 minutes later a big Indian, in the garb of a farmer, swoop around the same corner on $15 worth of rubber and steel. I have seen a dainty, silk lined girl snap her camera at a little scarlet clad Armenian playing in the gutter, and a few seconds later a corsetless squaw in a pink calico frock and a monstrous red and green hat, turn a kodak on the same picture. I snapped mine at her and took the boy later.

While I was packing for Indian river, a call to Mackinac came from friends we did not wish to offend, so we were compelled to go. The trip to Mackinac was a delight. From the minute I stepped on deck the Illinois was mine. The captain took me into partnership, the pilot shared his box, the first mate lifted the ropes and let me and the cameras have full sway.

At supper I found myself beside a woman who had made herself conspicuous all day. She was portly, overdressed and bejewelled. She ordered planked white fish, and then she tackled the plank. She speared it with her fork, but it was hard. She planted the fork firmly on it and sawed with her knife, but it would neither bend, cut, nor break. As a last resort she slipped her knife blade between the plank and the plate on which it was served and attempted to lift it to her dining plate; but it promptly turned on edge, spilled the fish and rolled away, describing graceful curves among the table decorations. When the waiter caught it and returned it to its plate, and she realized she had been trying to eat the board on which the fish had been cooked, I thought for a moment she would faint. She seemed to lose her appetite, whereat I was glad, for I had heard her say earlier in the day that people who carried one camera were nuisance enough, but people who carried 3 should have a keeper to detain them at home.

At Mackinac our friends carried us to a palatial hotel, where fountains dripped and orchestras played. Flowers bloomed, cut glass and silver shone, the meals were banquets, the guests diamond spangled. Prices were $10 to $25 a day, and there was neither rest nor peace. Instead there was a round of tennis, golf, riding, sailing, balls and receptions. It soon developed that we had been delayed on our way to Indian river in order that I might assist my hostess at a reception of her dear 400 friends. Shades of the Pottawottomies! To think that people who might go to the woods and waters and live with Nature, would outdo winter's fatigues in a summer rout of ball and reception, 3 to 6 social engagements in a day, and call it resting!

The awful day arrived, and 2 hours before the program was to begin, torture commenced. First I was put in the hands of a hair dresser, and I barely escaped with my life. That sinful being parted off a fringe of my hair clear around my head. She gathered the rest of my tresses in one mighty scalp lock and tied it on my crown with a shoe lace. With every wrap she gave it she raised me from my chair. She heated an iron and crimped the fringe she had parted off, incidentally sizzling my ears also and making hieroglyphs on my neck. She brought the fringe back from all directions and wound it around the shoe lace. She planted at least 25 invisible hairpins where they would do the most good. Then she got right down to serious business. She divided the rest of the hair into 4 equal parts, twisted each part and tied it into 3 knots. Those she waxed down to my skull with 4 pins to the knot. I estimated there were 12 knots, 4 pins to the knot, and 2 sharp points to each pin, making 96 separate fiery points digging into my scalp; not to mention the invisibles and a dozen or so extra that she scattered abroad.

Then I was turned over to a dressing maid, and I found my feet so spread and swollen with 2 months of tramping that my party shoes set them burning like coals. I must have taken on a few pounds extra, for my frock wouldn't meet by an inch, and there was nothing to do but reef my sails until it would. It was a gay little satin lined organdie thing, that I had put up by a Frenchman in case I should be caught in such a trap as this. With a string of fiery opals that the Deacon had selected in Mexico, and a pearl fan that had been to the Court of Spain in the hands of a countess, I looked very similar to the rest of the crowd. There are no words to describe how I felt. Between the burning of my feet, the fiery points digging into my scalp and the cable that cut off my normal quantity of air, I was nearly dead. If someone had given me my ticket and told me I was free to start, I should not have known where Indian river was.

When my hostess came for me, I looked so much nearer as she wanted me to than she had fancied I would, that her relief was comical to see. We went down. For 2 mortal hours I stood and was presented to people I never saw before, and hope I may never see again. I thought of the "peace and quiet of the mighty wood," and the pins stuck on, the cable cut deeper, the train dragged heavier. The crowds rolled by, and among all I saw 3 faces I wanted to remember. A gay, young, laughing, sweet-breathed girl, a handsome, bright, sensibly dressed young matron and a sweet, frail, little, old lady.

I watched my chance and as soon as possible I made my escape. What a life! What a crowd! The rich flaunting their riches, the poorer consumed with envy; dissatisfaction, disease and unhappiness in nearly every face.

I found myself repeating, "I think I could turn and live with the animals, they are so placid and self contained. I stand and look at them and long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition; they do not lie awake in the dark and weep about their sins; they do not make me sick discussing their duty to a God; not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things; not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth."

I left Mackinac on the first boat in the morning for a spot where I might have peace and quiet, the glory of sunshine, the whisper of the leaves, the murmur of waters, the calm of night.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY GENE S PORTER.

MY CHOICE.

CRUISE OF A KODAKER.

PAUL WARD.

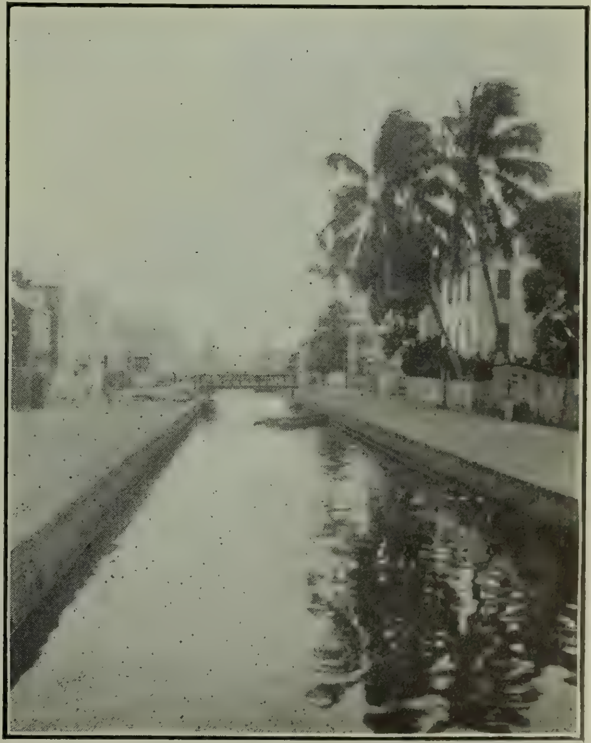
Few friends of the camera realize that within 4 days' sail of New Orleans there is a beautiful spot to which the kodaker and his machine have seldom if ever penetrated. I refer to Balize, in British Honduras. In that quaint, out-of-the-way spot are scenes truly tropical and un-American.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY PAUL WARD.

THE BALIZE RIVER, EMPTYING INTO THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

It would be quite an undertaking in Balize to get a street scene without including one to 50 royal palms or the more life-giving cocoanut palm. Balize is truly palm-girt. As the ship makes its way over the swelling waves of the blue-green Caribbean sea, the first sight one has of this dependency of Great Britain is a cluster of white houses set in a palm grove. They look like a fairy city on a fairy ocean. The traveler is landed at Balize from the steamer by a lighter, manned generally by 3 or 4 Carib Indians, commanded by a Jamaica negro. Passengers are taken to the custom house, where they have no difficulty and cameras are not taxed.

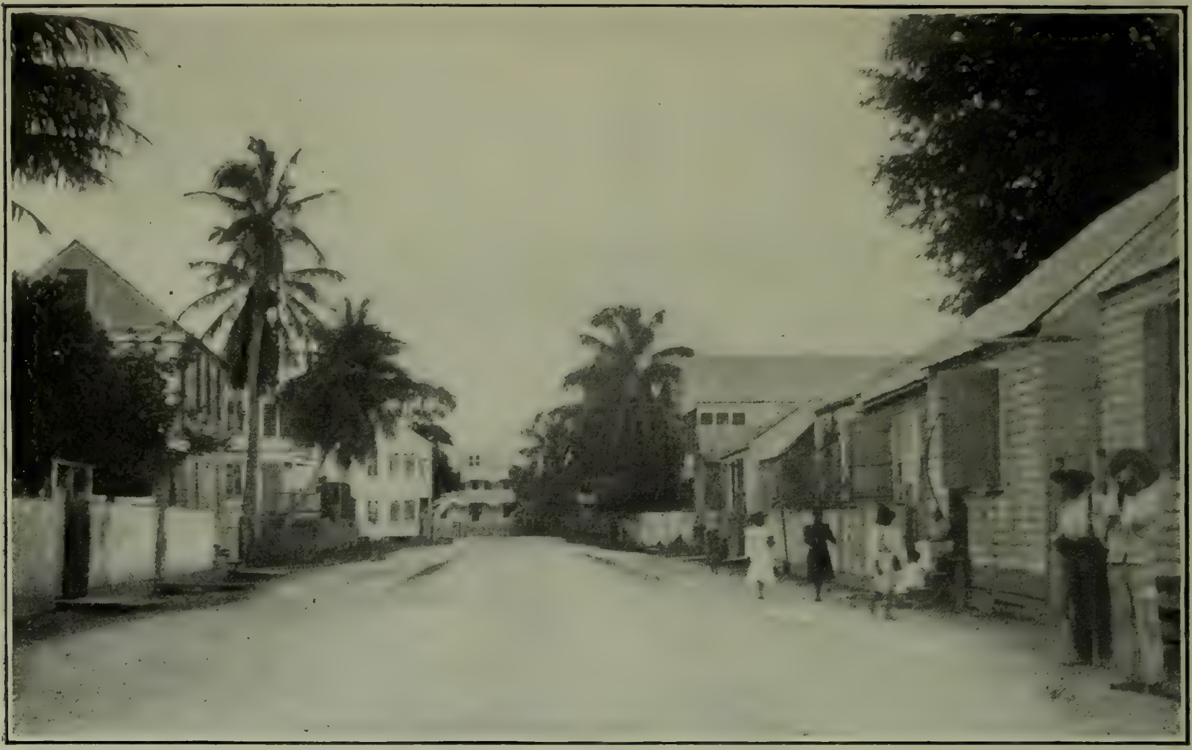
When starting out to take pictures in Balize one will receive requests from almost every little urchin whom he meets to "Take me likeness." One or 2 likenesses of some typical specimen would be a welcome addition to any gallery, but one or 2 is enough, as they are nearly all alike in being half black, homely and barefooted. Their requests should be passed over in good natured silence.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY PAUL WARD.

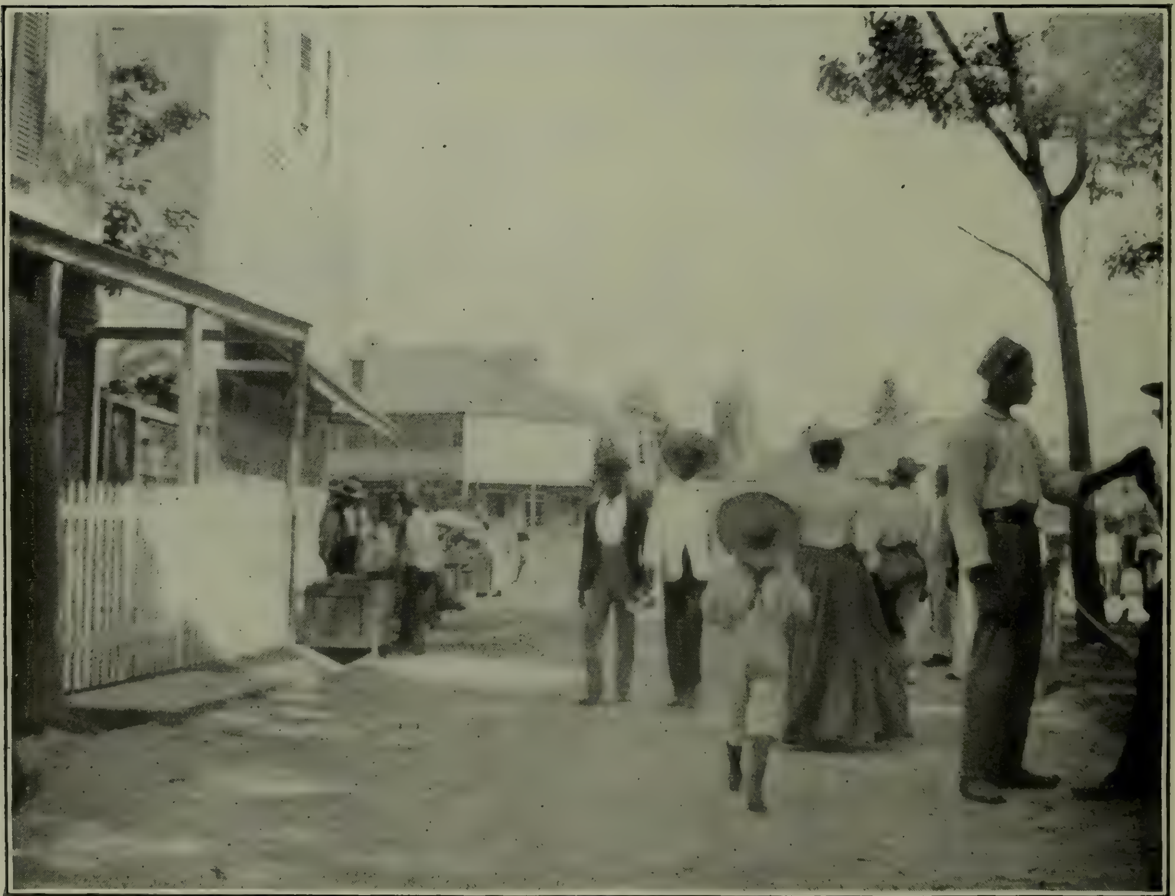
THE GRAND CANAL AT BALIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS.

In some of the side streets I have turned my kodak on a group of a dozen or more, and the entire number, big and little, would fall over one another in a general stampede for the nearest fence. They undoubtedly thought the camera a cannon of some make being put into position for action.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY PAUL WARD.

STREET SCENE IN BALIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY PAUL WARD.

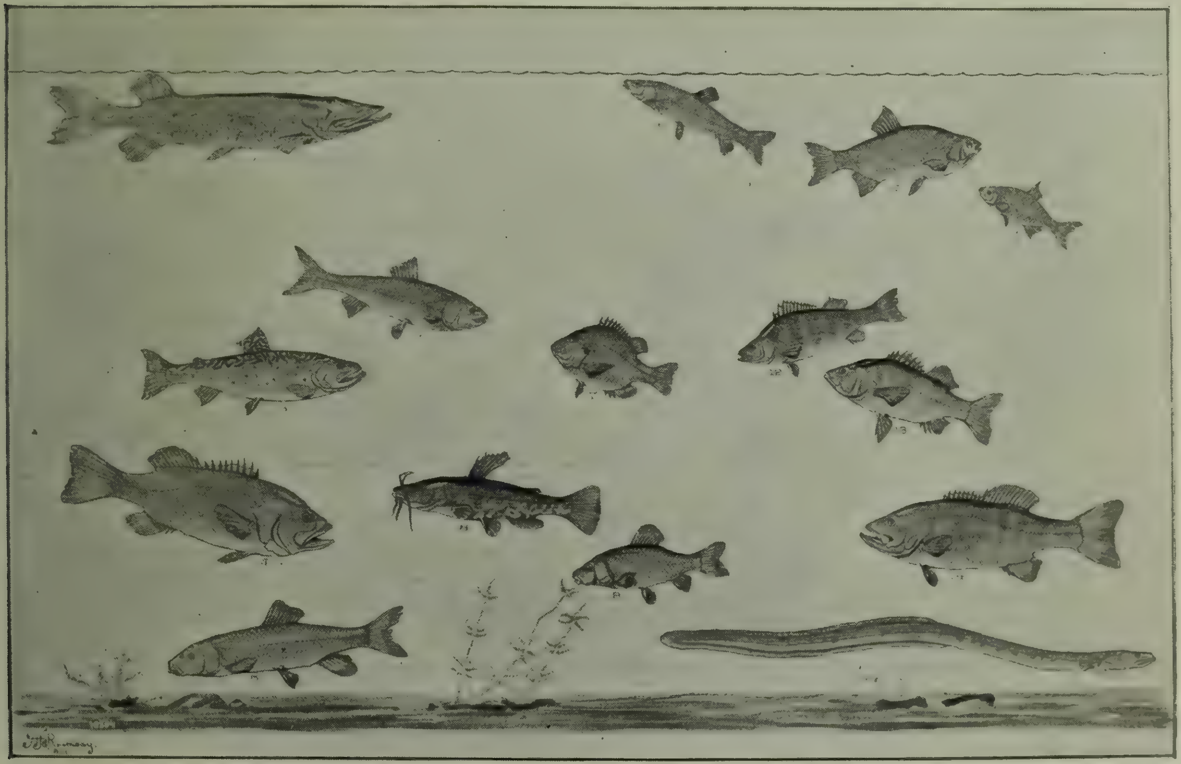
MARKET PLACE IN BALIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS; SPANISH CATHEDRAL IN THE DISTANCE.

As soon as convinced that it was harmless and that it would take likenesses they would venture up one by one, and after looking in the finder, as directed, would shout to the others in great delight to come and see the pictures.

Interesting scenes may be photographed there on almost every street. The houses are weather-boarded and painted white, there are no sidewalks, and the white garmented citizens walk up the middle of the streets, which are all well paved with crushed seashells. The grand canal of Balize furnishes one of the finest scenes to be obtained. It is a good construction of stone, carrying water to different parts of the city, and acting as a help to the sewerage system. Palms of great height grow along it, and throw their grotesque shadows into the water; little bridges at the end of each block cross the canal, connecting the streets. All these, together with its gently curving line of direction, make it a fine subject for a picture.

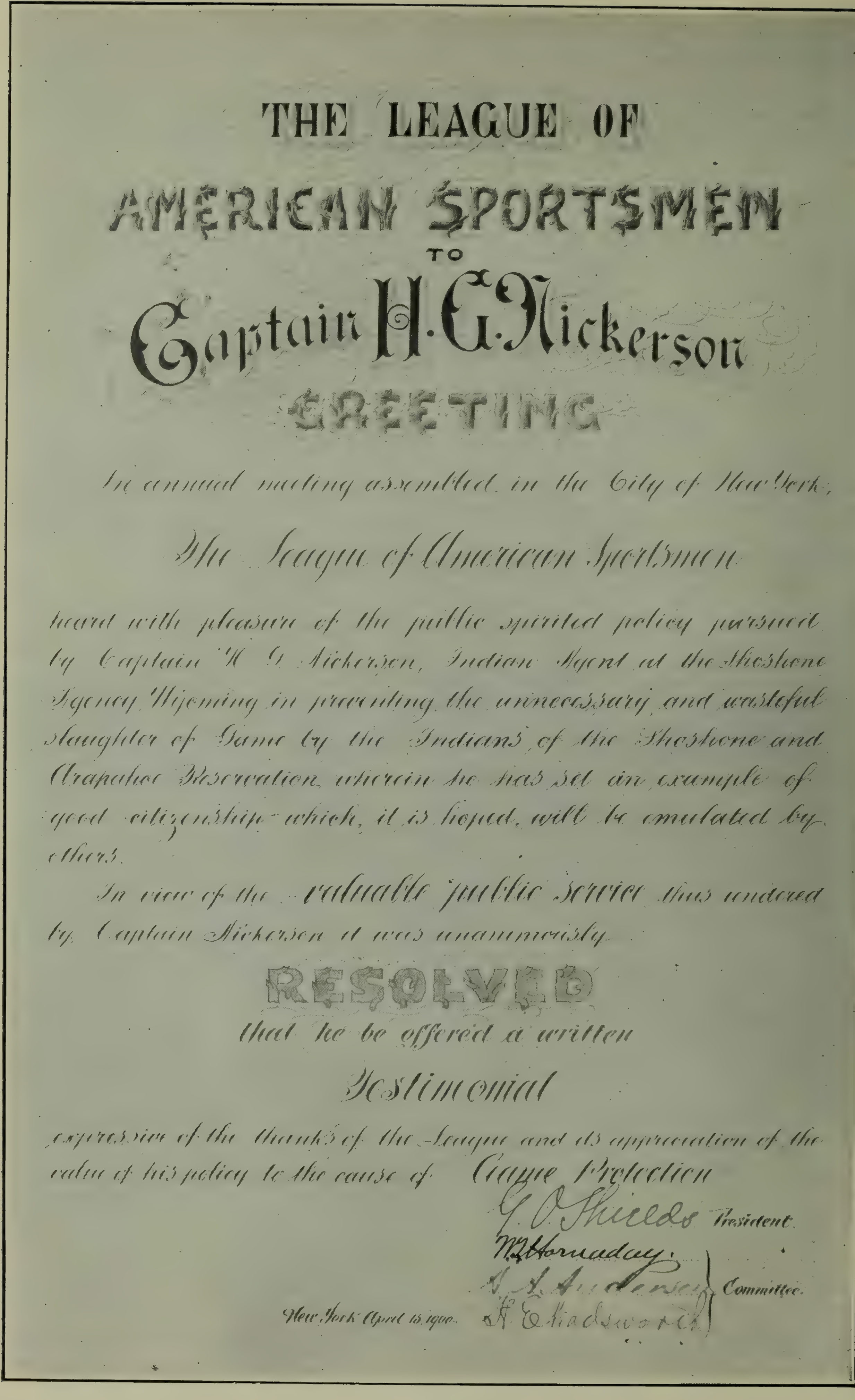
I know of no more interesting trip than a ride out into the jungle. Tropical vegetation is beautiful, and there is to be found the bread-fruit tree, bearing a mammoth leaf and a fruit about the size of a squash, edible like bread. Mango, orange, lime, lemon, banana, date, almond, cocoa, coffee, mahogany and rubber trees also abound. On the trees of this favored region grow numberless orchids. The air is laden with their delicate perfume. A short walk into the woods from either side of the roads will bring into view trees literally hung with these beautiful air plants. The fixed quiet and gloom of the tropical forests, with only here and there a bright tree, are intense. The foliage as a whole is almost as dark as hemlock. Nearly any trail one may take out of Balize will give him opportunities to get photos.

The people are simple, and have few comforts. They are not rich in civilization and history, but they are fairly honest and willing to oblige.



THE COMMON FRESH WATER FISHES OF NEW ENGLAND.

1. Common Pickerel, or Federation Pike, *Lucius Reticulatus.* 2. Chub, Cheven or Roach Dace, *Semotilus corporalis.* 3. Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.* 4. Large Mouth, or Oswego Bass, *Micropterus salmoides.* 5. Common Sucker or Brook Sucker, *Catostomus commersoni.* 6. Horned Dace or Brook Dace, *Semotilus atromaculatus.* 7. Sunfish or "Pumpkin Seed," *Eupomotis gibbosus.* 8. Bull Head or Horned Pout, *Ameiurus nebulosus.* 9. Chub Sucker, *Erimyzon sucetta.* 10. Golden Shiner or Bream, *Abramis crysoleucas.* 11. Common Shiner or Pond Shiner, *Natropis cornutus.* 12. Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens.* 13. White Perch, *Morone americanas.* 14. Small-Mouth Black Bass, *Micropterus dolomieu.* 15. Eel, *Anguilla chrysypa.*



THE LEAGUE OF

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN

TO

Captain H. G. Nickerson

GREETING

In annual meeting assembled in the City of New York,

The League of American Sportsmen

heard with pleasure of the public spirited policy pursued by Captain H. G. Nickerson, Indian Agent at the Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, in preventing the unnecessary and wasteful slaughter of Game by the Indians of the Shoshone and Arapahoe Reservation, wherein he has set an example of good citizenship which, it is hoped, will be emulated by others.

In view of the valuable public service thus rendered by Captain Nickerson it was unanimously

RESOLVED

that he be offered a written

Testimonial

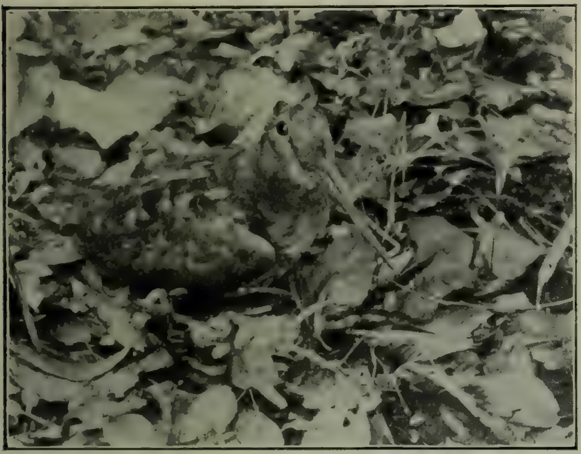
expressive of the thanks of the League and its appreciation of the value of his policy to the cause of Game Protection

G. O. Shields President.
W. T. Hornaday
A. A. Anderson } Committee.
New York April 15, 1900. H. E. Wadsworth

See page 63.

SOME FEATHERED FRIENDS.

Here are some photos of live birds and squirrels, made by Mr. A. H. Verrill, of New Haven, Conn. These pictures display a great deal of skill, patience and energy in the study of nature. Anyone who has attempted to photograph birds in heavy cover, such as some of these birds occupy, will readily understand the difficulties under which Mr. Verrill labored. It is rare indeed that so wary a bird as the woodcock can be found in a light spot in the forest, where an instantaneous picture of him can be made, and still more rarely can he be induced to sit still long enough to allow long exposure to be made on him in the shadow . Verily Mr. Verrill is in great luck. Or, rather, he is a persistent and enthusiastic worker.



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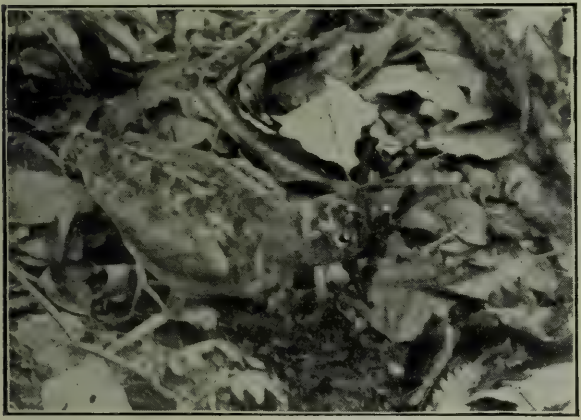
WOODCOCK.



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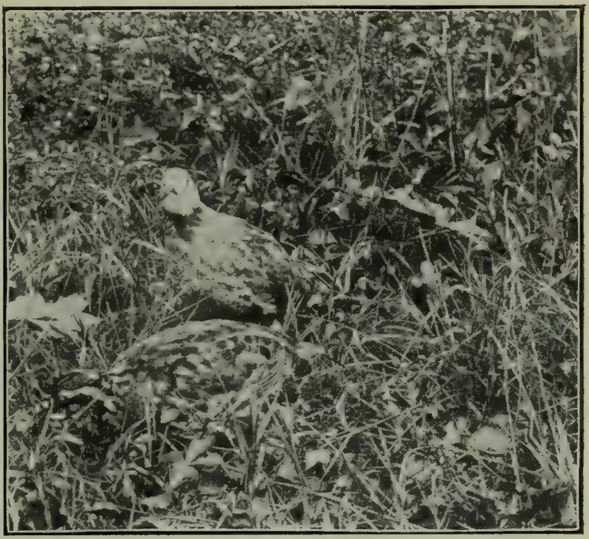
WOODCOCK.

He has done the cause of nature study a valuable service, for which all readers of Recreation will thank him. I have no doubt he would be glad to turnish copies of these photos to anyone who might wish them.



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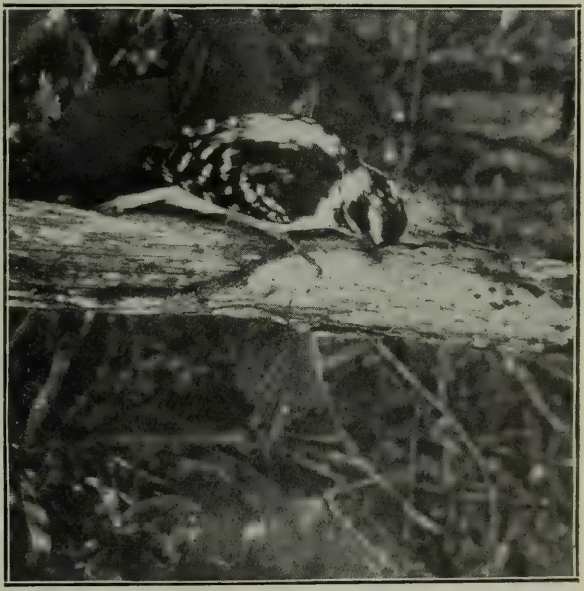
BOB WHITE.



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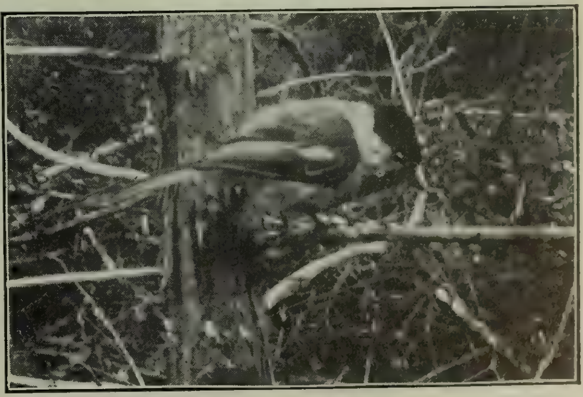
DOWNY WOODPECKER.



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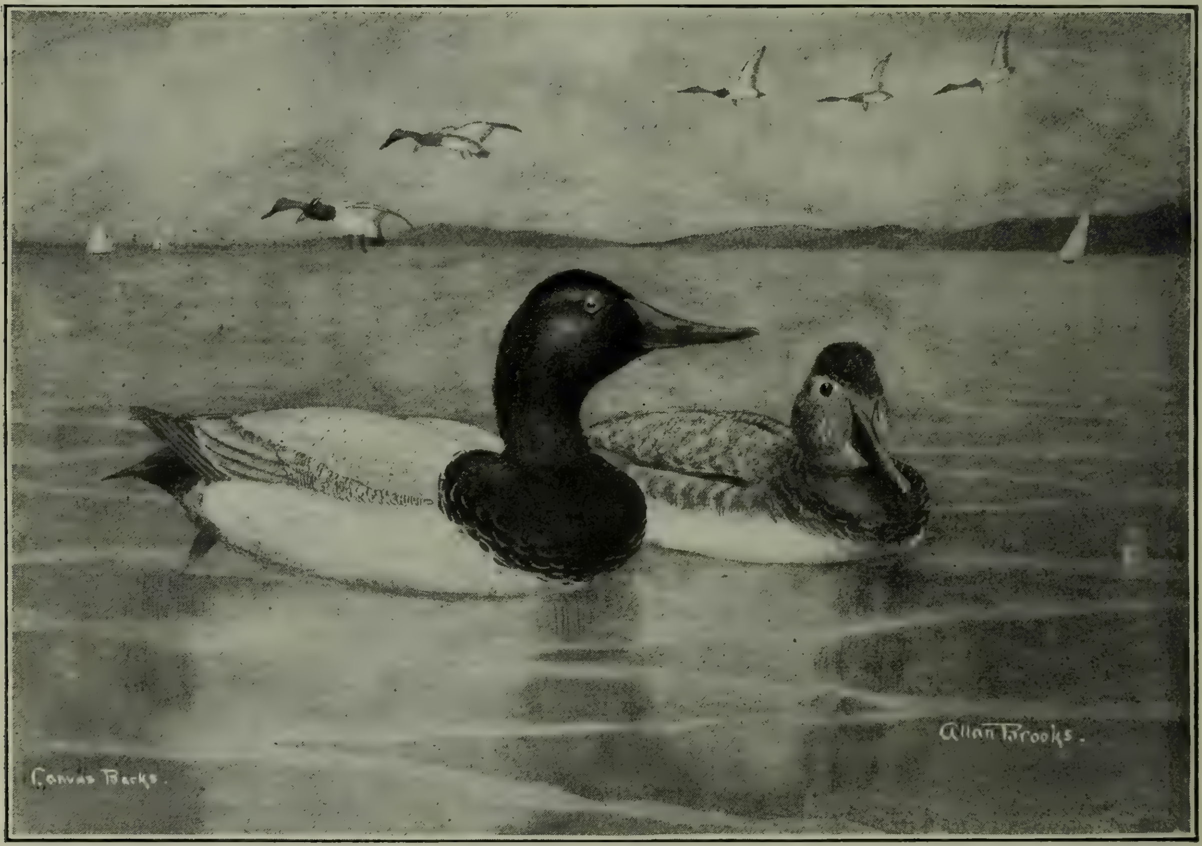
CHICADEE.

THE CANVASBACK DUCK, *AYTHYA VALLISNERIA.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

So much has been written about this well known duck that there is nothing to add to the many full accounts of its habits. It has no near ally in the old world, though the red crested duck may be said to be its old world representative. It is irregular in its migrations, being much more numerous some seasons than others. During the past season it was common on the Pacific coast, especially in British Columbia, where usually, except in a few localities, it is scarce. From the Atlantic coast the same was reported. Canvasbacks there came in late, in enormous numbers, being far more plentiful than for many years. Lack of water in the interior is the cause generally assigned for this increase. Reports as to the scarcity or abundance from the Dakotas and the Mississippi valley would now be interesting.


Canvas Backs.
Allan Brooks.

THE CANVASBACK DUCK.

As is well known the canvasback is a rather poor table bird, except when fattened on wild celery, though hardly so rank and tough as a merganser, as sometimes stated; unless the hooded merganser is referred to, in which case the insult will pass. The hooded merganser is a good table duck in every way.

Like the cinnamon teal's, the iris of the male canvasback seems to undergo a post mortem change from orange yellow to red. The bill is dull black, and the feet are lead colored in both sexes.

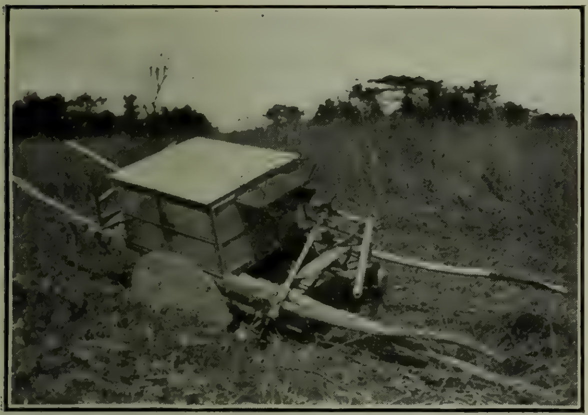
Visitor—It seems strangely quiet here, when so many ballet girls are dressing in their rooms around the stage.

Stage Manager—Well, you see, there is almost nothing going on at this time.—Baltimore American.

THE MAN BEHIND THE KODAK.

AL MACNAB, CORPORAL, TROOP D, 4TH U. S. CAVALRY, PASSAY CAVALRY BARRACKS, P. I.

I enclose 3 photos which may be of interest to you. The first illustrates the difficulties of transportation in Luzon. It was taken on the trail between Calavera and San Jose. The picture shows a Red Cross cart which had broken down and the box had then been placed on a bull cart, but had to be abandoned altogether.


AMATEUR PHOTO BY AL MACNAB.

RED CROSS CART BROKEN.

The second print shows 2 4th cavalry men helping a wounded insurgent off the field. Taken after the action near Sibul, December 10th, '99.

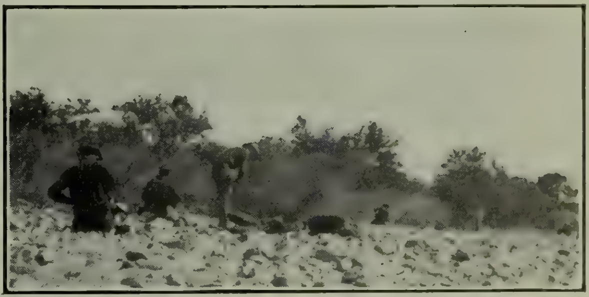
AMATEUR PHOTO BY Al MACNAB.

4TH CAVALRY MEN HELPING WOUNDED INSURGENTS.

January 20th, 1900, during the movement of Hayes's cavalry (one squadron each of 4th and 11th cavalry) on Sariaya, the advance party, consisting of 11th cavalry scouts, ran into a well planned ambuscade about 3 miles from town. The remaining scouts of the 11th and 4th cavalry, under a heavy fire, moved quickly to the succor of the point. From front and flanks the insurgents concentrated a merciless fire on our detachment, to which we replied with vigor. The majority of the Gugus being armed with Mausers, it was not easy to locate them, but the occasional puff of smoke from a black powder rifle helped us considerably in directing our fire. Owing to the exposed position that circumstances compelled us to occupy, the enemy's fire was thinning our numbers at an alarming rate. Welcome indeed was the sound of the perfect volleys which raked the enemy's cover when 2 troops of the 11th came to our assistance. After searching the brush with several volleys the order to charge was given, and with a yell we moved forward. Then and not, until then, we caught sight of the insurgent soldiers as they piled out of their trenches and hiked for parts unknown.

The scouts in this fight had 3 men killed and several wounded. One of the latter, who was shot through the head by a Mauser bullet, has since died. During the action and before the arrival of the troops I made several snap shots of the scouts, one of which I enclose.

The 3 pictures were taken by a Folding Pocket Kodak, which I have carried on both the late Northern and Southern campaigns.


AMATEUR PHOTO BY AL MACNAB.

4TH AND 11TH CAVALRY SCOUTS IN LUZON.

January 20, 1900, during movement of Hayes' Cavalry at Sariaya.

Smith—Every Englishman is willing to bear arms for his country.

Brown—Yes; and every Scotchman is willing to bare legs.—Chicago News.

BY COURTESY OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

COMING INTO CAMP. BLACKSTONE BAY, MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT.

A SNOW-BOUND MOOSE.

F. O. WALKER.

Here is a picture of a cow moose that was captured near Rumford Falls, Maine, in February last. A timber hunter started her in a yard near Long Pond. She ran down a logging road to a point near Porter's camp. There she took the railroad and went 2 miles to Rock creek, which is crossed by a trestle. At that point she left the track, crossed over a deep stream, and got caught in a snow bank on the other side.

She was unable to get out of that and Game Commissioner Carleton was notified that she was swamped. He promptly issued an order to have her taken care of, either by fencing or by roping. Henry Keenan, of Rumford Falls, F. D. Abbott, of Houghton, and F. M. Thomas, of Andover, were sent out to do the work. The moose was finally loaded on a sled and hauled to the railroad track, where she was placed on a hand car, taken to Mr. Houghton's farm and put in his barn. There she was fed full rations of hay, oats and brush, and rapidly gained strength. A few days later E. H. Stuart, superintendent of Merrymeeting Park, at Lewiston, acting under instructions from Game Commissioner Carleton, went to Houghton, took charge of the moose and shipped her to that point. She is now in the park, seems perfectly contented, and will probably remain there permanently.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. O. WALKER.

COW MOOSE, CAPTURED NEAR RUMFORD FALLS, ME.

Her Father—You are too young to marry. Wait and you will get over this love.

Herself—That is what I am afraid of.—Indianapolis Press.

A DELAYED SHOT.

A. D. H.

In the spring of '93 I was placer mining on Burnt creek, in the heart of the white pine belt of Idaho. I had long wished to take a trip to the headwaters of the North fork, at that time considered inaccessible. Accordingly I sold my placer claim and moved camp 4 miles to Swamp creek, where I found 15 or 20 miners and prospectors camped, cursing monopoly and telling each other how rich the creek was. Inquiring into the trouble, I found the entire creek had been located for the Spokane Placer Mining Co. They were expecting the company's expert, and he arrived that day. He rode up on the bank of the creek and, without dismounting, condemned the claim. His judgment has proved correct, as no one has ever made the ground pay. Strange as it may seem, when he told the men they could have the ground, not one moved, and in the 3 days I stayed there not a claim was located.

That evening Frank Shrole and I watched, from a scaffold in a tree, a deer lick in a meadow of 5 or 6 acres. Just at sundown a doe loped in and stopped about 30 yards distant, with her right side toward us. Frank shot. The deer turned her head and ran, exposing her left side to us. I sent one .45-60 at her, and as she reached the timber she went down.

Next morning Harry Mead, the mining expert, started up river 40 miles to the mouth of Little North fork, where he intended crossing and continuing up the main North fork to a gravel bar he was to pass judgment on. Two days later I left for the headwaters of the great North fork, accompanied by Frank and George Shrole, Lafe Woodpile, Bill Breeding, Tom Martin, Deaf John, and a man named John Newmann, who had been all over earth and half way back. We went to Gold creek the first day. There we found Mr. Mead snowbound and feeding on a fat buck he had killed from his tent that morning. Next day we tackled the snow and got through all right, reaching the main river at mouth of Robertson creek, 3 miles below Little North fork. There, as in all other canyons, it is impossible to follow the water's edge for any distance; so Lafe and I started to find a route to the mouth of Breakfast creek, up the Little North fork. I carried the blankets strapped to my back and went ahead; he followed with his Winchester and the grub in a flour sack hung by a loop over his arm. We had gone probably ¾ of a mile along a game trail, through open timber, when suddenly, about 60 yards in front of us, we saw a huge black bear rear on his haunches and stand in the trail. I was 15 feet in advance, but in a sharp bend of the trail, so Lafe could shoot without endangering me even if the bear had been within 20 feet.

Bruin threw his head to right and left and sniffed the air. Convinced that nothing unusual had occurred, he dropped to his feet and came quietly toward us, his nose close to the ground, swinging his head from side to side in bear fashion. I turned my head to look at Lafe. He had brought the gun to his shoulder. I looked toward the bear coming steadily forward unconscious of danger. Not hearing the gun, I looked back again to see what was wrong. Lafe had dropped to one knee and was using the other for a rest. The bear was then within 40 feet of me, coming slowly but surely, and yet the gun did not speak. When I turned again toward Lafe, blest if he hadn't stopped sighting and was taking the grub sack off his arm.

There I was with the bear not 30 feet away; no gun, knife nor clawhammer, and the blankets strapped solidly to my back, knowing that if the bear should run against me he would probably bring me an upper cut and disfigure me for life. But I knew, also, that if I spoke to Bruin in as mild and gentle tones as I could assume he would most likely kill himself getting away. There was then but 20 feet between us, and I suddenly disturbed the solitude. I spoke, not in the tender tones a man uses to address his wife when he has been detained at the lodge, but I fairly roared,

"Why in thunder don't you shoot that bear?"

"A word in season, how good it is!" Immediately the long looked for explosion occurred, and the bear went down in his death agony. Lafe seated himself on a log and laughed as though he was wound up.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"Lou," he said, "you were scared; you yelled like a Comanche. Why did you?"

I told him I wanted some bear steak and wanted it young and tender, and feared he was going to let the bear die of old age.

LET US SAVE THE BIRDS.

Speech of Hon. John F. Lacey, in the House of Representatives.

The House being in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and having under consideration the bill (H. R. 6634) to enlarge the powers of the Department of Agriculture, prohibit the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws, and for other purposes.

Mr. Chairman: This bill is one that has attracted a great deal of interest in various sections of the country. Horticulturists, agriculturists, and lovers of birds everywhere, as well as the League of American Sportsmen, and others interested in game and the protection of game all over the United States, have been strongly enlisted in its support.

Briefly, the bill provides for a few purposes only. First, it authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to utilize his department for the reintroduction of birds that have become locally extinct or are becoming so in some parts of the United States. There are some kinds of insectivorous birds and some kinds of game birds, that heretofore were abundant in many localities, which have become very scarce indeed, and in some localities entirely exterminated. The wild pigeon, formerly in this country in flocks of millions, has entirely disappeared from the face of the earth. Some hopeful enthusiasts have claimed that the pigeon would again be heard from in South America, but there seems to me no well grounded basis for this hope. In some localities certain kinds of grouse have almost entirely disappeared. This bill gives the Secretary of Agriculture power to aid in the reintroduction, which, I think, will prove a useful adjunct to the action of the States which have undertaken the preservation of the native wild birds.

The next purpose in the bill is to allow the Secretary of Agriculture to control the importation of foreign wild birds and foreign wild animals. If this law had been in force at the time the mistake was made in the introduction of the English sparrow, we should have been spared from the pestilential existence of that "rat of the air," that vermin of the atmosphere. But some gentlemen who thought they knew better than anybody else what the country needed, saw fit to import these little pests, and they have done much toward driving the native wild bird life out of the States. This bill provides that the Secretary may prevent the importation of the fruit bat, or the flying fox, the English sparrow, the starling, and other birds of that kind, which, in his discretion, he may regard as detrimental.

The necessity for a provision of this kind is obvious. The mongoose, a miserable, murderous animal that was introduced for the purpose of killing snakes in Jamaica—by the way, one member of the House asked me the other day what kind of a bird the mongoose was [laughter]—the mongoose has proved a nuisance and a pest worse than the serpent that it kills. It drove the rats in Jamaica to the trees, and the rat now there has become an arboreal animal. The rat still exists and keeps out of the way of the mongoose. But the birds of the island have been almost destroyed by this imported pest. A proper control on the part of the Secretary of Agriculture would prevent the importation of injurious foreign animals. Some gentlemen in California have suggested the propriety of introducing the fruit bat or the flying fox there, and this bill would prevent their importation. They would prove as great a nuisance as the English rabbits in Australia and the Scotch thistle in Canada. Some patriotic son of Scotland wanted to see if the thistle would grow in Canada. He tried it, and there is no dispute about it now. It grows in Canada.

There is a compensation in the distribution of plants, birds, and animals by the God of nature. Man's attempt to change and interfere often leads to serious results. The French pink was introduced as a flower in Oregon, and it has spread throughout the wheat fields and become an injury to agriculture. The English yard plantain has become a great evil in New Zealand.

Rabbits were introduced in Australia, and to-day the most persistent efforts are necessary to keep them within endurable limits. The Russian thistle is spreading with great rapidity in the Dakotas, and though this plant has finally proved to have some value for forage, yet the people of the Northwest would be glad if that plant had never found a footing in that region.

It is important that the introduction of foreign wild birds and animals should be under competent legal supervision, and this bill will accomplish that result.

The next proposition in the bill, and that is the vital one of all, is to prohibit interstate commerce in birds and wild game—that is, insectivorous, useful birds, and wild game birds, and wild game of any kind killed in violation of local laws. Take the State of Georgia, that has enacted most rigid laws for the protection of insectivorous birds and game birds. Trappers go there and catch quails, netting or trapping them, in violation of the local law, pack them in barrels or boxes, and ship them to other markets in the United States. It is done secretly. The result is that the market houses in other States have been utilized as places in which to dispose of these birds and animals killed in violation of the laws of the State. Game wardens of the various States have long desired some legislation of this kind by which they can stop the nefarious traffic in birds and game killed in defiance of their State laws.

Take the State which I have the honor in part to represent—the State of Iowa. A few years ago it was filled with prairie chickens; quails were abundant. A careful protection of the quail has recently resulted in an increase of those beautiful little birds; but the shipment of prairie chickens has still been going on until they have well nigh become extinct. This bill, if enacted into law, would enable the local authorities to prevent the transportation of these birds. It is perfectly evident, however, that such a law might be abused unless suitably guarded. Persons might make use of it for the purpose of blackmailing the carriers. Therefore a provision has been inserted in this bill by which carriers will not be held responsible for the shipment unless they have knowingly carried the forbidden articles. But the shipper can not plead ignorance, and when complaint is made against the carrier, he will transfer the responsibility of the crime to the shipper, and the result will be that the whole traffic can be broken up.

As to insectivorous birds, I saw an article going the rounds of the newspapers the other day purporting to give an interview between my friend from Illinois (Mr. Cannon) and myself. While the interview was not stated with entire accuracy, the general facts are true, and I will repeat it now as an illustration of one of the features of this bill.

When this bill was up in the House before on a motion to suspend the rules, my friend from Illinois raised the question of "no quorum." Two-thirds of the House were in favor of passing the bill, but there was not a quorum present; and the gentleman from Illinois raised that point and prevented further consideration of the bill. The next day I came to the House with my pockets full of most beautiful apples. They were fair to look upon, but were veritable dead sea fruit. I went around and offered them to my friend. He loves apples as well as I love birds. He opened them.

They were all perforated with the tunnels that the worms had dug in passing through the fruit. I asked him if he had ever seen that condition in apples when he was a boy. He said no; it was a recent thing. I inquired whether he often saw an apple now that did not show the foul track of a worm through its interior. He said, "What of that?" "Well," said I, "my friend, the killing of the birds causes this condition. Man kills the birds that killed the insect that laid the egg that hatched the worm that defiled the apple. [Laughter.] Thus following back in something of the fashion of "The House that Jack Built," we reach the real cause of most of this trouble. The destruction of the insectivorous birds has resulted in the loss of our fruit. No wonder the farmers and horticulturists are interested in this proposition!

Objection was made to this bill upon the theory that it was a purely sentimental measure, and intended merely to strike at bird millinery. Not so. It is true, Mr. Chairman, that there is some sentiment in the bill; and it is a proper, a legitimate, sentiment. The love of birds is something that ought to be taught in every school. Their protection is something that ought to be inculcated in the mind of every boy and girl. I have always been a lover of the birds; and I have always been a hunter as well; for to-day there is no friend that the birds have like the true sportsman—the man who enjoys legitimate sport. He protects them out of season; he kills them in moderation in season. The game hog is an animal of 2 legs that is disappearing. May he soon become extinct! The game hog formerly had himself photographed surrounded by the fruits of a day's "sport," and regarded the photograph as imperfect unless he had 100 dead ducks, grouse, or geese around him. To-day a true sportsman would be ashamed to be pictured in connection with a larger number of fowls than a decent share for an American gunner, having due regard to the preservation of the game for the future.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri. Is there anything in this bill to stop the operations of pot hunters?

Mr. Lacey. This bill is directed against the pot hunter. When you take away his market you destroy his occupation. Take away his market, or put that market under the surveillance of the game wardens, and the pot hunter must cease to carry on his nefarious traffic. He is the man who should have no friends on the floor of this House, or anywhere in the United States of America. He is the relentless enemy of all animal life. The States have awakened to the necessity of preserving what remains of bird life, with which nature so generously endowed our country. State laws of a vigorous character are enacted, and a public sentiment has grown up in favor of the enforcement of the statutes.

But the facility of commerce in these days of rapid transit enables the violator of the State law to market the product of his crime at a distance, and thus defy the laws of his own Commonwealth. This bill will supply the present defect in the law, and a halt can be called upon the ruthless destruction and exportation of the small remains of our once apparently inexhaustible bird population.

Seton Thompson tells us that no wild bird or wild animal ever dies of old age. Their lives, sooner or later, always have a tragic end. When a wild animal makes a mistake the penalty is death.

The gulls, the scavengers of our bays and harbors, are now being killed for use as ornaments.

The plumes of the egret are especially sought after; and as their plumage is at its best when nesting the mother bird is shot while rearing its young, and the orphan family is destroyed that the mother's plumes may decorate the head gear of humanity.

There is one feature of bird protection with which this bill does not pretend to deal.

The plumage merchant has held out inducements to hunters which have well-nigh exterminated some of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

In a single sale in London, in 1898, 116,490 skins of humming birds and 228,289 bundles of Indian parrots were sold for decorative purposes. In that sale over 500,000 bird skins were disposed of.

It is a pitiful thing to contemplate the slaughter of such a multitude of these beauties for the gratification of human vanity. Many people are deeply interested in the proposition to forbid the importation of the plumage of foreign birds, but that would involve the attempt to reform the world before purifying ourselves.

We should cast the beam out of our own eye first. Let us take care of our own birds and game before attempting to go into the fields and forests of other lands.

By taking this course we will set an example to other countries and the good work of bird and game protection in America may serve as a model.

We have given an awful exhibition of slaughter and destruction, which may serve as a warning to all mankind. Let us now give an example of wise conservation of what remains of the gifts of nature.

It is late. It is too late as to the wild pigeon. The buffalo is almost a thing of the past, but there still remain much to preserve, and we must act earnestly if we would accomplish good results.

Mr. Chairman, to the last section of this bill, which was designed to obviate the effect of the "original package" law in protecting the pot hunter, I have agreed to offer an amendment, putting it in such a form as I think will remove the only opposition that this bill has really encountered on the floor of the House. I will offer the amendment at the proper time as a substitute for section 5.

I love the people who love birds. The man or the woman who does not love birds ought to be classed with the person who has no love for music—fit only for "treason, stratagem and spoils." I would love to have a solo singer in every bush and a choir of birds in every tree top. At my own home I have set out Russian mulberries for the birds alone. The Russian mulberry begins to ripen while the blossoms are still coming out, and for three months there are blossoms and black fruit on the same tree. If you want to be popular with the birds of your community, set out some of these mulberries, and they will come from every quarter to the place where these trees are. The man who cultivates the birds will have the birds take care of him. They will care for his farm. They will destroy the insect pests, and the man who protects them will be successful wherever he may farm in the United States of America.

Mr. Shackleford. What about the birds that pick the cherries?

Mr. Lacey. Every bird that eats a cherry earns 10 cherries before he eats one.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri. Have you any way of keeping them from eating the cherries?

Mr. Lacey. No one should ever begrudge a cherry to a woodpecker or a robin. He has made the cherry possible before he takes it. He has done more toward its fruition than the man who set out the tree, because he has protected it from the pests that destroy it.

Life is real, life is earnest
From the start until the end;
And with the demise of a doctor
The undertaker plants a friend.
—Chicago News.

PARKS FOR FOREST PRESERVATION.

CHARLES CHRISTADORO.

Had the buffalo remained with us to-day in appreciable, though fast diminishing numbers, unquestionably we would now have a Society for the Preservation of the Buffalo. The rapid extermination of the game birds throughout the country has stimulated hundreds of game protective societies leading to much beneficial legislation on the subject. The preservation of song birds has been generally taken up and the discouragement of the use of feathers as decorations for women's hats has resulted in destroying to a degree the market of the plume hunter.

The preservation of fish has been a study for years, and the line is pretty closely drawn in the Adirondack woods to-day between the question of whether paper making with the consequent polluting of the streams from the factories is more important than fish preservation. The great Sequoias of California, unmatched timber giants, are threatened by the lumbermen's axe and saw, and a society is being formed for their preservation. But recently the Pinchot family of Washington donated $150,000 to establish a Chair of Forestry at Yale College; more work in the line of preserving and perpetuating our fast disappearing forests.

The pine forests of the great Northwest have been looked on for years as inexhaustible, as was the buffalo when the latter dotted the plains in countless thousands. Forty years ago the man who had the temerity to raise his voice in favor of preserving the buffalo from extermination was laughed to scorn. The animals were almost as plentiful as the sands of the desert that they roamed, and to exterminate them was seemingly beyond the power of man. But the railroads came, and in their wake the skin hunter, with his repeating rifle, and in time the bone hunter finished the job as he piled the prairies high with mountains of glistening bones to be shipped East, calcined, and used for purifying the sugar we eat.

So was it with the forests. The towering groves of black walnut in the Middle States first left the exterminating hand, until a black walnut grove has become only a memory. The magnificent bodies of soft white pine, that queen of all woods, in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, attracted the lumberman. To listen to an old-time logger describe the wastefulness of the early timbering days would be sufficient to satisfy one that the pine was then looked upon as inexhaustible. But under the blows of millions of axes the trees began to disappear, forest fires helping on the work of destruction. Thirty years ago far-seeing men stopped to figure, and argued that the lumberman and settler combined would wipe out the pine forests in 10 years. Year after year was this prophecy made, for 30 years back, until the cry of "wolf" is beginning to come true. Michigan is actually cut over. The great State of Wisconsin, that has sent billions of feet of merchantable pine and other woods to the markets, is nearing the end of its standing timber.

In the old logging days only timber adjacent to the streams which were within reasonable hauling distance by oxen was cut. Now they construct logging railroads, cut the timber winter and summer, and haul the logs in train loads to the mills.

Minnesota may be said to have more standing white pine timber within her boundaries than any other State, yet it is only too rapidly disappearing. There are those who speak of a 5 year limit now, instead of the former 10 year estimate. One of the surest signs of the coming of the end is the fact that the heavy operators in pine are looking to the spruce and fir forests of the Pacific Coast, and have recently invested millions of dollars in coast lumber lands.

In the Northern part of Minnesota, midway of a straight line drawn from Duluth to Crookston, is what is known as the Chippewa Indian reservation. On this land is to be found the greatest body of virgin pine in the State of Minnesota. Here are the 3 great lakes, Leech, with 540 miles of shore line, Cass, and Winnebegoshish. Through this tract the infant Mississippi, fresh from Lake Itasca, meanders, connecting these 3 great bodies of water with 70 smaller lakes. The woods teem with deer and moose, as did the forest stretches of New Yrk 200 years ago. The lakes and streams abound in voracious muskalonge, wily bass of gigantic size, and toothsome wall-eyed pike. To fish in these waters is to spoil one's self for like fishing in any other section. There is a constant temptation to over fish, and load the boat with more than one needs to catch.

The scenery on these forest-encircled lakes is second to none in this country. The wildest and most scenic tracts in Maine do not cmpare with it. The interweaving streams and ever changing scenery make this an ideal country for the man or woman who loves nature in her primeval state. The soil of this reservation is uniformly sandy, and practically worthless for any other purpose than the growing of pine.

Under the guise of throwing this reservation open for settlement, the lumbermen of the State are advocating the removal of the Indians to another reservation, miles distant, and the selling of this land, practically worthless because of its sandy nature, to the emigrant. Inasmuch as the sandy worthless ground will not yield even the poorest crops, it really means the cutting of the timber, the abandonment of the land to the State for taxes, and a consequent desolation of stumps and sand, only too often fire-ridden by the inflammable refuse tree tops left by the lumbermen.

And here again has a society been formed, under the name of the Minnesota National Park Association, to prevail on the Government not to drive the Indians off from this land, and not to open it up to settlement (simply another name for turning it over to the lumbermen) but to preserve it for all time as a recreation ground for the people. Unlike the Yellowstone Park, the region is within 18 hours' ride of over 30,000,000 of people. In this region can one see the Indians living in their villages, roaming the woods, and paddling their canoes, as in the days of Fenimore Cooper. Here do they hunt and fish, gather their wild rice, weave their baskets, and make the thousand and one trinkets of bead, feather, and shell work, so dear to the heart of the Indian. In preserving this reservation for the people as a National Park, the rights of the Indians will be respected, the timber preserved and perpetuated under forestry conditions long after the last pine tree outside of the reservation shall have been cut and sold; and a pleasant ground will be secured for the invalid, the camper, tourist, fisherman, and lover of nature generally.

To mature a pine tree from the seedling in the forest takes 100 to 150 years, but to fell one of these mighty giants of the forest takes only 5 minutes. Re-foresting cut over lands will solve the problem, but the next 100 years will not look on a great white pine forest re-grown between the stumps of one denuded within this generation.

This reservation preserved, and its pine perpetuated through forestry methods, will be a lasting monument and reminder of what the great forests of the Northwest were in the days of DuLut, Marquette, LaSalle, Fremont, and hundreds of other pioneers who traversed this region in the company of the Indian before the advent of the settler and the lumberman. It is within the power of the Government to retain this great tract of forest, lake and stream, for the people and their children's children, as a pleasure ground, as long as grass grows and water flows. Between the people and Congress at Washington stands the grasping lumberman, the man who is already rolling in wealth gained honestly or dishonestly from the pine land of the government, but who yet wants more, and who is attempting to influence legislation for his own gain as against the wishes of the people. But the spirit of greed and gain in this case must not and will not prevail.

At this time efforts are being made in Washington by the friends of the Park to have a joint commission appointed by the 2 houses to thoroughly go into this park project in all its bearings and then report back to Congress. If such report be favorable, and it very likely will be, then may the Minnesota National Park be looked on as a reality. For this end let all lovers of the woods and streams and advocates of game preservation and friends of the Indian work and pray—but not neglect the work.

She wrote a charming little verse,
Just sixteen lines and sweetly terse;
She sent it done in elite blue
To a paper published in St. Lou;
And when it came back marked "Declined"
It almost caused the tears to blind;
For there it was in brazen blue—
"Your feet will never, never do!"
—Chicago News.

THE HUNTER HUNTED.

J. J. BUSH.

Four of us had been a week camping in the mountains and having a good time generally. One day we camped in a quiet green valley and turned our tired horses loose to graze. After dinner the Major proposed that he and I hunt through some canyons which ran in from the hills near by. I at once consented, and we started. We kept together for half a mile or so; then we separated, he going up one canyon and I up another. Presently I heard several shots from the direction taken by the Major. Mentally crediting him with a blacktail, I went on over the ridge and down into another canyon.

The mountain tops shut out the rays of the declining sun and made a gloomy twilight in the depths of the gulch I was traversing. This is the place for bear, I thought, as I hurried forward. I heard a peculiar sound to my right and another noise farther down. Pretty soon a small cub appeared, not 10 steps ahead. Seeing me coming, he made for a tree, but I got him by the ears before he was beyond reach. The little beast squalled loudly, and instantly his mother same charging like a whirlwind through the shrubbery to the rescue. A glance told me I had a big cinnamon to reckon with. I dropped the cub, threw my rifle to my face and fired. The shot checked her for a moment; then she came on again, making a slight turn to avoid a rock in her way. As she turned I planted a fatal bullet behind her shoulder—just in time, too, for another bear was making the stones fly as he came down behind me. I fired hurriedly, but the shot was evidently good enough for the newcomer, for, with a roar, he turned and disappeared.

It was fast growing dark and I did not follow him, but pushed on to camp.

THE REAL THING.

M. P. DUNHAM.

A saloonkeeper in this town had a severe fright recently. No one being dry just at that moment he was alone in his place and sat oppposite the bar, reading. Chancing to lift a corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of a great snake sliding over the tops of a row of whiskey barrels. He dropped his paper, sprang to his feet, and stared at the barrels. No snake was to be seen. The man knew the potency of his goods and that there was no time to lose. He rushed bareheaded into an adjoining store, crying,

"I've got 'em, Luke; I've got 'em bad! Come an' stay with me till I can get a doctor."

When Luke had listened to the victim's description of his symptoms he said,

"Mebbe it was a sure enough snake you saw; let's go back an' look."

Back they went, moved the barrels and searched high and low. No snake could they find. By that time great beads of sweat were rolling down the saloonkeeper's face. He sank down on a box in the corner and moaned, "I knew I had 'em; I told you so." Just then a snake put its head around the corner of the box. The patient shuddered. "I knew it!" he screamed. "For Gawd's sake gimme some bromide and run like —— for the doctor!"

Not until Luke had killed the snake and dangled it before his friend's eyes would he believe it was not a genuine case of D. T. Then he promised Luke a skinful of the best in the house if he wouldn't tell the boys.

"What time will you be home, dear?" asked the young wife as her husband started down town after breakfast.

"Oh, about 1 t. m., I guess," was the reply.

"You mean 1 p. m., don't you?" she asked.

"No," replied the heartless wretch, "I mean just what I said—1 t. m.—to-morrow; see?"—Exchange.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

TO SAVE THE GAME IN THE PARK.

New York, Jan. 19th, 1900.

Hon. E. A. Hitchcock,
Secretary of the Interior,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—I beg to call your attention to the urgent need of killing off a large number of the bears, lynx, mountain lions and wolves in the Yellowstone National Park. It is a well known fact that these animals have become so numerous there that they destroy large numbers of the elk calves and of cows which become too weak during winter to be able to escape. These carnivorous animals also kill, every spring, several buffalo calves, and more or less young deer, antelope and mountain sheep.

It would be an easy matter to reduce the numbers of these predatory animals, by simply instructing the park superintendent to detail a few good hunters from his command to do the work.

In my judgment this should be ordered at once. The bears are now hibernating, and will begin to come out of their dens early in April. The snow will still be deep in the park at that time, and it will be easy for the bears to overtake and pull down the young animals and the weakened mothers. Hunters traveling on snow shoes could easily pursue and rapidly thin out the bears. Captain Brown, the present superintendent of the park, is a practical big game hunter himself, and could direct this work intelligently and effectively. As you are well aware, the buffalo herd in the park has dwindled from about 400 head, 3 years ago, to less than 30 head now, and the last one of these will disappear within 2 years more unless stringent measures are adopted for their preservation. It would be a national calamity to have this remnant of the American bison exterminated. Of course many of these animals have been killed by poachers outside of the park and perhaps a few inside, but it is a well known fact that many of the buffaloes have been pulled down and killed by the beasts of prey which I have mentioned.

Hoping you may give this matter your careful and prompt attention, I am,

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields, Prest. L. A. S.

Department of the Interior,
Washington, D. C., March 16, 1900.

Mr. G. O. Shields, President,
League of American Sportsmen.

Sir:

Your letter of January 19th has been received, in which you call attention to the urgent necessity for killing off a large number of bears, lynx, mountain lions and wolves in Yellowstone National Park.

In response thereto I have to state that the Acting Superintendent of the Park, to whom your letter was referred, states that:

> There are, as stated by Mr. Shields, numbers of bears and mountain lions and large numbers of coyotes in the park, and much game in the way of elk deer and antelope is killed by them. I have carefully investigated the matter as to whether buffalo are ever killed by the bears; the scouts who have been here, some of them for years, have never known of this being done, though of course it may have happened. With the exception of the buffalo and possibly mountain sheep, I think all kinds of game have increased of late years, though this may not be correct as to antelope. I think most of the destruction is due to the coyotes, and the scouts and enlisted men of the command are authorized to shoot them wherever found; a number of them near the post have been shot and poisoned this season. A few mountain lions have also been killed.
>
> The depredations of the bears seem to be mainly about the hotels, where they often break into outhouses in search of food. I doubt the advisability of killing any of these animals except such as become so bad about the hotels as to make it absolutely necessary.
>
> The mountain lions killed have been those in the vicinity of where the few remaining mountain sheep are ranging and with a view to the protection of these rare animals.
>
> There are so many elk in the park that, for the present at least, no measures are necessary for their protection from other wild animals.
>
> As Mr. Shields suggests, the important thing is to protect the buffalo, and I shall use every effort to this end; but it is no easy matter to cover the country where they are during the spring season; in fact, it is impossible except by the most experienced men with skis, who have to carry their rations and sufficient clothing for protection against cold at night on their backs. I have at present a detachment in the buffalo country, on skis, with instructions to find out as nearly as possible the number still left in the park; this trip will take at least 2 weeks and probably more.

From this report it will be seen that Captain Oscar J. Brown, Acting Superintendent of the Park, is taking such steps as in his judgment the circumstances warrant toward protecting the game in the reservation.

In this connection, it is proper to add that a number of bear and other animals have been trapped in the park and shipped to the Zoological Park in this city, and the same course will be pursued as to furnishing animals for the Zoological Gardens in Omaha, Nebraska.

Very respectfully,
E. A. Hitchcock,
Secretary.

U. S. Department of Agriculture,
Biological Survey,
Washington, D. C.,
January 26th, 1900.

Hon. E. A. Hitchcock,
Secretary of the Interior.

Sir:—

Will you kindly have sent to my address copies of the annual report of the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park for the years 1890-99 inclusive?

I am informed that you have been requested to authorize the killing of "a large number of bears, lynx, mountain lions and wolves in the Yellowstone National Park." This, it seems to me, would be a serious mistake. There is, of course, no danger in killing all the wolves that it is practicable to destroy, if the persons authorized to do the killing can be made to confine their attention to these animals, which are notoriously destructive to big game. But in the case of the other species mentioned, namely the bears, lynx and mountain lions, it would be exceedingly difficult, I think, to obtain trustworthy evidence to the effect that these animals really cut any figure in the destruction of big game in the Park. The mountain lion, or panther, is well known to feed largely on deer, and sometimes doubtless kills an elk, particularly the young. But deer and elk exist in the park in such vast numbers that the inroads made on them by the few mountain lions inhabiting the region are too insignificant to merit attention.

Black bears are very abundant in the park, as you know, and may be so much of a nuisance that it is desirable to reduce their numbers. But this should not be done under the pretext that they are a menace to the game.

The case of the grizzly bear is very different. The Yellowstone National Park is now the only place in the world where a person may go with the assurance of seeing a live grizzly, and, if I am correctly informed, the number of grizzlies there is by no means large. The grizzly is one of the distinctive American mammals rapidly approaching extinction, and it has been already exterminated over fully nine-tenths of its range. It would be a calamity, therefore, for the United States Government to in any way hasten the extinction of the species.

I have the honor to remain,
Respectfully,
C. Hart Merriam,
Chief, Biological Survey.

Department of the Interior,
Washington, D. C.,
February 2d, 1900.

Respectfully referred to the Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park for consideration in connection with the reference on the same subject forwarded to him under date of January 20th, 1900. This paper should be returned to the Department.

(Signed) E. A. Hitchcock,
Secretary.
E. M. D.

(2d Endorsement.)
OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT,
Yellowstone National Park,
Mammoth Hot Springs, Wy.,
February 9th, 1900.

Respectfully returned to the Honorable the Secretary of the Interior.

The destruction of game is confined mainly to deer, elk, antelope and sheep, and these depredations are mostly the work of coyotes. The mountain lions, of which there are still large numbers in the park, do much damage, and if this was only among the deer and elk it would amount to little, as the elk undoubtedly are increasing and the deer, if not increasing, are not diminishing; but it is known that these lions kill mountain sheep, an animal which is becoming rare and which must be protected to prevent complete extinction. To do this requires that the mountain lions in the vicinity of where these sheep range should be kept down as much as possible. There is a small band of mountain sheep on Mount Everts, within 3 miles of this post, numbering about 26, and another band about 12 miles Northeast from the post, near Hellroaring creek. It is not known if there are any others in the park.

In these 2 localities there are many mountain lions. It was found necessary, both last winter and this, to shoot these lions whenever found, to save the sheep. There is no danger of their being exterminated, as they range throughout the park and are extremely difficult to find. Coyotes are numerous and are killed at every opportunity. No indiscriminate killing of these or any other animals is allowed; the destruction is confined to coyotes and mountain lions and is done by the civilian scouts or duly authorized enlisted men.

I do not believe the protection of game requires, at present at least, the killing of any bears; the number of deer and elk destroyed by them is, as suggested by Mr. Merriam, insignificant. It has been reported that young buffalo have been killed by them, but I can find no evidence as to this. I shall make every effort to investigate this when the bears come out in the spring, and if such is found to be the case it may be necessary to destroy some of them in the buffalo country; but I seriously doubt if the decrease of the buffalo is due at all to the destruction of their young by bears.

During the summer and fall the bears live about the hotels, and have given much trouble at these places by breaking doors, windows, etc., in search of food; in some cases it may be necessary to kill one or 2 of these, or preferably to capture them, if possible, and send to some zoological park, where they are wanted. Any such contemplated action would be referred to the Interior Department for approval before being executed, and no course would be recommended that would tend to diminish any of the species which find in the National Park the only safe refuge.

Oscar J. Brown,
Captain 1st Cavalry,
Acting Superintendent.

SHOULD BOYS USE RIFLES?

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION:

I should like to know your views on the subject of the following clipping from the Chicago Times-Herald:

> Gladstone, Mich., April 7.—The mystery surrounding the fatal shooting of Miss Lydia Barstar, the school teacher at Isabella, yesterday, was partly cleared up by the arrest of 2 boys late last night. They were hunting crows in the vicinity of the schoolhouse, and it is supposed that a bullet from the rifle of one of them crashed through the window and killed the teacher at her desk.
>
> The names of the boys have not been learned. Whether the shooting was accidental or intentional is not known, but the boys are in jail at Escanaba pending an investigation by the prosecuting attorney, it being alleged that one of them had a grudge against the teacher.

The tragedy recorded is but one of many that have been traced to the small boy and his cheap rifle or pistol. I believe that the promiscuous sale of cheap .22 caliber rifles and pistols to small boys should be prohibited in every State in this country. In fact, I am strongly in favor of laws which will forbid the use of firearms by persons under 15 years of age, except in shooting galleries and other well enclosed buildings. The makers of the cheap little rifles and pistols which, in the hands of small boys, cause constant trouble to their users and the general public, advertise the weapons as especially adapted to boys' use. The result is that every small boy who reads these advertisements begs his parents to present him with a rifle. In Illinois there is a law which prohibits the sale of firearms to minors, but it is not enforced. At least, it does not prevent the killing of thousands of song birds every year by small boys armed with cheap .22 caliber rifles, to say nothing of the chickens, pigeons, cats, favorite dogs and human beings who frequently follow the birds. This law should be amended to include in its prohibition the use of firearms in the open by all persons not above 15 years of age, and if you think as I do regarding the subject, steps will be taken to secure such an amendment.

Louis Lehle.

ANSWER.

The problem is a serious one and has been for 100 years past. I agree with you as far as the tough boy is concerned, but not as to the other class. I know hundreds, yes, thousands, of boys under 15 years old who are genuine sportsmen of the highest type. None of these I refer to are game hogs or fish hogs in any sense of the word. Furthermore, they do not destroy the song or insectivorous birds or their nests. They exert a wholesome influence on the reckless boys, who are inclined to create havoc in that way. These boys will in time be the representative sportsmen and naturalists of this country, and it would be entirely wrong to deprive them of their fun now that they have time to enjoy it. In future years most of them will, like the rest of us, be tied down to desks, except for a few days each year. By all means let them enjoy life to the fullest extent, but in a legitimate way, while they are young. I am in favor of a law to prohibit the tough boys from owning or using guns, but it would be impossible to discriminate, as a rule. The question can be solved by enforcing our game and bird laws as they exist in most States. If a man or a boy kills a bird or an animal or takes a fish in close season he should be prosecuted. If he kills a song or insectivorous bird at any time of the year, except for absolute scientific use, he should be prosecuted, regardless of his age. If he kills more than a reasonable number of game birds or animals or takes more than a reasonable number of fish in a day he should be prosecuted, old or young. All the States that have not already enacted laws limiting the bag of game or fish should do so at once. Then those laws should be enforced. There are thousands of boys who would help us to enforce them, not only as against other boys, but as against men who have less regard for decency than my army of boy friends have. We have created a junior class membership in the League of American Sportsmen and have fixed the membership fee for boys under 15 years of age at 25 cents. I wish all the thousands of boys who read Recreation could be induced to join the League as junior members. Many of them have done so already, and the others will all do so in time. A philosopher once said, "Give me the boys, and you take the men, and in 20 years I will rule the world." I second the motion.—Editor.

HOW IT WORKS.

Waterlily, N. C.

Editor Recreation:

I cannot resist the temptation to tell Recreation readers how the crusade against feather hunting operates on the hunting ground.

On April 1st the pick of our gunners here left for the Pamlico, to shoot gulls and beach birds for the milliners. Ducking was over here, and the boys wanted something to do.

Yesterday about 18 came back and no more birds will be shot this season, for feathers, in our section of North Carolina. I asked the boys how it was they quit so early. Last year they shot all summer and took 60,000 birds off from our beach. They told me they had been advised by the New York house, for whom they were shooting, that a law had been passed prohibiting feathers from being worn or handled.

I doubt this, but think that, owing to the determined efforts of the L. A. S. and Recreation, the wholesale houses are frightened and are calling in the gunners, with a view of keeping the public eye off from their business. Yes, Coquina, you have saved thousands of birds here this year.

If the public could once realize the mischief these houses are doing by putting a price on feathers, their business would be doomed. To give some idea of the destruction caused by feather hunting, I will say that 5 gunners killed over 300 birds in one afternoon. This is no pipe dream, like many stories about large bags, but a fact; and it was not counted much of a day's work, either.

The whole future of our game and birds lies in the large cities. If the market for game in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and Baltimore could be cut off, the occupation of the market gunner would be gone and birds would at least hold their own. Local game laws are of little value. Witness our fish law, right here in this county. Drag-net fishermen must stop April 1st. Last year some genius discovered this did not apply to pound nets, and as a result the Sound is full of pounds, that fish all summer and destroy 3 times as many fish as the drag netters would if allowed to continue. If will probably be at least 2 or 3 years before we can have the law amended to disqualify pound nets. If the markets were properly governed, there would be no occasion for game laws or fish laws; as the violations of individuals are comparatively insignificant. The cheap air gun is responsible for the death of more song birds than any other weapon, and it should be a criminal offence to have one in possession.

There should be comparatively little difficulty in abolishing the sale of game and feathers. These are not bought by the great mass of people. They can not afford them. It is only the wealthy people who create this demand and therefore there should be little opposition from the masses. I am aware our wealthy classes, as a rule, have less time and are harder worked than the poorer; yet their large preserves and sporting clubs should furnish them sufficient game for their own consumption, without compelling them to go to market and pay fancy prices for it.

Don't blame the market hunter, but the buyer. The market hunter gets his living the easiest way for him. If there were no buyer he would have to find another way. Don't be too hard on the game hog. He generally kills more in his imagination than anywhere else. Besides, he can be educated out of it. Never, however, give up the fight against the market that is the root of the entire matter.

A. S. Doane.

ANSWER.

This was written before the passage of the Lacey bill and the Hallock bill. These are now in force and so the plumage dealers must look for other employment.

Editor.

A GOOD PLACE TO REST.

Duane, N. Y.

Editor Recreation:

"I have found a perfect paradise!" This was the greeting my friend the doctor gave me at Malone, in 1891, as I brought my family into the Adirondacks for the summer. The doctor had gone before, prospecting, and had found the Hotel Ayers, on Lake Duane, 12 miles from Malone. We came here that summer and have come every year since.

As I write, the lake lies shimmering under the rays of the setting sun, while the leafless branches of the birch and maple, and the evergreen of the spruce and balsam are reflected in the mirror-like surface of the lake, a scene of transcendent beauty.

And if so beautiful in the early spring what, you may ask, must it be when the woods are in full leaf and the gentle breezes of summer waft the woody odors from the mountain sides. I can answer only in the words of the doctor—"a perfect paradise."

This hotel, a palace in the woods, of rustic build, of great comfort and capable of sheltering 100 guests, stands on the edge of Lake Duane, about 6 or 7 rods from the staircase which leads to the dock, where many a merry party has taken boat for a row about or through the lake. Lake Duane is over a mile in length, and of varying width, from ½ to ¾ of a mile. Jutting points of great beauty break the shore line, and many available points for camping are found along the borders of this gem of the Adirondacks. One desirable thing is found here, safety in boating. The lake is so shielded from high winds that the surface is never roughened by squall or storm, making it the safest rowing to be found anywhere.

Fine fishing is afforded in the waters of Lake Duane. Brook and rainbow trout abound, and it is no unusual occurrence to bring in a 4-pound trout. Sometimes even heavier ones are shown at the close of a morning or afternoon trip through the lake, and 1 and 2-pound trout and even heavier are frequently taken.

Within easy reach are other waters which afford good fishing, and a delightful day's excursion will take one to Lake Francis, Spring Pond (a piece of water of subterranean source of supply—the bubbling springs in the bottom being plainly seen) the Twin ponds, and Little Salmon river. He must be a poor angler who returns without a goodly string of trout.

Deer are numerous in the surrounding country, and the mountains afford good grouse shooting in season.

Delightful walks abound in every direction, and the trails are clearly defined and easily followed. The house is most excellently kept. The table is first class and every attention is given the guests.

Space will r permit me to list all the advantages of the Ayers. Many guests appreciating them come here year after year, and I desire to let your readers know of this homelike hotel in the woods, where we as a family have come for so many years and never gone away dissatisfied. I always feel I am coming home every year as I return for health and recreation.

Henry T. Gray.

CAMP COOKING.

A few suggestions for F. E. Wilson: Here comes a man to the front with a new and bright idea for the pages of RECREATION and to cheer the stomachs of sportsmen everywhere. A certain writer claims that the small boy who interrupted a description of Heaven to ask, "Do they always have a good cook there?" "had his finger on the foundation stone of human happiness." I don't pose as a good cook, or even one of 2d rate, for, as the old darky said,

> "Cookin' like religion is—
> Some's 'lected, an' some ain't,
> An' rules don't no more mek a cook
> Den sermons mek a saint."

I have, however, had some experience. Here is a dish of mush, or porridge, which some might like, if they were hungry. Into ½ pint of corn meal stir about ½ tablespoonful of salt when both are dry. Soak in cold water long enough to wet the mixture through. Next stir it into boiling water, one quart to 3 pints for every ½ pint of meal. Stir constantly 5 to 10 minutes, and then remove it. It can be made better by putting in butter, sugar or raisins, or all 3.

A brown gravy may be made by browning some white flour in a pan over the fire, putting in salt and pepper, wetting it through with cold water, and boiling it a few minutes with lard and water in the right proportions. It is also useful in soups. Even if your meat is used up, and the boiling juice from it is nothing but water, put in some lard, butter, or fat of some sort, flavor with salt and pepper, and stir in flour, previously stirred to a paste in cold water. Be sure to always wet flour or cornstarch in cold water first or it will lump in the hot water, and you will have balls to shoot from your Winchester, Savage or smooth bore, but no gravy. It is certainly better to let the old army musket swallow them than you. If the gravy be made right, you can make a meal from it with a little bread, toast or crackers, and leave the innocent grouse to strut the log unharmed, the beautiful deer to bound away without a bleeding wound, while you think of the respect due the game law, RECREATION and your conscience.

G. W. McKay, Floodwood, Minn.

SLAUGHTER IN CALIFORNIA.

The San Francisco Call of a recent date publishes a full page illustrated article lauding the work of another of the vile and contemptible brutes who slaughter egrets, ibises, and other beautiful birds in Southern and Lower California, and sell their plumage to milliners. The Call prints a picture of this despicable hog, and if it be a correct likeness nothing would need to be said of him in order to convince readers of the Call of his brutal nature. A half page drawing represents Bennett seated on his boat in a marsh and in the act of shooting a glossy ibis that is flying over him. Another section shows him in the act of stripping the skin from one of the birds. The picture is embellished with 2 roseate spoonbills that are supposed to be waiting for the slaughter.

Here are a few quotations from the article:

> The most famous hunter for egrets in the world is David L. Bennett. Of himself he says, "Of course. my business is that of a common pot-hunting shooter, I don't apologize for it. The first 2 years I was hunting there were thousands of egrets more than now. On some days I used to get as many as 20 egrets or herons. In the regions where I have been a rapidly growing scarcity of egrets is evident. I am sure that in a dozen years or more, if the fashion in women's millinery prevails as now, there will be very few egrets left on the West coast. A full grown egret will yield about ¼ of an ounce of feathers and ⅙ of an ounce of plumes. None of the other feathers are touched, and it takes much experience for a hunter to know just what will be marketable. All the available egret plumes are on the bird's back, just back of the tail.
>
> "Generally I can get 3 or 4 successful shots at the frightened birds before they are out of range, for they are so easily frightened that they are powerless of flight for a moment and make good targets of themselves. Sometimes we get as many as 15 birds in one evening's shooting. Years ago, when egrets and herons were plentiful, I have killed 9 birds in as many shots before they got out of reach."

I have no doubt that Bennett is a colossal liar, and for the sake of the birds let us hope so. The fact that a great newspaper like the Call could be induced to print such a fearful record of slaughter as this, whether true or false, is, however, deplorable. The editor of that journal should be heartily ashamed of himself, and I regret there was not some Anthony Comstock at hand, backed by the necessary statute, to have suppressed that issue of the Call.—Editor.

HOW ABOUT IMPORTING QUAILS?

Virginia Beach, Va.

Editor Recreation:

Referring again to the subject of shipping live game birds: When I wrote you in regard to sending live quails from Kansas and other Southern States to Northern States, I wrote simply in the interest of the game birds. If it were lawful to ship these birds it would be quite a different thing, but the most of these birds are trapped during the closed season and are shipped out of the State in violation of the law. The open season in Kansas is October and November, and there is a law against transportation out of the State, so it seems clear to me that to encourage the shipment of these birds is to encourage the violation of the game laws in Kansas. As a rule, when quails are trapped the whole covey is caught, and this means a rapid extermination of birds on everybody's farm. Since writing you I have had occasion to speak to several gunners from Pennsylvania and Connecticut, and all agreed there was no doubt that more birds died in the Northern States from extreme cold weather and snow than were shot. One man from Pennsylvania said he had tried to stock a preserve with quails from Tennessee, but after 3 years he couldn't find a quail on his place, and not a single one had been shot. Another man from Connecticut said he had frequently found a whole covey of quails dead in the snow. It seems to me that if quails could thrive in the Northern States, as some suppose, you would have more birds there than you have at present, for your game laws are much more rigidly enforced than ours are.

W. L. Harris.

I should be glad to hear from other readers who have imported quails from the Southern States, as to their success.—Editor.

CONDEMNS THOMPSON.

An Illinois weekly paper (which should be spelt weakly) devotes half a column to defending J. C. Thompson, Jr., from a criticism made on him in February Recreation. In that issue I printed a letter from Mr. Thompson telling how he and his friends slaughter ducks on a certain marsh which they control. I commented on their conduct in severe terms, but not more severe than the men deserve. The local editor characterizes my remarks as ungentlemanly, and pats the local shooters on the back in a way that will no doubt result in their continuing to subscribe for his paper.

And now comes the following letter:

The enclosed clipping will give you an idea of the effect of your roast on the "injured gentleman" and some of his friends. Luckily you gave them a small dose, for a large one would surely have been fatal. Poor fellows, they are to be pitied. Perhaps their bristles are long and much tangled, and the pulling of a single one causes severe pain.

Game is not only slaughtered here, but the game laws are violated with impunity by anyone so disposed. To locate the offenders and secure evidence sufficient to convict them would require more time and labor than the wardens who are appointed seem disposed to give. I shall be glad to see the time when the laws for the protection of game are rigidly enforced and when a limit is placed on the number that may be killed in one day. I feel confident that the L. A. S. will accomplish this in time.

G. J. Shrader, Canton, Ill.

GO TO MONTANA.

In the spring the only game accessible here is bear; goat, elk, deer and sheep being out of season. The trout fishing can not be excelled, there being an abundance in all streams, weighing one ounce to 20 pounds, and they are game to a finish. The fishing in spring is chiefly bait. The trout will hardly rise to a fly as they do when the waters subside. Bait fishing is good from May 1st or earlier to the middle of July; fly fishing from the middle of July to freezing. These conditions are largely governed by the weather. An open winter gives earlier fishing, a hard winter, late. These also govern the actions of Mr. Bruin, although the usual time for his appearance is middle to the last of March. That is the best time to hunt them, as they then readily take bait, being continually on the move hunting for food. Big game hunting can best be combined with fishing in September and succeeding months, as all big game is then in season, but fishing is good any time from the opening of the springs and lakes to their closing in November. My charges are as follows: Head guide, $5 a day; assistant, $3 a day; cook, $3 a day; horses, 75 cents a day; camp outfit, 50 cents a day. I furnish tents, cooking utensils, riding and packing saddles and all necessary paraphernalia for camping. I expect parties to furnish their own bedding and all provisions, but can procure same for them at a low price if they wish. Parties wishing to hunt bear should provide bait.

Thomas Dawson, Browning, Mont.

AN ADVOCATE OF SLAUGHTER.

A Western paper, which undertakes to represent the interests of sportsmen, prints a disgusting and revolting story of duck slaughter written by Bryan Haywood, of Denver, from which I quote:

"The shooting was fast and furious. Sometimes the ducks came singly, sometimes in flocks, sometimes in flocks of flocks, until my arms ached with the constant handling of the gun. * * * This poor left, blistered hand was being slowly cooked by the red-hot barrels, and the last load in the shell box was fired. Then the heaven in which I had been vanished, and the stern realities of the big load of 96 dead ducks, and 4 hours of killing torture of the homeward crawl, dawned on my perception. A glance at my watch showed I had been shooting but an hour.

"The Major had his trials also, for his blinds were so located that the green wings hurled themselves directly into his face; but he managed to secure 114 of them, while Mrs. Major packed 51. She told our friends afterward, with tears in her eyes and a choking voice, that she shot wretchedly."

The story and the illustrations occupy 5 pages in this alleged sportsmen's journal, and the writer makes many other statements that must prove equally sickening to decent men; yet I fail to find a line of condemnation from the editor.

What do you think of such journalism as that?

TWO GOOD RESORTS.

This is the time when human nature demands a rest from the toils and anxieties of everyday life. I can not recall any pleasanter location for a few days' or weeks' recreation than North Hero and Grand Isle. These 2 islands are in Lake Champlain. Each is about 15 miles long and varies in width from the Indian carrying place, which is only a few feet, to some places which are 3 or 4 miles wide. The land is rolling, with fertile meadows, and fields of grain, in a high state of cultivation. The people in general are of high character; the farmhouses are large, commodious and neat. Even a stranger is received with free, open-hearted, warm cordiality. Two trim little steamers, The Chateaugay, and the Maquam, touch daily at wharves along the way from Plattsburgh and Burlington. Bass and pickerel abound. Black ducks and mallards afford good shooting in the fall, and on Gull island bushels of gulls' eggs are gathered in summer. Dozens of islands of lesser size dot the lake, and nearly all are owned by parties from the cities, who have, in a great many instances, built fine summer residences thereon, bringing their families, friends and servants each year for a vacation.

M. P. Edy, Clarenceville, Quebec.

DISCOVERIES BY A. J. STONE.

Dr. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum of Natural History, in a recent issue of the Museum Journal, says:

Mr. A. J. Stone's expedition to Northern British Columbia, Alaska, and the Arctic Coast, has yielded scientific results which amply repay the cost of this praiseworthy undertaking. . . .

On his long and arduous trip Mr. Stone discovered and brought home 8 new species of mammals, including a new caribou, and obtained a large amount of valuable information respecting the habits and distribution of all the larger Arctic mammals. He also made important geographical discoveries, including several new rivers which flow into the Arctic ocean. He accurately located other important points, and corrected our latest hydrographic charts of this region in several important particulars, establishing the fact that the so-called Eskimo lake is, in reality, dry land, traversed by a number of narrow lake-like channels. His successful sled journey, aggregating over 3,000 miles, is without a parallel in the annals of Arctic travel. The results of his trip include, beside a valuable collection of mammals, a rich store of wholly new zoological, geographical and archæological information.

GAME NOTES.

I have spent a great deal of my time for the past 20 years among the fish and game on the plains and in the mountains and have had a fine opportunity of studying the decrease of the same and the cause of it. It is high time something was done to stop the cruel and wanton slaughter of game and fish, and I am with you. Go for the game hogs. Do not attempt to handle them with kid gloves ,as I see some of the readers suggest. Give it to them straight from the shoulder. You can not handle them nearly so roughly as they deserve. When handling the fish and game they have no mercy. Why should you show them any? Give it to them.

These are my sentiments. If it hurts them, let them become civilized and act like real sportsmen. I can remember no time in my life when I cared to kill or catch more than I needed to eat, and I can not understand the construction of a human being who kills for the sake of killing. The most appropriate name I can give him is the one you have adopted, hog. W. S. G. Todd,

Coleridge, Cal.

Watchfulness for months on the part of the State Department for the Protection of Game was rewarded last evening, when Executive Agent Beutner and Deputy Game Warden Henry Myerding arrested Fred Duimond in this city after a chase of 40 miles and confiscated a lot of slaughtered game, comprising 22 saddles of venison and one moose carcass. The game seized is valued at $300. It is claimed that the load of game represents the killing by a crowd of pot hunters who, it is alleged, have established a camp at Cross Roads, 30 miles west of Brainerd. Executive Agent Buetner says he has been keeping cases on the hunters for a long time, and has made 2 raids on the camp without finding any game—Minneapolis Times.

Here's hoping Buetner may get the rest of them before he quits.—EDITOR.

Deputy U. S. Marshal Joseph Pinkham has done great good for the cause of game protection by arresting William Courtney and Jay Witman, two notorious lawbreakers and poachers, who have been carrying on their work in and about the National Park for years past. The men were found near Henry's lake, and are now in jail at Blackfoot, Idaho. The specific charge against them is killing elk in the National Park, though that is only one of their many crimes. It is earnestly hoped the United States court, before which these men will be arraigned, will send them to prison for a long term.

Mr. A. Leeds, Darby, Mont., is a guide who has the right code of ethics with regard to hunting. In a letter to Mr. E. W. Little, of this city, dated March 23d, he says,

"Bear in mind I will not allow any one hunting with me to shoot female elk, deer, goats, or any other kind of game, except bear. No game hog can eat with me, or sit with me at the same camp fire. I never allow game to be slaughtered by anyone whom I take out, and if anyone who is going into the mountains has different views he would better look for some other guide."

Word was recently received that Gus Akers, "Chic" Edelman, Dan Schnabel, and Ben Seigh, members of the Gray Wolf Hunting Club, who have been in West Virginia shooting, had been arrested for violating the game laws of that State and fined heavily.

Last year, it is said, a law was passed in the State providing that non-residents must take out a license in each and every county they visit to hunt. Fishing may be indulged in after procuring the license without any further permit.

The existence of this statute is supposed to have been unknown to the members of the Gray Wolf Club until they ran up against it. They were cutting and slashing among the game in that vicinity, when a local constable arrived and took the party into custody.

The boys had not calculated on an experience of that kind, it is said, and were compelled to call by wire on Johnstown friends to help them out financially.—Johnstown Tribune.

The boys of the Gray Wolf Club knew all about the West Virginia game law before they went camping.

L. G. Hornick, Johnstown, Pa.

I recently made 6 arrests for hunting deer by the method known as crusting. One man was discharged on account of lack of evidence, one escaped to Canada, but the other 4 were tried before Justice Parsons, at Island Pond, Essex County, Vt., and were obliged to furnish bonds to the amount of $200 each to appear at county court in September next. State Commissioner Titcomb has pushed matters to the best of his ability, not sparing himself or money in the effort to stop this beastly slaughter of deer which has been going on in the backwoods for some time.

E. G. Moulton, Warden, Derby Line, Vt.

Governor Roosevelt has signed the bill which passed the Legislature, appropriating $250,000 to continue the purchase of land in the Adirondack Park, and in the Catskills. This is a most worthy and commendable action on the part of the Assembly and the Governor, and will meet with the hearty approval of every intelligent taxpayer in the State.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30th. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits. Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner clam. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog. April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling, pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts; Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The Surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide; Daytime not affected by tides.

ALASKA NEEDS PROTECTION.

As disputes regarding the identity of a fish that runs up our rivers in spring have gone far enough we come to you for help. Three bets are awaiting your decision. I have taken this fish before the ice is out of the Skagway river. I have heard more than a dozen names applied to him, such as cutthroat, Dolly **Varden**, *Salmo iridens*, etc. My opinion is, he is some species of steelhead.

I have taken them 2 to 5 pounds in weight. His back is dark olive, or green, with indistinct small black spots; sides below line more or less spotted with small light red spots; top of head to just behind eyes very dark green, almost black. There is little red in his make up, nothing whatever to remind one of a cutthroat. In one I took yesterday, of 21½ inches, the lower jaw projects almost a half inch beyond the upper. Lower jaw remarkably hooked. The point or hook of lower jaw fits into groove in the upper. The head is pointed, but not exceptionally long. The flesh is white. Anatomically, the fish I have taken in 2 years are very uniform. He is a strong fighter, but not so quick as the *fontinalis*. Never shows himself near the surface when hooked, but fights deep down. I have never seen or heard of one being taken on a fly on the surface, but have taken 2 on sunken flies. There are times when he will not deign to look at anything. Then you can hear English as she is spoke in Southeastern Alaska. I have seen none of these trout later than July 10.

While I look over my last copy of RECREATION I remember I have not missed a copy since its first appearance in the West. When I was in Europe 2 years I had it sent to me, as you will see by referring to your books. Hammer away at it. You have already produced the best magazine of its kind ever published, and you have but to flash a few copies in England to make it more of a success. My RECREATION was read by many Englishmen while abroad. They marveled at the straightforwardness of the thing, and the man who is the maker thereof.

The game hog must become a thing of the past, but before the passing of the game, not as in the case of the buffalo. Give them hell!

There is a big, new field in Alaska for the good work of the L. A. S., but with our few and unsatisfactory laws it will be a difficult matter to do anything. However, there are whispers of a territorial form of government for us. Perhaps it will be realized before we are gray. The slaughter of deer in the Southeastern portion of the Territory is something awful. I heard of one man who has killed as many as 20 in one day. Anyone can see what the result must be.

H. J. Burkhard,
Skagway, Alaska.

ANSWER.

The fish you describe is apparently the Dolly Varden trout, *Salvelinus parkei.* If it has red spots it is certainly that species. The steelhead has no red spots. The Dolly Varden trout is just such a fighter as you describe. It reaches a length of about 2 feet and a weight of 2 to 12 pounds.—EDITOR.

RAISING CLAMS.

Little neck clams, clam chowder, clam fritters, and other appetizing dishes are for many an important part of the summer diet. Clams are not unlike oysters in composition and food value. They contain about 83 per cent of water, 10 per cent of protein, and furnish about 275 calories per pound. Every effort should be made to insure a supply of clams for the future. A recent bulletin of the Rhode Island Station calls attention to the rapid disappearance of the long clam, formerly so abundant on the shores of New England. The causes of disappearance are: (1) A demand exceeding the supply; (2) a continued diminution of "breeders," resulting in a decreasing "set"; (3) indiscriminate turning over of the flats, resulting in the destruction of a large proportion of the young, unmarketable clams; and (4) the destruction of breeding grounds by the dumping of refuse, factory wastes, and sewage in rivers and coast waters. If something can be done to prevent the destruction of young clams, the first 2 causes of disappearance will be lessened and the result will be immediately felt in a larger supply of clams and a fall in price consequent upon the increased and cheapened production, which will be a benefit to the entire population.

"Clams flourish not only on open seacoast where sufficient protection is offered against the shifting sands, but even far from the sea, in the brackish bays and estuaries. Indeed, areas of brackish water having a suitable bottom are the most prolific in clams, since in such localities grow the greatest abundance of microscopic plants (diatoms) and every such area which is exposed at low tide should be utilized for growing clams.

"The clam is even better adapted than the oyster for artificial cultivation. The chances of failure in the 'set' are smaller; the number of enemies is fewer; the cost of getting a 'set of seed' is smaller; and the cost of planting is eliminated; for, if the bottom is suitable, clams can not be kept out. The cost of digging may equal or perhaps be somewhat larger than that of dredging oysters on an extensive scale. Most important of all is the extreme simplicity of the cultural operations; with the conditions once secured, nothing remains but the harvesting. An acre of good clam ground' should yield annually 500 bushels of marketable bivalves.

"A clam farm should consist of several divisions. The preserve, or ground for breeders, where mature clams are kept in numbers sufficient to seed the rest of the farm without further attention. The proper number may be determined by experiment. Patches of seaweed should be left to furnish points of attachment for the young clams. The balance of the farm should be divided into sections, to be dug only on successive years, allowing 3 or 4 years between digging the same area, thus preventing the destruction of the young clams. This plan, if pursued, will add considerably to the market value of the clams, as the marketable clams on each area will be of nearly uniform size, but of a different size on every other area, so that the most satisfactory size for any particular use will be available."

CAMPING IN WISCONSIN.

The camping season is again upon us, and the trout fishing is good.

A small camping party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. James Nolan, of Escanaba, Mich.; Miss Bessie Bacon, of Chicago; Mrs. C. G. Shepherd and son, George, of Lathrop, and Mr. C. M. Shepherd, formerly a resident of Indiana, spent a few days recently on the East branch of the Escanaba river, 2 miles West of Sands, Marquette County, Mich., along the line of the C. & N. W. Ry. They left their homes early in the forenoon and reached Sands about noon. There they were met by a team and driven to their camping ground, arriving there about 2 o'clock. Their camp was quickly made, and the remainder of the evening they spent in catching trout. The trout there do not keep one standing for hours waiting for a nibble, but take the hook eagerly.

I was unable to accompany the party, but followed later. All were up early the following morning, and while breakfast was being prepared I was off up the bank of the river endeavoring to supply the frying pan for breakfast. In less than an hour I returned with 16 trout, which were at once prepared and heartily eaten.

They measured about 10 inches each, and were as fine as any man need want.

RECREATION was, of course, enjoyed by all as our reading matter. All fishing or hunting parties should make it a rule to take a few copies of this magazine along on their trips. By reading it they will learn to despise the game hog, to quit when they have enough. We are proud to say we do not belong in the game hog pen. I would rather one of our party should be called a chicken thief than a game hog.

Deer and grouse were plentiful about our camp; in fact, the deer came around the camp every night. Often during the day they could be seen going to the river, drinking, and then walking quietly away. The evening we broke camp a deer came up and drank from one of our basins. We left it there.

C. G. Shepherd, Lathrop, Mich.

IOWA MUST BE EDUCATED.

A number of men here who are law-abiding citizens in other ways, openly violate the game and fish laws at all times and seem to think it no more than their right. Recently when the State game warden, George E. Delavan, suddenly dropped into Spencer and made 24 arrests for shooting fish at Trumbull lake, our worthy citizens were indignant. They seem to like our game warden about as much as the Tennessee moonshiners like revenue officers. Out of the 24 arrested 2 of the boys pleaded guilty and paid their fine for shooting 7 pickerel at $16 each, costing them $112. S. J. Green, Ed Inman and Henry Brisbin were next taken before the judge. They pleaded not guilty, and were tried by the State's attorney. Although the evidence was strong and convincing against them the jury found them not guilty. The jury was composed of a lot of old fogies about town, who had probably never caught a fish in their lives, and cared nothing about the enforcement of our game laws. What can be done for game protection in a community like this where nearly all of the people sympathize with such violators? Convictions in other cases could not be secured even if the cases were pushed.

Every one in Spencer knew that all of those violators were guilty, for they have been in the habit of getting fish that way every year for the past 10 years. They not only shoot fish, but they use dynamite, seine and every other despicable method, which no true sportsman would use. We have the Sion river and several other fine streams about Spencer, and every spring many fish run up; but as the water gets low in the summer they are nearly all seined out and good fishing is ruined.

Trumbull lake is 4 or 5 miles long, 4 to 15 feet deep, and is full of game fishes.

E. R. F., Spencer, Iowa.

ANSWER.

Answer.—Get your neighbors to join the L. A. S. and we will soon teach them to respect and obey the laws.—Editor.

NIBBLES.

The following interesting item recently appeared in a Johnstown (Pa.) paper:

The police arrested a fish dealer last evening who was peddling fish. He had a wagon well filled with bass, pickerel, pike and other game fishes which are still out of season. The prisoner refused to answer the judge's questions as to where he obtained the fish and it was impossible to say positively whether they were caught in this state or shipped in from an outside point. After due deliberation Judge Silvara fined the man $50 and gave him until this evening to furnish the cash, in lieu of which he will be required to go to jail. The fish were held pending a decision as to whether they should be condemned.

The police have given it out in strong terms that they purpose to enforce the game laws to the letter and that a special effort will be made to arrest and convict those who are reported to be seining the river every night or using other illegal methods of catching fish. The police are determined that poaching must be stopped.

If the officers in other towns and cities were as efficient as those of Johnstown the game and fish would soon increase rapidly.

I enclose clipping from our daily paper. In the case against Ralph Sherwin he was held for shooting 74 pickerel instead of 3, as stated.

Robt. Bourne, Burlington, Vt.

Four Shelburne pond fishermen were in City Court yesterday afternoon charged with shooting pickerel in violation of the statute, which provides for the protection of the pond for a period of years from January 1 to May 1. They were L. A. Allen, Irving Isham, Austin McKenzie and Ralph Sherwin. Irving Isham and L. A. Allen were found guilty of 2 offences and fined as provided by law $5 for each fish. An appeal was taken and Isham bailed Allen and Allen bailed Isham in the sum of $50 each.

Austin McKenzie was fined $10 and costs for 2 fish and also appealed. Bail of $50 was furnished.

In the case against Ralph Sherwin testimony showing that he was seen to shoot 3 pickerel was introduced by the State and no contest was made. He was fined $15 and an appeal was taken.

These men escaped too easily, but this is good work, and they will probably observe the law hereafter.—Editor.

The enclosed clipping is from the Minneapolis Journal. What do you think of it?

A. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Fergus Falls, Minn.—Deputy Game Warden Bushnell returned from Clitherall, Tuesday, where he went to appear against the 23 fishermen whom he arrested on the charge of violating the fish laws. He brought home 6 gill nets, but was able to secure only one conviction, and that man was released on the payment of a $5 fine. Mr. Bushnell is very much discouraged and has about concluded the game laws can not be enforced while sentiment remains as it is in this county.

It seems discouraging, but the L. A. S. is rapidly educating the public, and sentiment in favor of enforcing the game and fish laws is daily growing stronger among the best class of people. Every angler in the country should join the League and thus support wardens in enforcing the laws.—Editor.

I have been on a trip to Pond Eddy, Pa., after trout. The hunting and fishing there are all I could wish. Ruffed grouse, squirrels and rabbits are numerous, with an occasional deer, fox or bear. There are 3 good trout streams within a mile and a half of the hotel. The streams are rocky, with deep pools. I was there 10 days at Easter. Caught several good messes of trout and killed one fox.

The place is only 3 hours, on the Erie railway, from New York. There is a fairly good hotel, and good bass fishing in the river.

C. M. Daniels, New York City.

I have a small cottage on Lake Kegonsa, Wisconsin, and there are probably 75 cottages there. I feel safe in saying a copy of RECREATION will be found in every one of them. I often hear my neighbors discussing the fish hog question, especially after some fellow has been out and let off 3 or 4 dynamite cartridges during the night, leaving the lake covered with dead pike and bass. They have had no game warden in that section for the last 2 years.

Wm. P. Dole, Chicago.

On April 16th I went with Mr. Palmer, of Passaic, N. J., to fish in the Neversink river at Fallsburg, N. Y., on the line of the N. Y., O. & W. Railway. He took on a 3-ounce rod, and landed after ½ hour's work, a brown or German trout, weighing 6 pounds. It was caught near the bridge, just below the falls. Such luck does not come to every man, and the biggest one did not get away that time. Barnyard hackle did the business, as feathers would not work.

E. F. B., New York City.

I recently saw 2 men fishing in a lake here that is drained out in order to mend dam. Fish all in one small puddle, spawn all over the bank. Too bad, as it means thousands of fish destroyed. Had no gun with me, but a bull terrier put the fish hogs to flight. What murder they were doing! It was like scooping the fish out. Dog got a sample of their trousers.

Edward W. Newcomb, Stamford, Conn.

Charles Hartwell, manager of the Cheshire House, and Edward P. Sebastian, also of this city, caught a beautiful male pike in Lake Spofford, Chesterfield, this county, Tuesday, March 20th. On being taken from the water the pike must have weighed nearly 12 pounds. On its arrival here it tipped the scales at 10½ pounds. It was the first catch of the season.

E. W. Wild, Keene, N. H.

George Frissell is the most skillful angler on the McKenzie river, where it was my pleasure to spend some time the last 2 summers. Red sides, speckled trout and Dolly Varden abound. I sent many a box of trout last summer from McKenzie river to my less fortunate friends in Portland. Sale of trout is prohibited at all times.

Dr. Alfred J. Sperry, Portland, Ore.

Our town is located on top of the Alleghanies in Tucker county, West Va. We have 2 good trout streams here, and the fishing is excellent during the open season. We stocked the Blackwater with some 1,500 California rainbow trout 2 years ago. One was caught last September that measured 9¼ inches.

I. H. Heltzen, Davis, W. Va.

Several young men near here are starting a bicycle club and we want a club house that will answer for both boats and bicycles, as several of us have boats or canoes. We would be grateful to any of your readers if they could send us any plans or suggestions for a low cost house.

Chas. F. Harris,
7 Chadwick St., Worcester, Mass.

Will you kindly inform me if you know of any firm that makes good bow facing oars?

Jacob Sheets.
Columbus Grove, Ohio.

ANSWER.

Some one did make such oars years ago, but I do not recall his name or address. They are probably not made now or they would be advertised in RECREATION.

Black bass fishing in Lake Keuka would be the best in the State if the fish had a chance. Several convictions, with good heavy fines for illegal fishing, would have a salutary effect. But it seems impossible to catch the hogs at their work, although our game constable has found and destroyed a large number of nets.

Dr. Joseph T. Cox, Penn Yan, N. Y.

We have excellent fishing on the Prairie river at present. The trout are biting freely. Mr. Laroon caught 20 within one-fourth of a mile from the station.

W. B. K,, Parrish,. Wis.

If any of your contributors wish a good bait for bass, tell them we farmers use small lizards, which are the best thing we have found yet.

L. H. Haas, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Mountain trout are plentiful in all the streams, while salmon, sturgeon, salmon trout and suckers are numerous in Rogue river, on which I live, 12 miles from its mouth and from the Pacific ocean.

Oral W. Miller, Agnes, Ore.

Please tell me how to catch black bass.

R. W. Stout, Pollesville, Md.

ANSWER.

Read "The Book of the Black Bass," by Henshall. Any dealer will get it for you.

There is good bass fishing in and about this place, but I am sorry to say there are 2 men to every bass over 9 inches.

Sherman W. Reese, Westfield, N. J.

A. F. Myers, of Boyne Falls, Mich., recently caught, in the Boyne river, a rainbow trout which weighed 4¾ pounds and measured 22½ inches in length.

If we can stop seining we shall have some fine bass fishing in Bureau creek.

Bert Smith, Princeton, Ill.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

LIKES THE WINCHESTER PUMP.

I have used a Winchester repeating shot gun for the past 6 years, and take pleasure in answering Mr. Rucker's questions concerning repeating guns. Magazine guns are strongly made and will stand the roughest usage, seldom getting out of order. They are perfectly safe, withstanding the heaviest charges of black and nitro powders. I have never heard of one bursting. The repeating mechanism is perfectly and strongly made, and there is little or no danger of jamming. They are as useful for general purposes as a double gun, throwing all sizes of shot with the greatest force. They are excellent for shooting buckshot, which should, however, be loaded with the greatest care and not allowed to chamber in the shells. The Winchester Co. makes also a cylinder gun for shooting small game. I prefer a full choke for general use; more skill is required in shooting, and a smaller percentage of game crippled. A great advantage the choke bore has over the cylinder is its power of killing at long range and of penetrating thick brush. In November RECREATION Mr. Loftus says the repeating gun needs great care in bad weather or it will freeze up. I have used my Winchester in the coldest weather and had no trouble with it. As to shells exploding in the magazine, I never heard of such a thing until reading Mr. Loftus's article. It might, however, occur if the primer were not properly seated. I have known double guns to explode shells while being closed after loading. With my Winchester I can do as quick and successful shooting as with a double gun. The sliding action Winchester is perfectly balanced, and can be brought to the shoulder as quickly and gracefully as a double gun. Of course the latter is somewhat handier in that 2 sizes of shot can be carried in the barrels. I have used different makes, but consider the Winchester the best. I bought one of these guns, '93 model, in the fall of '93, and have used it continuously ever since. It has never got out of order, and is as good to-day as ever. It can not be excelled in pattern, penetration and long-distance shooting. I consider the repeater as much a true sportsman's arm as the double gun. Either can be wrongly used in the hands of an unprincipled person. A double gun with automatic shell extractor can be reloaded rapidly enough to do great execution. I generally carry but 2 shells in my Winchester, which, as anyone knows, can not be fired nearly so rapidly as 2 shells in a double gun. I am thoroughly pleased with the Winchester, and shall probably never use any other gun. H. P. Hays, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

WHY .22 SHELLS ARE NOT CRIMPED.

Okoboji, Iowa.

Why do not the manufacturers of cartridges make a .22 rim fire cartridge with the bullet seated firmly enough to give good results when fired from a revolver? The Peters Cartridge Co. makes a .22 rim fire shell loaded with nitro powder that, I think, would be satisfactory if the bullet was seated a little deeper and the shell crimped more firmly around it.

I have had a good deal of experience with 16 gauge shot guns, as well as with others of larger caliber. For pattern and penetration the 16 is hard to beat. I have a Parker 16 grain, 7 pound gun, with 30½ inch barrels, that has been tested against a number of other guns, and got away with them all, at 35 and at 50 yards. The load used was Blue Rival shell, primed with a few grains of fine black powder; 2½ drachms Du Pont's smokeless powder; one heavy cardboard and 3 black edge wads over powder; one ounce of shot and thin shot wad; well crimped with round crimp.

A. A. Henderson, Okoboji, Ia.

ANSWER.

The reason cartridge manufacturers do not make .22 rim fire cartridges with the bullets seated firmly is because the experience of expert riflemen has proved that for best results in accuracy the ball should not be crimped tightly into the shells. Crimping has a decided influence on the qualities of the ammunition. When tight it is apt to strip the soft lead bullet, and make it irregular and uncertain in flight. At the same time, cartridges that go out to the trade must be crimped firmly enough to stand the jar of all sorts of transportation.

We have spent a great deal of time, money and thought on this problem, trying to meet the views of the large and rapidly increasing class of expert shooters who demand extreme accuracy, and at the same time to make a cartridge that is suitable for the millions, who demand that the bullet be firmly held in the shell. The fact that the Peters ordinary .22 rim fire cartridge has for 2 successive years won the World's Championship record and numerous other prizes in the great contests, proves that we have struck a happy mean in providing cartridges for all classes.

We read with great interest the discussions of practical sportsmen on this and kindred topics of interest that appear from time to time in RECREATION.

The Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

SOME ANSWERS.

In reply to W. S. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.: I have used hundreds of long and short c. f. and r. f. cartridges in my .32 caliber repeater. The short are accurate up to 300 yards. I have shot at longer range but, of course, I had to elevate the rear sight a good deal. Most of my shooting was done across water, so there was no way of getting the exact distance. My brother estimated it at about 500 yards. I have also done some accurate shooting with the .32 long cartridge. I load my .32 shells with the Ideal tools, which I find satisfactory. I have used, with good results, King's f.f.f.g., black powder. Besides the regular tool I have an Ideal triple mould for short, long, and extra long bullets, all good shooters.

R. C. C., Seattle, Wash., made inquiry about shooting round balls from a choke bore gun. When I ordered my repeating shotgun I wrote the manufacturers asking their advice on that subject. I received the following reply: "It is not a good plan to shoot a solid ball in a choke bore barrel." The makers ought to know what they are talking about. The letter said further: "There is no difference in the shooting of the 30 inch or 32 inch shot gun barrel, if properly bored. We think either will shoot as close as necessary, and see no advantage in one over the other."

H. L., Hackberry, Kansas, will find on page 79 in the Ideal handbook that the bullets for the .22 Winchester, c.f., are inside lubricated, and that he can use bullets varying from 32 to 91 grains.

J. H. Ramsay, Seaboard, N. C., will find from the Winchester catalogue that the single barrel will not cross shoot as the double gun is known to do.

John L. Keenan complains of the cartridges sticking in his .22 repeater. I have never had any trouble from that cause. If you pull the lever down well, there will be no trouble.

There is much talk in RECREATION about making a law forbidding the use of the repeating shotgun. The double gun in the hands of a game hog will do more damage to game than the repeater in the hands of a sportsman. Let all users of the repeater defend their favorite arm through the columns of RECREATION. I should not be surprised if some one condemned the repeating rifle next.

R. A. Morrisette, Richmond, Va.

WOULD TABOO GUNS ALTOGETHER.

I am thoroughly in sympathy with your efforts to down the game hog and to promote a sportsmanlike spirit in the hunting field. But I think you should go one step farther and taboo guns altogether. Is it not far better to hunt with field glass and camera, than with gun and dog? In the first place, the sportsman would have not only pictures of the things he has seen, but a host of pleasant memories and the consciousness that he has not wantonly shed innocent blood. What moral right have we to destroy the woodland creatures? Have they not enough enemies without man? Does it give one any satisfaction to think that great cock grouse in the bag was but an hour ago drumming in the woods and that he might be there yet if a man with a gun had not happened along? "I do it for practice and to keep my hand in," I hear someone say. If you want to practice, why not shoot clay pigeons at the traps?

And that brings up another subject. If there is one thing above all others that I despise, it is the sweepstake and other shoots of live birds about which we hear so much. It seems to me sheer murder. The crime, however, is committed against the poor pigeons, and so there is no penalty for it. Cock fights and dog fights have come under the ban of the law; why should not this also be made a penal offence?

I sincerely hope the day is not far distant when the camera will take the place of the gun. A collection of photographs, each one representing perhaps hours of patient stalking, must be a source of greater pride and satisfaction to its owner than a series of badly upholstered specimens. Our friends in feathers and furs should be friends in reality, instead of being made targets of in the name of sport.

James Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE DON'T ALL THINK ALIKE.

I have a .44-40, 24-inch repeater, and have found it reliable. Had I known then what I know now I should have purchased a .32-40 or a .38-55, because they are much more accurate. I have pumped the magazine nearly dry at running rabbits and have never had it balk. From my experience with it and others I am of opinion that when a repeater of a good make balks it is because it has not been properly used. Such a gun will not balk unless the action is worn out, if it is kept clean and the lever worked correctly. I have killed 15 or 20 woodchucks and lots of other small game with my .44, and was perfectly satisfied with it.

But last April I sent for a .32-40 Stevens Ideal rifle, No. 44. Like my .44-40, it has Lyman sights, and is a beauty. In May Recreation the author of the article "Rifles, Woodcocks and Boys" says, "The Stevens is as accurate as a gun can be, but the finish of the No. 44 is shocking." I find the finish all that could be expected. The receiver edges are not round, but are beveled and not sharp. The stock fits, and the bluing is as good as on my $25 repeater. It is well balanced, strong, has a reversible link, which provides either a half-cock target or a full-cock hunting action, and it is take down. What more does one want? He wants to learn to shoot straight, and then he will not need a repeater to kill deer. The article also says that "a new model Hepburn is preferable as regards finish." Perhaps; but it ought to be a little better, as it lists at $15 and the Stevens at $10.

I use Ideal loading tools for shot gun and rifle and find them first class. I find the new 184-grain Ideal bullet. No. 319,201, accurate up to 600 yards. The 82-grain sharp point, with 15 grains of powder, makes a nice light load and does not tear.

A. B. C., Sprout Brook, N. Y.

TRY THE REPEATER.

Worcester, Mass.

Will you give place in your columns to a brief rejoinder to a number of recent criticisms on the Winchester repeating shot gun? To begin with, I believe almost all adverse reports about this arm come from men who have long accustomed themselves to the balance and the action of the common double-barrel shotgun. They take up the Winchester, give it a brief trial and condemn it, not being content to thoroughly familiarize themselves with the individual peculiarities which have made it the gun it is. It has a balance or "hang" of its own, and its action which troubles the critics most, is its greatest feature once mastered. To see a master of this weapon holding the edge of an alder run, to see 3 grouse break cover almost together and then to see them all stretched out on the ground within 3 seconds is to realize what a gun it is. You are forced to admit no double barrel could do it. Have you ever fired both barrels of your gun at a fleeing bird, broken the gun open to take out shells, and had another brace of birds break into view and offer the best opportunity of the day when you were least prepared for it? If you're a hunter, of course you have; but you never had it happen with a Winchester in your hands.

It is a great gun for a little money; it can't be beaten for the close, hard shooting one needs in duck and wild fowl hunting, and the take down brush gun with a short barrel is all one needs for grouse, quails, etc. Don't drop it after a few trials; take it to the trap, get acquainted with it, and I don't believe you'll go back on the pump gun.

Pemigewasset.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN RECREATION

It always pleases me to read an item like one in April Recreation wherein Mr. H. E. Scott tells how he asked through this magazine concerning a duck call, and how several dozen persons wrote him, kindly suggesting various makes which they considered the best. Sportsmen are pleasant, large hearted gentlemen, always ready to extend a helping hand whenever needed. This item also shows that Recreation is read by the masses, for it is safe to say that for every one who saw Mr. Scott's note and answered it there were hundreds who read and paid no further attention to it.

I have often wondered why the Marlin people do not advertise in Recreation. I can't see why they are so blind to their own interests that they do not advertise in a magazine which is widely read by those who use guns. Besides, Recreation is, in reality, backing up all the manufacturers of guns. Were nothing done to protect the game, the time would speedily come when there would be no use for a shot gun or a rifle except at the trap or in war. In that event the gun trade would languish. The makers of firearms, if they wished to continue a profitable business, would be compelled to form a big syndicate and set about restocking the country with game.

A. L. Vermilya, Columbiaville, Mich.

ANSWER.

Harry Marlin is mad because I charged him the same rate for advertising space that other people are paying. That's why he doesn't advertise in RECREATION.—EDITOR.

A SPECIAL LOAD FOR THE .30-30.

I advise Ramrod, of Lacolle, Can., to try the following combination in his .30-20 rifle: The 115-grain bullet of the .32-20 Winchester central fire cartridge, 16 parts lead to one part tin, cast in a Winchester mould, and then lubricated and sized in the Ideal .30-30 Marlin tool. Do not use the Ideal .30-30 Winchester tool; it will not properly seat and crimp this bullet. Place in the shell 6 grains of Laflin & Rand smokeless sporting rifle powder, without wads or filling of any kind, and then seat the bullet with a good crimp.

This is not a purely theoretical load, but is one that has been tried under various conditions and found always satisfactory. The bullet presents a long bearing to the lands of the bore, and will therefore, if well lubricated with plain, clean tallow, cause neither stripping nor leading.

The Laflin & Rand powder is entirely consumed when loaded loosely in the shell as above recommended. However, the amount of residue is always about the same and no variation can be detected on the target from this cause, so no attention need be paid to it.

I have found this load much more accurate than the reduced factory loads made for this cartridge.

I should be pleased to send "Ramrod" by mail, if he desires it, a cartridge made up in this way without powder, to show the bullet and crimp needed to secure the best results.

G. L. Lehle, Chicago, Ill.

WANTS A .32 TAKE-DOWN.

I have been much interested in the rifle discussion in RECREATION, and will admit that both sides seem to advance good arguments. But of what use would a .45-90 or a .30-30 be to some of us poor clerical slaves who get no time to go after big game?

What I should like to obtain (and I think that many are of the same mind) would be a take-down repeater using both the .32 long and short rim fire ammunition. Such a gun would find a ready sale for the following reasons:

1. A .32 shot does not have the extreme range of a .32-20 or even a .25-20, and could be used where either of those would prove dangerous. The .32 long would give ample range and penetration for any use that a .32 caliber should be put to.

2. Low cost of cartridges as compared with c.f. .32-20 or .25-20. Few shooters care to reload so small a shell, and therefore could save nearly one-half the cost of ammunition by using rim fire cartridges.

3. Ease of transportation of a take-down, which could be easily carried in a ducking skiff to stir up those unaccommodating ducks that persist in staying just out of shot gun range.

I may be going a step backward in advocating the use of rim fire cartridges, but think if others would give the virus you would find lots of us in the same boat.

.32 Rim Fire, Chicago, Ill.

SHELLS FOR SMOKELESS.

Will the use of Laflin & Rand smokeless powder in cheap Peters shells, 55 cents a 100, be satisfactory?

Robt. S. Warren, Laurel, Miss.

ANSWER.

I referred this question to Laflin & Rand, who write me:

We have never carried out any experiments with our powder in the Peters shells and consequently are not in position to tell you how it would work. We are, however, of the opinion that your friend would not get good results, and would therefore urge that in testing our powder he should use either the Acme, the High Base or the Leader (¾ base) or Repeater (¾ base). The Acme and Leader are high-grade shells; the High Base and Repeater are medium grade shells and are not expensive. Either of these will work well with our powder.

Should he be unwilling, however, to use anything but the cheap black powder shells it would be necessary for him to prime our powder with about one grain of fine black powder; or, in other words, the amount he could hold on the point of a penknife blade. Ordinarily, we do not advise priming our Shotgun Smokeless, as it causes smoke, but it is the only way in which one can use it with a black powder primer. When loaded in this way from 35 to 37 grains will make an excellent charge.

WHY THE BULLET TURNS.

Why does the bullet from my 16-inch barrel rifle turn sideways, although the barrel seems to be in good condition? The twist makes one complete turn in the 16 inches. The rifle is a .32 rim fire, single shot.

John H. Fitzpatrick, Saratoga, N. Y.

ANSWER.

The only .32 caliber barrels with a 16-inch twist are those made by the different companies for the .32-40 central fire cartridge. The bullet of this cartridge is .308 in diameter, while the .32 short is .313 in diameter with a base .299 in diameter. The bullet is therefore too large for the barrel. The standard twist of the .32 short cartridge is as follows:

Remington Co., one turn in 20 inches; Colt's, one turn in 24 inches; Winchester, one turn in 26 inches; Stevens, one turn in 26 inches.

It would therefore seem that Mr. Fitzpatrick has a barrel that was intended for the .32-40 central fire cartridge and is being used to shoot the .32 rim fire. The bore is too small for the bullet and the twist is not adapted to the charge. Either one of these 2 conditions might cause the keyholing of the bullet.

A. L. A. Himmelwright, New York City.

LIKES THE MOGG TELESCOPE.

The readers of RECREATION should be thankful for the valuable advice to be found in its pages. In the January number I read with pleasure the article by Mr. Earle W. Wilson regarding his experience with the rifle telescope made for him by L. N. Mogg, Marcellus, N. Y. I was induced to send an order for one of these telescopes to mount on my .25-25 single shot rifle, and it is the most perfect glass I ever used. That means the best of some 10 or 12 I have used during my many years of experience with the rifle in the woods and at the target I do not think Mr. Earle intended to advertise anyone's manufactures, but, like me, would like to have our brother riflemen know the good things that are on the market. With this 'scope and rifle I have doubled up crows at various distances up to 200 yards or more, and can, on a still day, place most of the bullets in a 3-inch circle at 150 yards from a rest. My telescope is 10 power, and has a tube 34 inches long. Barrel of rifle is 28 inches. A better outfit for small game and light target work I never saw. I can see distinctly, in good light, a nailhead in a board fence at 300 yards, or the same at 30 feet.

H. A. Wood, Boston, Mass.

SMALL SHOT.

I wonder if manufacturers of repeating shotguns will admit and attempt to explain the fact that guns have been wrecked by shells exploding in the magazine. A neighbor came in the other day with 2 nitro shells in his new repeater. As he worked the lever of the gun, to unload it, the forward shell in the magazine exploded. The man was not injured, but the gun was badly demoralized. Until gun makers can find a way to prevent such accidents, a repeater with nitro powder is likely to be a dangerous combination.

Frank Andrews, Smith Road, O.

ANSWER.

We know of a few cases in which shells have exploded in the magazine. If the conditions were as stated in Mr. Andrews' letter it could only be attributed to oversensitive primers. These might have been reloaded goods, in which case the arch of the primer may have been broken down in sticking. Of the accidents reported to us, which have been few considering the number of guns in use, in no case has anyone been hurt.

Winchester Repeating Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn.

Many sportsmen seem prejudiced against every other gun than their own. It is only natural for a man to brag about his gun if he has never seen nor handled another model. The same with powder. Smokeless powder is undoubtedly an improvement over black powder, as regards penetration and speed, while black powder, which will always be used by some hunters, gives a greater shock to game, owing to the fact that its velocity is less than that of the smokeless. If all the sportsmen had tried all the models and makes of guns and ammunition, they would not be so enthusiastic over their own nor so thick headed in their condemnation of other arms and ammunition.

John W. Robertson, New London, Ohio.

I should like to reply to H. R. P. in regard to the Quackenbush .22 caliber rifle. Some time ago I bought a "Junior Safety" Quackenbush, and, so far as accuracy is concerned, I never saw a better rifle. A friend also has a "Junior Safety," and it is in every respect equal to mine. We are able to make better targets with them than with any other small rifle we ever tried. I have often used a one inch pine board as a target, and the .22 shot would go through the board every time at 100 yards. As a squirrel gun I do not think it can be excelled. I now have a repeating rifle which, by reason of its greater length of barrel, gives a better target at long distances than the Quackenbush.

Geo. F. Mims, Edgefield, S. C.

Have any of the readers of RECREATION ever used babbitt metal projectiles in their .30-caliber rifles? If so, with what result? I know a man using a Winchester .30 who reloads his shells, using babbitt metal bullets of his own casting, from best babbitt, claiming all the accuracy and penetration of full metal jacket without injury to his gun. I am using a .30-30 with good effect, always using factory ammunition.

Dick Harper, Alto, Wash.

Has any one using a .30-30 rifle ever noticed a residue of unconsumed powder after firing? In using factory loaded Winchester shells I get 3 to 5 grains of unburnt powder after each shot.

W. C. B., Bronson, Kan.

ANSWER.

It is probably not unburnt powder, but a red ash, or chemical substance, that remains after burning the powder.—EDITOR.

I want to buy a small revolver for target practice. Will you kindly advise me through your magazine what kind to get.

R. J. T. C., New York City.

ANSWER.

You will find the Forehand revolver as good as any and much cheaper than some of the others. There are 2 makers who charge more for their name than for material and work. The Forehand people do not do this.—EDITOR.

My partner, George Evans, and I use single shot rifles. Whenever we pull on our game we either miss it slick and clean or else we find it but a short distance from where we shot it. I use a Ballard, and although some would not give $2.50 for it, I would not trade it for the best .30-30 I have ever seen. I want my gun to weigh 12 pounds and to shoot.

F. E. Cavanagh, Weitchpec, Cal.

In answer to "Ramrod's" inquiry as to how to load .30-30 shells cheaply, I advise him to take 40 grains of black powder, a light pasteboard wad, a number 1 buckshot; crimp the end of the shell in a .30-30 reloader, which holds the buckshot in place; carry loose in the pocket and load from the breech as a single shot. Will do good work up to 100 yards.

L. L. Bales, Haines, Alaska.

Will some reader who has used them write of the comparative merits of the Remington and the Forehand single guns? What is meant by full choke bore and cylinder bore? What are the proper sizes of shot for rabbits, squirrels, otter, foxes and raccoons? And correct charges of powder for the same?

F. L. Kuhle, Hoboken, N. J.

Aside from its greater liability to deflection by the wind, how does the .22 long rifle cartridge compare with the .32-40 at the 200 yard range? Is smokeless powder or black most accurate at that distance? Is a 30-inch barrel too long for the .22 caliber?

S. T. Stevens, Rifle, Colo.

I should like to learn, through RECREATION, whether the Savage .303 rifle is accurate. I am satisfied as to its killing power, but am uninformed as to accuracy.

F. H. Campbell, Lexington, Va.

Which would be the better for ruffed grouse and quail shooting, a modified choke or a cylinder bore barrel, on a Winchester repeating shotgun?

C. E. Turrell, New Milford, Conn.

Will some one who has used Davis hammer, Forehand hammer, and Winchester hammerless guns, please give his opinion of them?

H. R. P.

THE GAME HOG'S WAY.

JOHN T. GOOLRICK, JR.

Across the fields of newly fallen snow,
At earliest dawn,
A pig-eyed runter follows tracks that show
Where quails have gone;
'Till, reached a wooded dell beside a stream,
He sees too great a sight for words
To paint; beyond the picture of his wildest dream;
A flock of nearly frozen birds.

Nestling together, fain to keep the heat
They hold within;
Moving to keep their frost-chilled, aching feet
With unprotected skin,
From freezing. Then aims this brute, with eager eye,
Lays half their number dead upon the ground,
And when the remnant tries to fly
Both barrels bring another quartet down.

Then bears swift he his bloody burden back
In merry mood;
Nor stops to grieve o'er all the quails he's slain
In next year's brood;
But goes forth of his dirty work to brag,
And of his mighty prowess with a gun—
He says not how beneath a bush he killed his bag—
Proud of his work, but not the way 'twas done.

NATURAL HISTORY.

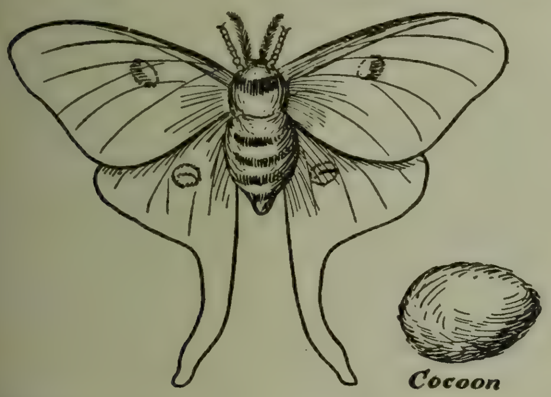
If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

AMERICAN SILK WORMS.

C. C. HASKINS.

Three members of the *Attacus* family, American silk worms, may be found in and around Chicago. The most beautiful and most rare of the 3 is *Attacus luna*, the luna moth. The wings of this beautiful insect are of the most delicate green. Each hind wing is drawn out in a graceful taper, forming a tail about 1½ inches in length. The front edge of the wings has a border of purple brown velvet, a ribbon from which trimming is carried back to a pretty little eyelet. These eyelets, one on each wing, are of Mexican opal, mounted in enamel, garnet, topaz and jet. The hind portion of the wings is scalloped with purple brown velvet. The body is covered with the most dainty whitish wool, and the legs are draped to match the collar. The antennæ are corn color. The wings expand 4 to 5½ inches.

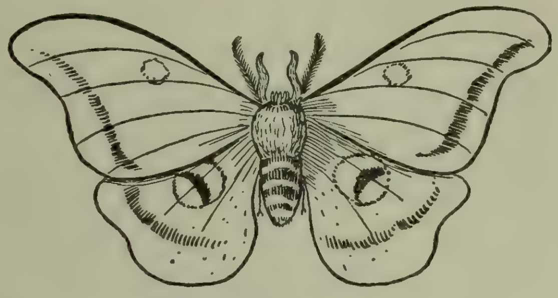
The caterpillar of the luna moth may be found about the end of July or the first of August, on walnut and hickory trees. Its dress is a pale, clear, bluish green, with a yellow stripe on each side of the body. The back is trimmed between the rings, with narrow cord of the same color. On each side of the rings are about 6 minute pearls, tinged with purple or rose red, and mounted *en haut.* At the extremity of the body are 3 seal brown ornaments, edged above with old gold.



Attacus Luna.

When ready to spin, and go into winter quarters luna binds together, with its silk, 2 or 3 green leaves, and in the hollow thus formed makes a silken nest about 1¾ inches in length. Changing at once into a chrysalis the moth comes forth in June, having completed the cycle of its existence.

A second member of the family, *Attacus polyphemus*, differs much from luna. The caterpillars are not unlike, however, and the making and the disposing of the cocoon are identical. *Polyphemus* is much the larger, its wings expanding 5 to 6 inches. Its dress is guilty of no trail, but has more the cut of a street garment than of a ball gown. The wings are cut almost square at the corners.



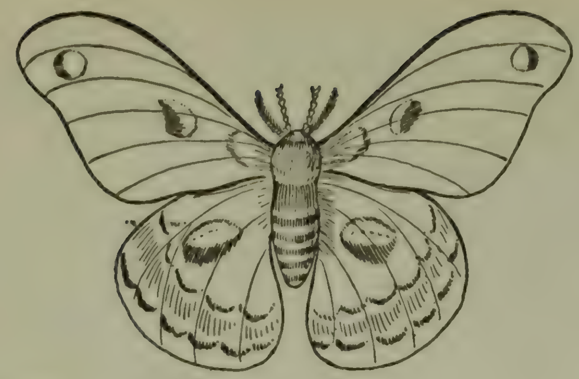
Attacus Polyphemus.

Its colors are dull canary, more or less clouded with black in the wings. In the center of each wing is an eye-like jewel, set in topaz and jet. Joining the eye spot of the hind wings is a large amethyst setting, shading into jet. Near the back margin of the wings is a piece of amber brown trimming, edged with sunset white. The front of the fore wings has a pretty finish of nun gray, and near the base of these wings are 2 short splashes of red, tinged with white.

A third member of the family is more readily studied, because its cocoons, fastened to the limb of a tree, remain in sight throughout the winter. This insect, the largest of the 3, has sometimes a spread of wing covering 6½ inches. *Cecropia* is not so showy as its relatives. Its velvet is of the finest, but of generally somber hues. The hind wings are more rounded, and their ground color is a grizzled dusky brown, while the hinder margins are Chicago mud color.

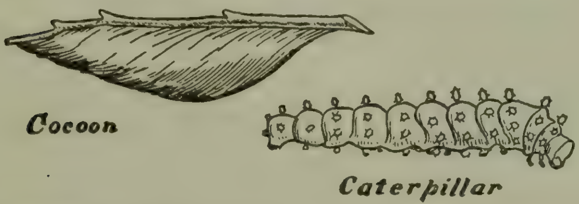
Near the middle of each wing is a dull, opaque, reddish medallion, with a white center and a narrow black edging. Beyond this is a maroon band with white lining; and the fore wings have a collarette of the same. Near the tips of these wings there is a jet jewel with a bluish white crescent. The upper part of the body is dull red, and the legs are dressed like those of a French policeman.

The caterpillar, 3 inches long, wears a profusion of a sort of prickly pear jewelry



Attacus Cecropia.

pretty much everywhere. When ready to spin it has a most beautiful emerald color. Early in September it fastens to a limb, spins a cocoon averaging 2½ to 3 inches long, and goes into winter quarters. In almost any suburb of Chicago quantities of cocoon may be found, and preserved, if desired. Indoors they will hatch in the latter part of May. They should be kept in a bird cage, or some similar confinement, at the time of hatching.



Attacus Cecropia.

While there are myriads of these silk worms in the country, no use can be made of the fabric they spin. The material of the outside layers of the cocoon is the same as the spun silk; and any attempt to soften this outer covering destroys the silk within.

SHALL THE FARMERS OR THE MILLINERS SURVIVE?

In an editorial on the destruction of birds for millinery purposes the Tacoma Ledger says:

> If men were caught sowing Canada thistles on the lands of the American farmers, or engaged in the dissemination of chinch bugs or army worms, or should set up a hatchery for the cultivation and spread of potato bugs, there would be an uproar in the land from one end to the other. If a general raid were to be instituted to steal the apples or the melons of the agriculturists wherever found, a similar outcry would be raised. If it should be proposed to flood the fields of the country, even with nature-given water, at harvest time, there would arise the same sort of hubbub. Yet in neither instance would we more directly injure the farmer than by the destruction of the birds.
>
> The birds most useful to the milliners, because best endowed with gaudy colors and graceful forms, are, almost without exception, the very birds that are most useful to the farmer as protectors against the enemies of his crop; and the man who kills these helpers of the farmer, thereby destroying his prospects for a full crop, ought to be held as guilty of crime as is the man who deliberately enters the orchard or the field to steal the fruit. The damage to the farmer is the same in the one case as in the other, however clear of intentional wrong the dealer or his customer may seem to be.
>
> If, again, we look at the material interests of the country affected by the traffic, its disastrous effect assumes still more alarming proportions. The farmers of this country have an interest in yearly crops averaging several billions of dollars, while the total permanent investments in the millinery business fail to mount above $25,000,000. It has been estimated that the annual losses to the farmers of the United States from depredations by the insect life exceeds $200,000,000. Hence a difference of one per cent. on the wrong side of the farmers' account would mean as much to the country as the complete wiping out of every millinery establishment from Vancouver to Key West.
>
> Turn this matter as you will, whether as an instrument of cruelty to the least hateful of all God's creatures, or as an instrument of evil and subtraction from the pocketbooks of the people, it is evident that something should be done for the suppression of this foolish fashion.
>
> Something might be done by legal enactment looking to the punishment of those engaged in the bird traffic as criminals, perhaps, but much more can be done by the united action of the women of the country in withdrawing their support from it. Let every woman refuse to buy a hat or bonnet trimmed with either birds or feathers and not another contract for the slaughter of our useful birds will be made.

THE MARTHA'S VINEYARD PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

In speaking of this bird, Prof. N. S. Shaler says: In Dukes county, Mass., there is the vanishing remnant of an interesting bird, known from the island to which it is limited as the Martha's Vineyard prairie chicken. It is closely related to its better known Western kinsman, yet is a distinct variety. Although the form has apparently developed on the island and once abounded there, it has dwindled in numbers until there are but few surviving. In the hope of providing a safe refuge for the remnant I have for a number of years stopped all shooting on a tract of 1,000 or 2,000 acres which is well fitted to supply them with food and shelter. As they still dwindled, it seemed probable that the foxes were harming them. This appeared the more likely for the reason that the fox is not a native of the island, but was introduced a few years ago by some reckless experimenters. These marauders were cleared away without good results. Further inquiry made it apparent that the real enemy of these birds was the feralized domestic cat which has gone wild from the households, especially from the many homesteads that have been abandoned. This creature has bred in great numbers and is now threatening the existence of all birds that rear their broods on the ground. It is hardly possible to exterminate them, for the reason that they are wary, and any systematic hunting of them would prove exceedingly disturbing to the timid birds. The result is that nearly all these birds have left my land for certain plains near by, which are covered with scrub oaks and where there is too little ground life to attract the cats. In that region, though it has an area of about 30,000 acres, the food is scanty; the prairie chickens dwelling there are likely to perish for lack of the rosehips which, in the hill country they have been forced to desert, served to maintain them at times when the ground was covered with snow.

HOW RUFFED GROUSE DRUM.

When a boy, living in Southern New York, on the border line of Pennsylvania, I one day found that a ruffed grouse was in the habit of drumming on an old, dry, fallen hemlock tree, near a thicket of small hemlocks. I went into that thicket early one morning, made a shelter for my head so as not to be seen by the bird, and waited nearly 4 hours before he began his music. That was when Mrs. Grouse went on her nest, probably to draw attention to himself and away from the nest. I was within 50 feet of him and saw him plainly. He drew himself up straight, brought his wings in front, so as to almost hide him, and began beating the edges together. His strokes were one, two, three, with a short pause between them; then, after a little longer pause, he began beating faster and faster, ending abruptly. As he ended he cast a quick look all about him to see if he had attracted any notice. I watched him 10 minutes, and then, making a noise in the thicket, I frightened him away.

When near him the drumming sounds hollow, being made by the confined air and the tension on his wings. It would be impossible for the bird to beat his wings together over his back; as difficult as it is for a man to strike the backs of his hands together behind him.

Later I saw grouse drumming on stumps, and once on a projecting rock over a stream. They never drummed on a tree that was standing, the favorite place being a dead log.

H. A. Dobson, M. D., Washington, D. C.

THE WILD GOOSE AS A DOMESTIC BIRD.

I have just read with much interest an article in March Recreation, styled as above, by Norman Pomeroy, Jr. On the 17th of November, 1898, while out hunting, I took a chance shot at 3 wild geese flying over me. As a result one gander came down with only a broken wing. My dog retrieved it and I at once amputated the wounded member. I kept the bird in a covered turkey coop for a week and by that time the wing was well. During the first week he ate sparingly, but drank freely after the first day. At the end of the first week he was turned loose in the ¼ acre garden, enclosed with woven wire fence, and for a few days he tried to push through the fence. He did not become gentle until after the wild geese had gone North in the spring. In a little while thereafter he would readily come when I called him. My little boy named him Billie, and he would come quickly when called by his name. He ate the scraps thrown out from the kitchen and always came out for his corn when I fed the chickens in the morning. During a thunderstorm in August, 1890, while less than 100 feet from the house, he was struck by lightning and instantly broken all to pieces. I had hoped to make him the nucleus of a tame flock. I have been unable to secure another this year.

H. M. Brown, Harwood, Texas.

ARE WOODCHUCKS FAT IN THE SPRING?

While in the Adirondacks last fall I heard the guides say that when woodchucks and other hibernating animals first come out in the spring they are fat, but that they get thin within a short time. This does not seem reasonable to me, for I always supposed that they lived on their stored up fat, and I should like to know about it from someone who knows. The men who made this statement were positive about it, but I think they must have been mistaken.

How would rough on rats do for sparrows? They remind me of rats.

E. M. Moffett, Watertown, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I do not believe it possible that woodchucks or other hibernating animals come out in the spring as fat as when they enter their dens in the fall. It is totally contrary to the laws of nature, and I believe it can not be true. It is true, however, that when woodchucks and bears come out in the spring, they still retain a considerable amount of fat under their skins, which might easily lead a superficial observer to believe they are in the same condition as in the fall.

I have never tried rough on rats for sparrows, but am of the opinion that wheat poisoned by soaking it in arsenic water would be a much better means by which to get rid of them.—EDITOR.

WHAT IS IT?

We have a little animal in this region, both on the prairies and in the forest, of the following description, as nearly as I can give it: Hardly so large as the common house mouse, with shorter legs and tail; no eyes or ears visible; an elongated nose, similar to that of the common garden mole; fur not so fine as the mole's, but dark like that of the meadow mouse.

These animals are not plentiful. I have seen but 3 or 4 specimens in my life. One of these, from his peculiar trail in a slight snow that had previously fallen, I followed to his burrow under a small tussock. I unearthed him, took an inventory, and turned him loose. His tracks and trail in the snow resembled the lines representing railroads, as printed in school maps. The footprints were not more than ¼ of an inch apart. I should like to hear from someone who can name and place the little fellow.

Daniel Arrowsmith, Ellsworth, Ill.

ANSWER

There is little doubt the animal you describe is a shrew, belonging to one of the 2 genera, *Sorex* or *Blarina*. From the description it might be either. If you will send me the skull of one, I will gladly identify it for you.—EDITOR.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

In what manner do rattlesnakes reproduce themselves? I had always supposed they laid eggs, but am told positively by an old-timer that this is not so. They are extremely plentiful here, but of small size, averaging not over 3 feet. I have seen them mating in August, but am not in a position to positively refute the O.-T.'s statement. Natural history notes are the most interesting part of your magazine to me.

Dan. W. Slayton, Folsome, Mont.

ANSWER.

The young of the rattlesnake, as well as those of all the venomous snakes of this country, with the exception of a diminutive species of the South, are born alive, generally to the number of 7 or 9. Most of the harmless snakes lay eggs. There are exceptions, however, as in the case of our garter and water snakes.

With all snakes of temperate regions, mating takes place in the spring. The young from the venomous snakes appear in August, or early in September. During the summer months the female snake may be seen sunning, with flattened body, in order to hasten the progress of her young. They are provided with fangs, and fully able to shift for themselves immediately after birth.

Will Belgian hares, such as are raised in Southern California, live through the winter here in Northern Michigan, where the thermometer often stands 21 below zero at 6 o'clock in the morning?

George Petrie, Petoskey, Mich.

ANSWER.

I see no reason why Belgian hares would not stand as cold a climate as cottontails do. In such cold weather the cottontail usually hides in a sink hole, brush pile, hollow tree or anything he can get into out of the storm. If the Belgian would act the same under similar conditions he would survive the coldest climates. Neither of the above hares can stand so much exposure as the Western jack rabbit, for the reason that the jack rabbit has much heavier fur, which goes far to resist the cold. Warmer climate is natural for a greater production of animal life, and I presume that is the reason California has been so successful in multiplying animals of this character.—EDITOR.

Will you kindly tell me if stoats, or ermine, are common in this country, and if they have any commercial value? I have just trapped a small animal of the weasel family, and according to natural history it is a stoat. It is about 12 inches long and is a beautiful creamy white. The end of its tail is black and bushy.

Philip Kelsey, Comstock, N. Y.

ANSWER.

The animal you describe is simply the weasel in his winter coat. They nearly all turn white in winter. This animal is rare in this State, or anywhere in the East, yet the skins have practically no commercial value in this market. The weasel in the white coat is called, in the fur trade, ermine. The principal supply comes from Siberia, where they are collected in lots of 10,000 to 100,000, and the price of selected raw skins in such lots is about 35 cents each, landed here.—EDITOR.

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Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport, N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans.	Middletown, N. Y.
	J. Hampton Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville, N. Y.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley, N. Y.
Rockland,	A. Woodward,	Ramapo, N. Y.
Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners, N. Y.
Broome,	John Sullivan,	Sanataria Springs, N. Y.
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis, N. Y.
St. Lawrence,	J. W. Aitchison,	Madrid, N. Y.
Onondaga,	James Lush	Memphis, N. Y.
Yates,	B. L. Wren,	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Dutchess,	Chas. H. DeLong,	Pawling, N. Y.
Dutchess,	Jacob Tompkins,	Billings, N. Y.
Queens,	Gerard Van Nostrand,	Flushing, L. I.
Ulster,	M. A. DeVall,	The Corners.
Jefferson,	C. E. Van Order,	Watertown.

LOCAL WARDENS IN OHIO.

Stark,	A. Dangeleisen,	Massillon.
Franklin,	Brook L. Terry,	208 Woodward Av., Columbus.
Cuyahoga,	A. W. Hitch,	161 Osborn St., Cleveland.
Clark,	Fred C. Ross,	169 W. Main St., Springfield.
Erie,	David Sutton,	418 Jackson St Sandusky.
Fulton,	L. C. Berry,	Swanton.
Allen,	S. W. Knisely,	Lima.
Hamilton,	W. C. Rippey	4465 Eastern Ave. Cincinnati.
Knox,	Grant Phillips,	Mt. Vernon.
Lorain,	T. J. Bates,	Elyria.
Ottawa,	Frank B. Shirley,	Lakeside.
Muskingum,	Frank D. Abell,	Zanesville.
Scioto,	J. F. Kelley,	Portsmouth.
Highland,	James G. Lyle,	Hillsboro.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss.	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
Hartford,	Abbott C. Collins,	783 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.
(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)		
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

Mercer,	Jos. Ashmore,	124 Taylor St., Trenton
	Edw. Vanderbilt,	Dentzville, Trenton.
	Arthur Mitchell,	739 Centre St., Trenton.
Middlesex,	D. W. Clark,	New Brunswick.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
Morris,	Chas. W. Blake,	Dover.
Morris,	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
Somerset,	G. E. Morris,	Somerville.
Sussex,	Isaac D. Williams,	Branchville.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M. Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Venango,	G. D. Benedict,	Pleasantville.
Northumberland,	W. A. Reppard,	Shamokin.
Potter,	Byron Bassett,	Coudersport.
Crawford,		
(West half)	Jasper Tillotson,	Tillotson.
(East half)	Geo. T. Meyers,	Titusville.
Cambria,	W. H. Lambert,	720 Coleman Ave., Johnstown.
Beaver,	N. H. Covert,	Beaver Falls.
McKean,	C. A. Duke,	Duke Center.
“	L. P. Fessenden,	G anere.
Lack,	Wm. Weir,	Moosic.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MICHIGAN.

Kalkaska,	W. H. Dunham,	Kalkaska.
Kalamazoo,	C. E. Miller,	Augusta.
Sanilac,	W. D. Young,	Deckerville.

LOCAL WARDENS IN VIRGINIA.

Mecklenburg,	J. H. Ogburn,	South Hill,

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leek, F. L. Peterson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MONTANA.

Beaverland,	Wm. Sedding,	Dillon.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N.Y. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.
The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver, Col.
James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario. Sporting goods.

NAMES OF THE FAITHFUL.

Here is a list of the names of Congressmen who voted for the Lacey Bird Bill:

Robert Adams, Jr., Pennsylvania.
William F. Aldrich, Alabama.
De A. S. Alexander, New York.
A. L. Allen, Maine.
W. J. Bailey, Kansas.
J. A. Barham, California.
J. C. Bell, Colorado.
J. D. Bellamy, North Carolina.
H. H. Bingham, Pennsylvania.
Vincent Boering, Kentucky.
H. S. Boutell, Illinois.
J. D. Bowersock, Kansas.
Phanor Breazeale, Louisiana.
J. L. Brenner, Ohio.
Willis Brewer, Alabama.
J. H. Bromwell, Ohio.
Mariott Brosius, Pennsylvania.
S. W. Brown, Ohio.
Stephen Brundidge, Jr., Arkansas.
Melville Bull, Rhode Island.
C. H. Burke, South Dakota.
E. J. Burkett, Nebraska.
T. E. Burton, Ohio.
W. A. Calderhead, Kansas.
B. F. Caldwell, Illinois.
E. W. Carmack, Tennessee.
F. G. Clarke, New Hampshire.
H. A. Cooper, Wisconsin.
J. B. Corliss, Michigan.
R. G. Cousins, Iowa.
W. S. Cowherd, Missouri.
N. N. Cox, Tennessee.
W. T. Crawford, North Carolina.
R. O. Crump, Michigan.
E. D. Crumpacker, Indiana.
A. J. Cummings, New York.
Charles Curtis, Kansas.
H. B. Dahle, Wisconsin.
John Dalzell, Pennsylvania.
Samuel A. Davenport, Pennsylvania.
Stanley W. Davenport, Pennsylvania.
R. C. Davey, Louisiana
D. A. De Armond, Missouri.
Marion De Cries, California.
J. W. Denny, Maryland.
F. M. Eddy, Minnesota.
D. E. Findley, South Carolina.
J. F. Fitzgerald, Massachusetts.
W. H. Fleming, Georgia.
Loren Fletcher, Minnesota.
R. J. Gamble, South Dakota.
Athelson Gaston, Pennsylvania.
C. W. Gillet, New York.

M. H. Glynn, New York.
R. B. Gordon, Ohio.
J. B. Graff, Illinois.
W. S. Greene, Massachusetts.
C. H. Grosvencr, Ohio.
W. W. Grout, Vermont.
J. K. P. Hall, Pennsylvania.
G. N. Haugen, Iowa.
R. B. Hawley, Texas.
J. P. Heatwole, Minnesota.
W. P. Hepburn, Iowa.
R. R. Hitt, Illinois.
J. H. Hoffecker, Delaware.
N. F. Howell, New Jersey.
S. M. Jack, Pennsylvania.
J. J. Jenkins, Wisconsin.
W. A. Jones, Virginia.
C. F. Joy, Missouri.
Ru olph Kleberg, Texas.
John F. Lacey, Iowa.
J. R. Lane, Iowa.
A. C. Latimer, South Carolina.
R. Z. Linney, North Carolina.
C. E. Littlefield, Maine.
C. I. Long, Kansas.
W. C. Lovering, Massachusetts.
S. W. McCall, Massachusetts.
G. B. McClelland, New York.
J. A. McDowell, Ohio.
Smith McPherson, Iowa.
T. M. Mahon, Pennsylvania.
J. R. Mann, Illinois.
R. W. Miers, Indiana.
J. M Miller, Kansas.
J. A. Moon, Tenessee.
Page Morris, Minnesota.
S. E. Mudd, Maryland.
J. C. Needham, California.
E. T. Noonan, Illinois.
J. M. E. O'Grady, New York.
Theobold Otjen, Wisconsin.
H. B. Packer, Pennsylvania.
S. E. Payne, New York.
C. E. Pearce, Missouri.
R. A. Pierce, Tennessee.
G. W. Ray, New York.
W. A. Reeder, Kansas.
W. F. Rhea, Virginia.
E. R. Ridgley, Kansas.
J. M. Robinson, Indiana,
J. S. Robinson, Nebraska.
B. F. Marsh, Illinois.
W. A. Rodenberg. Illinois.
W. H. Ryan, New York.
J. W. Ryan, Pennsylvania.
D. W. Shackelford. Missouri.
J. F. Shafroth, Colorado.
W. B Shattuc, Ohio.
C. D. Shelden, Michigan.
J. L. Sheppard, Texas.
J. L. Slayden, Texas.
J. H. Small. North Carolina.
D. H. Smith, Kentucky.
H. C. Smith. Michigan.
S. W. Smith, Michigan.
C. E. Snodgrass, Tennessee.
C. F. Sprague, Massachusetts.
J. H. Stevens, Texas.
J. F. Stewart, New Jersey.
C. A. Sulloway, New Hampshire.
R. D. Sutherland, Nebraska.
W. J. Talbert, South Carolina.
J. A. Tawney, Minnesota,
W. L. Terry, Arkansas.
C. R. Thomas, North Carolina.
Joseph E. Thropp, Pennsylvania.
A. S. Tompkins, New York.
W. D. Vandiver, Maine.
H. C. Van Voorhis. Ohio.
E. B. Vreeland, New York.
Vespasian Warner, Illinois.
R. J. Waters. California.
W. L. Weaver. Ohio.
G. H. White, North Carolina.
W. E. Williams, Illinois.
J. S. Williams, Mississippi.
R. A. Wise, Virginia.
C. F. Wright, Pennsylvania.
W. T. Zenor, Indiana.

It would be well for all sportsmen to study this list carefully, and to support these men whenever they may come up for re-election, or whenever they may seek any other position of trust under the Government.

The 3 men whose names are printed in italics are members of the League, and it is safe to say a lot of the others will be within a year. They have all felt its influence during the campaign we have waged in behalf of the Lacey Bill, and it is certain that many of them will cast their lots with us in the near future.

THE LEAGUE APPRECIATES GOOD WORK

At the annual meeting of the L. A. S., Mr. H. E. Wadsworth, Secretary-Treasurer of the Wyoming Division, reported that Captain H. G. Nickerson, agent for the Shoshane Indians in that State, who was appointed in February, '98, had shown remarkable firmness in dealing with the Indians under his charge. For a hundred years it has been the custom among agents to grant visiting permits to the red men whenever asked for. Under these permits a large party of Indians leaves the reservation, ostensibly to visit friends in some other tribe. These permits have been used simply as excuses for going into the game countries and slaughtering game, in and out of season. Ever since Captain Nickerson took charge of the Shoshane agency he has been refusing such requests. In the few cases where he has issued permits he has taken occasion to see that they were not abused.

By pursuing this course he has earned the gratitude of every friend of game protection and every lover of nature; and on hearing Mr. Wadsworth's report, Mr. Hornaday moved that a committee be appoined to prepare a resolution of thanks to Captain Nickerson.

Mr. Anderson seconded the motion, and a committee, consisting of these 2 gentlemen and Mr. Wadsworth was appointed. As a result of their labors, the testimonial reproduced on page 26 of this issue of Recreation was drawn up, engrossed, signed, handsomely framed, and sent by express to Captain Nickerson. It is hoped he will appreciate it and that his children and his grandchildren may find pleasure in referring to it, and in knowing that their illustrious ancestor knew how to deal with game butchers. Furthermore, it is hoped every Indian agent may learn a salutary lesson from this officer's conduct

PROHIBIT THE SALE OF GAME

Give me a membership in the L. A. S. for the $1 I enclose.

The nail has been hit on the head and the screw driver has found the slot in the screw. Now drive them both home—into the head of the market hunter. Laws prohibiting the sale of game for a term of years—say, 10—are the one and only solution of the problem of game preservation. This will go hard with epicures, but they can afford to eat something else. Meanwhile, a sportsman can have a fair shot at a fair quantity of game without having to go over coverts that have been potted and ground raked to a finish.

The L. A. S. must now include in its membership men who represent millions of capital. Most of these are, doubtless, genuine sportsmen, who might possibly be induced to further a subscription for the purposes of game protection.

To get a bill through Congress which prohibits the sale or purchase of game birds and animals in the United States except for propagating purposes, money, wit and energy will be or would be necessary in good sized chunks. It is a subject I am deeply in earnest in.

W. P. MacHenry, Syracuse, N. Y.

WATCH FOR LAW BREAKERS.

We still have much to do in molding sentiment for our cause. In this we are being successful. We are winning many friends, and the public is beginning to see the necessity, from business and other points of view, of protecting and propagating game and fish. We have a year to work before we can ask for new laws, and in that time we must enforce the laws we have and lay plans for securing such amendments as we need to make them better.

The League has done good service in stopping illegal killing, and in punishing offenders. Many reports come in showing this. Let the good work be kept up.

The close season is now on. From this time until spring is hard on deer. Keep a close watch and let no offender escape. Reports show that deer are more plentiful this year than usual. Let every member of the League and every good citizen do all possible to prevent killing during the close season, and thus let the increase in numbers continue.

Ask your friends to join the League. I have copies of the constitution, and other matter, which I will send to any one asking for them.

L. A. S. NOTES.

I am heartily in sympathy with the L. A. S., and agree with you when you say the creation of public sentiment will become a greater factor in the protection of both game and song birds than will strict statutory laws. However, from personal experience, I find the enforcement of our laws, such as we have, tends to create a better sentiment. I have attempted to enforce the law in this neck of woods, with special reference to the city hog who respects neither farmer nor game. I have put into our county treasury over $250 in fines within the last 8 months. At no time since I have known the county has there been greater respect for our game laws, nor more wholesome sentiment for enforcing the same.

Last night, in connection with the State Deputy, I confiscated a ton and a half of under sized fish ,as well as a quantity of black bass. Of course, proper prosecutions will follow, and this tends to make things as they should be.

R. S. Woodliff, Jackson, Mich.

Captain Thomas Perry, U. S. N., Secretary of the Lighthouse Board, has lately joined the League. This is a most important acquisition, and, as already stated, the Lighthouse Board has issued an order to all the lighthouse and life saving crews in the United States to observe strictly the game laws and forbidding the men to take game of any kind in close season. This is a most important action, and will result in a great saving of game. Many of these crews are stationed at points remote from settlements, and certain of the men have been in the habit of hunting with jack lights, and shooting by moonlight or twilight, in such ways that the game stood little show of escape. It now remains for any reader of Recreation to report to this office any further violation of laws committed by the life saving crews or by lighthouse keepers. On receipt of any such reports I shall promptly transmit them to the lighthouse board, and the perpetrators will be punished.

Dan Beard, the well known painter and illustrator, has become a life member of the League. So have Abram G. Nesbitt, Kingston, Pa., and C. F. Emmel, of Vandalia, Ill. If the hundreds of other well-to-do members of the League could only realize how grateful the officers are for these substantial contributions to its campaign fund they would all send their $25 checks at once. A year hence we shall have all the money we need, but to-day we need a barrel of it to be used in prosecuting law breakers, patrolling sparsely settled districts and in the dissemination of wholesome League literature.

Let every man in the League who can spare $25 send it in and have his name placed high on the roll of honor.

Professor M. J. Elrod, chief warden of the Montana Division, sends out a letter to his members from which I quote:

"The Montana Division has nearly 200 members. The report of the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners has been made to Governor Smith, and as soon as printed, copies will be sent to members of the League. Many suggestions have been made, which need to be presented in a favorable light to the people before the next session of the Legislature, so they may know our needs as to game protection. Every member is urged to discuss freely these recommendations, criticise if they deserve it, and report to me.

"Members of the League in Montana should feel encouraged. A few years ago we had no game laws. Now we afford fair protection—good where there are local wardens. The 3 members of the State Board are members of the L. A. S., which shows that it is at the front in this work."

G. L. Lehle, chief warden of the Illinois division, is doing a great deal of effective work. He is collecting evidence against certain cold storage men, hotels, and restaurants that will enable him in the near future to prosecute them with a certainty of being able to convict. He is also sending a series of letters to the newspapers, which many of them are using to good effect. Furthermore, Mr. Lehle is hustling for memberships, and recently sent 11 applications in one batch. If all chief wardens would work as hard as he and Mr. Fay, Professor Elrod, A. E. Pond, Franklin Stearns and a few others are doing, the whole country would be rapidly aroused, and applications would come in by the thousands.

Here is one of the most important planks in the platform of the L. A. S.

"We are opposed to the sale of game and game fishes at all times and under all circumstances."

The only way in which the game can be saved from threatened extermination is to stop traffic in it. After all, it is the market hunters that are responsible for the rapid disappearance of game more than all the sportsmen combined. If we can legislate these men out of employment, shorten the open seasons for killing, and limit the bag to a reasonable number for each man each day and each year, then the game will increase rapidly.

Why don't you join the League and help to accomplish these important ends?

Mr. J. L. Platt, of Cresco, Iowa, recently sent in 30 applications for membership in one batch, accompanied by his check for $30. This shows what a live man can do when he gets ready to work. If we could only get 1,000 such men to take off their coats and hustle for the League, we would send the membership soaring among the clouds within a few weeks.

H. S. Coykendall, Rondout, N. Y., and C. E. Butler, Jerome, Ariz., are among the faithful. They have each sent in $10 for 10 years' membership in the L. A. S., and are now wearing gold badges. There are 1,000 men in the League who should follow their example at once. YOU are one of them. When shall I receive your check?

Hon. A. S. Trude, of Chicago, one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the United States, has joined the League. His card number is 2,846, and his references are Governors Tanner, of Illinois, and Steuenberg, of Idaho. Thus, day by day the most prominent sportsmen in the land are coming into our ranks, and in time they will all be with us.

I am in receipt of a letter from the Hon. John F. Lacey, author of the now famous Lacey Bird Bill, in which he says, "The work the League has done has made a profound impression on the House."

Lawmakers everywhere will soon learn that the just demands of this League can not lightly be put aside.

The Pond Music Co., 148 Fifth avenue, New York, has published the L. A. S. Two-Step. It was composed by W. F. Sudds, a League member, is a snappy, swinging, cheerful composition, and is sure to prove popular. It sells for 40 cents. Send for a copy and ask your best girl to play it.

Every League member should send in at least 10 cents to aid in buying a watch to be presented to the Hon. John F. Lacey, as a token of our appreciation of his great work in securing the passage of the Lacey Bird bill.

We have just successfully finished another case against a man here who shot 5 grouse before last season's opening. His lesson cost him $125 and costs.

C. A. Emerson, C. W. Pa. Div. L. A. S.,
Titusville, Pa.

THE LEAGUE DID IT.

To All League Members:—

Gentlemen:

Again I congratulate you.

And this time on a greater victory than the last.

The Lacey bird bill passed the Senate May 18th unanimously and without amendment. It has been signed by the President, and is now a law.

AND THE LEAGUE DID IT.

I say this without any disparagement to the Trojan hero of the house, the Hon. John F. Lacey. He has done a magnificent work. He is a great organizer and a born leader; but I seriously doubt if, with all his ability, and all his influence; with his great corps of personal friends in the House and in the Senate, he could have secured the passage of his bird bill against the opposition of the millinery trade, without the aid of the League.

This is the greatest victory ever achieved in the interest of game and song bird protection. We have captured the enemy's stronghold and now have him on the run. The rest will be comparatively easy. The States can now enforce their laws, and wherever they fail Uncle Sam will step in and do the rest. Where State authority fails to prevent the smuggling of game out of its boundaries, the Interstate Commerce Commission, backed by the Lacey law, will come to the rescue.

No more shipping of prairie chickens from Minnesota or other States to Chicago or New York, labeled "poultry." No more shipping of venison from Wisconsin or Michigan to Chicago or New York labeled "veal," or "mutton." No more shipping of quails from Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma or the Indian Territory to Chicago, New York, Boston or Philadelphia labeled "eggs," or anything else.

No more shipping of bird skins from Florida, Alabama, Louisiana or any other State, to New York or elsewhere, labeled anything else than what they really are.

No more contracting for 20,000 birds to be slaughtered in Maryland and shipped to New York. No more slaughtering of sea gulls on the New England coast or elsewhere, in violation of the law of the States, and shipping them to the millinery bird hogs in New York, no matter how labeled.

No more slaughtering of bay birds on the Carolina coast and shipping the skins to New York at 6 cents apiece.

The Lacey law imposes a penalty of $200 on any sneak who undertakes to smuggle a bird or part thereof, an animal or part thereof, from one State to another, killed in violation of the laws of any State. It imposes a fine of $200 on any railway or express company which may knowingly receive for shipment any such plunder, so killed in violation of law, or offered for shipment in violation of law.

No more importing of grouse, woodcock, quail, deer or other game from Europe, and exposing for sale in this country, in close season, no matter if the importer has paid duty on same. The Lacey law provides expressly that foreign game, even though imported in unbroken packages, and even though duty may have been paid on it, shall not be sold in any State of the Union in violation of the laws thereof; and it provides a penalty of $200 for each offense.

The League will hereafter have a strong force of detectives at work in this city, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, watching for any infractions of the Lacey law. A man may still succeed in smuggling game out of a State, but it must land somewhere, and it is a time-honored principle in law that the receiver is equally guilty with the thief. We shall seize such game wherever found, and if the man in whose possession we find it can not show us the shipper, it is up to him to go to court and pay his fine.

AND THE LEAGUE DID IT.

From this time forward, if we all do our duty, we may expect to see game of all kinds, as well as song and insectivorous birds, increase rapidly. When our forests shall again become musical with the notes of the feathered songsters; when our prairies and coverts shall again become thickly populated with quails and grouse; when our Southern forests shall again resound with the challenge of the wild turkey, we can point to these returned feathered hosts and say,

"AND THE LEAGUE DID IT."

When the farmer can sit down in the shade of the great oak, look over his bounteous fields of grain, his orchards, bending under their burdens of fruit, and his thrifty gardens, and say, "Thank God, the bugs and the worms have quit, because the birds have returned," we can say to him,

"YES, AND THE LEAGUE DID IT."

There are plenty of people who will challenge this claim because they are not in the League, and because they do not share the glory with us; but let them show cause. Let them tell us who else did it, or could have done it.

THE LEAGUE DID IT,

And every member of Congress and every Senator who voted for the Lacey bill will tell you so. They will tell you that never in their official life has any measure come before them that has prompted such a widespread public demand for favorable action. They will tell you they have received letters not only from their own constituents, but from every county and every school district in the land, begging them to vote for the Lacey bill. It is entirely modest and conservative to estimate that 10,000 letters have been written to Senators and Representatives by League members and at the instigation of League member's praying for speedy and favorable action on the Lacey bill. Long ago Mr. Lacey wrote, "The work done by the League has made a profound impression on the House," but the members did not stop at that. They continued to beseech their representatives and the representatives of other States to vote for this bill. The fact that but 23 votes out of 356 in the House were polled against this bill, and that not a single one of the 86 Senators voted against it, shows how thoroughly the League members have done their work. The fact that the Senate Interstate Commerce Commission reported the bill favorably without amendment, and that it was adopted by the Senate without an amendment being offered, shows how thoroughly and how cleanly the League has done its work.

Now if sportsmen who are not yet in the League will do their duty, the membership of this grand organization will go to 50,000 within a few months. If we had never before done a single thing to merit the support and co-operation of sportsmen and naturalists, this one achievement should bring them all into our ranks. If we never did another commendable thing in the whole course of our existence this one record—the simple fact that we have secured the passage of the Lacey bill—should cause every friend of game protection and of song bird protection, in the United States and Canada, to join the League for life.

It should now be the work of but an hour for any member of the League who lives in any town or village to secure 5 or 10 applications for membership. It should be the work of but an hour for any man who lives in any city to secure 25 applications for membership. Let us strike while the iron is hot. Let us corral our friends while thier enthusiasm can be stirred.

I have devoted almost my entire time for the past 6 months to aiding Mr. Lacey and to exhorting you gentlemen to work for this bill. Now will you not do your part by way of making the victory a still more glorious one?

One more suggestion and I have done.

Mr. Lacey is the hero of the hour. He has done a greater thing for the country than Schley did before Santiago, or than Grant did before Shiloh. Let us reward our deliverer in a fitting manner.

I propose a popular subscription for the purpose of buying a gold watch to be presented to Mr. Lacey in the name of the League of American Sportsmen, commemorative of his great achievement. No one need give more than 25 cents. Let no one fail to give at least 10 cents. Remit in postage stamps. If all the members will respond in this measure, we shall have a fund of $300 or more. This will procure a memorial of which the old war horse will be proud to the last day of his life; yes, of which his children and his grandchildren will be proud.

The name of every member who subscribes 10 cents or more to this fund will be printed in Recreation, in order that each may know his money reached this office. A committee will be appointed to buy the watch, to have it properly engraved, and to make the presentation.

Now let us make this a test of our strength, a proof of our gratitude to the best friend the birds ever had; an evidence to the world at large that whoever in future shall do his duty to the cause of game protection, as Mr. Lacey has done his, will be properly appreciated by the members of the League of American Sportsmen.

Yours fraternally,
G. O. Shields, President.

"You keep me waiting so long!" complained the customer.

"Madam," said the worried grocer, who was economizing in his business by employing only one clerk, "ain't you the woman that was in here yesterday kicking about short weights?"—Chicago Tribune.

SEND IN 25 CENTS FOR THE LACEY WATCH FUND.

FORESTRY

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford, of same institution.

THE GREAT NATIONAL PARK.

(From the Hartford Courant.)

The wildest and most naturally beautiful part of this country East of the Rocky Mountains is that region where North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia approach each other. It is a mountain country with an average elevation of 4,000 feet and peaks running up to thousands of feet higher. The tallest mountain East of the Rockies is in North Carolina.

This wild region abounds in timber, and is still a natural and unbroken wilderness except as the lumbermen invade its quiet. They have come. Already traffic in forest land is on, and the railroads of the vicinity are loaded with lumber for the market. Let the American people sit by with their accustomed optimistic apathy, and before long the forests will be gone, the water courses left to dry up, the bears, deer and other wild animals killed off, and nothing but a fading memory remain of what now is a great natural park.

The general government ought to step in, before it is too late, and take possession of the whole region. The Yellowstone Park, far away, and to all but a few inaccessible, should be supplemented by this natural reservation, which is easily reached by the great majority of the people of the United States. Take your map and you will find that from Boston on the East around by Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis to New Orleans, Jacksonville and so on up to Washington, every city on the imaginary circuit has railroad facilities bringing it within not more at most than one night's ride of Asheville, the central point in the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky country. Establish a park there and people from every large city this side of the Mississippi would be visiting it in large numbers at all seasons of the year. This is an opportunity for conferring on the people of the country a means of great enjoyment. But that really would be only an incident of the work. In this elevated land are multitudes of clear, sweet streams, delivering water to the Atlantic coast and to the Mississippi river. The divide is in the possible park. If the timber is all stripped from these hills the streams will dry up and the ultimate loss will be serious and widespread. Leading citizens of North Carolina and other States adjoining have recently held a meeting and formed themselves into the Appalachian National Park Association to push the project. It ought to go without much pushing. All that is needed is to set people thinking about it.

SUGAR MAPLE PESTS.

The sugar maple forests of Vermont have for 2 years been so seriously attacked by a pest of worms as to endanger the whole sugar maple industry. Can you tell me the name of these worms, how long they are likely to stay, and whether owners of sugar orchards need fear the destruction of their trees? I go to Vermont every year, and while residents deplore the ravages of the pest, no one seems able to tell what it is, or the prospects of relief from it.

C., Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWER.

The worm affecting maple trees over a wide area in the Eastern and Northeastern States during the past few years, is the forest tent caterpillar, the maple worm, *Clisiocampa disstria.* Usually such pests have their periods, coming to a climax when, probably owing to the simultaneous development of their enemies, a sudden collapse takes place. It is, however, impossible to tell how long the pest will persist. If the trees put out new leaves in the season of defoliation the damage is not likely to be marked beyond a possible decrease in the quantity of sap. An attack on the second leafage is a more serious matter, and permanent damage or the death of the tree may follow persistent defoliation by the worm.

The Vermont State Agricultural Experiment Station has investigated this matter for the last 3 years, and is just on the point of publishing the results, having made a preliminary statement in their 11 annual report. A most interesting description of the development of insects injurious to maple trees has just been issued as an "Extract from the Fourth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests, of the State of New York." The report is illustrated with colored plates, and can probably be obtained by application to that Commission at Albany.

The sugar maple borer is a more serious enemy. A burrow several feet long is made by a single grub in one season, and 2 or 3 borers in the same trunk may nearly girdle the tree. The bark over the burrow dies, and an ugly naked scar is produced. This is one of the most destructive of all tree pests, and probably kills more maples than any other insect enemy.

The maple tree pruner, another insect enemy, is less injurious. The falling twigs, which mark its presence, usually contain the larva and should be collected and burned during the winter.—Editor.

PLANTING BURNT AREAS.

Referring to the paragraph in last month's Recreation about the replanting of burned areas now to be undertaken by the Forestry Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, near Pasadena, California, it may be of interest to refer to a similar undertaking on this side of the continent.

The work of reforesting burned over lands in the Adirondacks, begun last year by the College of Forestry on their property near Axton, by planting 50 acres with pines, spruces, red firs and other coniferous species, is being continued this year on a larger scale. Over 250,000 seedlings were put into the ground early last spring. Preparation for extending the work has been made in the establishing of a large nursery, where plant material can be grown more cheaply than it can be bought. The seeds placed in nursery beds last year have produced more than a million seedlings, which will be ready for transplanting a year hence. The College expects to furnish such plant material to would-be planters throughout the State, as far as the surplus reaches.

Another promising step in regard to its forest policy has been taken by the State of New York in providing for the employment ot 3 expert foresters by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission. It is not known yet what policy the new Forestry Commission, which went into office April 25th, will follow. It would be a wise movement., appreciated by all citizens, if they would begin the reforesting of the large area of burned over lands now in possesssion of the State, with valuable kinds of timber.

Another step which suggests itself is the description of the holdings of the State as a basis for propositions of their management. The College of Forestry is now turning out its first graduates, who, as a matter of logical sequence, should find employment by the Forest Commission.

A class of 8 students, with 2 professors, spent the entire spring term in the Adirondacks, practicing what they had studied theoretically in the University.

A CRIME AGAINST NATURE.

The following incident well illustrates the apathy and ignorant opposition of the farmers of New Hampshire to forest conservation: A few days since a farmer living in Surry, a few miles North of this city, hauled in to one of the mills here a red oak log of exceptional dimensions, which callipered considerably over a cord, log measure. The log was 11 feet long, and at the base measured 4 feet 4 inches in diameter. Inquiry revealed the fact that but one log had been, or could be, cut from the tree, as it was comparatively low, with wide overhanging branches. The rings showed the age of 120 years, and the log was as sound as a nut to the core. Had the tree been left intact its prospects for another century of life would have been excellent. Taking out the expenses of cutting and hauling the log, it is doubtful if it netted the farmer more than $8 at the most, probably less, beside the firewood obtained from the top branches. Is it not strange that Nature's economy should be thus frustrated by petty human greed? Nature works 120 years to build a beautiful and symmetrical tree, for the delectation of man and the comfort of the beasts of the field; and all that creative effort is wantonly stopped and the result destroyed in an hour for a paltry mill log and a little pile of firewood.

Edward W. Wild, Keene, N. H.

The spruce trees of Norway and Sweden must be running short, because the supply of wood pulp made from spruce is short in the European market. The German and English mills that made paper from waste cotton cloth are idle, because the old waste is also running short. Pulp is rising rapidly in price, and the price of paper follows it. A syndicate is about to start a mill in Canada that will produce 300 tons daily, from Canadian spruce, for the European market.

Some idea of the extent to which the pulp mills are gnawing away the forests may be obtained from an estimate recently printed in the Paper Mill, one of the leading periodicals devoted to that field, to the effect that in Maine alone the pulp mills will this year consume from 250,000,000 to 275,000,000 feet of logs.—Fourth Estate.

Do not fail to contribute to the Lacey watch fund at once.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

CAMP FOOD AND CAMP COOKERY.

When camping out, the food problem assumes unusual importance. The appetite increases and the base of supplies recedes. This is especially true of the form of camping out which seems most delightful, at least in retrospect; that is, the camp where each member of the party has his share of the daily work to do and no work is done by some one hired for the purpose. The cooking is generally regarded as one of the great difficulties in camp life, yet it need not be. Personal experience has demonstrated that it is easily possible to have abundant and well cooked meals without too much effort. One secret of camp cookery is to avoid too large fires. Select if possible a spot with a number of large stones near together and have the fire in the spaces between the stones. With an abundance of fuel ready to hand, the fire can be regulated to suit the needs of the cook. With kettles hanging over the fire, frying pans, a broiler resting on the projecting stones, and a small Dutch oven, if you desire hot biscuits, camp fare may be truly palatable and not dependent for its success on the traditional appetite of those who dwell in tents.

The selection of articles of food for camp purposes must vary with the region visited. Many years of experience on Lake Champlain indicate that for that region flour, cornmeal, dried beans and peas for soup, potatoes, onions, salt pork and bacon, tea, coffee, sugar, rice and condiments, with a reasonable supply of dry or canned fruits, and some other canned goods for emergencies, are among the essential articles. Bread, milk and butter were usually purchased from the farm houses near which we camped or the towns we sailed past. Vegetables were procured in the same way Whenever fish would not bite or game was shy, chops, steak or chicken was bought. Even after the passage of a number of years, the belief is firm that the resulting meals were wholesome and palatable.

It is a much less simple matter to provision a camp remote from the base of supplies. In such cases game and fish may sometimes be counted on, but this is not always true. Professor C. E. Snow recently read a paper before the American Institute of Mining Engineers on the provisioning of camps and expeditions where conditions like the above prevail. The different condensed and evaporated foods and other products which furnish a large amount of true nutritive material in small space were discussed. Professor Snow recommends that such articles be purchased as bacon, ham, evaporated eggs, canned corned beef, canned fresh beef and canned fowl, hardtack, flour, oatmeal, white beans, peas, lentils, concentrated tomatoes, tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, condensed milk, dried fruits, etc. Rations made up of such materials are suggested and the protein and energy which they would furnish is calculated and compared with the commonly accepted dietary standards. In addition many valuable suggestions are given regarding general equipment and transportation shelter, clothing, kind and quantity of medicines required, and similar topics.

THE AVOCADO OR ALLIGATOR PEAR.

From July until late autumn a large green or purple fruit, not unlike an eggplant in appearance, is quite frequently found in the fruit stands in New York and other of our large cities. This is the alligator pear or avocado, so highly prized in tropical countries. It contains a large hard pit which is acrid and of no value as food and a thick layer of soft pulp not unlike butter in consistency and of a delicate and agreeable flavor. The pulp is rich in fat, the fresh substance containing about 10 per cent according to a recent analysis. The name for this fruit, midshipman's butter, is, therefore, not altogether unwarranted. In tropical countries the avocado pulp is eaten as a salad dressed with oil and vinegar or is spread on bread and suitably seasoned. Sometimes it is eaten in soup. A particularly appetizing method of serving is to cut the fruit in half and fill the hollow left after the removal of the pit with claret and ice.

Alligator pears are a comparatively recent introduction in our northern fruit markets. They are raised to a considerable extent in Florida and grow abundantly in the West Indian islands. A few are grown in Southern California. This fruit is very palatable, and there is every reason to believe it will become as popular as it deserves to be.

THE FOOD VALUE OF PEACHES, APRICOTS, AND OTHER SMALL FRUITS.

In recent years the growing of fruits has assumed great commercial importance in many regions of the United States, especially in the South and on the Pacific coast. The amount of fruit consumed in the average household has undoubtedly increased with the greater production and facilities for shipping and marketing.

The increased consumption of fruit has apparently aroused a somewhat general interest in its food value, and many popular articles on the subject have appeared. Some of these contain statements which a study of the chemical composition of fruits would hardly warrant.

Many of the experiment stations have reported analyses of fruits and made extended studies of the different methods of growing fruit trees, their soil requirements, enemies, etc.

The stone fruits constitute an important group, and have been studied for a number of years by the California and Oregon Experiment Stations. Fresh peaches, apricots, cherries, prunes, and plums are general favorites, while enormous quantities of these fruits are canned, dried, or preserved in some way. It is interesting to compare the composition of these fruits, fresh and dried, with each other and with some of the staple articles of diet.

Composition of Edible Portion of Stone Fruits and Other Food Materials.

	Water.	Protein.	Fat.	Nitrogen free extract (including crude fibre).	Ash.	Acid.
	Per cent	*Per cent*	*Per cent*	*Per cent*	*Per cent*	*Per cent*
Fresh Fruits :						
Apricots (California).....	85.0	1.1	....	13.4	0.5	....
Cherries (California).....	79.4	1.2	....	19.0	.4	....
Cherries (Oregon)........	81.3	.9	....	*17.3	.5	0.4
Peaches	89.3	.9	....	9.3	.4	....
Plums (California).......	78.4	1.0	....	†20.1	.5	.4
Prunes (California)......	80.2	.8	....	‡18.5	.5	....
Prunes (Oregon)..........	76.4	1.3	....	§21.0	.9	.4
Dried Fruits :						
Apricots.................	29.4	4.7	....	62.5	2.4	...
Peaches..................	25.0	2.8	....	70.0	2.2	....
Prunes...................	22.3	2.1	....	73.3	2.3	....
White bread	35.6	9.3	....	52.7	1.2	....
Potatoes.................	78.3	2.2	....	18.4	1.0	....
String beans.............	89.2	2.3	....	7.4	.8	....
Dried beans..............	12.6	22.5	....	59.6	3.5	....
Lettuce..................	94.7	1.2	....	2.9	.9	....

* Including 11.21 per cent. sugar.
† Including 13.25 per cent. sugar.
‡ Including 16.11 per cent. sugar.
§ Including 14 per cent. sugar.

Apricot pits constitute about 6 per cent of the fresh fruit, cherry pits 5 per cent, and peach pits about 14 per cent.

In general, all the stone fruits included in the table, when fresh, have a high water content. The different kinds do not differ very greatly in composition, and the variations between the specimens grown in different regions are not greater than between different samples grown in the same region. The dried fruit contains less water and therefore has a higher food value than the fresh fruits. The fresh fruits contain a much smaller percentage of nutritive ingredients than white bread or dried beans. Judged by their composition they do not differ greatly from potatoes and are somewhat superior to the fresh vegetables included in the table. It should be remembered, however, that the nitrogen-free extract or carbohydrates of potatoes consists almost entirely of starch The carbohydrates of fruits consist largely of sugar and bodies whose food value is not well understood. It has been found in the dietary studies conducted under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture that a large consumption of fruits or fresh vegetables containing little food material and a high percentage of water increases the cost of a diet out of proportion to the nutritive material furnished.

As an illustration of this statement, the case of a skilled mill workman's family in New Jersey may be cited. The number of meals taken by the different members of this family during a dietary study was equivalent to 1 man 127 days, or practically 4 months. During this time $2.16 was expended for oranges and $3 for celery, making a total of $5.16 for these two articles, which between them furnished 150 grams of protein and 6,445 calories of energy. During the same time $5.16 was also expended for cereal foods and sugars, and 3,375 grams of protein and 184,185 calories of energy were obtained, or about twenty-five times the amount furnished by the oranges and celery. The amount expended for vegetables and fruits aside from the oranges and celery amounted to $5.75, and furnished 1,909 grams of protein and 58,000 calories of energy, or, in round numbers, ten times as much as was obtained in the oranges and celery.

It must not be forgotten, however, that fruits are valuable for other reasons than the nutrients which they furnish. They contain acids and other bodies which are believed by physiologists to have a beneficial effect on the system and doubtless very often stimulate the appetite for other food. They are also useful in counteracting a tendency to constipation. Another point—and one entirely apart from food value—should not be overlooked. That is, fruits add very materially to the attractiveness of the diet. It is not easy to estimate their value from this standpoint, since often the appearance of food has a value which can not be measured in dollars and cents.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands" (Dent & Co., London, and the Macmillan Co., New York), is a book that smells of the fields, and is charmingly descriptive of English streams, forests and uplands. The author, George A. B. Dewar, is not only a devoted lover of nature, but is also an adept in expressing his fondness for her. Some of his pages give us a feeling of mild surprise when they describe bleak spots in populous England, or tell us where, within sight of chimneys and cathedral spires, lusty trout may be caught and substantial bags of grouse secured. He has the faculty of making the most of his subject, and leaving little to be said. Beneath his modesty one detects the accuracy and confidence that only come with wide and painstaking observation. He explodes some of the *un*-natural history that has been written concerning the animals and birds, and in his fidelity of description leaves his readers well grounded in the facts. There is in Dewar's books something of the conscientiousness of Gilbert White and something of the "wind-swept and dew-dashed" style of our own Burroughs. This book is pleasant and instructive reading for those who are awake to the beauties of out-of-door life; who love the cry of the whippoorwill at dusk; who can appreciate the colors on the butterfly's wing; who can admire the miracle of the humming bird's nest, and whose ears are attuned to the song of the wind in the tree tops.

I received the Shattuck shot gun you sent me for getting you a club of subscribers for RECREATION, and it is a beauty. I am more than pleased with it.

John Quick, Waverly, N. Y.

"Gleanings from Nature." By W. S. Blatchley, 8vo, pp. 348, with numerous illustrations.

During the last decade many books have been published, having as their avowed purpose the increase of nature study among the young. The majority of these are unsatisfactory, many of them are really objectionable, and the reason is that the writers have never studied Nature themselves. They have, in some cases, played at Nature study in a dilettante sort of way, but never knew enough science to enable them to have any conception of the meaning of Nature's facts.

But the author of "Gleanings from Nature" is not of that class. He is a true naturalist. From his boyhood days on a farm to the present he has been a lover of all things out of doors. His careful scientific training in college and his scholarly attainments, together with his keenness of vision, enable him to see the facts of Nature as they really are, and to interpret them aright. Chapters written by a man of this kind are worth reading. "Gleanings from Nature" has interesting and instructive chapters on a number of our common flowers and weeds, about snakes, birds, fishes and insects, and most delightfully the author tells what he saw "Along the old Canaly" in midsummer and mid-autumn, and during a "Day in Tamarack Swamp." Considerable space is also given to the Indiana caves and their inhabitants.

The book is beautifully illustrated and is well got up in every way.

The Nature Publishing Company, Indianapolis; price, $1.25.

The Century Co. has just brought out in book form "The Biography of a Grizzly," by Ernest Seton-Thompson, which has been running serially in the Century Magazine.

Mr. Seton-Thompson has created a department of literature which stands alone, and which baffles librarians when they attempt to classify his books. His stories are based on close, minute, scientific study and observation of the birds and animals, but his interpretations are made with the magic pen of a poet and the brush of an artist. They satisfy the most exacting scientific students, yet at the same time they are the old fairy tales come true for the children. He inspires the eternal "why" in the minds of children and grown-up children, leading them to think and to investigate for themselves the fascinations of nature.

Before Seton-Thompson became so well known to the story reading public as he now is, the readers of RECREATION were well acquainted with and appreciative of him through his articles written for this magazine and his drawings illustrative of animal life, especially in the West, of which RECREATION published many.

The story of Wahb, the famous grizzly of the Meteetsee, is a sad one, yet it strikes the highest note of life in its appeal that Wahb would surely have been a better and a happier grizzly if he had been loved. "No one had shown him anything but hatred in his lonely, unprotected life." What a call to love, even a grizzly! That is Seton-Thompson's message to the world, and that is why he is great.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

Percy Selous is dead. He fell a victim to his devotion to science. As all readers of Recreation know, he has for many years been a close student of natural history in its various branches, and especially of reptiles. He has captured many of these, and has always had a number of them in his house or in his laboratory. A few weeks ago he took a number of snakes into his house to protect them from the chill of the early spring weather, and his kindness and tenderness of heart in thus caring for them resulted in his death.

Mr. W. B. Dupree, a close friend of Mr. Selous, writes me these particulars of the sad affair:

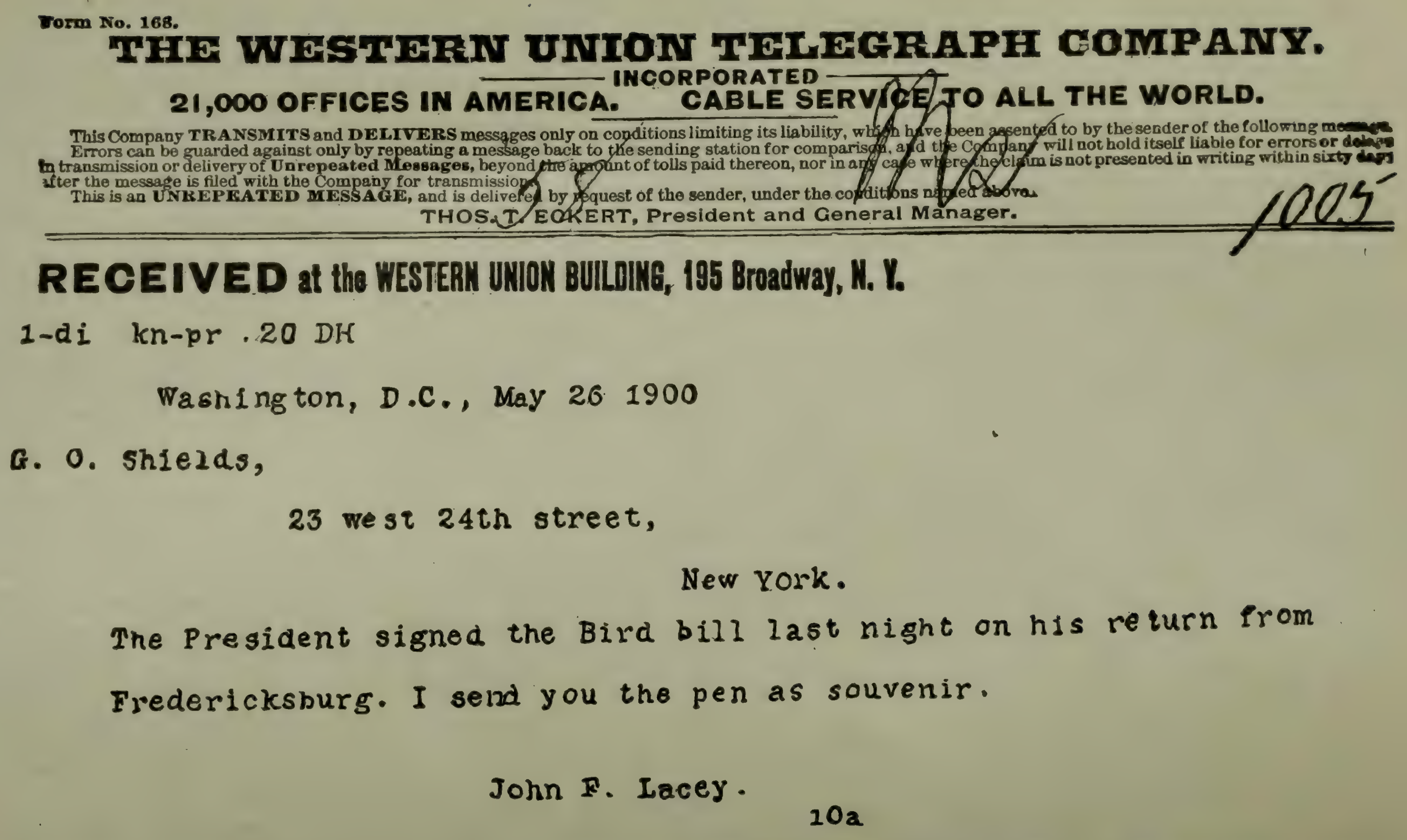
> Mr. Selous was bitten by a large moccasin snake, *Agkistrodon piscivorous*, Thursday afternoon, April 5, and died from the effects of the bite Saturday evening, 54 hours later.
>
> He was giving the reptile, a thick-bodied Florida specimen, a sun bath. In putting it back into its cage the door closed on its tail and the animal writhed with pain. Mr. Selous opened the door again and took hold of the tail to push it in. As he did so the moccasin turned quickly and with the marvelous rapidity of venomous snakes when biting, buried its fangs in the ring finger of Mr. Selous' left hand. The fangs sank deep and only after violent efforts did the snake wrench itself free. Thus Mr. Selous received the maximum quantity of venom.
>
> The first thing he did was to secure the snake safely. Then he looked for his pocket knife so he could excise the wound, but was unable to find it. At this juncture he neglected a precaution that might have saved his life. Instead of tightly ligaturing the finger so as to retard the diffusion of the venom, he merely sucked the wound and sought his physician. Fifteen minutes elapsed ere he reached the doctor's office. By that time pain was racking his arm, showing that absorption was under way.
>
> He told the doctor what had happened and said he knew the bite would kill him; that he was acquainted with the snake and there was no hope. The wound was washed with ammonia, stimulants were given, and hypodermic injections of strychnin (1-30 grain) were administered every half hour until the characteristic effect of the drug, tetanic convulsions, was observed. Other doctors came in consultation and everything that medical skill could devise was tried in the attempt to baffle the action of the venom in the sufferer's system.
>
> Nothing availed. Mr. Selous' arm swelled enormously and blisters broke out all over it. The swelling spread around his back, chest and up into the neck, all the affected surface becoming a deep red color from arterial perforation. The pain was intense, but consciousness was retained most of the time. Being a man of robust constitution and in fine health, he fought nobly for life, and succumbed only after a most valiant struggle.
>
> Thus passed a man and a naturalist in all that the words imply. An ardent lover of nature and animals, an instructive and entertaining writer, and one whose friendship was worth the having, his untimely death comes as a personal bereavement to all who knew him.

Though I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Selous, I long ago learned to love him as a brother. Our correspondence has extended over 5 or 6 years, and in all my experience I have never known a man who was more studiously kind, courteous and thoughtful in his treatment of his fellow men. Never have I made a request of or a suggestion to him that did not receive prompt and careful attention. I have always been able to read between the lines of his many letters, if not in them, that he would gladly have done more for me than I asked.

Mr. Selous' loss will be keenly felt by all students of nature, and his family and relatives may feel assured that in their bereavement they have the keenest sympathy of all readers of Recreation.

Governor Roosevelt has signed the bill appropriating 300,000 to the New York Zoological Society on condition that it raise $200,000 by private subscription. $175,000 of this amount has already been subscribed and paid in, and the officers of the society are now hustling for the remainder. Some one of New York's many millionaires should send a check for this amount without further delay, in order to render the State appropriation available. With a part of this additional generous donation from the people of the State the society will build the antelope house, the monkey house and the administration house. The balance will be expended in further improvements on the grounds.

I want 10 copies each of March, May, June, August and December, '98, Recreation. Subscribers who have these on file, and who do not care to keep them for binding, will confer a favor on me by mailing them to this office, wrapped flat.



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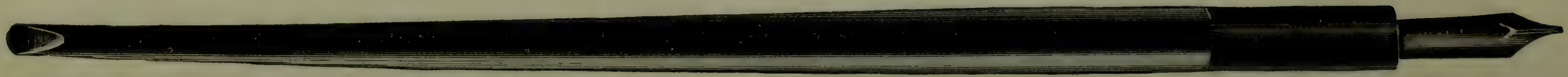

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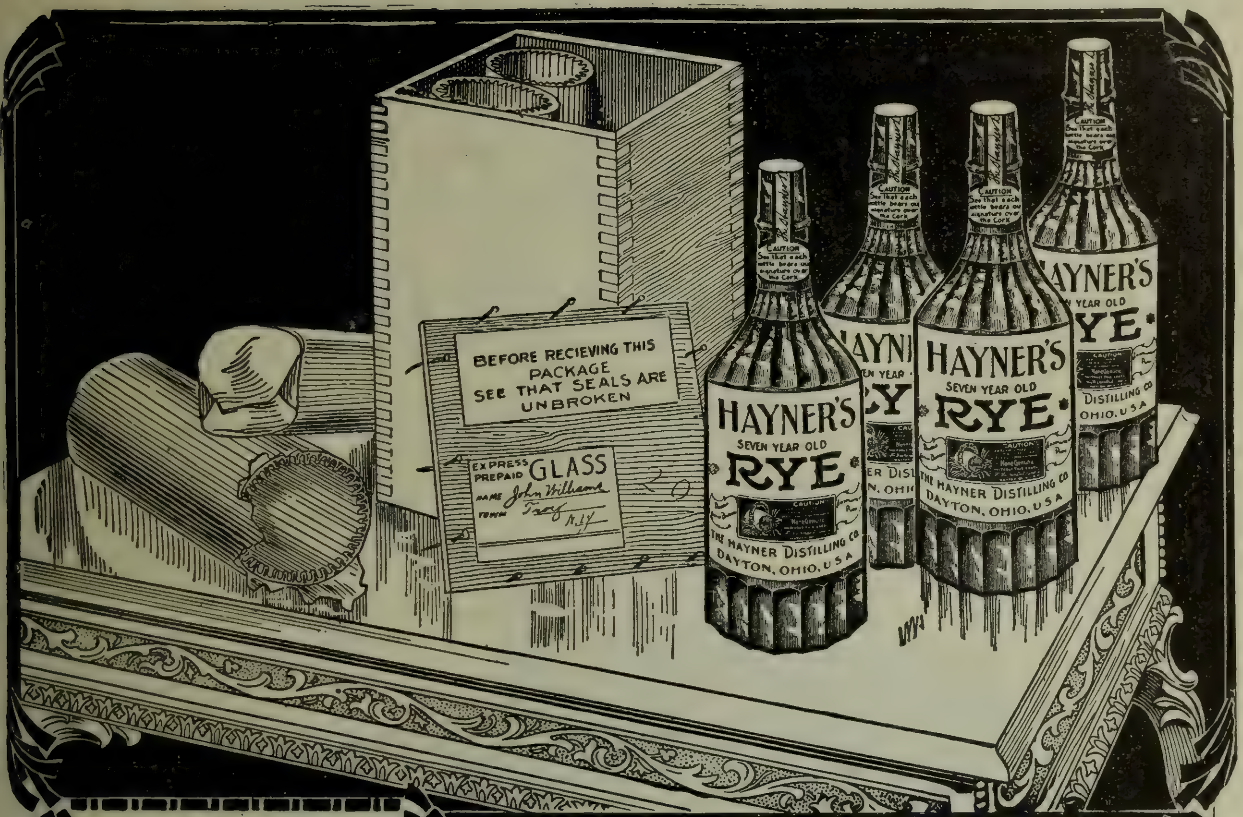
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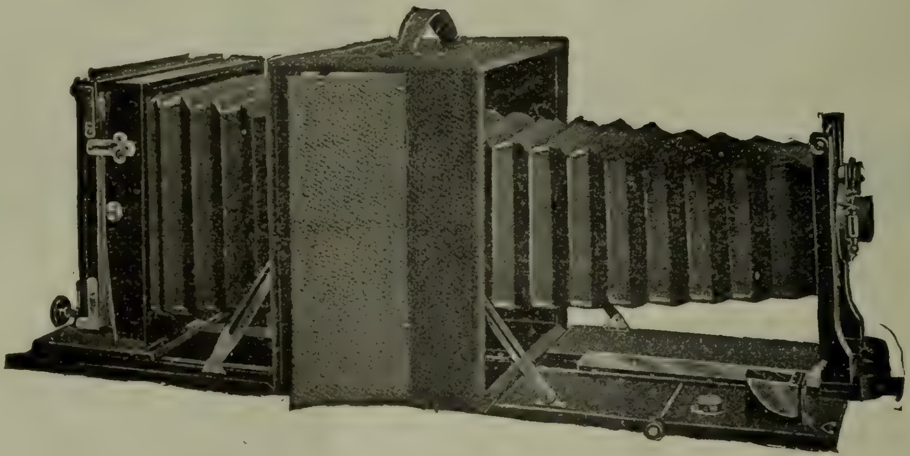

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

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AND NOW COMES THE 5TH COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 4 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fifth will be held, which, it is believed, will be far more fruitful than any of the others. It opened April 1st, 1900, and will close September 30th, 1900.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long-Focus Korona Camera, 5x7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A Reflex Camera, 4x5, made by the Reflex Camera Co., Yonkers, N. Y., fitted with a Goerz Double Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $75.

Third prize: An Al-Vista-Panoramic Camera made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $40.

Fourth Prize: A Wizard C Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co, Cresskill, N. J., with B. & L. Iris Diaphragm and Leather Carrying Case; listed at $33.

Fifth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12x16, made by D. T. Abercombie & Co., New York, and listed at $32.

Sixth prize: A Gold Hunting Case Watch, listed at $30.

Seventh Prize: A Tourist Hawkeye Camera, 4x5, made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $15.

Eighth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 8x10 Carbutt Plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 5x7 Carbutt Plates.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 4x5 Carbutt Plates.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or other animals, representing in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Condition: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experiences in photography.

CAMERA NOTES.

GENE S. PORTER.

Soon all the world and his brother will be found in the woods and along the water busily trying to make pictures. Photographers should now be getting their lamps trimmed and burning, for this summer's work will be the most ambitious in the history of photography. Thousands of prints will be made, and among them will be some that will lift their owners to fame and open the road to success. Now is the time to oil your bellows, patch the pin holes, polish lenses, get carrying case, plate holders and outdoor paraphernalia ready and clean up the dark room.

It is a good idea to have an extra half dozen plate holder slides. They are of vulcanized rubber and break easily. I also want a handful of tripod screws. They make no trouble on land, but they seem to slide through my fingers when I try to set up a tripod in water or a marshy place.

Before you attempt the composition and timing of a picture you must know your plate and your diaphragm. I do not believe there is much difference in the value of the best makes of plates, but to know your plate you must choose which you will use and stick to it. The same rule applies to paper and formulæ. The photographer who selects of the best brands of plates and paper, and adopts reliable formulæ and sticks to them will come out miles ahead of the one who rushes from brand to brand of plates, wasting dollars' worth of material and learning the possibilities of none; dabbling in seas of developer, and trying a dozen different makes of print paper, with rag time names, without giving any one a sufficient trial to master its possibilities. Select 3 emulsions of some first class make of plates, instantaneous, medium and slow; but never use an instantaneous plate for anything except a snap shot or indoor portrait work.

Passevant says, "For landscape work, where instantaneous exposure is not required, I believe, and always advise, that a slow plate gives greater contrast and a more brilliant image, while a rapid plate gives a soft effect and a certain flatness that are not easily overcome. In portraiture, where hard contrasts should be avoided, these plates are very suitable. More latitude is allowed both in the exposure and in the development of a slow plate. A photographer may be perfectly acquainted with the capabilities of his plate and lens, and on ordinary subjects will hit nearly the right exposure 9 times out of 10; but the image on the ground glass is deceptive, and there is an endless variety of subjects where the most expert photographer is puzzled, and hardly knows what exposure to give.

For example, dimly lit landscapes under trees; autumn foliage with non-actinic red, brown, yellow and dark green leaves; heavy black foregrounds with well lit distances, need all the latitude possible, and there is where the advantage of the slow plate comes in. In doubtful cases like those mentioned, a full exposure may be given, and 5 or even 10 seconds will not prevent a good negative from being obtained; while with a rapid plate a difference of 2 or 3 seconds may ruin the resulting negative, for it is almost impossible to get anything but a flat picture from an over exposed rapid plate.

In development, a slow plate will stand more variation and rougher treatment without fogging. It is more easily restrained, and can be forced without losing its printing qualities, to an extent that would be the total ruin of a rapid plate. The greater intensity of a slow plate allows one to use a dilute developer, thus keeping the plate under perfect control and saving many negatives that would otherwise be lost through over exposure. With a rapid plate no such treatment is allowable, and over exposure can not be corrected by diluting the developer, as the resulting image will be flat, thin and worthless for printing without intensification. Such a plate can only be saved by the addition of plenty of bromide from the beginning. Even then it is necessary to vary the component parts of the developer so often that the whole process becomes perplexing and uncertain. My advice therefore is, use a slow plate for landscape work, give generous exposure and dilute your developer.

Settle on one formula for developer. I say in all confidence there is nothing like pyro. In papers there should be a little more range, but I would not use gelatine for anything except to save more expensive papers in testing new negatives. The different degrees of roughness in the matt surface papers adapt themselves well to varying effects, and as a rule one manufacturer puts out all of them. For an all around paper I prefer Aristo Platino. After much experience in handling that paper it seems to me that each time I use it I get better results. A volume might be written about the proper printing of Aristo Platino to get the full beauty of the paper with negatives of different density, and yet another about the variations of toning.

Beautiful effects may be obtained by those liking sepia prints by printing one shade darker than the finished picture is desired, toning, then omitting the platinum bath and fixing in a solution of hypo, one ounce to 20 of water, for 20 minutes. These brown prints turn yellow if the hypo is too strong, so weaken the bath and leave in longer.

The only way to master your diaphragm is to burn a few boxes of plates in experimenting. Select a good view, take it wide open until you get your focus and time right, and then set your diaphragm at the first stop. This will shut off, say, ¼ of your light and will, therefore, be 4 times as slow as wide open. If you used ½ a second wide, multiply by 4 and it will give you approximately the time to use at the first stop. The more you shut off your light, lessening the diaphragm, the longer time you must give your exposure. To learn just how much light to stop off and what length of exposure to give under varying conditions is the secret of the diaphragm. It must be mastered before there can be even a modicum of success. As a rule, wide open for snaps, and a mastery of stops 16 and 32 are all that will be required for common work. Much may be done toward finding the proper stop to use by focusing on a landscape and then watching the picture on the ground glass while you lessen the diaphragm. When you begin to lose definition at the corners of the glass your stop must not be lessened. You can then calculate your time on the quantity of light you have shut off.

As to composition, waste less money on practicing, in reality throwing away plates and paper, and get some good books. "Robinson's Elements of a Pictorial Photograph" would be a boon to any amateur. There are some elements of composition a picture must have. There must be a foreground, a background and a middle distance. There must be high lights, half tones and shadows. There must be an effect of atmosphere, breadth and spontaneity. There must not be either sky or water of white paper. There must not be anything to make either a vertical or a horizontal line across the middle of a picture to divide it into sections. If you have a mass of trees, rocks or a building on the left, there should be something on the right to preserve balance. This is especially true of pictures introducing water. If you take a group of trees and an object on a left bank, and instead of balancing it with a bit of trees and bank on the opposite side, you simply let that part of the picture and the foreground run off into water, you ruin your effect and lose your opportunity and plate.

The question of clouds is a bug-a-boo. Some photographers recommend iso-chromatic plates and a long exposure; some make 2 exposures, snapping the clouds and timing the landscape, and printing from both. Personally, I prefer a sky without a cloud in it, if they must be printed in from a separate plate, to a print of the crazy-quilt variety; but it must not be a plain white paper sky. It must have an effect of atmosphere about it.

Focusing is also becoming a question. Here, again, are two extremes. To focus too sharply makes a picture look as if it had been sawed from a block of wood, and the other extreme gives bleary, blotchy eye strainers. The happy medium is between the 2, preserving detail, yet just off the edge of sharpness. The out of focus business is being thoroughly overdone. It is nothing but a fad, and, like all other fads, will die. I can not see why a thing representing a few indistinct swipes is ever seriously considered a pictorial photograph.

If you introduce a figure, go carefully, for it is a delicate job to fit a figure into a landscape. If you place it too far back it looks utterly insignificant. If you get it too far front it is magnified and absorbs all interest any one might feel in your landscape; so that instead of being a help to your picture, it really works its destruction. If you introduce a figure, show your picture to some sensible, well informed photographer. If he says, "Why didn't you place your figure more to the front?" it is a failure. It means your figure is stuck in, as a stick is stuck in the mud, and is useless and out of place.

If, on the other hand, he says, "How lucky you were to come on that bit while a figure was there!" you may safely go off and shake hands with yourself, and not "work at nothin' else, but jest set 'round and feel good the rest of that day"; for it means you have placed and posed your figure so naturally that it has become a natural part of the landscape, inseparable from it.

Never introduce a figure into a landscape unless there is some good reason for its being there. When you feel there is a reason, then occupy your figure with the reason, and not with the camera or your operations. Never introduce into a picture a figure that will not pose naturally and dress suitably to the time, place and occupation. Landscapes are found in the open country, and along the water and woods. These places belong to Nature. Silk dresses, lace parasols and pattern hats have no place in them.

For instance, you find an enchanting bit of woodland scenery with a narrow winding path and decide that the success of a picture there hinges on a figure coming down the path. Hunt a figure whose feet have worn the path; a figure that will suggest the eternal fitness of things. A city belle in a ruffled frock and beplumed hat, tilting on French heels, would never do. A country girl, calico clad, her sunbonnet hanging by the strings about her throat, her hands filled with spring flowers, trying her luck with a daisy or carrying home a sick lamb, would do beautifully. A dude in creased trousers, carefully picking his way, would spoil any landscape. A recluse, loitering, book in hand, might do; or better, a hunter with hounds to heel. Better still, a gingham-shirted old farmer, axe on shoulder. If you want to make a fishing picture, not as a record of fact to illustrate an article, but as a pictorial photograph, do not introduce your city friends in business suits, gold fobs and chip hats, fishing with fancy rods and reels. Hunt up the typical old fisherman of the neighborhood. There always is one where there is water. Take him with his old cane pole, tin bait can, corn cob pipe and battered hat.

When you have found a bit that really gives promise of a picture, stay by it until you get your picture so good it could not be improved, no matter if it takes half a dozen trips and a box of plates to get your result. You may expect to have to experiment on the diaphragm, the focusing and the lighting from 2 or 3 different points. When those matters are settled, 2 or 3 attempts may be needed to get the proper timing; but when you have obtained one successful photo it will be in demand. It will be talked of in the market places and used by the best magazines and lithographic houses. Is it not better to use even a box or more plates on a successful picture than to waste the same number on as many different subjects and not get one good picture?

The other day I was explaining the combinations of a beautiful extension front Korona camera to its new owner. For a half hour I distilled all the wisdom I could call up "spontaneous pro tem." When I had told all I could think of and more than he could remember. as I turned to go he called me back and said, with eyes large with confidence,

"Oh, yes; there's one thing more. Just tell me how much time to give them?"

I can laugh about it now. A week ago I couldn't. I tried to break it to him gently that learning to time a picture is like getting religion or falling in love. Each individual must have his own experience. I told him he would have to wrestle with it alone.

Indoor timing is affected by wall decoration, number of windows and hour of the day; outdoor timing, by location, surroundings, state of weather and time of day, week and month. A different lighting is necessary for almost every hour in a year. When a man wishes to become a physician he does not buy a case of instruments, try the same day to remove someone's vermiform appendix and step full blown into fame and fortune. He puts in years of study and experimenting before he buys his instruments and goes to work. The same is true in almost every other profession. It is the would-be photographer alone who expects to leap to success in an hour. I have seen fairly intelligent people buy a camera and a box of plates and start out the same hour, before they understood the combinations of the shutter sufficiently not to waste plates by their ignorant workings of it. If beginners could only be persuaded to spend half the money they waste on plates and paper for a few well chosen books and study before beginning to work, it would help them more than anything else. It is impossible to tell anyone how to time a picture unless you are on the spot, know the camera, plates used, and all the details.

"Exposure is largely a matter of inspiration, of feeling. You must learn how, just as you acquire musical excellence or master a language. You must go through the experience, and the plate spoiling, with the disappointments incident thereto. Then it will come to you to stay. When to expose is the first consideration. How to expose becomes the next anxious inquiry, and it might be answered with the single word—enough."—Wilson.

"Undertimed photographs may be seen everywhere and in nearly all places. Stopping off the light just a little too soon seems to be a common disease among photographers. They thereby spoil what would otherwise have been a good production. Short exposures, in most cases, produce startling effects. As a general thing, however, there is a lack of detail which nearly ruins the work. A little more time given the exposure would have produced a first class photograph. On the other hand, too short an exposure produces a flat, low toned, worthless print. Too much or too little are equally bad, but the failure in the latter is much more frequent than in the former."—I. B. Webster.

"The time of exposure, like many other features in photography, can not be learned, as can a process; it requires a true artistic feeling in the photographer, strengthened by experience. For views, I always maintain that a long exposure and a weak developer give far the best results. In making exposures one should try to gain an accurate idea of the actinic power or value of the different colors in Nature, such as the light and dark greens, browns, grays, yellows and reds. This can only be acquired by carefully noting the exposures and afterward examining the negatives, carrying the landscape in the eye as well as possible. By so doing a better idea of the required length of exposure is obtained than by any other method I am acquainted with. We can not rely on apparently equally lighted subjects or recollect the exposure of one subject and apply it to another. What appear to be equally lighted subjects are often not so. By making this a little point of study many negatives will be saved from under or over exposure."—H. A. H. Daniel.

"Where the angle of lighting is unusual or extreme, allowance is to be made. For instance, if the lighting is much from the side, the exposure should be the same as for diffused light. The golden rule is to expose for the shadows and let the lights take care of themselves. This rule has exceptions, of course, but where the shadows are broad they must have plenty of detail always. It will frequently be found in midsummer, especially in photographing perpendicular objects in sunshine, that less exposure is required an hour or 2 before and after midday than at midday; not because the sun is more powerful, but because the angle of reflection is more favorable. It is generally necessary to give more exposure with sunshine and a clear sky than with the sun shining between patches of white sky, as the shadows are then better illuminated and contrasts less violent."—From a paper before the Philadelphia Amateur Photographic Club.

T. H. Jackson, of West Chester, Pa., submits 2 beautiful prints, as far as the work of the lens goes, that were made by slipping an enlarging lens over the lens of an extension front camera, and wants to know if as good results can be obtained by using any of the Nehring Ampliscopes. I can do as good work; yes, even better, with the No. 1 copying and enlarging lens of that series, and there is no reason why Mr. Jackson or any one else can not do the same, if he will have the patience to figure out how to focus, use the diaphragm and time the combination. It takes some study and patience, but it is well worth working for, as it costs 65 to 75 cents a negative to have birds nests enlarged, and they lose a great deal in the process; while with this combination they can be taken ½, ¾ or full life size, or enlarged. So can any other stationary object small enough to go on the plate.

I do not offer the illustrations accompanying the fishing sketches now running in RECREATION as samples of composition or timing. They are plain, honest fishing pictures, each taken at the time and place described, and for the most part snap shot or short time exposures, as were demanded by the movement of wind and water. Some of them were taken from boats or marshy places where a tripod could not be set up, under circumstances where only a snap was possible, and they represent neither efforts at composition nor timing. They are simply the best I could do under unfavorable conditions. They are strictly of the record of fact variety. Were I writing an article on composition and timing I should offer as illustrations a different set of pictures.

One more honor has been heaped on the devoted and worthy head of Mr. Alfred Steiglitz, in his selection by the government to represent the United States of America at the Photographic Congress, to be held in Paris in connection with the coming Exposition. He undoubtedly holds first place among the exponents of high art photography, and his selection will be hailed with applause by all his admirers.

E. L. Wilson says, "Nature must be rendered truthfully, yet surprisingly." There is no question about the surprises of most amateur photographers. Their truth is not so apparent.

REGARDING PRIZE WINNERS.

I have a copy of your magazine for December containing the list of prize winners and those highly commended by the judges in your photo contest, and am fortunate to find my picture among them. It may be of interest to you to know how my picture was secured, and I believe it is absolutely original. We rode 11 miles along the railroad track to make our picture. The bridge is 37 feet high. The train on the bridge is a freight, moving about 10 to 12 miles an hour. The young man is hanging and holding the bicycle at the same time. The other party on the bridge was caught by accident and was not supposed to be there.

While I am perfectly satisfied myself, I cannot say the composition of your first prize winner has had much previous thought. It is a wonderful picture, but I believe it is the result of chance and that the person taking it was favored by dame fortune. I also note the winner of third prize is a clergyman. Do you fully believe his picture illustrates anything pertaining to the end for which your magazine is published, or was this picture awarded a prize from the fact of its maker being a D. D.? In naming the conditions of your photo contest you stated that cycling pictures were preferred, yet as far as I can see none have been awarded prizes. The question with me is, should a picture that shows originality and forethought be considered above one without these qualities? Kindly favor me with criticisms on my picture.

B. Forsythe, Franklin, Pa.

ANSWER.

You are laboring under a misapprehension in several respects. The maker of the picture which won the first prize tells me he visited the eagle's nest several days in succession and watched several hours each time for a chance shot at the bird on the wing. He finally got it, as you see, but that the bird should have had a rabbit in its claws at the time is, of course, a rare piece of good fortune. However, it was taking food to the nest for the young every day, and the trips were usually in the morning or evening when the conditions for making an instantaneous picture were not good. The rabbit was brought in midday when the light was right for a snap shot.

The man shown in the winner of third prize is a fisherman, and is leaning against his boat. True, he is a salt water market fisherman, but these men are a necessary adjunct of every community anywhere about the seaboard. This old chap is also a guide and takes out parties of rod and reel anglers whenever they wish to go with him, so he is legitimate game for RECREATION'S picture contest. Certainly the fact that the maker of this picture is a clergyman had nothing to do with his winning. The rare good qualities in the picture won the place without regard to anything else. None of the judges know Mr. Ramsdell; neither do they know what church he belongs to, so they could have no possible leaning toward him on account of his profession.

The reason no cycle picture was awarded a high prize is that in the judgment of the committee none of those submitted had the necessary number of points of excellence to entitle them to places high up in the list. The difficulty evidently encountered in securing a picture is always considered by any such committee and your picture was given very careful thought; yet as I have said, these gentlemen decided there were some other pictures in the list that ranged higher, all things considered, than yours. Your picture is a fine one, and in many competions would win; but several hundred pictures were entered in this competition, to which the judges would have been glad to award prizes if there had been enough to go around. I trust you may not be discouraged and that you may be more fortunate in my 5th competition, which will open April 1st.—EDITOR.

HOW TO USE SHUTTERS.

I am greatly pleased with the photo department of your magazine, and have learned much in reading the ideas of different writers. I should like to know if anyone has used Nehring's $8 telephoto lens, and what results he obtained. I notice Nehring's ad in RECREATION.

I use a 4x5 folding camera, fitted with Bausch & Lomb lens and shutter. This makes a good picture if one has all day to take it in; but many times the object is moving. It is annoying, after focusing the camera carefully on an object, closing the cover on the ground glass, closing the shutter, changing shutter from T to 25th or 100th of a second, setting the diaphragm, putting in the plate holder, setting the shutter, and pulling out the slide, to find the object has died of old age, or gone out of range.

As the focusing scale is only put on for looks it is of no use whatever. I do not see why some company does not make the view finder adjustable focus, and have it so attached that it would be in focus when the lens is in focus. That would make the folding camera a great deal more popular, and it would be almost as ready as the box camera, with the advantage of taking up much less room and having a better lens and shutter. I agree with those who avoid snap shots and never take one if I can avoid it. I am getting more interested in the camera, and losing interest in the gun every year. If all hunters would use the camera more and the gun less we should have lots more game to photograph.

Walter Scott, Stillwater, Minn.

ANSWER.

Of course there are cameras made with twin lenses in which the view on the ground glass is precisely that which is formed by the lens making the picture. With such lenses one may simply look at the ground glass and press the bulb at the proper time, without any focusing other than that required to make a sharp picture on the ground glass. It is not necessary to have these cameras fitted with any different lens and shutter from that employed in the regular camera supplied by the camera manufacturers.

Success in photography, however, as in shooting or anything else, depends on the proper use of the apparatus and dexterity in manipulation. It would be just as reasonable for a man using a muzzle-loading shot gun to talk of the impossibility of bagging a flying bird when he had first to take out his powder flask, measure his powder, pour into barrel, put in a wad, measure his shot, put on cap, replace ramrod and when ready to take aim find that his bird was in the next county, as to make the comparison you make in regard to loading a plate camera after the subject to be photographed is under way. You should never try to use an ordinary folding camera for snapshot work.

As to the focusing scale being of no use: Any one who has a film camera knows he is obliged to rely on the finder. Nine-tenths of the snapshot work in athletic fields, at race meets, regattas, games, etc., is done in that manner, and countless numbers of most excellent pictures are obtained in that way.—EDITOR.

HELP FOR AMATEURS.

In setting off flash powder without a flash lamp use a lighted wax taper tied to a cane. You can then reach the powder without leaving the camera and the opening of the shutter—flash—closing the shutter can be done more quickly. In private dwelling rooms, where much background is included, place the tin plate on which the powder is sprinkled about 2 feet from the floor. The light goes up and the papered ceilings and walls reflect the light enough for that portion of the picture. Thus the lower part of the view is more evenly lighted.—Exchange.

When wishing to be in a photo yourself, landscape or otherwise, instead of buying rubber tubing use a coarse black cotton thread. This never shows in a picture, and you can go with it any distance from the camera, running it over grass, sticks and stones without breaking. Run thread from shutter down from camera underneath a heavy stick and then over the ground to where you are standing.—Exchange.

Many amateurs make their enlarging trays of thin wood, covered inside with rubber cloth, and some then coat with varnish or other material, but these are bulky and not so easy to handle as a 5 or 10 cent tin from the tinshop of the size you want. If the tinsmith has not one he will make any size and depth up to 8 x 10 for 15 cents, or less, out of plain tin or as cheap a metal as he has. A half pint of asphaltum varnish costs 15 cents and will give 2 coats to a half dozen trays. I have never found metol or quinol affect it yet, or it the prints, and the water dries off from them quickly after use.—Exchange.

WATERPROOF GLUE FOR WOODEN DISHES.

Soak a half pound of best glue in cold water until quite soft; melt in glue kettle. When quite dissolved, pour in one ounce of hot saturated solution of bichromate of potash, and stir well. It is then ready for use. Apply with brush. Put the article so treated to dry in full daylight for a day or 2 and then apply strong alum solution. The vessel is then ready for use, but must be washed first.

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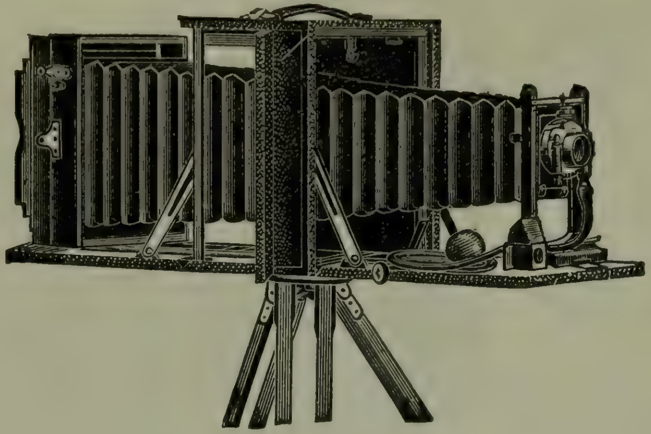

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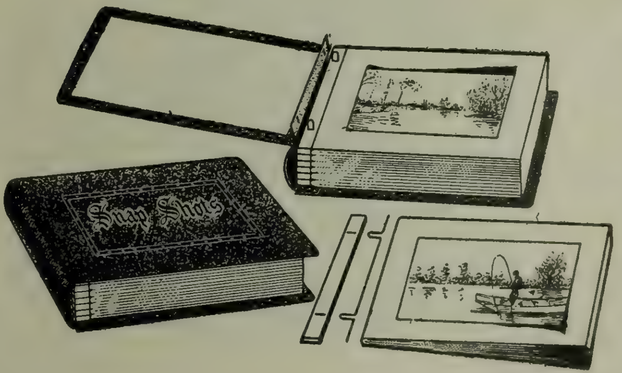

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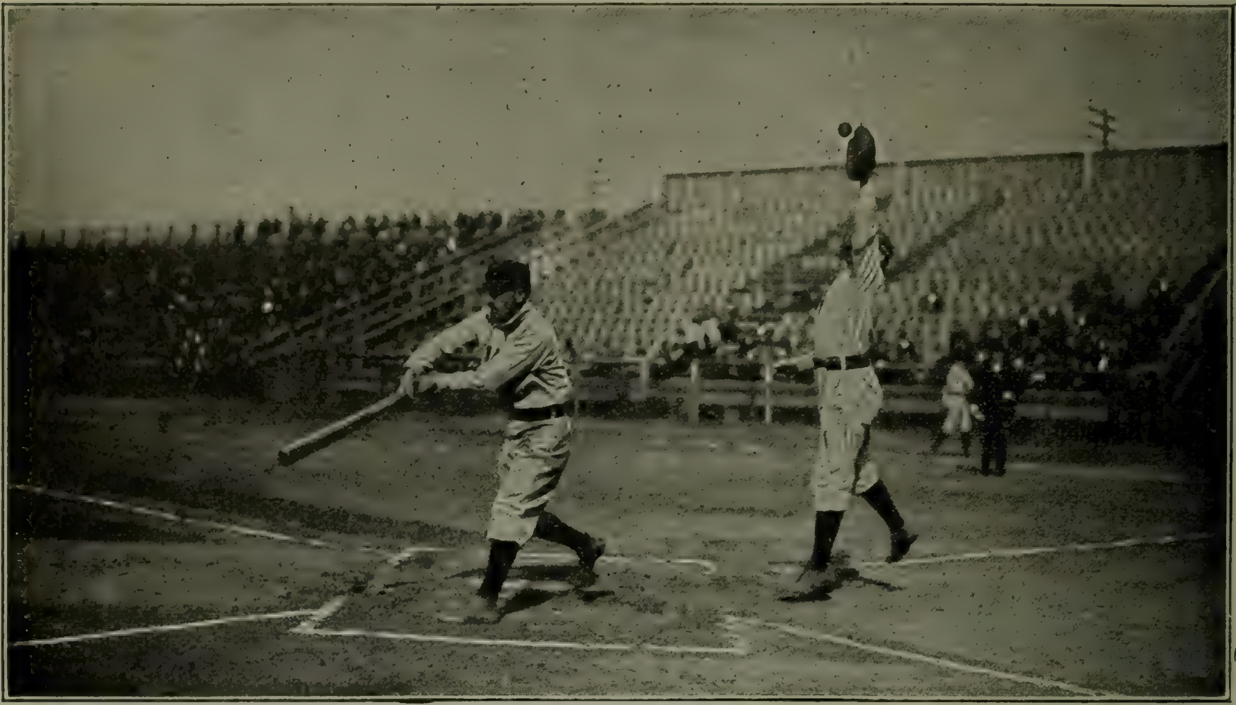


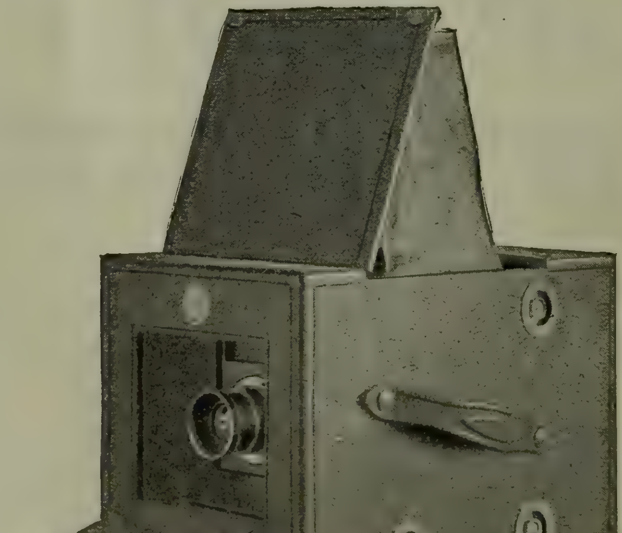
A FOUL TIP OFF THE BAT.

THE REFLEX CAMERA CO., of Yonkers, N. Y., at present make one style of their

New Patent Reflex Hand Camera,

in three sizes: 4 x 5, 5 x 7 and 6½x8½. The above print is a reduction from a 6½x8½ negative and corroborates what we said on another occasion in this magazine, that the **full size picture** can be seen **on the finder** up to the very **moment of** the **exposure** on the sensitive plate.

The **only Hand Camera** made which can be focussed **without removing Films or Plates.**



Especially adapted for **instantaneous work,** animal studies, portraits of children and other difficult studies.

The Reflex Camera is the **only one** on the market that possesses this feature, and those using them say it is a positive delight.

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Yonkers, N. Y.

Catalogues on application.

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The Most Perfect Developing Paper
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SPECIAL RAPID, for Portraits, Enlarging and Contrasty Negatives.

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Make money orders payable at Philadelphia.

HARD TO BREAK.

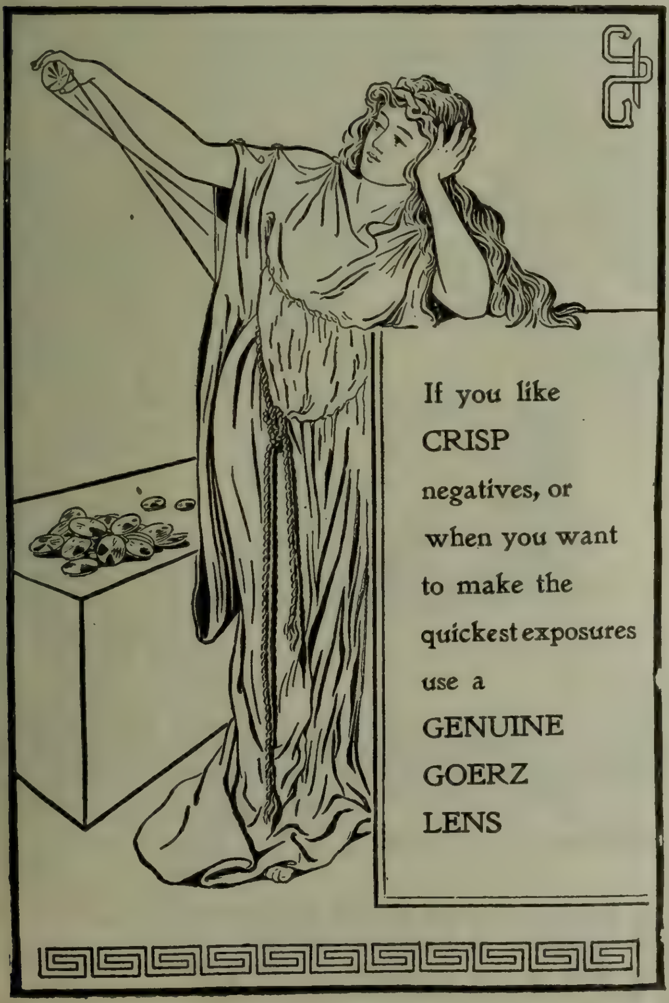
But the Coffee Habit Can be Put Off.

"I was a coffee user from early childhood but it finally made me so nervous that I spent a great many sleepless nights, starting at every sound I heard and suffering with a continual dull headache. My hands trembled and I was also troubled with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The whole system showed a poisoned condition and I was told to leave off coffee, for that was the cause of it. I was unable to break myself of the habit until someone induced me to try Postum Food Coffee.

"The first trial, the Food Coffee was flat and tasteless and I thought it was horrid stuff, but my friend urged me to try again and let it boil longer. This time I had a very delightful beverage and have been enjoying it ever since, and am now in a very greatly improved condition of health.

"My brother is also using Postum instead of coffee and a friend of ours, Mr. W., who was a great coffee user, found himself growing more and more nervous and was troubled at times with dizzy spells. His wife suffered with nausea and indigestion, also from coffee. They left it off and have been using Postum Food Coffee for some time and are now in a perfect condition of health." Grace, C. M., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Put a piece of butter the size of two peas in the pot to prevent boiling over.



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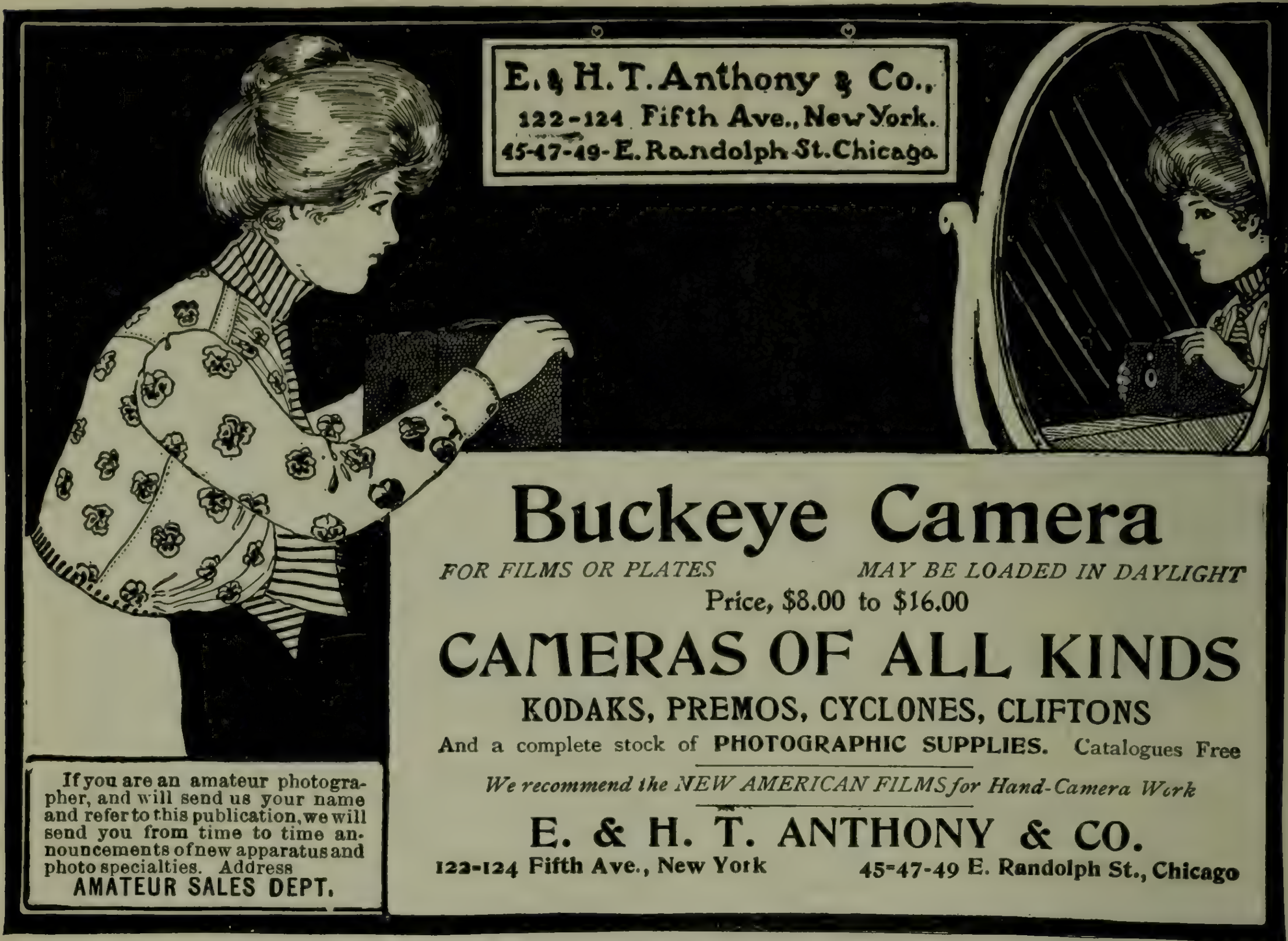

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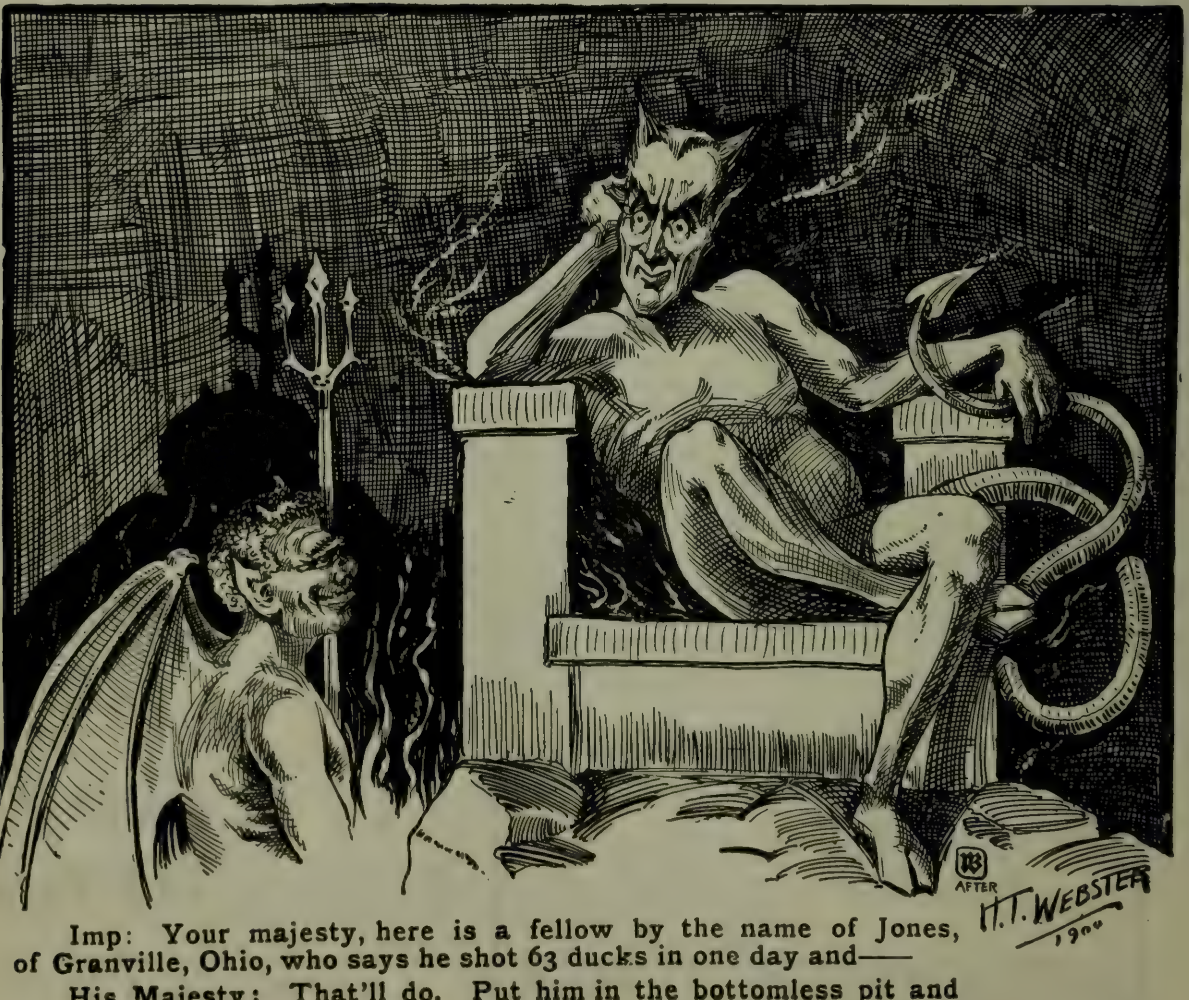

Imp: Your majesty, here is a fellow by the name of Jones, of Granville, Ohio, who says he shot 63 ducks in one day and——

His Majesty: That'll do. Put him in the bottomless pit and arrange the gridirons to read L. A. S.

"It works of itself."

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Mention RECREATION.

Wife—John, I am sure there is a burglar in the house; ain't you going to get up?

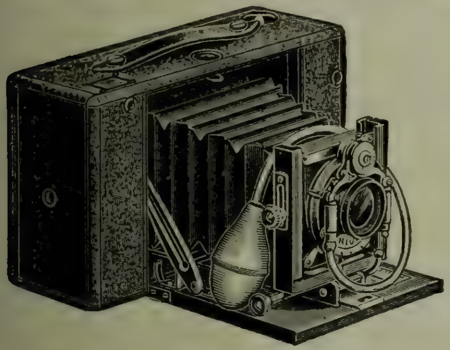
Husband—Certainly not! Do you think I am going to deliberately run the risk of making a murderer out of a poor fellow who is now only a common burglar?—Puck.

She—All men have their hobbies. Now, women, generally speaking——

He (interrupting)—Yes, so they are.

She—Are what?

He—As you just said—generally speaking.—Chicago News.



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The Tourist Hawk-Eyes

Combine the compactness of the daylight loading film system with mechanical accuracy and perfection. Our perforated system Sunlight films register the exposures automatically and do away with all danger of cutting through the negatives when preparing for development.

$5.00 to $25.00.

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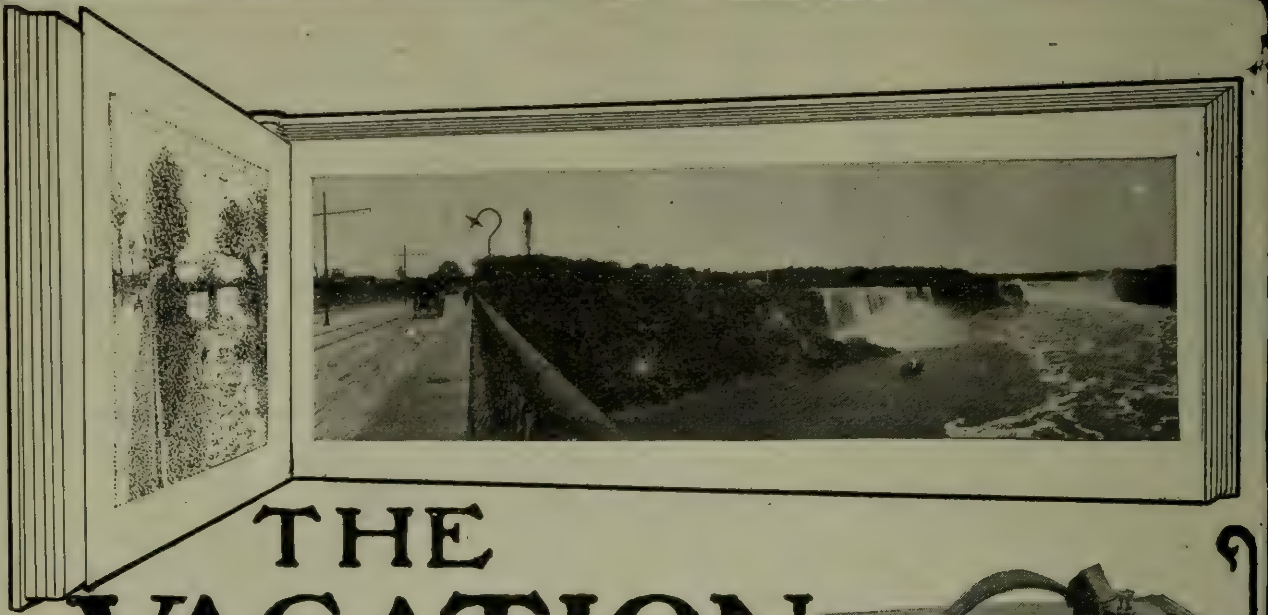
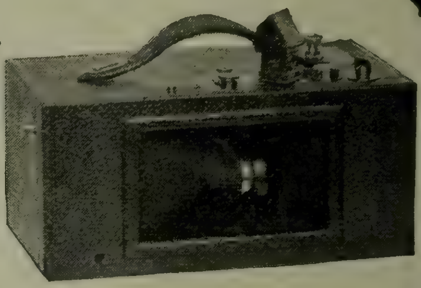


THE VACATION BOOK



A SENSIBLE FAD

PHOTOS FROM YOUR SUMMER VACATION HAUNTS

IT used to be the cheap camera and the little pictures—then the better camera and the booklets—now its the best camera with pictures 4x12, bound in book, which preserve in a dozen pictures the scenery requiring fifty of the old style pictures to show.

THE "AL-VISTA" CAMERA

takes pictures of about 180° of a circle—all you can see with the eyes without turning your head. It takes streets at right angles—the most wonderful of all photographic apparatus.

Price $20 and up. Sample photo, 4 x 12, for 24c in stamps. Full particulars free.

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The Polymeter is an instrument to measure the percentage of relative and absolute Humidity.

Invaluable in testing the air we breathe, whether too dry or too moist.

Indispensable in forecasting rain, storms, frost or clear weather.

Gall & Lembke

21 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

It was at the ball game. They had attended many times that season, and he had explained the intricacies of the game to her until he thought she understood it well enough to appreciate the fine points, and could tell at a glance the difference between four balls and a "swat" for three bags.

Two men were out, 2 on bases, the score 6 to 5 in flavor of the home nine, whose pitcher had just succeeded in mystifying the crack batsman of the visitors to the extent of 2 strikes, and, during the expectant lull that followed the thunders of applause she said in a voice audible to half the grand stand:

"Oh, George, why doesn't he throw it easy so the man with the stick can hit it?"
—Puck.

Just a Few Seconds

exposure to gas or lamp light and a few more seconds for development makes a

VELOX

Print. Exquisitely soft matte effects.

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For sale by all dealers.

Nepera Park, N. Y.

MOONLIGHT EFFECTS.

These are not taken by the light of the moon, but when the sun is out in all his glory, and best when not over 45 degrees above the horizon. The day selected should be one on which the sun is obscured at intervals by masses of well formed cumulus clouds. Choose your time when the sun is hidden behind a cloud, causing a thousand ripples to shimmer in the bay. Make an instantaneous exposure, and develop for the *high lights,* leaving the shadows to take care of themselves, and the result will please you. Pictures of this description printed on blue carbon are exceedingly effective; but, of course, a landscape with many trees is more appropriately rendered in green or some other tint. The great secret in producing moonlight views is to avoid excessive development, thus getting too much detail, which will utterly destroy the result aimed at. Therefore the darker portions are represented by almost clear glass. The negative will be thin, and will print in a few minutes. The printing should be carried on until the proof is dark; to a depth, in fact, that would ruin the ordinary kind of photograph.

Have you sent in your contribution to the Lacey watch fund? If not, you should do so at once. 10 cent ante, 25 cent limit. Stamps are good.

A RARE BARGAIN.

If you have not yet ordered a set of the Hudson pictures, illustrating the poem "To My Gun," you should do so at once. Only a few sets were printed, and about half of them have already been sold. No more will be printed, as the plates were too much worn in running the November edition of RECREATION to make any more good impressions. Only $1 for the 5 full page artist's proofs. Nothing finer could be found at the price, for decorating an office, a dining-room, a parlor or a den.

The doomed man had a last request to make.

"Pray do not tell my parents," he implored, "that I was hanged!"

"What shall we say killed you, then?" we asked, suspecting nothing.

"The dropsy!" cried the wretched fellow, with a loud laugh.

From this it appeared he was still, and despite his professions of contrition, dominated by the desire to wound society howsoever grievously he might.—Detroit Journal.

Farmer—See here! You've been loafing round here half the day!

Tramp—Well, a half a loaf's better'n none, ain't it?—Puck.

Another Great Series of

LIVE GAME PHOTOGRAPHS

Some of these were Prize-winners in Recreation's Fourth Annual Competition

No. 1. Size 21 x 25. **"The Interrupted Feast."** Winner of first prize. This was published on page 417 of December Recreation, and represents a live golden eagle, on the wing, carrying a full grown rabbit. Price $5.

No. 2. Size 18 x 21. **A Pair of Live Rocky Mountain Sheep**, photographed on their native range in Colorado. Winner of second prize. Published on page 421 of December Recreation. Price $4.

No. 3. Size 25 x 29. **A Live Spotted Fawn**, in the edge of a body of timber. A striking example of protective coloring Price $4.

No. 4. Size 15 x 17. **A Pair of Live Rocky Mountain Goats.** Photographed near the Stickeen River, Alaska. Price $4.

No. 5 Size 18 x 21. **Live Kingfisher.** A familiar friend of all anglers. Price $3.

No. 6. Size 18 x 21. "Me and You." **Live Coon Looking out of Hollow Tree.** Winner of 28th prize. Published on page 95 of February Recreation. Price $3.

No. 7. Size 22 x 26. **Two Live Virginia Deer.** Winner of 37th prize. Price $4.

No. 8. Size 25 x 30. **Sixteen Live Elk**, on their native range in the foothills of the Teton Mountains, Wyoming. Price $4.

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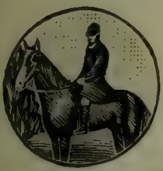
GIANT IN POWER



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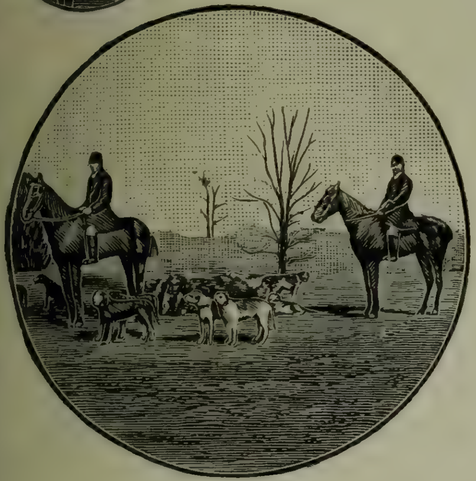
Annihilates distance. Brings far away objects near, and aids the eye, not only by its magnifying power but by the clearness and stereoscopic relief of its image. Its field of view is easily nine times that of the best of ordinary binoculars.



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represents all that is desirable in a field glass.

Too much to tell in this space. Better send for illustrated booklet on Field Glasses. Mailed free.

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Old Style 4 Power Binocular

4 Power STEREO

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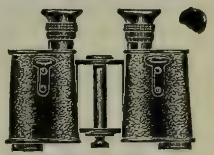

8 Power STEREO

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Lessons in **Carbon Printing** (my special short cut, easy method) a specialty. Success in this wonderfully artistic and permanent process guaranteed.

Prints criticised from both the artistic and photographic standpoint, 50 cts. each, $1 for 3; a great help to those unacquainted with the best work. Questions answered 50 cts. each letter. Impartial advice on selection of apparatus and goods. Valuable hints on what to use at Paris Exposition.

References: The Editor of RECREATION or any N. Y. Stockhouse. Address, with addressed stamped envelope

Edward W. Newcomb, New York City.

For Sale: Improved Gramophone, nearly new, and as good as when first bought, with brass horn. Cost $28. Also 30 Gramophone records. Will sell for $25.

Have 3½ x 3½ snap shot camera and a typewriter I wish to exchange for a No. 6 Autoharp.

R. H. Searcy, Eufaula, I. T.

For Sale or Exchange: Folding canvas boat. Would take standard 4 x 5 plate camera.

G. T. Kearsley, Radford, Va.

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Goods shipped in plain package without marks to indicate contents, and if not perfectly satisfactory send them back at our expense and we will refund your money at once.

Schweyer Rye
The Pure
Double Copper Distilled
John Schweyer & Co.

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The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and **aged in wood** under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than **8 years old, most of it 10 and 12 years old** when first bottled. Sold **direct to the consumer from our distillery** at the low price of $3.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than $6.00.

We also offer our **SEVEN YEAR OLD CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at $3.00** Express Prepaid

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We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

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The Club
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Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
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Famous the world over for purity. They never vary. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled. Be sure you have them in your camp, on the yacht, and on your outing trips wherever you go. They are ready and require no mixing. Simply pour over cracked ice.

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A STEVENS RIFLE, for 15 subscriptions.

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A SEWING MACHINE, or a DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING SHOT-GUN, for 35 subscriptions.

A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE for 50 subscriptions.

A $700 PIANO, with rosewood or light wood case, for 200 subscriptions.

Write for complete Premium List.

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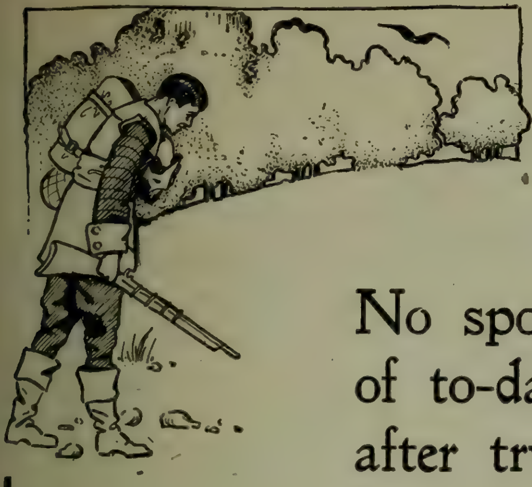

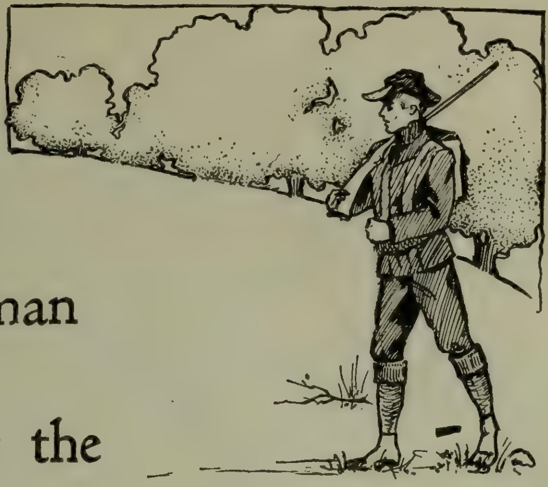

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of to-day,
after trying the

Standard Emergency Ration

would go back to the use of the old style foods, any more than he would exchange his modern high-power smokeless rifle for the muzzle-loading flintlock of his forefathers.

The Standard Emergency Ration is a hermetically sealed package of the most nutritious food, small enough to slip in your pocket, and containing three hearty meals and two quarts of delicious tea. Prepared in a scrupulously clean food factory, by modern hygienic methods. Thousands of sportsmen use it. Thousands need it.

No sportsman should be without it

A can is the only insurance against an empty stomach.

We have supplied the American and British armies with a half million cans of this food. Thousands of sportsmen use it because they know a good thing when they see it.

We will send a sample of the Standard Emergency Ration on receipt of 15c. to cover charges, and "WOODCRAFT," our beautiful sportsman's guide, will be sent free on request.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES

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PASSAIC, N. J.

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VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE, 277-279 Wabash Ave., Chicago
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WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PREMIUMS.

The Bristol rod you sent me for subscriptions to RECREATION arrived safe. I am unable to express my gratitude for such a fine premium. It is the only rod, to my notion, perfect in every detail. You certainly have been more than generous to me, and I feel as though I am somewhat selfish in accepting so many beautiful presents from you for so little work in return, a Lefever shot gun and an elegant gun cabinet being received prior to the rod. I trust I may always be of some value to you in sending you subscriptions to the best magazine published, not alone for the compensation I receive from doing so, but because RECREATION deserves it. Thank you most heartily for your generosity.

L. Van Vleck, Waterloo, Ia.

The Arkansas Traveler canoe has arrived from J. H. Rushton, and is the prettiest boat we have in the club. It is extremely graceful in its lines, handsome in finish, and is proving a speedy paddler. For boats of this class it is far ahead of anything we have on the river in this vicinity. Its extreme lightness will be of great benefit to us for pleasure, as well as in the races, for it is easy to handle at all times. Thank you for sending me such a beautiful premium.

Edward S. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

I received the can of Laflin & Rand's smokeless powder you sent me for 2 yearly subscriptions. Have given it a thorough trial, and I am much pleased with the results. It gives high velocity, a close and regular pattern and little recoil. It is absolutely smokeless, clean, quick and strong; easy to load, and it give good results in cheap shells with cheap wadding. Have used several different kinds of smokeless powder, and think L. & R. superior to them all.

Geo. W. Nellis, Dannebrogg, Neb.

I have received the Forehand hammerless gun which you sent me as a premium for subscriptions to RECREATION, and it is a beauty. It is far beyond my expectations. It compares favorably with any $60 gun, both in shooting qualities and appearance. Please accept my thanks for sending me such a fine gun for the little work I did for you.

J. J. Austin, Jackson, Mich.

I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the Korona camera sent me for the club of subscribers. It is a fine instrument. I do not see how you can put such a grand prize in your list for so few subscriptions. I am delighted with it. I also thank the Gundlach Optical Company for their promptness in sending it.

Chas. Engler, Erie, Pa.

The Syracuse hammerless shot gun which you gave me as premium for subscriptions to RECREATION is first class in every particular. It is the best gun I ever owned. My friends all say it is the finest gun they ever saw. It fits me perfectly, and the shooting qualities are all that can be desired.

F. Kingsley, Wakefield, R. I.

I am in receipt of the Stevens Ideal No. 44 rifle you sent me as a premium for securing subscribers to RECREATION, and thank you for it. The rifle is a little beauty, an excellent shooter, and in every respect all the manufacturers claim for it.

Fred. A. Porter, Jr., Rumford Falls, Me.

Received Ithaca gun as premium and find it A. No. 1 in every respect. It is far beyond my expectations. I have shown it to several sportsmen, and 3 or 4 are now canvassing for subscriptions, so you may expect some more clubs.

Geo. Baxter, Winnepeg, Man.

I received the Hawkeye camera you were kind enough to send me for the new subscriptions. It is far beyond my expectations, and is a perfect instrument. Please accept my sincere thanks for this beautiful gift.

Harry Hamilton, Atlantic City, N. J.

Accept my sincere thanks for the Bull's-Eye Kodak which you sent me as a premium for subscriptions. It is elegant in finish, and everyone admires it. It fully repays me for the little time I spent in earning it.

Chas. A. Naher, Akron, Ohio.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the gift, as I can call it nothing else. I have given it a good trial and am perfectly satisfied with it. There is no better single barrel gun made than the Davenport.

C. H. Flint, Helena, Mont.

The gramophone you sent me as a premium for subscribers to RECREATION suits me well. I feel amply paid for my trouble. All my friends who have heard it say it is the best they ever heard.

Iris D. Freeman, Harmony, N. S.

I received the Bo-Peep camera O. K. It is far beyond my expectations and does fine, distinct work. Everyone who sees it is surprised at its beautiful appearance and the way in which I got it.

B. Limkin, Proctorknott, Minn.

"Please Mamma; Ralston only takes 5 minutes to cook."

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HEALTH
Breakfast
Food

Half the battle in preparing breakfast is to have a cereal that suits.

Ralston Breakfast Food builds strong bodies and puts roses in the cheeks of children because it contains all the nutriment of the best wheat that's grown.

Many mothers say Ralston is the only cereal the young folks care for; while its quick cooking quality is a warm weather comfort unequalled.

Ralston Breakfast Food nourishes but does not overheat the blood.

Ask your grocer for Ralston first; if he doesn't keep it, send us his name for a free sample.

Purina Health Flour, (the whole of Gluterean Wheat), makes "Brain Bread." Packed in 5 lb. cartons and 12 lb. sacks.

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"Where Purity is Paramount"
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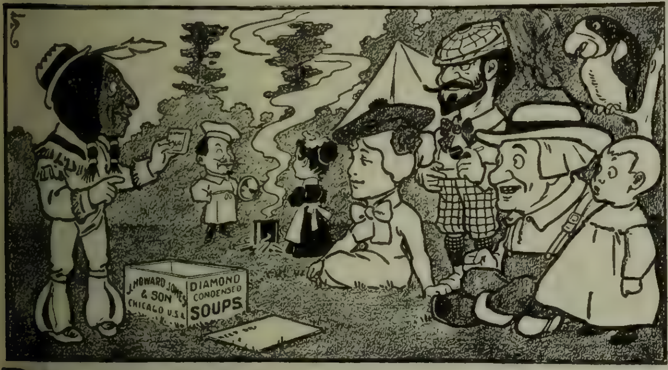
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DIAMOND CONDENSED SOUPS

Diamond Condensed Soups

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For camping, hunting and picnic parties, as well as in the household, they are invaluable. Made only from the best materials, condensed and put up in paper cartons, each making a full quart of delicious and nourishing purée or two quarts of thin soup. A package may be carried in the vest pocket. No tins to open. No water to pay for. No trouble to prepare. Keep perfectly in any climate.

THE MAXIMUM OF EXCELLENCE; THE MINIMUM OF COST.

Send a two-cent stamp and your grocer's address for a free sample, making a half pint of any of these varieties: Cream of Celery, Tomato, Green Pea, Beef and Onion, German Vegetable, Bean.

DIAMOND SOUP COMPANY, Chicago
J. HOWARD JONES & SON, Sole Sales Agents.

Libby's

$250.00 Cash Prize Offer

To Amateur Photographers

Two prizes, $50.00 each, for the most original and best taken photographs, and fifty-eight other cash prizes for amateurs. Professionals will be excluded from this competition. Write for booklet giving particulars.

Libby's Summer Food Suggestions

Libby's Luncheons are indispensable helps for everyone who plans the meals or does the cooking during the Summer months. They are fire-savers and time-savers. The wholesomeness and purity of these products appeals to every lover of good things to eat.

All the meats are carefully inspected by the U. S. Government and are carefully cooked and deliciously seasoned in Libby's famous hygienic kitchens. The following is a partial list of Libby's Convenient Foods:

Veal Loaf.
Breakfast Bacon.
Deviled Chicken.
Cottage Loaf.
Potted Chicken.
Potted Turkey.
Potted Tongue.
Ham Loaf.
Deviled Tongue.
Potted Ham.
Deviled Ham.
Jellied Hocks.
Cottage Head Cheese.
Corned Beef Hash.
Pork and Beans.
Boneless Chicken.
Chicken Loaf.
Turkey and Tongue.
Lambs' Tongues.
Lunch Tongues.
Beef Loaf.
Peerless Wafer Sliced Dried Beef.
Hamburger Loaf.
Ox Tongues.

Send for the little book "How to Make Good Things to Eat." Mailed free.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

A MODERN CAMP FOOD.

Sportsmen, tourists, yachtsmen, and timber hunters, are using large quantities of the Standard Emergency Ration, and the American Compressed Food Co., of Passaic, N. J., the manufacturers, are receiving the most flattering letters regarding the value of the food for camp use. Many of these letters are from gentlemen who ask that their names be withheld, but the following will give a fair idea of how the food is regarded by those who have tried it.

The company has issued a book entitled "Woodcraft," a sportsman's hand book of information, which is sent free to those who request it. It is one of the most elegant and costly bits of art printing I have even seen. The cover is a representation of birch bark in five colors, and each of the pages is a photographic reproduction of birch bark, with beautiful illustrations. The book contains a great deal of valuable information as to how to live in the woods. In writing for it mention RECREATION.

American Compressed Food Co.,
Passaic, N. J.

Gentlemen:—The sample of the Standard Emergency Ration is at hand, and is entirely satisfactory. I am sure all sportsmen will appreciate it. Please quote prices or give address of dealers who handle the goods in this section.

A. H. Jennings, Winooski, Vt.

Saginaw, Mich., May 7th, 1900.
American Compressed Food Co.

Gentlemen:—The samples of your Standard Emergency Ration received and they stood the test nobly. Hereafter I shall always have a supply with me on my timber hunting trips. Every sportsman should use your ration, and if small samples could be sent them you would need no better advertisement than the food itself.

E. J. Brogan.

Duffryn Mawr, Pa.
American Compressed Food Co.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Woodcraft." I have used your compressed food for camping, and it is immense.

Morgan W. Ruth.

American Compressed Food Co.
Passaic, N. J.

Gentlemen:—* * * * Your soups are excellent. I enjoyed them greatly, and consider them an excellent and convenient article for camp life.

J. E. Nichols, of Austin Nichols & Co.,
Wholesale Grocers, New York City.

I have made a thorough test of the goods and can heartily endorse all these gentlemen say of them.—Editor.

R. H. Ingersoll & Bro. have within the past 3 years built up a great mail order business from a very humble beginning, and now occupy 2 entire buildings. These are 163 Washington street, and 67 Cortlandt street. They employ nearly 100 people, and all of these are kept on the jump filling orders, answering correspondence, etc. Ingersoll's aim has been from the start to sell good goods at minimum prices, and I doubt if these people make a profit of more than 3 per cent. on anything they handle. They have large factories in which they make many of their goods, and those they buy from other people are sold at less than factory prices. It is not my intention to say anything to take trade away from country merchants, but it is a fact all the same that you can buy many lines of sporting goods from Ingersoll & Bro., pay express on them, and lay them down in your own house at much less than they would cost you in your own town.

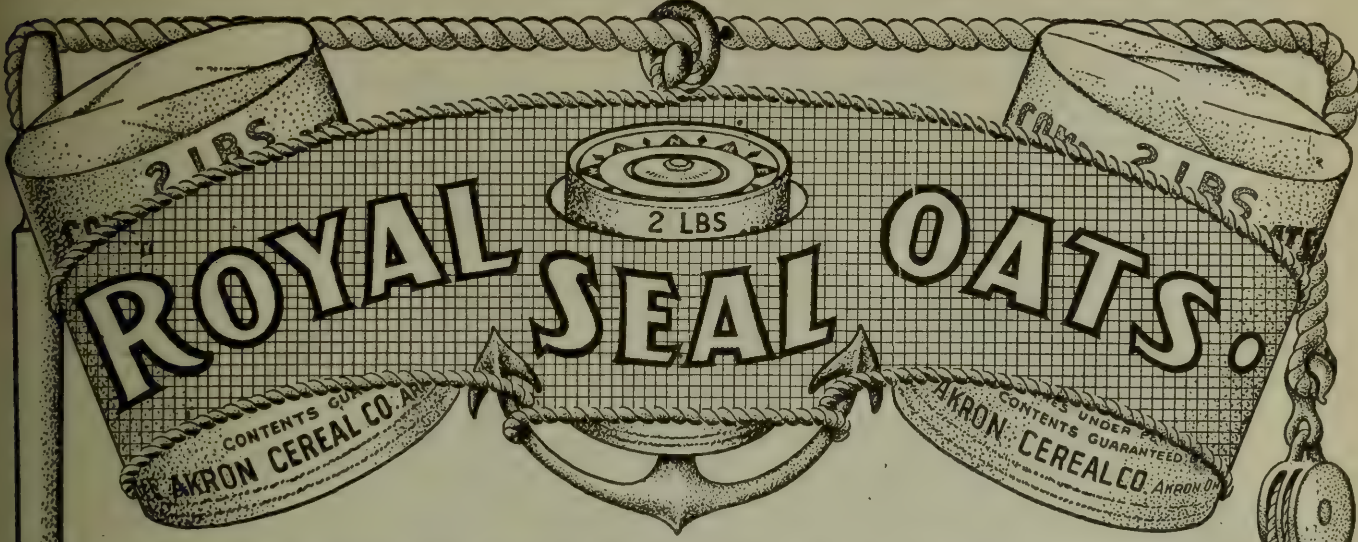
Send for a catalogue, study the prices carefully, and see if you do not agree with me. When writing please mention RECREATION.

In one of the shops of the United States Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, the company has fitted up a room with drawing tables, boards and T squares as a study room for the use of a number of its employees who are students of The International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa. The class, which numbers about 50 men, and includes the general manager, studies on company time and is supplied with drawing paper by the firm. All promotions in the shops will hereafter be made from students of this class.

The International Correspondence Schools have nearly 100 courses treating of all branches of mechanical and engineering work. Instruction is carried on wholly by mail, and there are nearly 200,000 students and graduates.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, Conn., has put on the market another machine that will interest rifle men. This is a bullet sizer, and even a picture of it is so interesting that I long to get one of the real machines, attach it to a work bench and set it going. It is too intricate a bit of machinery to be fully described here. Mr. Barlow has issued an illustrated circular, giving full details regarding it, which will be sent on application. Kindly mention this magazine when you write.

Do not fail to contribute to the Lacey watch fund at once.


2 LBS
2 LBS
2 LBS
ROYAL SEAL OATS.
CONTENTS GUARANTEED
AKRON CEREAL CO.
CONTENTS GUARANTEED
AKRON CEREAL CO. AKRON O.

In making up a list of food products for a Yachting Cruise, the essential features to be considered are, economy of space, and immunity from vermin and climatic changes. Our

Royal Seal Compressed Rolled Oats

combine all the good features of a desirable up-to-date cereal package. They occupy but one-third the space of the ordinary 2-lb. paper carton of rolled oats, being compressed while fresh and crisp, under powerful pressure, then hermetically sealed; thereby retaining the original bouquet and nutty flavor of fresh rolled oats.

They are impervious to rain or any climatic changes, and bugs or weevil cannot injure them. The can is handsomely lithographed, and is practically indestructible.

The contents of the can will flake out as nice as oats fresh from the rolls.

No stale, sour, or vermin-infested oats if you use

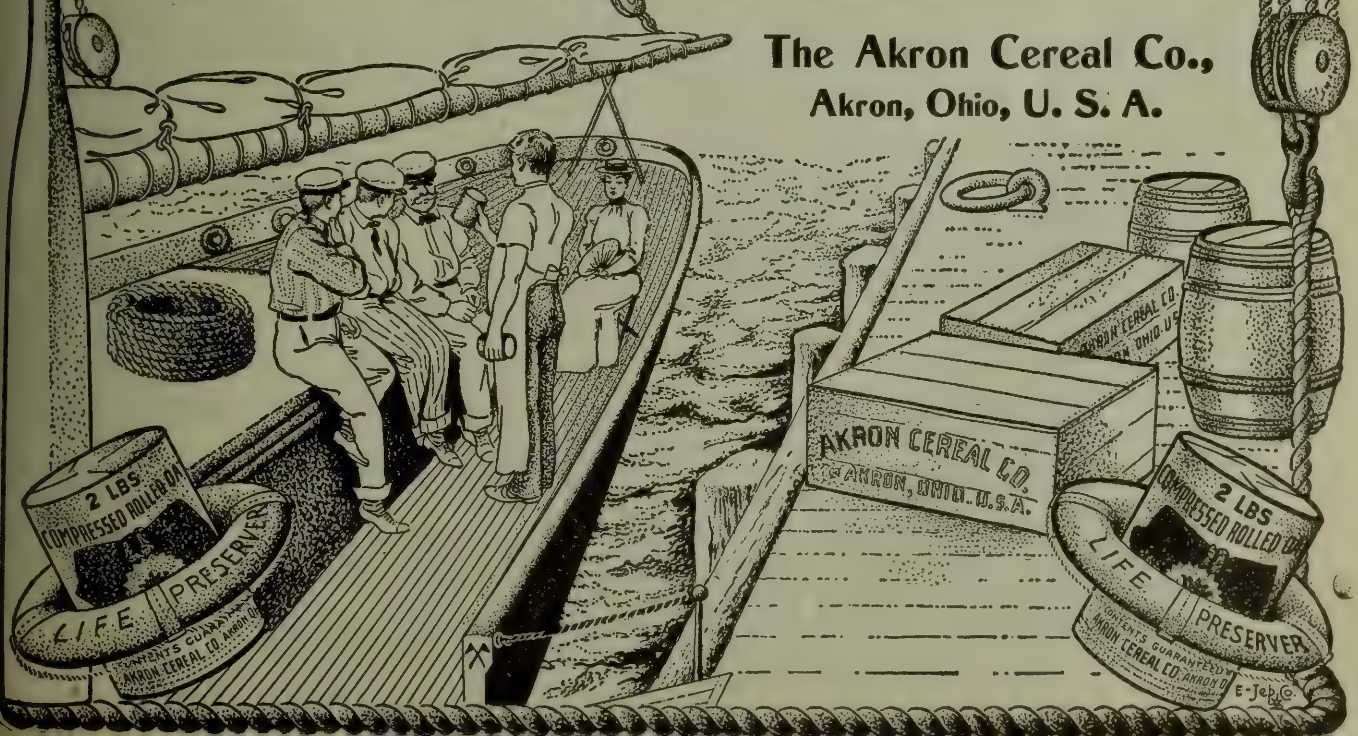
ROYAL SEAL.

Endorsed by leading exporters for high class trade the world over.

If your grocer cannot supply you, send us money order or New York draft for $4.00, and we will ship you a full case of 36 2-lb. cans of nourishing delicious breakfast food. We can ship to any point in the world. We also manufacture the well known-brands of

Mother's Oats and Mother's Flour.

The Akron Cereal Co.,
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.


AKRON CEREAL CO.
AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.
AKRON CEREAL CO.
AKRON, OHIO, U.S.
2 LBS
COMPRESSED ROLLED OATS
LIFE PRESERVER
CONTENTS GUARANTEED
AKRON CEREAL CO. AKRON O.
2 LBS
COMPRESSED ROLLED OATS
LIFE PRESERVER
CONTENTS GUARANTEED
AKRON CEREAL CO. AKRON O.
E-Jep Co.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle
FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Zar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or 1 doz. Chatfield Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Rifle or Shot Gun Powder, listed at $2; or a Nodark Camera listed at $5; or a Snap Shot Album, holding 100 4 x 5 prints, and made by the Buechner Mfg. Co.; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $1.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at $2.50; or 1 doz. Chatfield Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50.; or a fountain Pen made by Laughlin Mfg. Co., and listing at $3; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 101 Primus Oil Stove, listing at $4; or a Hub Hawk-Eye Camera, listed at $5.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Forehand New Model Revolver, listing at $4; or a Yawman & Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5; or a Korona Camera, Model IC, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listing at $7.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7¼x7¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $6.50; or a Split Bamboo Bass or Fly Rod, listed at $6.75; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8; or a Hawk-Eye, Jr., Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $8; or a Bull's Eye Rifle, single shot, ejector, made by Remington Arms Co., and listed at $4.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6; or a Wizard A Camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle No. 44, listed at $10; or a Hudson Fishing Tackle Cabinet, listed at $10; or a No. 40 Stevens New Model Pocket Rifle listed at $12.50.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Korona Camera, Model IA, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13; or a Peabody Carbine valued at $12.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Wizard B Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co. and listed at $14; or a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a 4x5 Tourist Hawk-Eye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $15.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less; or a Mullins' Duck Boat listed at $20; or a Viking Folding Canvas Canoe, made by Glasscock Bros., and listing at $20.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Zonophone, listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½x17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less; or an Al-Vista Camera, made by the Multiscope & Film Co., and listed at $25; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a Shattuck Double Hammerless Shot Gun, listing at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less; or a Hudson Gun Cabinet, No. 10, listing at $15; or an Al-Vista Camera, No. 5-B, listing at $30.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a 5x7 Korona Camera, listed at $32; or a Forehand, grade O, double hammerless shot-gun.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a Reflex Camera, listing at $40.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Clipper or Elk Bicycle, worth $50; or a Korona Long-Focus Camera, 5x7, listed at $50.

SIXTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Lefever Hammerless Shot-gun, Grade H, listed at $44; or an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot-gun, listed at $40.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Wilkesbarre Gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic ejector, listed at $120.

Address,

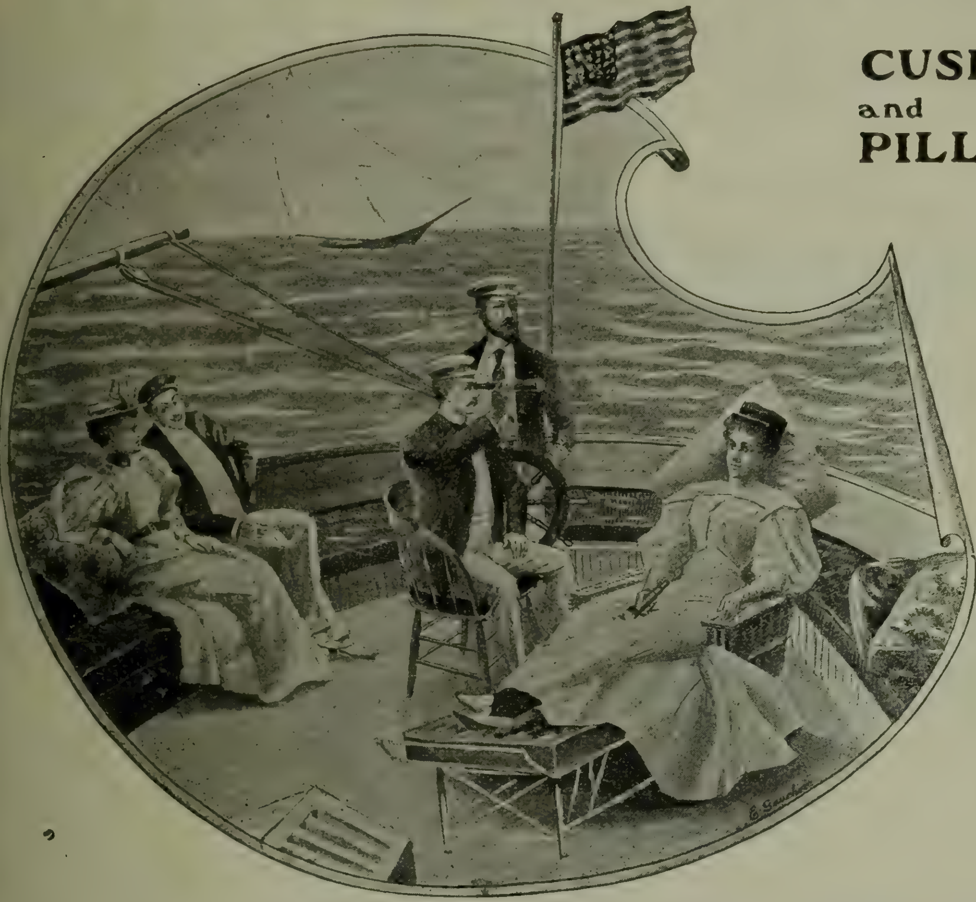
Recreation 23 West 24th Street
New York

Are you going CAMPING or YACHTING this summer?

If so, your equipment is not
complete without

"PERFECTION" AIR MATTRESSES

CUSHIONS and PILLOWS



Made of strong cotton duck coated with pure Para Rubber MADE ODORLESS.

Stayed at regular intervals to prevent bulging. May be laid on the ground or on the deck of a yacht and no moisture will penetrate them.

When deflated can be carried in a grip or packed away in small space for storage.

Many well known Ships and Yachts are equipped with "PERFECTION" AIR MATTRESSES and CUSHIONS which are giving entire satisfaction

THE IDEAL BED FOR SUMMER HOMES AT THE SEASHORE AND MOUNTAINS

Convenient

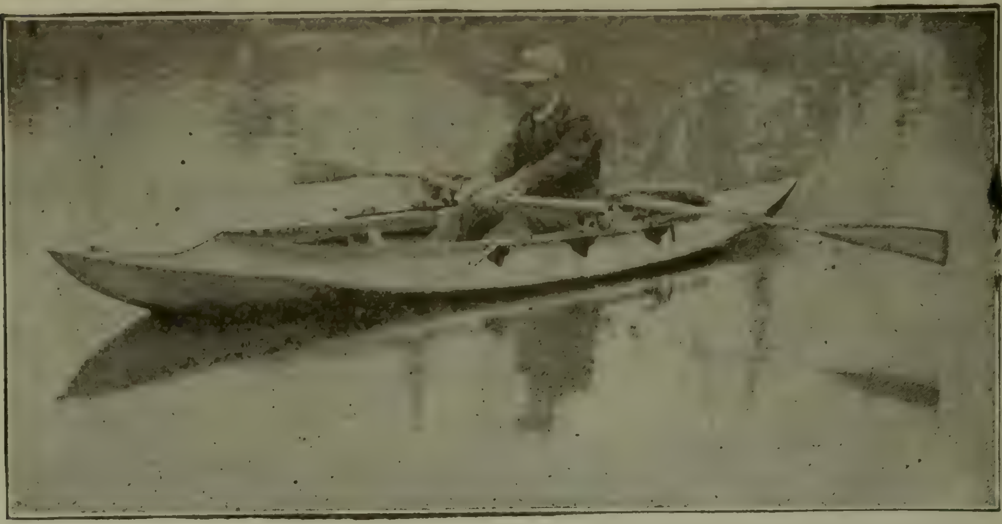
Durable

Economical

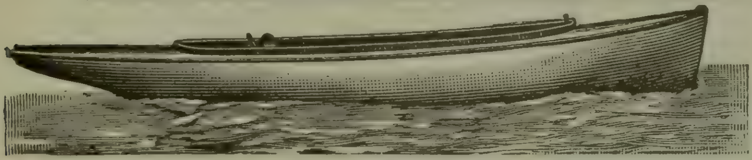
CAMP MATTRESS No. 61, WITH PILLOW ATTACHED
(Also showing mattress deflated)

Send for illustrated catalogue giving description and Price List, also booklet "WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT PERFECTION AIR GOODS"

Mechanical Fabric Co. Indian Rubber Manufacturers
PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.

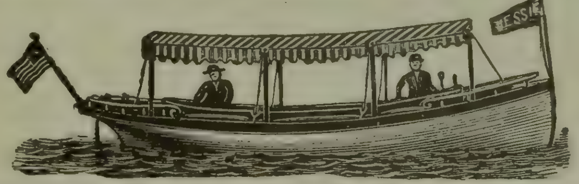


BUSTLE DUCK BOAT
Made in Sheet Metal. Best Boat Made.
Send for Catalogue
W. H. MULLINS
228 Depot St,
SALEM, O.



Pierce Vapor Launches
Safe, Reliable and Guaranteed. No Fire. No Government Inspection. Send for Catalogue.
PIERCE ENGINE CO., Box 6, Racine Jct., Wis.

PUNCTURE PROOF FOLDING BOATS. Adopted by the U. S. War and Navy Depts. in March and Sept. 1899. Only medal and award at World's Fair. Beautiful models, perfectly safe for family as well as sportsmen's use. Sails, centerboards, rudders. Packs in small case. Send 6 cents for catalogue, 50 engravings.
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., Kalmazoo, Mich., U. S. A.



No Fire Smoke or Heat, Absolutely Safe. Send five stamps for Catalogue
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

For Sale: One 1873 model Winchester Rifle, 38 calibre, with Ideal reloading tools complete for $10. Gun in perfect condition, Or will exchange.
Charles W. Potter, East Enterprise, Switzerland Co., Indiana.

Wanted: A pointer dog in exchange for job printing. Must be well bred, registered or elegible, strong, healthy, and have good points, especially good straight tail.
Orman T. Pratt, Dover, Maine.

For Sale or Exchange: Pointer dogs, broken or unbroken, or fine coach dog. Will trade for small bore Winchester or Marlin rifle.
Geo. Sell, Sycamore, Ill.

For Sale:—2 Irish setter pups, 4 months old, fine stock, $10. each.
T. Le Retilley, Roscoe, Ohio.

For Sale: $60 list Ithaca hammerless, 12 gauge, 26 inch barrels, fine condition. $30.
R. T. Ives, Antrim, Pa,

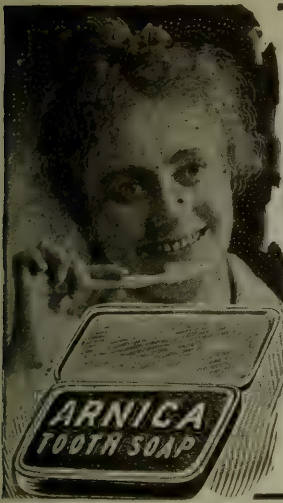
A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE
FOR 50 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION
For particulars address this office

For Sale: One 5 x 7 Cycle Wizard B Camera, practically new, and an extra fine instrument, complete with carrying case and 5 double plate holders. Great Bargain. Express prepaid to the buyer at $15.
Dr. W. E. Bartlett, Belle Plaine, Kansas.

For Sale: Nearly new, 12 gauge Remington Hammerless Gun, $25; First-class Rabbit Hound, $10. Or will exchange hound for rod and reel or anything of like value.
George C. Hyde, Port Washington, N. Y.

For Sale: $90. Special Syracuse Ejector, finest Damascus, gold name plate. fully engraved frame, shot only 300 times, cost $150, 6½ pounds, drop 2¾-14, a beauty.
R. F. Billings, Corona, Calif.

For Sale or Exchange: Indian relics. Relics bought.
Dr. Lewis A. Twining, Borodino, N. Y.



ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP
Beautifies, cleanses, preserves and whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath.
The World's Standard Dentifrice for 30 years.
Used in a million homes. Put up in neat and handy boxes—the ideal package for the traveler. No dust, no powder, no liquid to waste, or to stain or soil garments.
25c at all Druggists.
C. H. STRONG & CO., Props.,
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

For Summer,
Porous
Jaeger
PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
New York: 16 West 23d Street
166 Broadway
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton Street
Boston: 169 Tremont Street
Philadelphia: 924 Chestnut Street
Chicago: 74 State Street

HOW VERY SAD?

FRED F. FRENCH.

Oh! anguish deep, that man must go
With rod and reel, a gun or so,
To where the birds and fishes dwell,
And leave one there, the tale to tell.

The harrowing thought can not find words
To ease the heart, where countless birds
Before his gun have paid life's debt,
That there remains another yet.

That of each precious kind and breed,
A single one is left for seed;
And in the depths of his despair
He seeks the cool and mountain air,

Where lie the fat and gamy trout,
And straightway starts to jerk them out;
'Till hundreds strew the mossy shore,
And in the stream are left no more,

To ease his heavy aching breast,
And he must stop awhile and rest.
"Oh! why should nature seem to be
Thus heaping up my misery?

"My time's my own, and I could fish
From morn 'till night, did I but wish;
I'll have a lumber wagon brought
To gather in the lot I've caught.

"And since I'm treated thus, so mean,
I'll not again be heard or seen
In shady wood, or trout stream's bed,
'Till hours have passed above my head."

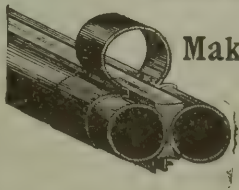
TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHTS
To suit all manner of rifle cranks and pocketbooks of all dimensions, from the $10 complete outfit to $50 and upward. Our "SNAP SHOT" telescopes are far ahead of any known rifle sight for off-hand and hunting purposes, while the principal rest-shooters find their ideal in our high-grade target telescopes. The highest known scores have been made with their aid. SEND FOR LIST.
JNO. W. SIDLE
628 Race St. PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.
Send for 96 Page Catalogue of
Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.
WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

Rifle Telescopes.
The Duplex Telescope Sight is made and sold by LAWSON C. CUMMINS, at Montpelier, Vt. The best quality of achromatic lenses that can be produced are in it. The tube is of thick steel and browned as well as any other rifle work, bore three-fourths of an inch, and length from twelve to twenty-six inches. Each hanging is milled from one block of steel. The sighting point in the hunting model is indestructible, being of metal, and is perfectly safe to trust for a hunting trip in any exposure. No other telescope sight has ever equaled this in durability, or in the practical application of directing rifle shots. It is made in one grade only, sold at one price, and with a single profit. Send for the "Red Catalogue."

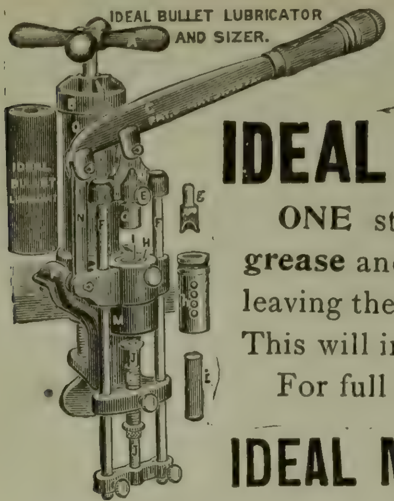
Telescopic Sights
FOR HARD USE AND FINE WORK.
ADDRESS FOR CIRCULAR,
L. N. MOGG, Marcellus, N. Y.

BARGER GUN SIGHT
(PAT. APPLIED FOR)



Makes Wing Shooting Easy
Price 50 cents
Circular free. Give gauge and length of barrels.
RUSHWORTH & BARGER
150 Fifth Ave., New York

For Sale: A Tribune Tandem, 98 model. Good as new; ridden less than 500 miles.
Address S. G., care of Recreation.



JUST OUT!

IDEAL LUBRICATOR AND SIZER.

ONE stick of our **Anti-Leading** lubricant, will **grease** and **size 500** to **2500 Bullets,** according to size, leaving them **true** and **clean, without soiling** the hands. This will interest all who **SHOOT A RIFLE** or **PISTOL.**

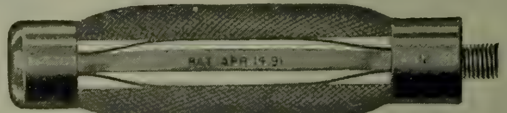
For full description and prices address

IDEAL MANUFACTURING CO., **New Haven, Ct., U. S. A.**

When you write, kindly mention RECREATION.

If you own a Shot Gun

you must realize the importance of the care of it. We have the **only** tool needed to keep your gun in perfect condition. Our past 9 years of success prove this **positively.** Nothing will stop a gun from leading if you use it, as the friction on the barrel leaves a small deposit of lead. You can not stop this, but you can remove it by using a **Tomlinson** cleaner, and with a small amount of work. We (and thousands of others) claim **it will** remove all lead, rust or any foreign matter. **It will** not injure the barrel, as its 4 square inches of brass wire gauze are softer than the steel.



It will last a life time, as its only wearing part can be replaced (when worn (it will clean a gun a great many times) for 10c per pair. **Tomlinson** gives you an extra pair of sides with each tool. **Remember** neglected lead and rust cause "pitts" and that means expense. We make them in gauges 8 to 20—fit any rod. All dealers sell them. Price, $1.00. Send for a booklet of information and testimonials, and have your dealer show you the **Tomlinson,** or, we will send direct. You can use them in your "pump" gun the same as in a breech-loader.

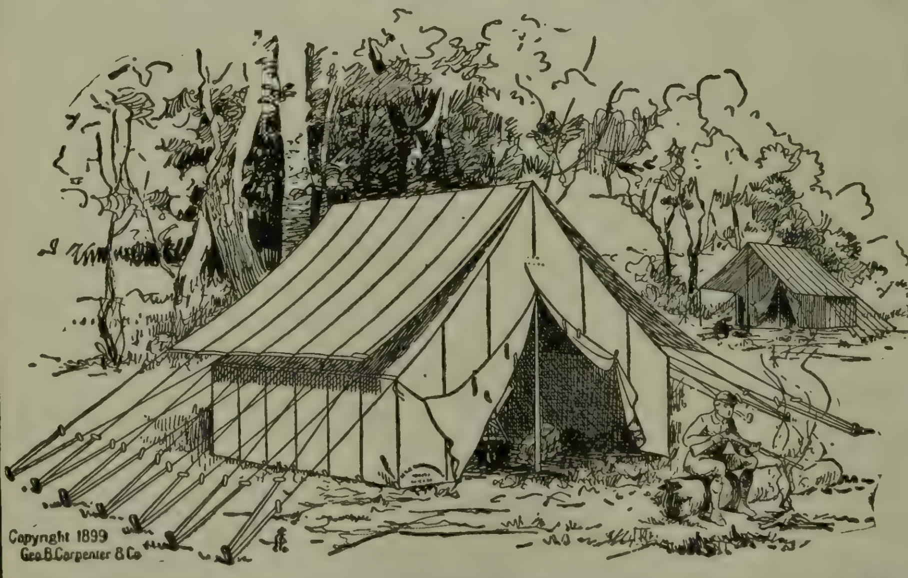
"USED EVERYWHERE IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD."

THE GEO. T. TOMLINSON CO., 109 Cortland Ave., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1840

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.

Makers of Tents, Flags, and Sails



Camp Furniture AND... Outfits Rainproof Covers

CONTRACTORS TO THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

202, 204, 206, 208 S. WATER STREET
CHICAGO

Send 6 cents in stamps for our new 80-page catalogue of Tents, etc., illustrating every style and size from the largest U. S. army tent to the smallest camping tent.

Ready for a Run

The man who wears the President Improved Suspender is ready for a run or a ride, for working or for walking. He has the best equipment in suspenders that it is possible to secure. It does away with belts and buckles. It relegates to the past the old fashioned leather straps that served as suspenders.

President Suspender

IMPROVED

is so constructed that it readily adjusts itself to every bend of the body. Trimmings will not rust. Be sure you get the genuine. Refuse imitations.

$1500.00 FOR YOUR ESTIMATE.

Every purchaser of President Suspenders is entitled to take part in the Presidential Vote Contest. $1500.00 in gold as prizes. Full information given with each suspender. At all dealers, or direct from us 50 cts. postpaid. Contest is open now. Closes Nov. 5th.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 219, Shirley, Mass.

The homely worm had been transformed into an ethereal creature known as the butterfly.

"How you have changed?" remarked the red spider.

"What brought about that beautiful transformation?" inquired the white gnat.

"What caused you to turn?’ asked the grasshopper.

Then the butterfly spoke for the first time:

"Even the worm will turn."

Thus we find that passe sayings are current in the field.—Chicago News.

"Did you strike a paying claim in that mining region?"

"I did," answered the promoter. "I claimed we had found a marvel of richness, and I'm still selling at $5 apiece all the stock certificates we can print. I don't know when I have done anything in the claiming way that paid so well."—Washington Star.

When the fool hath nothing to say, he telleth it; but when the wise man hath something to say he keepeth it to himself.

FRANK ERNE
Champion Lightweight of the World, in a newspaper interview, unsolicited, speaks of this club as the only thing new in exercisers that is of real merit.

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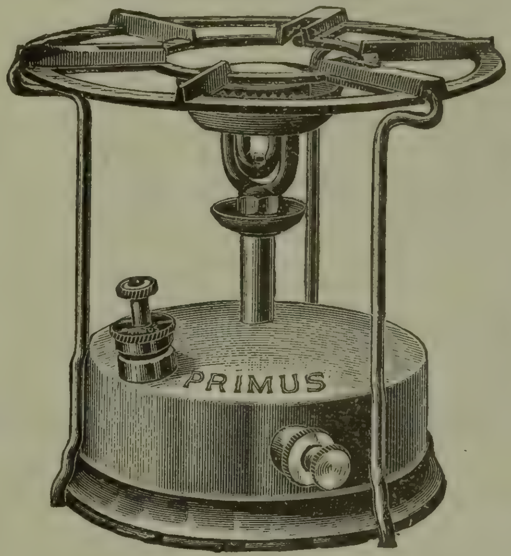

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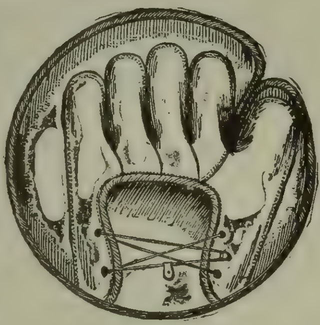

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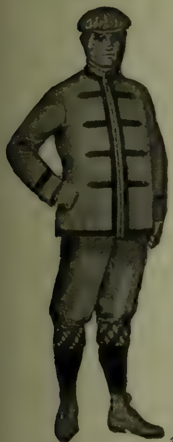

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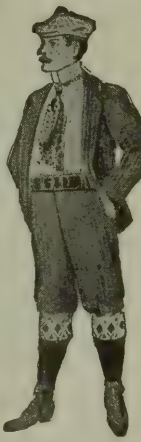

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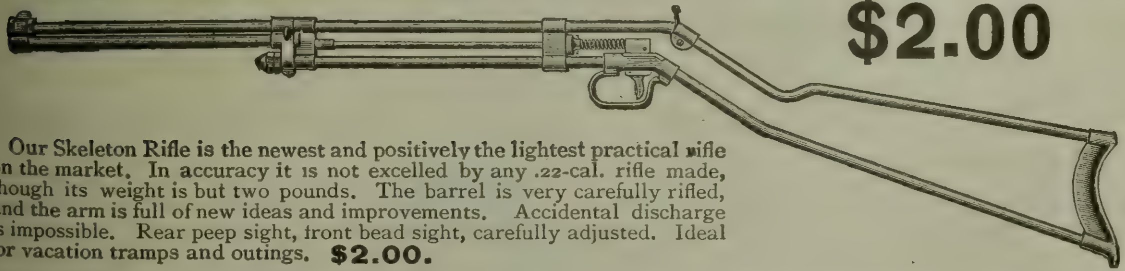

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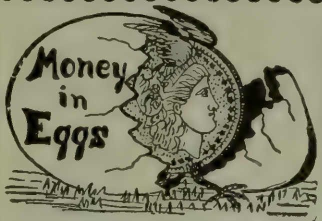

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References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

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A Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3, for 3 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Every camper knows the advantage of having a good fountain pen in his pocket, and this is one of that kind.

NEW GUIDE BOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

Mr. F. I. Whitney, G. P. and T. A. of the Great Northern Railway, has issued a new book entitled "Shooting and Fishing Along the Great Northern," which is destined to have an immense circulation among sportsmen. It is beautifully illustrated with photographs and original drawings, and no sportsman can look over these without feeling the divine afflatus. If he reads the pages and pages of minute directions as to where the various species of game and game fishes are to be found in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Washington, his temperature is likely to go to 110 before he gets half through with the book. This is one of the most valuable publications of its class that I have ever seen. Everything you could possibly wish to know about a country before going into it is fully stated here. Then in addition to the text there are 24 pages of tables. These contain the names of all the stations on the Great Northern system, alphabetically arranged. In the next column the distance from each station to St. Paul is given; in the next the species of fish to be found adjacent to each station; in the next the kinds of game; in the next the names of the principal lakes; in the next the names of the hotels and their rates; in the next the names of good guides and the wages they charge; in the next brief notes as to the surrounding country, and in the last column general remarks regarding the hunting and fishing. As a sample of the frankness and candor of the man who puts out this book, I quote a few of these remarks.

Opposite the name of one town he says, "Not recommended for visitors." Opposite another he says, "Pretty well hunted and fished." In another line he says, "A newly opened section, exceptionally good sport almost certain; deer numerous, fishing excellent." Opposite Dalton station he says, "No finer fishing or duck shooting in Minnesota."

On pages 124, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, synopses are given of the game laws of the stations on the Great Northern. Then in the back of the book is found a most excellent map of the Lake Park region of Minnesota, showing something more than 3,000 lakes and half as many streams. This is one of the most delightful fishing countries in the world, and no man should permit himself to live and die without taking a shy at it.

If you want a copy of this book write F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., and mention RECREATION.

Every League member should send in at least 10 cents to aid in buying a watch to be presented to the Hon. John F. Lacey, as a token of our appreciation of his great work in securing the passage of the Lacey Bird bill.

Special Sale of High Grade Tackle

Our $15 "MONARCH" grade of genuine hand-made split bamboo Fly and Bait Rods are celebrated throughout the United States. Every rod is thoroughly warranted and many of our customers have told us that they were equal to the best rods they had ever seen.

Each rod is made by hand from carefully selected bamboo with generous windings and the highest quality of finish. The mountings are of genuine German silver with finest cork hand grips. They are made in several lengths and weights.

Fly rods, 9 to 10 ft. 6 in. and from 4 to 7 oz.

Bait rods, 7 to 10 ft. and from 6 to 12 oz.

Each rod in a covered form and a substantial canvas case. Special price to RECREATION readers, $10.

A "FRANKFORT" reel of very fine quality and light weight is offered this month at a special price.

The greatest reel concern in Kentucky has discovered an aluminum alloy that is at once hard, unyielding, very tough and wonderfully light. It looks exactly like sterling silver and retains a beautiful finish. All the heavy parts of the reel are made of this metal, the bars, spool heads and balance handle are made of German silver, the pinions are of Stubbs' English steel rod and the gear cut from drawn brass rod.

Each reel has click and drag and is quadruple multiplying, the spool is 1½ in. long and has a 2 in. head and the reel holds 80 yards. With a little care it will last 20 years. Special price, $12.

"MOOSEHEAD" enameled waterproof line, the finest line for the money in the world today. Put up 25 yds. on a card, 4 connected. Special price per card for size H, small, 40c; size G, medium, 50c; size F, med. large, 60c.

The "NATCHAUG" celebrated waterproof lines at a special price. This brand of waterproof line is probably better known than any in the market, and we have never before offered it at so low a price. Put up 25 yds. on a card, 4 cards connected. Special price per card, No. H, small, 30c; No. G, medium, 40c; No. F, medium large, 50c.

LEADERS. Special price for this occasion. Our extra quality tested "Hercules" leaders, stained an invisible coffee color. Each leader made with loops and put up on a card. Price each, 1 yd. single, 10c; per doz., $1; 2 yds., 20c each; 1 yd. double, 20c each; 2 yds. double, 40c each.

FLIES. Specially fine imported trout flies in all the leading patterns. These are double wing flies tied to our special order on bronzed pennel hooks with helpers on special coffee-colored gut and no such flies have ever been offered in this country for the money. Put up half a doz. of a kind on a card. Special price per card, 30c.

We desire every reader of RECREATION to carefully consider the above prices. Each article offered is the best of its kind and money will be freely returned if the goods are not satisfactory in every way.

Henry C. Squires & Son
20 Cortlandt St., New York.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

COLORADO.

W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, elk, bear, deer antelope, trout, and grouse.
J. M. Campbell, Buford, ditto

FLORIDA.

Carson Bros., Frostproof, Polk Co., bear, deer, turkeys, alligators, bass, catfish.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., ditto
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "
H. W. Johnson, Ketchum, "
J. B. Crapo, Kilgore, "
Chas. Pettys, " "

MAINE.

James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.

MONTANA.

James Blair, Lakeview, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. A. Hague, Fridley, ditto
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
A. H. McManus, Superior, "
A. T. Leeds, Darby, "
Geo. M. Ferrell, Jardine, Park Co., "
Chas. Marble, Aldridge, Park Co., "
Geo. M. Ferrell, Jardine, "
E. E. Van Dyke. Red Lodge, "

NEW YORK.

E. W. Kinne, Mongaup Valley, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Henry N. Mullin, Box 74, Harrisville, N. Y., deer grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto

OREGON.

W. H. Boren, Camas Valley, elk, mule and black tail deer, antelope, bear, Chinese pheasants.

WYOMING.

Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
James L. Simpson, Jackson, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
Cecil J. Huntington, Dayton, "
J. L. Simpson, Jackson, "
Frank L. Peterson, Jackson, "
S. N. Leek, Jackson, "

CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Geo. E. Armstrong, Perth Centre, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
Adam Moore, Scotch Lake, York Co., N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
W. A. Brewster, Banff, Rocky Mountain Park, Can., bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, caribou, trout and salmon.

Is Your Gun Worth Saving?
Is Your Time Worth Anything?

The Gun Bore Treatment

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It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the Rusting, Pitting and Leading of the bore of Firearms.

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My ranch is in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains, where elk, deer, bear and antelope may still be found in fair numbers. Also fine trout fishing. Rates reasonable.

References:
Ex-Gov. W. A. Richards, U. S. Land Department, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Willis Van Devanter, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C.; Dr. A. W. Barber, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Scenery on route from here to Park finest to be seen on any trip in the mountains.

Address Geo. B. McClelland, Red Bank, Wyo.

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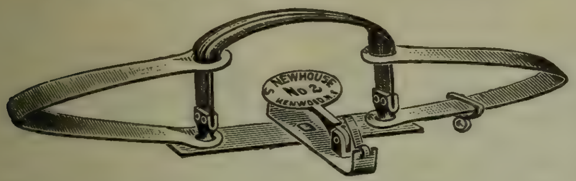

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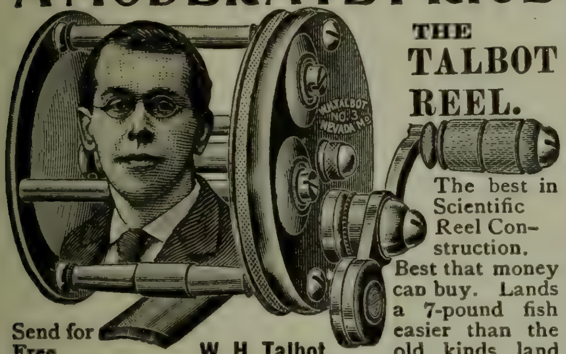
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A valuable book for rod and line fishermen.

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unusually large and in perfect condition

Price reasonable

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Newly Built and Furnished

Best Hunting and Fishing Grounds in the Adirondacks Rates a Day **$2.00**

Guides Furnished. Stage from Newton Falls to connect with steamer.

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30c for an assorted sample doz. Regular Price, 60 cents. **Quality B Flies**
60c for an assorted sample doz. Regular Price, 84 cents. **Quality C Flies**
60c for an assorted sample doz. Regular Price, 84 cents. **Bass Flies**

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Fly Rods 10 feet, 6 ounces **70c** **Bait Rods** 9 feet, 8 ounces

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Try our New
Braided Silk Enameled Waterproof

METAL CENTRE LINE

Size No. 5, 4½c per Yard
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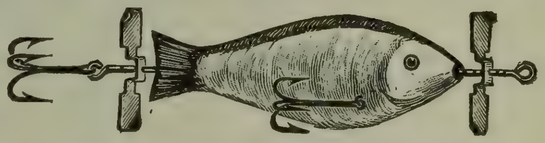
PUT UP IN 10-YARD LENGTHS CONNECTED

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.
523 Broadway New York

TACKLE catalog free on application.

BASS MINNOW



Double Spinner Artificial Minnow

The best Bass bait ever used. Will catch Bass when all others fail.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cent money order.

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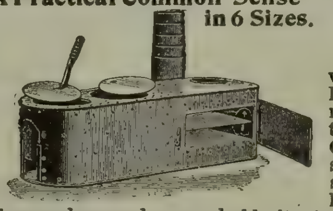
A Practical Common Sense in 6 Sizes. **CAMP STOVE**



Either with or without oven. The lightest, strongest, most compact, practical stove made. Cast combination sheet steel top, smooth outside, heavy lining in fire box and around oven, holds its shape, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns larger wood and keeps fire longer than any other. Used by over 9,000 campers and only one stove returned.

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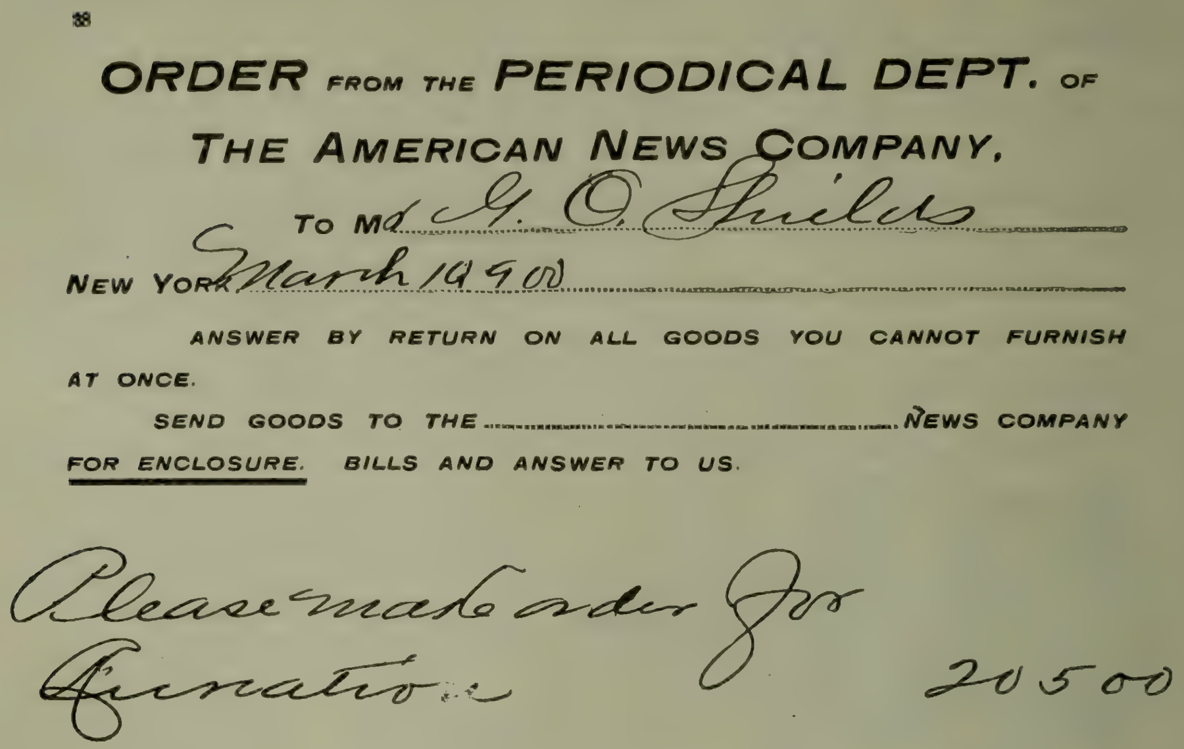

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ORDER FROM THE **PERIODICAL DEPT.** OF
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

To Mr G. O. Shields

NEW YORK March 1900

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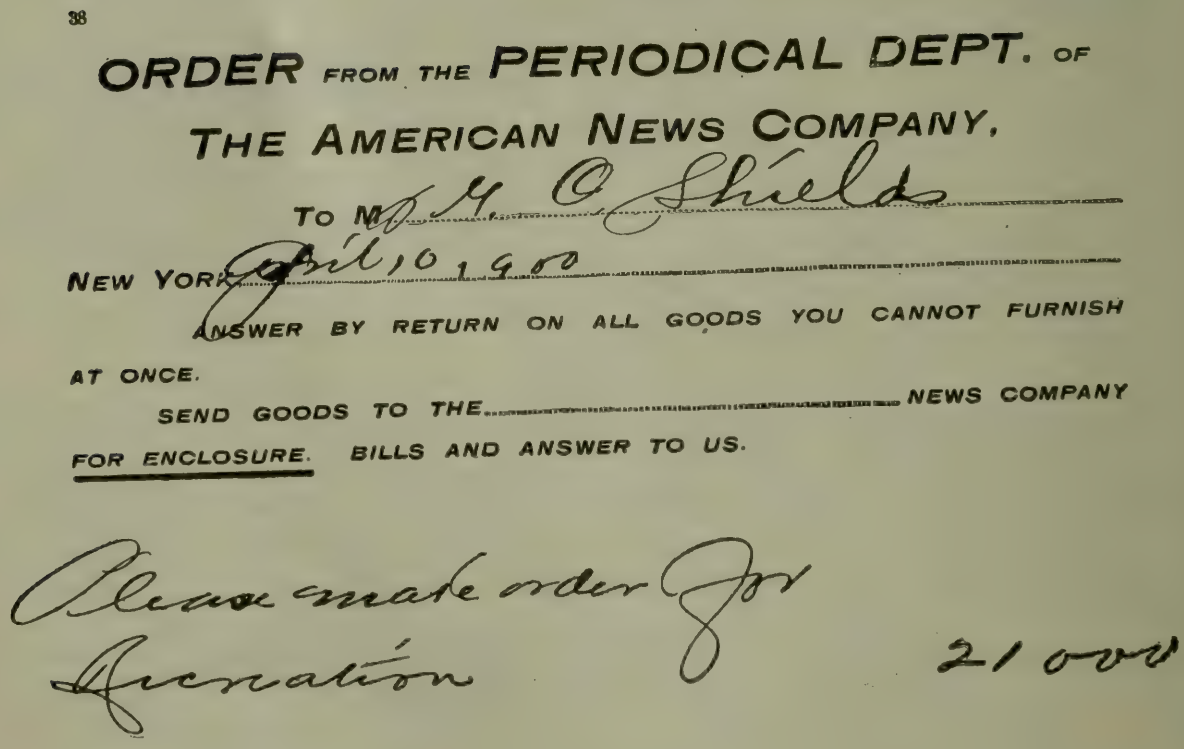

38

ORDER FROM THE **PERIODICAL DEPT.** OF
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To Mr G. O. Shields

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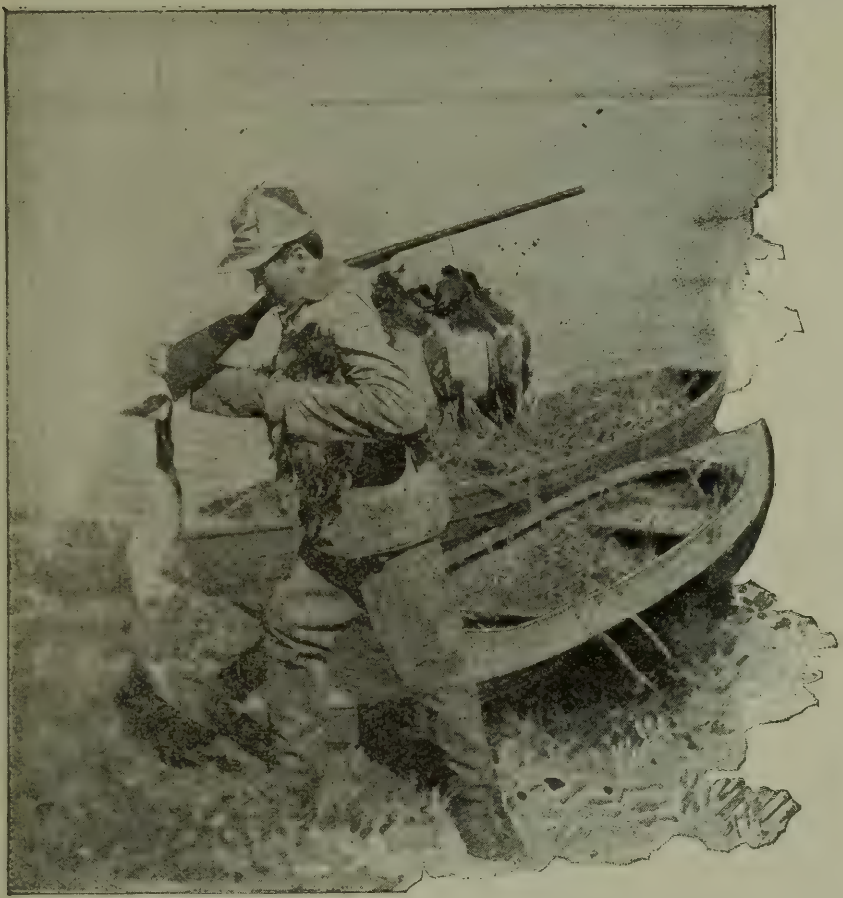
Please make order for
Recreation 21000

Again I suggest that you ask some of the other sportsmen's journals to show you their News Co. orders and see how quickly they will say No.

Where to go Shooting?



ON STUMP LAKE, DEVIL'S LAKE DISTRICT, NORTH DAKOTA.

(A SAMPLE ILLUSTRATION)

This all absorbing question can be answered to the complete satisfaction of all concerned by a reference to the new illustrated edition of "Shooting and Fishing along the line of the

Great Northern Railway"

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR A 2c. STAMP

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F. I. WHITNEY, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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WHAT THEY SAY OF RECREATION.

RECREATION is the best, cleanest and most elevating in its influence of any periodical of its kind I ever read. It is interesting from first to last. May the crusade on the game hogs be pushed with vigor until the breed becomes a thing of the past. You show them no mercy, whether they be rich or poor. If any partiality appears it is to the latter. I never get out to hunt or fish, but I like to live near nature, which I do by reading RECREATION.

J. T. Foster, Pasadena, Cal.

RECREATION deserves the support of all true sportsmen and of all who appreciate up-to-date literature touching natural history, amateur photography, game fishing, the care of guns and tackle, and the thousand and one things a sportsman should be interested in. The campaign so constantly kept up against wanton destruction of game animals and fishes should bring you the endorsement of all right-thinking people.

Jasper Bradley,
New Cumberland, W. Va.

In a recent issue of RECREATION you advertised a list of reloading tools and sights for me and the results were far better than I had expected. Not only did I sell all my tools, etc., but had inquiries from all parts of America, and could have sold my outfit several times over. If all the advertisers who use your columns get as good results as I did their relations with RECREATION should be very pleasant.

C. A. Damon, Fenton, Mich.

Please take that dog ad out of RECREATION and send me the bill. I have a wagon load of letters about dogs, and they are still coming. I had one answer to the ad 3 days before I received my copy of RECREATION with the ad in it, which speaks well for the value of your magazine as an advertising medium.

H. E. Wadsworth, Lander, Wyo.

I am 56 years old and never shot at a piece of game in my life, but I read with interest the accounts in RECREATION of their habits and the descriptions of their haunts. The knowledge I gain of the different sections of our country is of great benefit to me.

S. F. Woolley, Allentown, N. J.

Needless to say, I like RECREATION. The information one gets from the Fish and Fishing, Guns and Ammunition and Natural History departments of the magazine in one number is worth much more than the year's subscription.

J. H. Hicks,
St. Gabriel de Brandon, P. Q.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine published, and I wish it continued success. The way you treat the game hogs appeals to every true sportsman's heart, and he can't help joining with you to suppress them.

Paul B. Reynolds, New York City.

Reading RECREATION an hour is as good as a day's genuine sport with gun, rod or camera. It is a health preserver to me. I hope you may ever keep your gun cocked and your spear sharpened for the hogs. Down with 'em.

W. I. Stewart, Boyne City, Mich.

A better magazine than RECREATION I have never seen. It is responsible for my beginning photography. I beg you to persevere in your attacks on the game hog. We see in England the undoubted result of such pigs having their own way.

Stanley Franklin, Chelmsford, Eng.

I take more solid comfort to the square inch with RECREATION than from all other magazines now on the market, and the people I have obtained subscriptions from express themselves in like terms.

M. W. Demarest, Elmira, N. Y.

I suppose you are long on compliments to RECREATION; but I must say that my copy is constantly on the table and is read over and over again. It is both interesting and instructive.

Oscar Riedel, Dorchester, Mass.

An ad in your valuable magazine brought me offers from all over the United States, and since the chances are in favor of a law to protect rabbits I have ordered 100.

E. C. Werthmuller,
Staten Island, N. Y.

It does me good to see how you roast the game hogs. Give them all you can. I think a great deal of RECREATION. Don't see how you can publish it for 10 cents.

G. H. Olcott, New London, Ohio.

I am a subscriber for 6 sportsmen's journals and would rather have RECREATION than any other 3 I ever saw. It is worth many times its cost.

J. M. Stedman, Columbia, Mo.

Grand Cañon of Arizona

Most wonderful scene in the world, now quickly and comfortably reached by rail instead of by a long stage ride.

An inexpensive side excursion to a California trip on the

Santa Fe Route

For full particulars apply to

General Passenger Office
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Co.
CHICAGO

IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

Of Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, there are hundreds of the most charming Summer Resorts awaiting the arrival of thousands of tourists from the South and East.

Among the list of near by places are Fox Lake, Delavan, Lauderdale, Waukesha, Oconomowoc, Palmyra, The Dells at Kilbourn, Elkhart and Madison, while a little farther off are Minocqua, Star Lake, Frontenac, White Bear, Minnetonka, and Marquette on Lake Superior.

For pamphlet of

"Summer Homes for 1900,"

or for copy of our handsomely illustrated Summer book, entitled

"In The Lake Country,"

apply to nearest ticket agent or address with four cents in postage,

GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A VALUABLE MAP

NEW AND OLD POSSESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

A new map, quite different from the old style of railroad map, is that just issued by the New York Central Lines.

Complete and accurate as to detail. Just the thing to use in studying the new geography in the United States.

A copy will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of three cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

...To "the" Pleasure Resorts of...

Texas and Gulf of Mexico

TAKE

THE MK AND T MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

Via CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, or ST. LOUIS

WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
FREE "KATY" CHAIR CARS

For further information, address
W. S. ST. GEORGE, Gen. East. Agt.
309 Broadway, New York

ROUND THE WORLD

THE route 'round the world is across the American Continent, via New York and Niagara Falls, through the center of the richest country on the globe.

You will be convinced of this if you will examine the new "Round the World" folder just issued by the New York Central Lines.

A copy will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of three cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

..The..
National Educational Association

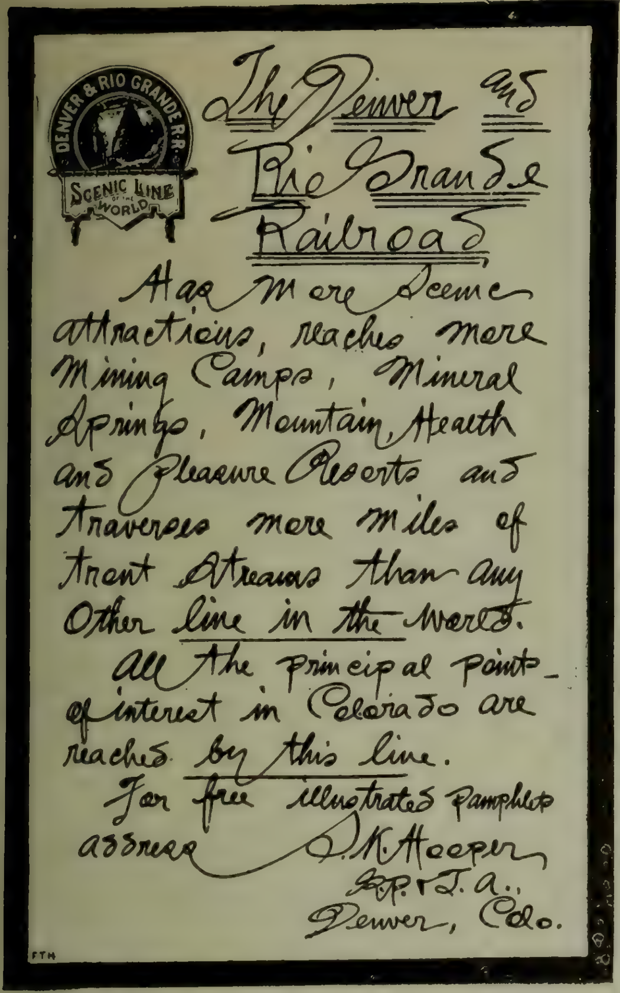
CHARLESTON, S. C.
July 7-13

The famous old city will extend its broadest hospitality. The railroads announce low rates. This convention by the seaside is going to be the greatest ever held. **ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP** (plus $2.00), from all Northern points via Cincinnati and the

Queen & Crescent

Route. Full stop-over privileges, choice of routes and the best service that is to be found anywhere. Tickets are good till September 1st for the return journey.

Write for free literature concerning Charleston, and the way to get there, including literature descriptive of Chickamauga battlefield, Asheville and the "Land of the Sky," etc. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.



DENVER & RIO GRANDE R.R.
SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad

Has More Scenic attractions, reaches more Mining Camps, Mineral Springs, Mountain Health and Pleasure Resorts and traverses more miles of trout streams than any Other line in the world.

All the principal points of interest in Colorado are reached by this line.

For free illustrated pamphlets address S. K. Hooper
G. P. & T. A.,
Denver, Colo.

Virginia Homes

You learn all about Virginia lands, soil, water, climate, resources, products, fruits, berries, mode of cultivation, prices, etc., by reading the VIRGINIA FARMER. Send 10c. for three months' subscription to

FARMER CO., Emporia, Va.

When do you retire?
When does the other fellow retire?

The Manual of U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps Retirements . . .

1900 to 1935 inclusive, will tell you all about it. It covers all retirements within that period. Names are arranged alphabetically, so that you can instantly find the **name and date of retirement** of any officer in either arm of the service. Compiled by Capt. Wm. R. Hamilton, 7th Artillery. Price of book, 25c. Address RECREATION, 23 W. 24th St., N. Y.

For Sale or Exchange: Good Rabbit Hound, $10. Remington Hammerless Gun, 12 gauge, $25.
Geo. C. Hyde, Port Washington, L. I.

THE LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
FAST MAIL LINE
602
CLEVE. ILLUS. BUREAU.

Two New Trains

To accommodate its constantly increasing patronage, two new fast trains have been placed in service over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry., in connection with the New York Central and Boston & Albany roads east of Buffalo, running through daily between Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston.

No. 16 leaves Chicago 2.00 p. m., arrives Boston 5.00 next afternoon.

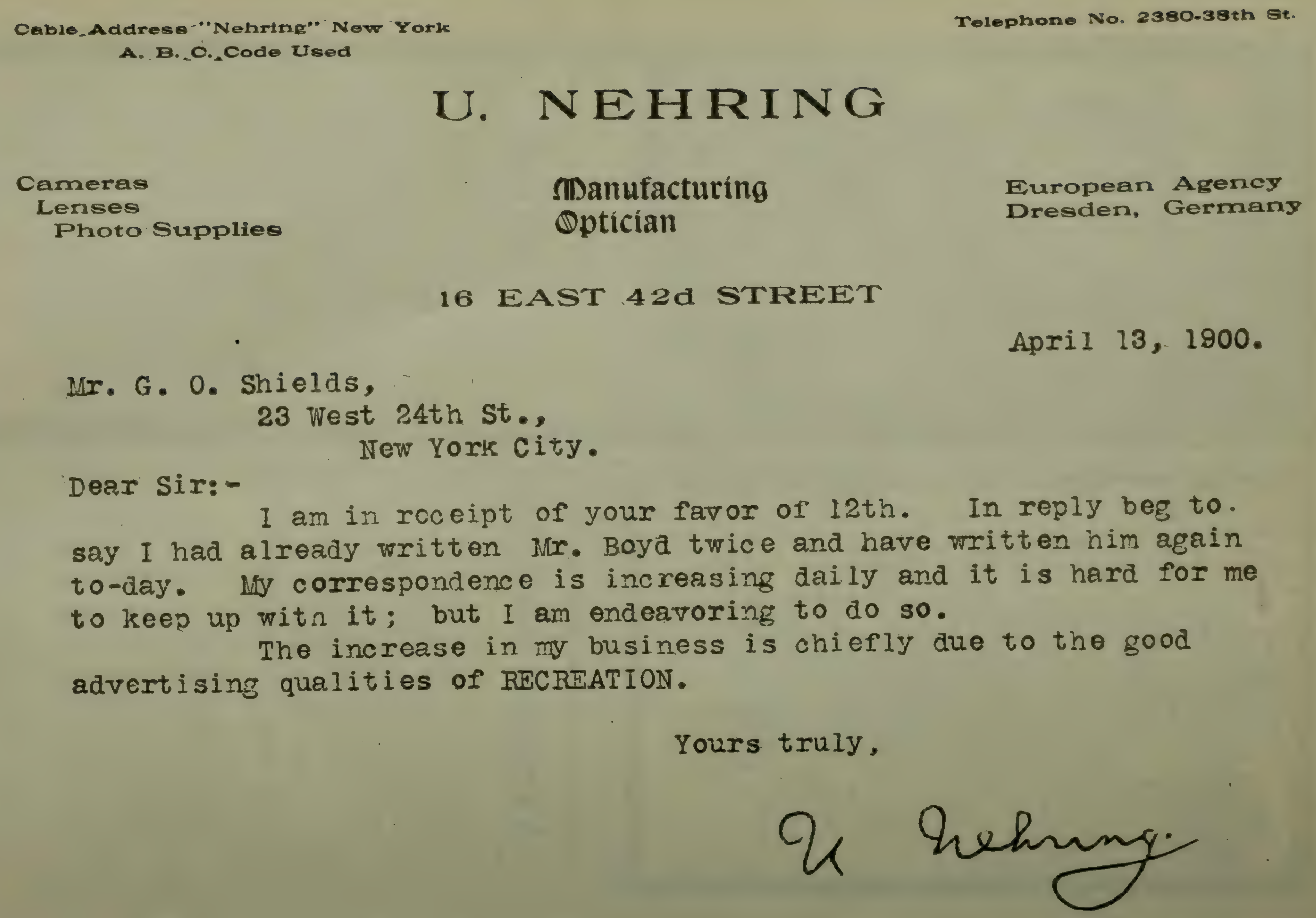
No. 21 leaves New York 2.00 p. m., arrives Chicago 4.00 p. m. next day.

Study the figures a minute. These trains are fast.

Every modern convenience furnished, sleeping cars, buffet, library and smoking car, dining and day cars.

Special Summer Edition "Book of Trains" tells fully about these and other famous Lake Shore Trains; contains also a select list of **Summer Tours** to the east, sent free to any address.

A. J. SMITH,
G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.



Cable Address "Nehring" New York
A. B. C. Code Used

Telephone No. 2380-38th St.

U. NEHRING

Cameras
Lenses
Photo Supplies

Manufacturing
Optician

European Agency
Dresden, Germany

16 EAST 42d STREET

April 13, 1900.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
23 West 24th St.,
New York City.

Dear Sir:-

I am in receipt of your favor of 12th. In reply beg to say I had already written Mr. Boyd twice and have written him again to-day. My correspondence is increasing daily and it is hard for me to keep up with it; but I am endeavoring to do so.

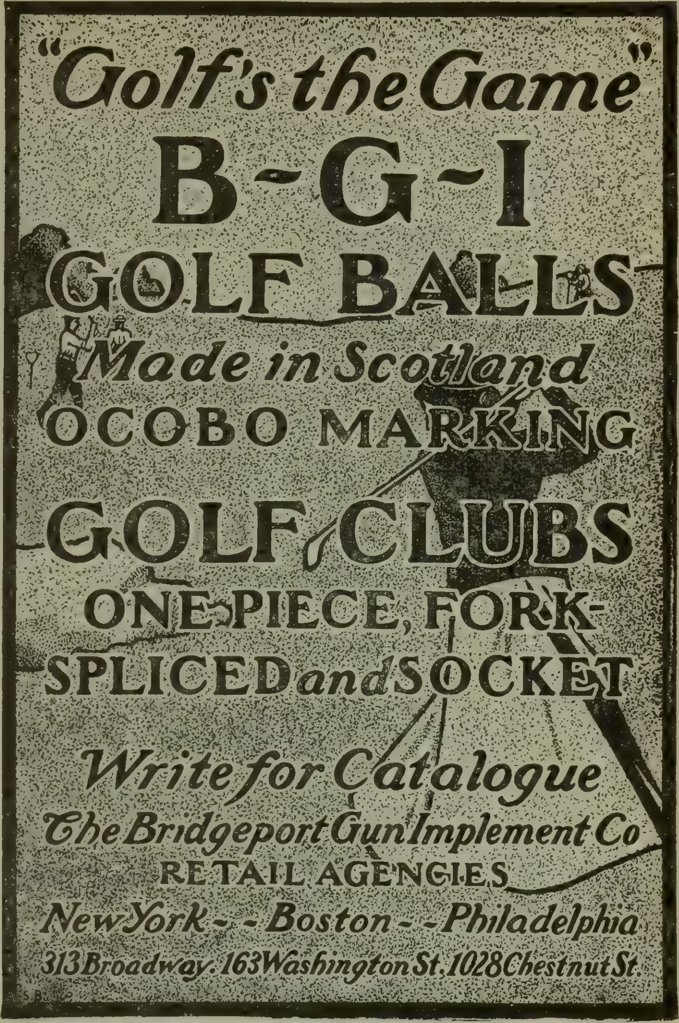
The increase in my business is chiefly due to the good advertising qualities of RECREATION.

Yours truly,

U. Nehring.

BY the time this advertisement is printed Spratts Patent (America) Limited will be fully installed at, and conducting their business from, their new factory, store-houses, offices, etc., at 450 Market St., Newark, N. J. Address all correspondence there and send for catalogue.

Branches: 1385 Valencia St., San Francisco, Cal., and 407 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



"Golf's the Game"

B-G-I

GOLF BALLS

Made in Scotland

OCOBO MARKING

GOLF CLUBS

ONE PIECE, FORK-SPLICED and SOCKET

Write for Catalogue

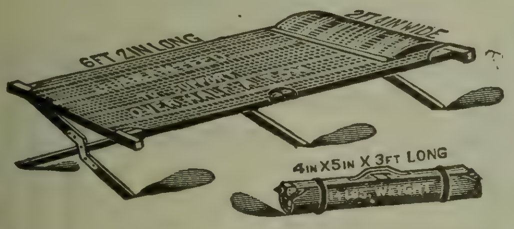
The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co

RETAIL AGENCIES

New York - - Boston - - Philadelphia

313 Broadway. 163 Washington St. 1028 Chestnut St.

GOLD MEDAL CAMP BED



This Camp Bed has been twice adopted over all other competitors as the Standard Army Cot for the United States. In 1899 the government ordered 75,000 cots; on December 18th, 1899, 40,000 more.

Our goods give universal satisfaction. We manufacture Camp Beds, Cots, Stools, Chairs, in great variety, Tables, Settees, etc., also

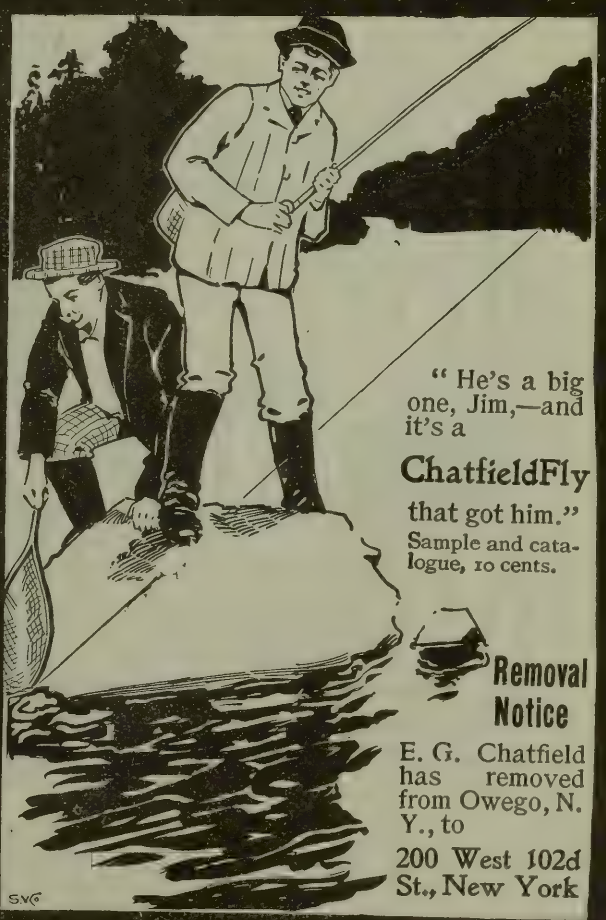
PORTABLE FOLDING

BATH TUBS

all of which fold compactly. Write us for free catalog. When you know the merits of our Gold Medal line, you will buy no other.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Manufacturing Co.

RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.



"He's a big one, Jim,—and it's a

ChatfieldFly

that got him."

Sample and catalogue, 10 cents.

Removal Notice

E. G. Chatfield has removed from Owego, N. Y., to

200 West 102d St., New York

Ye Shakespeare Reel

My eyes were first opened (they have remained open ever since) to the pre-eminent goodness of the Shakespeare Reel, in Florida last winter. On the St. John River there lived in a certain narrow channel and in seeming safety, a thumping big bass. A dense growth of impenetrable bushes on each shore and a vast accumulation of drift-wood above and below, "stood off" all the crack bait casters in our party. One evening on coming out from dinner we found on the porch the record fish of the season—and the man who took it. He told me that he had crawled out to the extreme edge of the upper drift-wood and easily delivered a minnow at headquarters with his first cast.

Then he showed all of us the Shakespeare Quadruple Multiplying Reel, and when I left for home two weeks later, we had among us cleaned out that particular channel, each of us having purchased for $15.00, a similar Reel in the interim. You can post yourself on this superlative Reel by addressing

Wm. Shakespeare, Jr.,
Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

NO. 5.

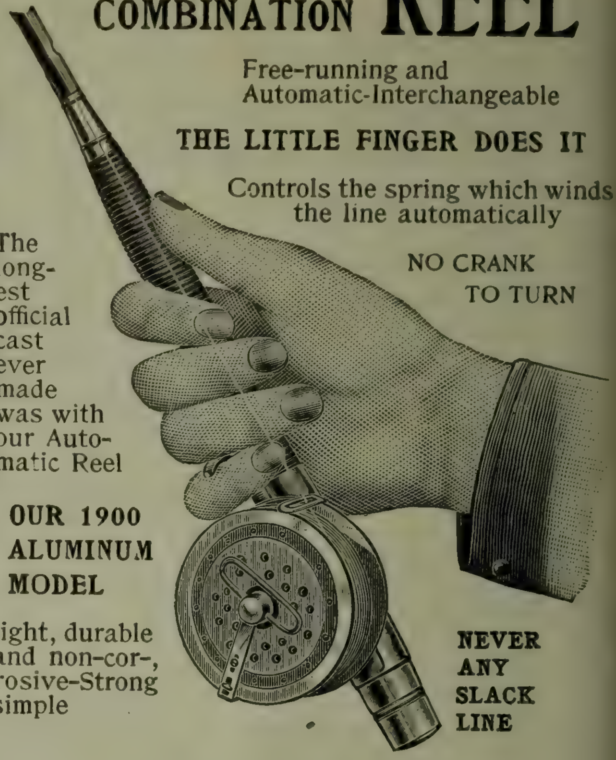
THE AUTOMATIC-COMBINATION REEL

Free-running and
Automatic-Interchangeable

THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT

Controls the spring which winds
the line automatically

NO CRANK
TO TURN



The longest official cast ever made was with our Automatic Reel

OUR 1900 ALUMINUM MODEL

light, durable and non-corrosive—Strong simple

NEVER ANY SLACK LINE

Send for Catalogue, Dept. X

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Man:—
Are you a fisherman?
Yes? Pleased to receive your assurance.

Then we know you would like to learn about the very BEST rod.

BUY

THE "BRISTOL"

ROD

Drop a postal to the makers,
The Horton M'f'g Co.,
Bristol, Conn., and
ask for free catalogue.

Just a suggestion:—
Suppose you write
TO-DAY—lest you
forget it.

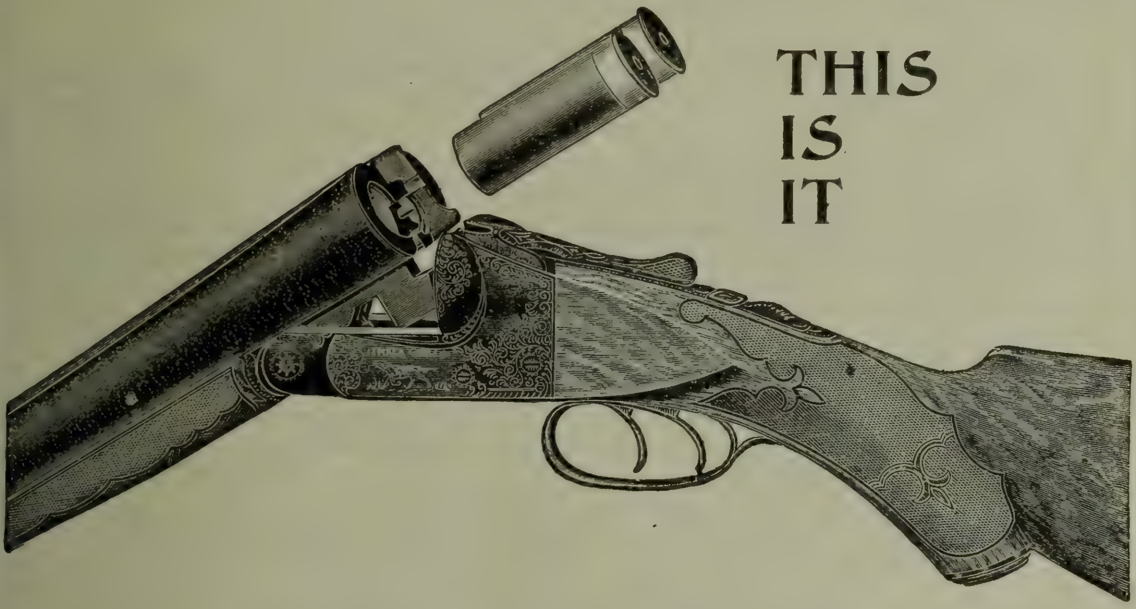
If You Want a Gun

That can always be depended on to go when you pull and to shoot as held; one that is good in all kinds of weather,

GET

AN ITHACA

It will never disappoint you.



THIS
IS
IT

Here is what Chas. B. Finkle says of it:

The Ithaca gun you sent me as premium for club of subscribers to Recreation is at hand, and is satisfactory in every respect. It is beautiful in design and perfect in workmanship.

CHAS. B. FINKLE,
Gloversville, N. Y.

ITHACA GUN CO.

Send for Catalogue
Mention RECREATION

ITHACA, N. Y.

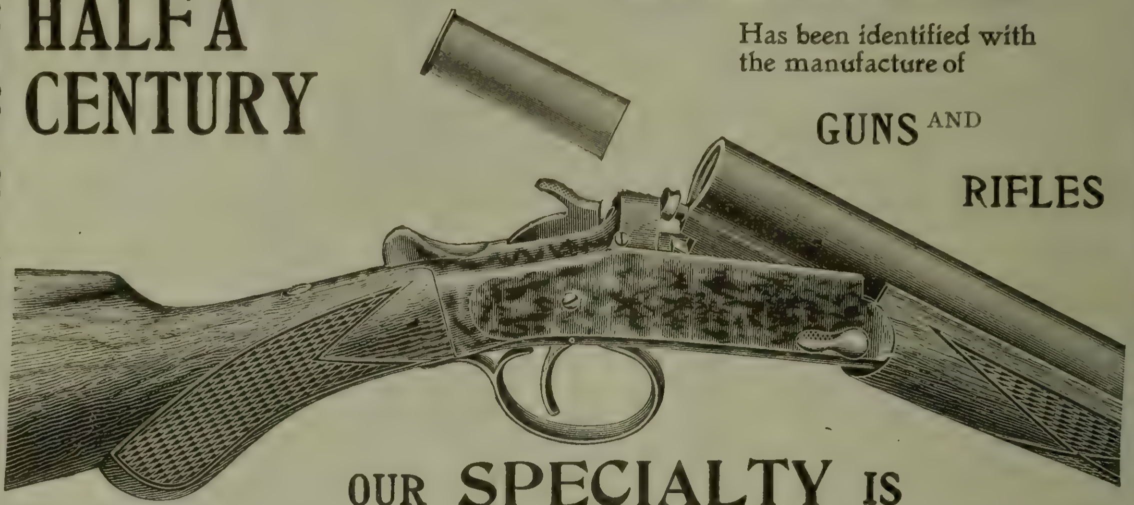
FOR OVER
HALF A
CENTURY

THE NAME DAVENPORT

Has been identified with
the manufacture of

GUNS AND

RIFLES



OUR SPECIALTY IS

SINGLE BARREL GUNS for all purposes. Light weight guns for use of ladies and young sportsmen

AND RIFLES

Special made guns for trap shooting, heavy weight guns for wild fowl shooting

in 22 and 32 calibre for light sporting and target purposes

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

The W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

The Savage Arms Company's 1900 catalogue is a beauty. It has as fine a series of half tone cuts of rifles as I have ever seen. Even the engravings on the lock plates of the fine guns show portraits of elk, bear, etc., in such vivid form as to make a fellow's trigger finger itch to get into the mountains. Then there are many detailed drawings of Savage rifles, and of the parts thereof, which offer interesting study for any rifleman. On pages 27 and 28 there are some exceedingly valuable hints on how to use and care for a rifle. On pages 34 and 35 the mechanism of the Savage is carefully and explicitedly described. On page 37 there is an article on smokeless powder, that is full of interest.

In fact, the book is filled with good things, and every man who uses a rifle should have a copy of it. Write the Savage Arms Company, Utica, New York, and mention Recreation.

HER WAY.

"Behold the lilies of the field!
They toil not, neither do they spin."
Now, though my darling does no work,
I know that class she is not in.

For when upon a tandem wheel
With frantic strength I work my shins,
The fact is borne in on my soul—
The sly girl toils not, but she spins.

McLandburgh Wilson, in Puck.

Kindly allow me space for the correction of an error which, unfortunately, crept into the article on the gypsy moth in a recent issue of Recreation. The date of the photograph of the Dexter elm, as given on page 179, should be stricken out. This photograph was taken some time during the fall 1894, after the leaves had fallen; hence, its nakedness is not due to any damage from the gypsy moth.

A. H. Kirkland,
Asst. Entomologist, Malden, Mass.

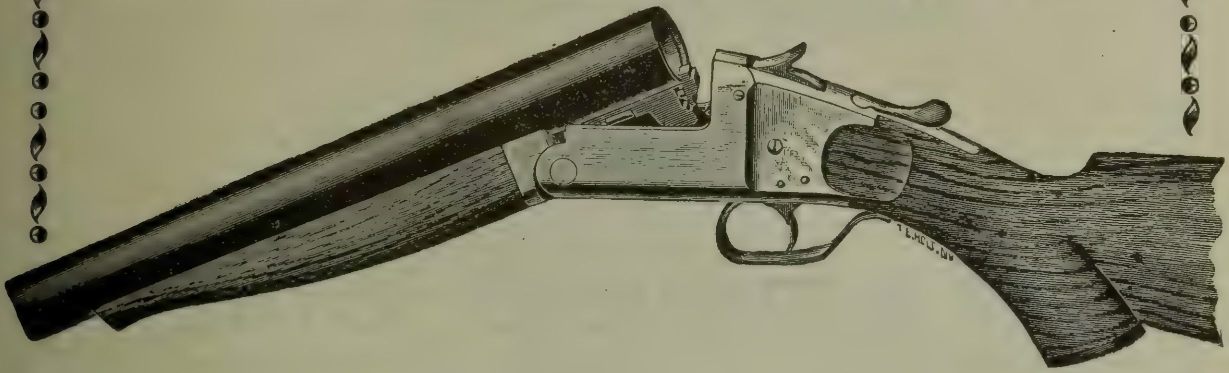
The Toothpick Rod and Gun Club, of Eureka, Kan., recently elected E. R. Brown president, A. W. Broad vice president, and T. W. Hines treasurer. A redent, and T. W. Hines treasurer. The club offers a reward of $25 for the arrest and conviction of anyone violating any of the fish and game laws of the State in Cedar township.

They had been discussing methods of ascertaining character. "I can tell you how to find a man out," volunteered one who had not spoken. "How?" "Go to his home when he is away."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Yorkrode—I see they have a new cure for rheumatism. They roast the patient.

Towson—My wife must think I have it.
—Baltimore American.

SHATTUCK SINGLE BARREL GUNS



The above cut represents the Shattuck Top Snap Action, Single Barrel, Breech Loading Gun. It has Double Bolt, Rebounding Lock, Blued Steel Barrel, Patent Fore-end Rubber Butt-plate, Rubber pistol Grip, Cap Nickel or Case hardened frame, Choke bored either 12 or 16 Bore.

PRICE, $7.00.

Insist upon your dealer showing you this Gun or order direct from

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES.
302-304 BROADWAY. NEW YORK.

MARBLE'S AUTOMATIC GAFF

closes instantly and automatically upon anything it touches.

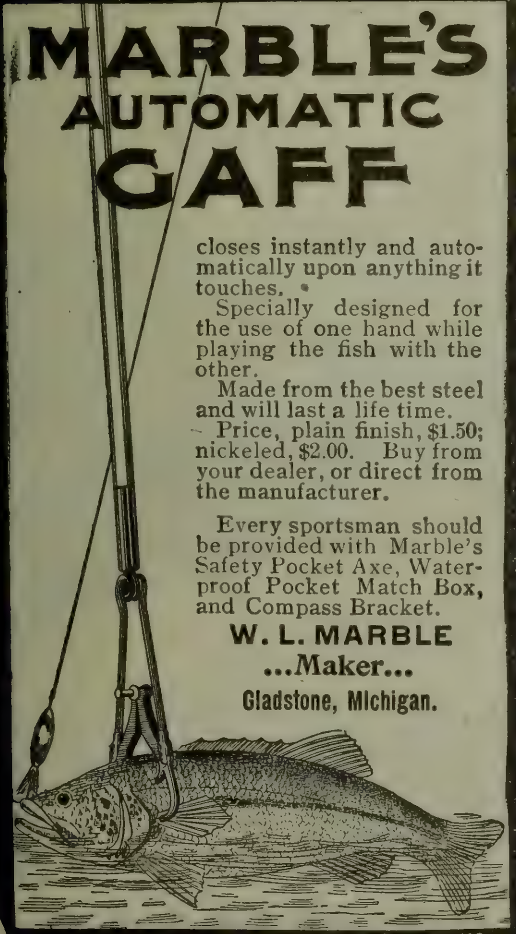
Specially designed for the use of one hand while playing the fish with the other.

Made from the best steel and will last a life time.

Price, plain finish, $1.50; nickeled, $2.00. Buy from your dealer, or direct from the manufacturer.

Every sportsman should be provided with Marble's Safety Pocket Axe, Waterproof Pocket Match Box, and Compass Bracket.

W. L. MARBLE
...Maker...
Gladstone, Michigan.



Improved

ROBIN HOOD SMOKELESS POWDER
(Solidified Gas)

Superior to all other Smokeless Powders in

Velocity and even pattern of shot.

Less Pressure on the gun barrel.

Little or no Residuum (dirt) after firing.

Odorless and not affected by **heat, cold moisture or time.**

Can be used with **perfect safety** in **cheap** guns and **cheap shells.**

It will not **pit nor corrode** the inside of the gun barrel.

Manufactured by

The ROBIN HOOD POWDER CO.
SWANTON, VERMONT.

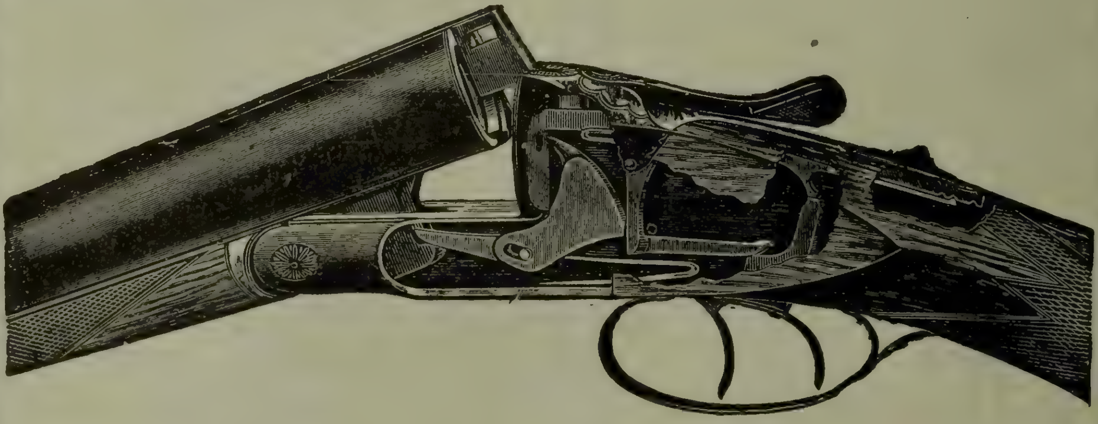
We do not say that——

Syracuse

Hammerless Guns

"Are as Good" as any gun in the market.

Their **Simplicity of Construction** and **Superiority of Finish** stamp them **Better** for practical and all-round work than any gun in the market. The "old, old story," but nevertheless substantiated by every man who ever drew a **SYRACUSE** to his shoulder.

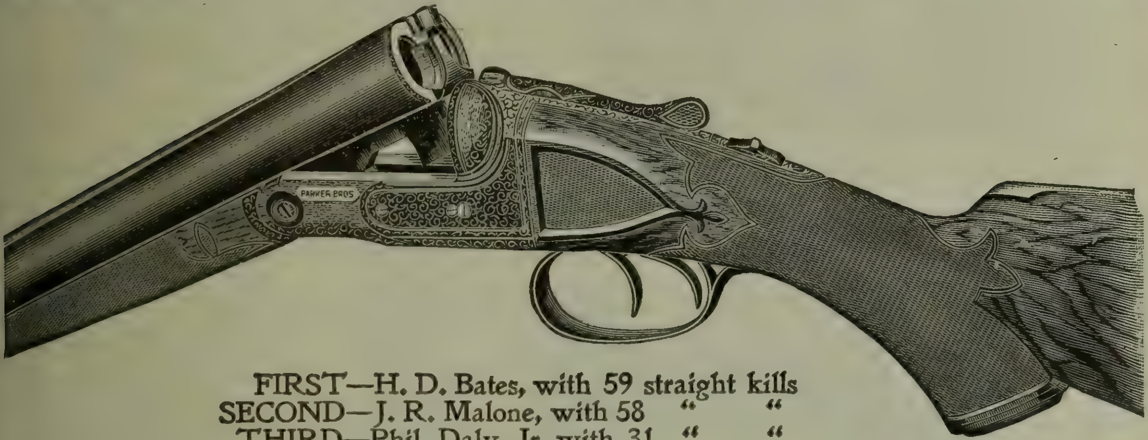


SYRACUSE ARMS COMPANY

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

The "Old Reliable" Parker

once more proves its right to the title, at the **GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP OF 1900**



FIRST—H. D. Bates, with 59 straight kills
SECOND—J. R. Malone, with 58 " "
THIRD—Phil. Daly, Jr. with 31 " "

All used the "Old Reliable"

Also, as the offical records show,

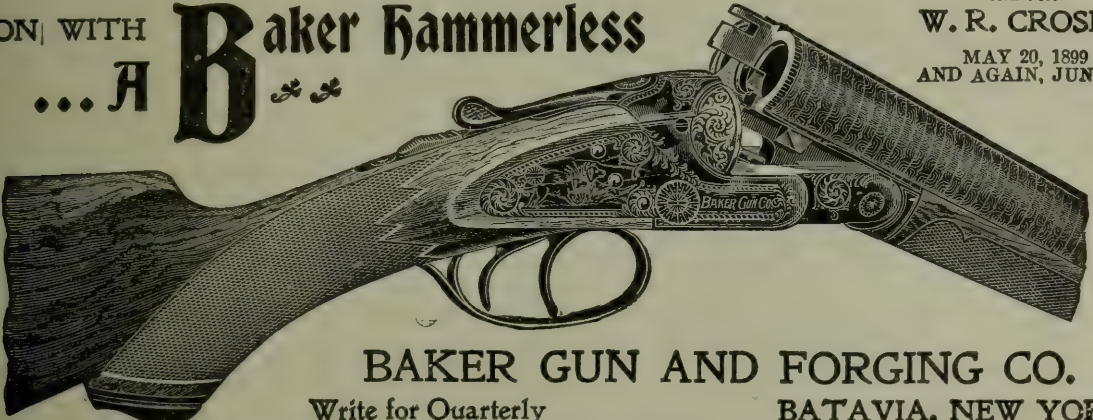
54% of the entire purse won with Parkers,
37.5% of all the guns winning money were Parkers, and
34.6% of all guns entered were Parkers, which proves that the Parker is unquestionably the most popular and "reliable" gun in the World.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. **PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.**

TARGET CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA

WON WITH ...A **Baker Hammerless**

...BY...
W. R. CROSBY
MAY 20, 1899
AND AGAIN, JUNE [illegible]



BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.
Write for Quarterly BATAVIA, NEW YORK

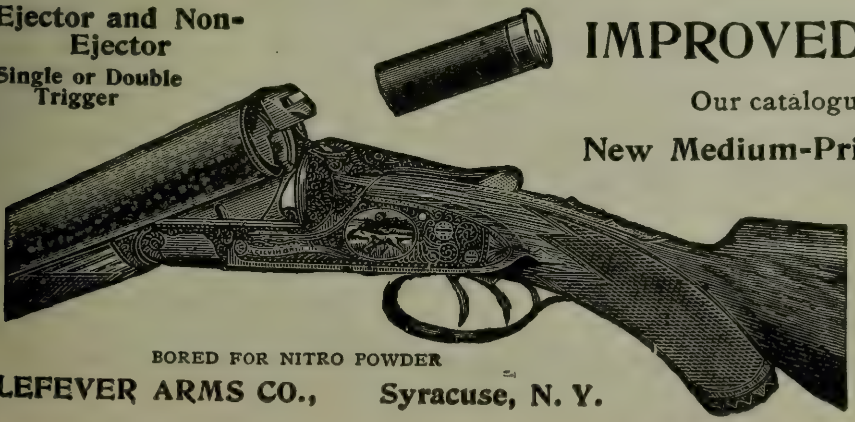
You are not up to date unless you have seen the

Ejector and Non-Ejector
Single or Double Trigger

IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless



This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER
LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

You get the best for the money you spend.

THE QUICKEST ON EARTH

THE QUICKEST ON EARTH

THE QUICKEST ON EARTH

PETERS
IDEAL
FOR
NITRO POWDERS
IDEAL 12

A rich, cherry colored shell; high brass, battery cup, Peters No. 3 primer, loaded with King's Smokeless.

HIGHEST VELOCITY, FINE PATTERN, LIGHT RECOIL, SMOKELESS
IT IS ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

THE BEST MEDIUM PRICED LOAD

THE QUICKEST ON EARTH
NEW VICTORS
LOADED WITH
KING'S SMOKELESS
PETERS
12 G
NEW VICTOR

A beautiful green shell with medium brass. Gives pleasing and effective shooting.

Is excelled ONLY by the "Ideal."

THE QUICKEST ON EARTH

They will improve any man's score.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Eastern Department, 80 Chambers St., New York. Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago. F. B. Chamberlain Com. Co., St. Louis.

George M. Houghton, G. P. A., Bangor & Aroostook Railway whose headquarters are Bangor, Me., has issued a beautiful book entitled "In the Maine Woods," which will gladden the heart of every sportsman who is fortunate enough to get a copy of it. It is full of information about hunting and fishing in Maine, and contains hundreds of pictures illustrating these sports. Among the most interesting are a number of views of live deer and moose. The book also shows portraits of a number of well known guides whose faces will be familiar to hundreds of people who have hunted or fished in that State. When you write for a copy of the book mention RECREATION.

There are more with you in the fight you are making against the rightly named game hogs than I believe you are aware of. I refer especially to those living in the States where I am acquainted, Wyoming, Montana and Washington. I consider a game hog a murderer at heart. He lacks the sand to tackle his fellow men, but shows his nature by slaughtering game. Keep up the fight. It is a good one, and all truly good men are on your side.

H. R. Horr, Republic, Wash.

If you know of anyone who is raising skunks please give me his address. I should also like to obtain any published information as to their habits and breeding. Those I have for sale have the musk glands removed, and are entirely odorless. They make fine pets, and are better for catching mice than any cat is.

I am busy now shipping live quails to game associations, and have many orders yet to fill.

Charles Payne, Wichita, Kan.

The photo of the Lady Amhurst Pheasant, printed on page 344 of May RECREATION, was kindly sent me by J. F. Blome, of Tomah, Wis., and should have been credited to him, but this was accidentally omitted. Mr. Blome is a large breeder of pheasants, and anyone in the West wishing to buy either eggs or birds of this species would do well to communicate with him.

"Bixby's dog is a great imitator. He can stand on his hind legs and drink from a bottle."

"I suppose he has often seen his master do that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Smokeless Powder
of all grades

Black Sporting Powder
of all grades

Black Powder
for blasting and mining purposes

Safety Fuse and
Electric Apparatus

Write for Catalogue.

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.

99 CEDAR STREET
NEW YORK CITY

TWO NEW RECORDS for

Du Pont Smokeless

THE RECORD BREAKER

At the Illinois Gun Club's shoot, April 30 to May 4, 1900, Mr. Fred Gilbert, with **Du Pont Smokeless,** established two new records: 50 pigeons straight from the 31-yard mark, and 97 out of 100 targets at reversed angles.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR

Guides to the Best Fishing and Hunting Resorts in America

A Canoe Trip through Temagaming the Peerless
Canadian Pacific Railway Co.
A Canoe Trip to the North
Map Canada North West
From the Desbarats Islands
Fishing and Shooting in Quebec
Issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co.
Fishing and Shooting Canadian Pacific Railway

Write to any of the following representatives of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, mentioning Recreation.

New York	353 Broadway	**E. V. Skinner**	**Minneapolis**	119 South Third Street	**W. B. Chandler**
Philadelphia	629 Chestnut Street	**H. McMurtrie**	**St. Paul**		**W. S. Thorn**
Baltimore	129 East Baltimore Street	**C. G. Osburn**	**Pittsburg**	409 Smith Building	**F. W. Salisbury**
Washington	1229 Pennyslvania Avenue	**W. W. Merkle**	**San Francisco**	627 Market Street	**M. M. Stern**
Boston	197 Washington Street	**H. J. Colvin**	**Toronto**	1 King Street, East	**A. H. Notman**
Buffalo	233 Main Street	**A. J. Shulman**	**Montreal**	General Passenger Agent	**C. E. E. Ussher**
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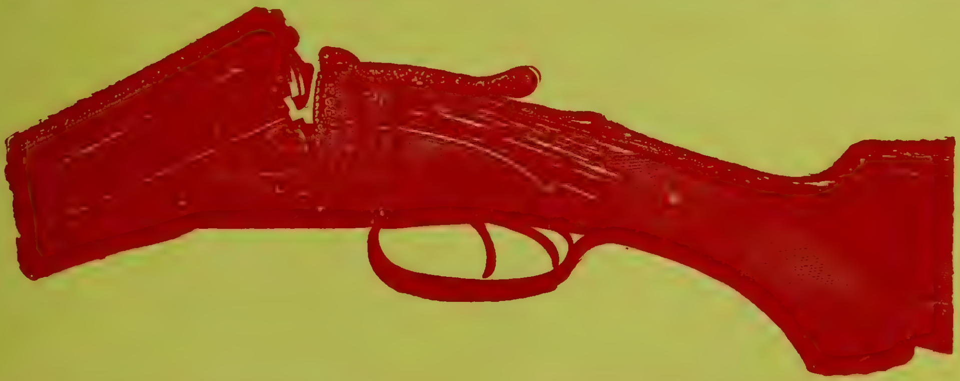

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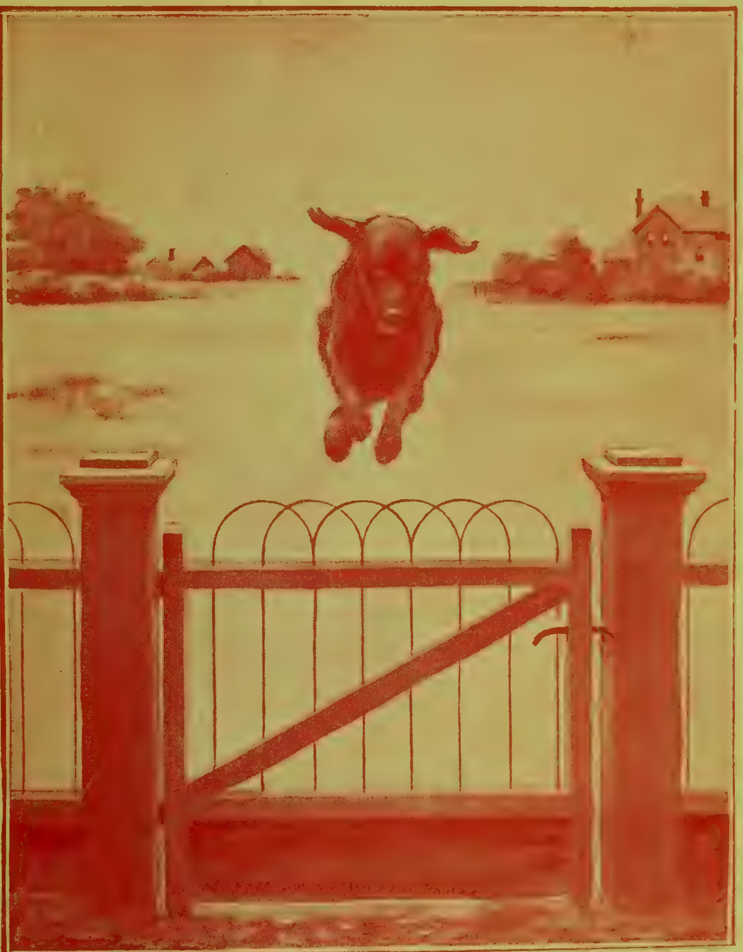

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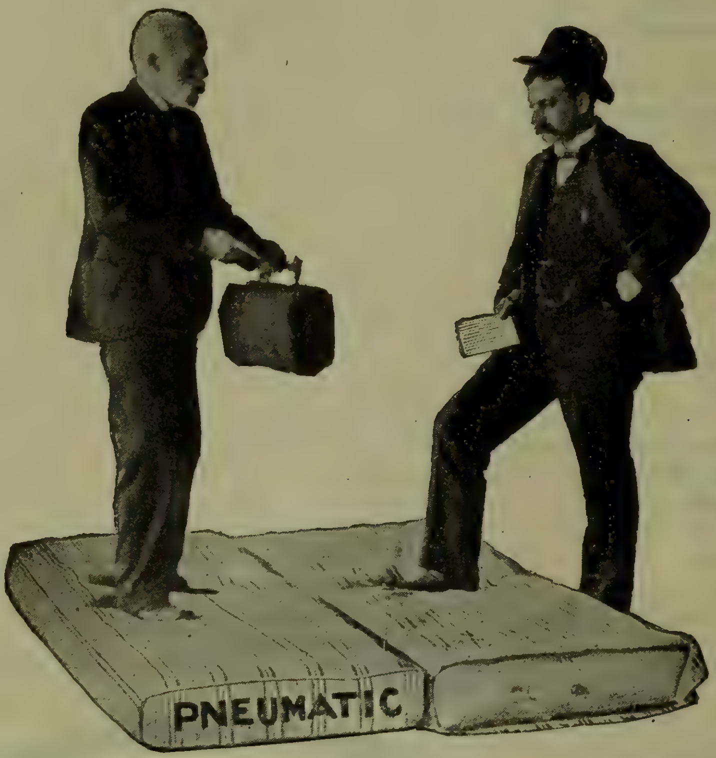

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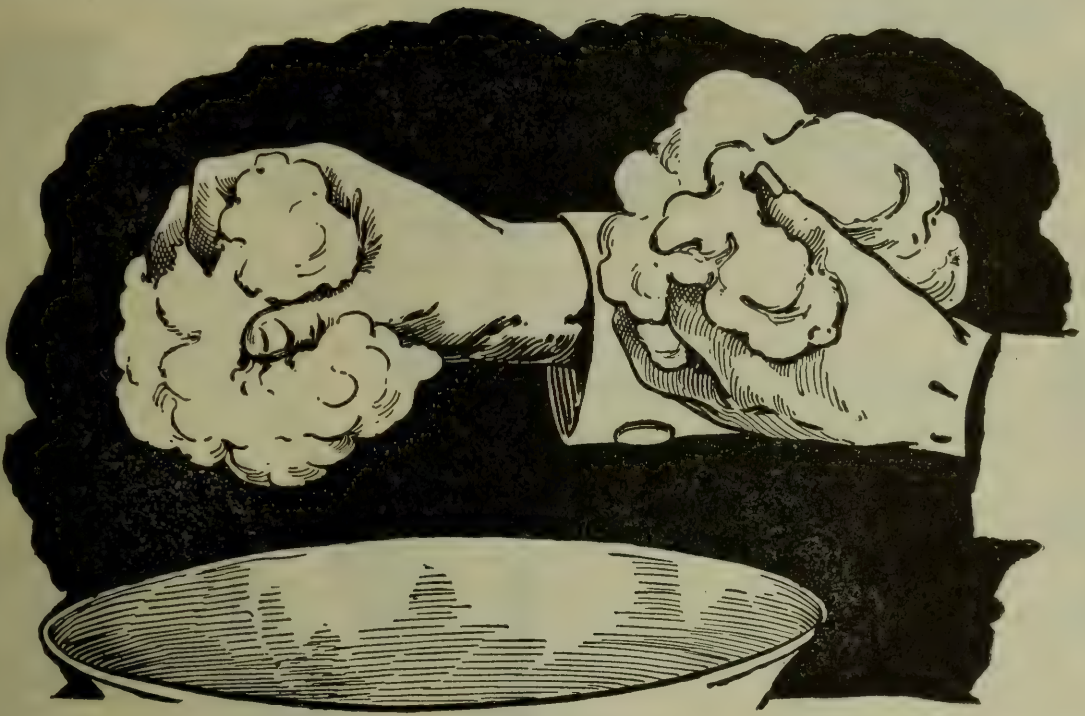

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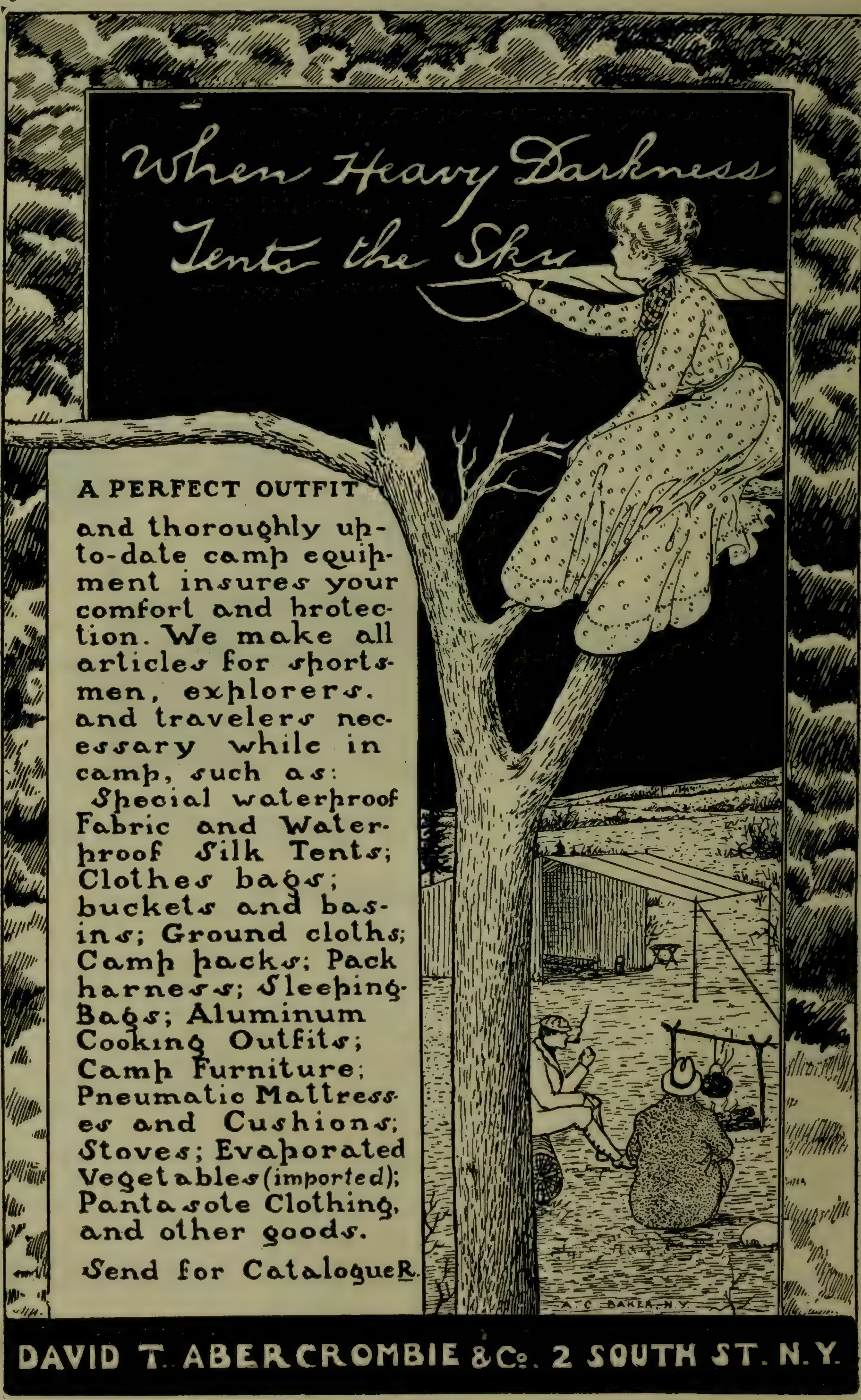

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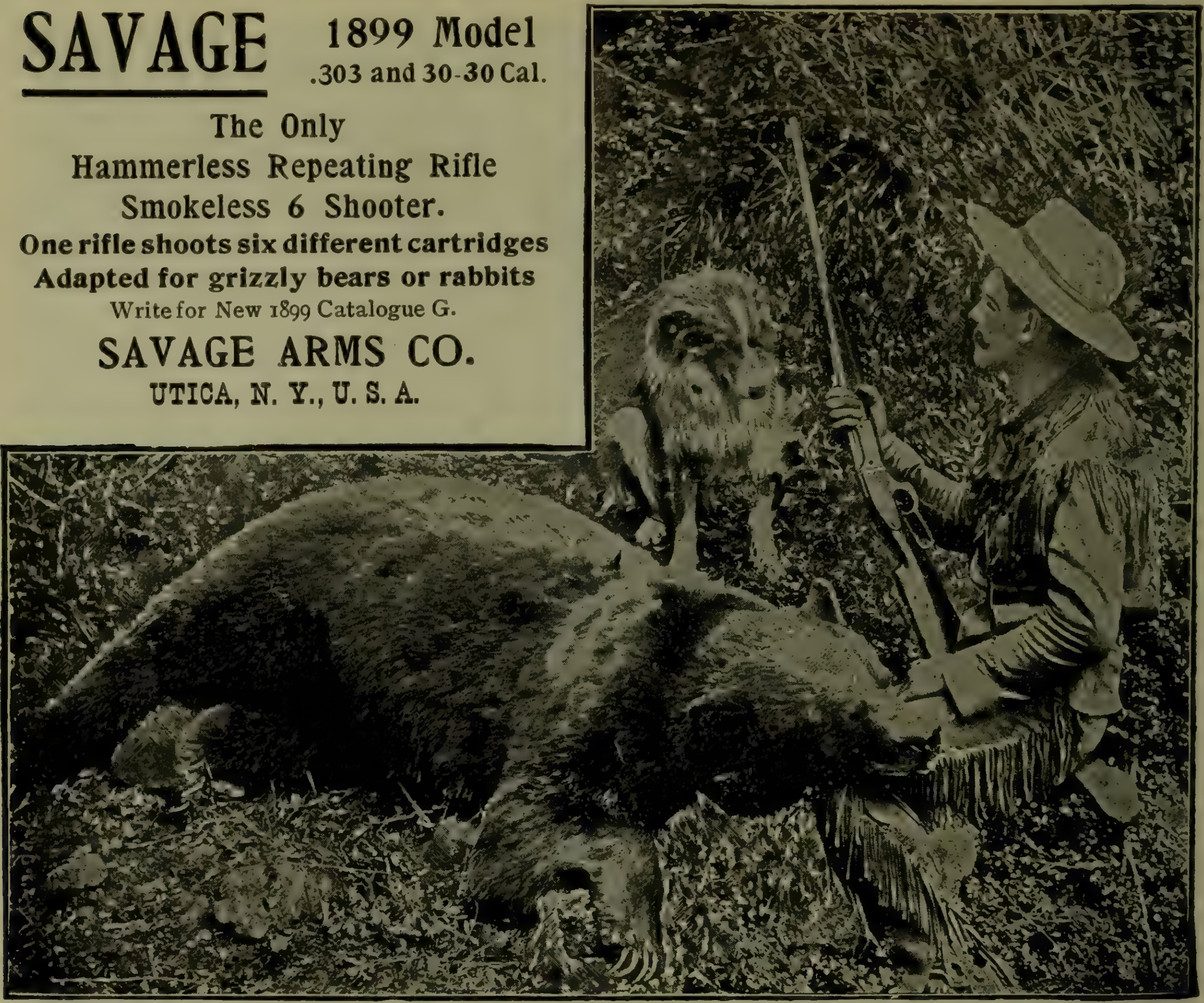

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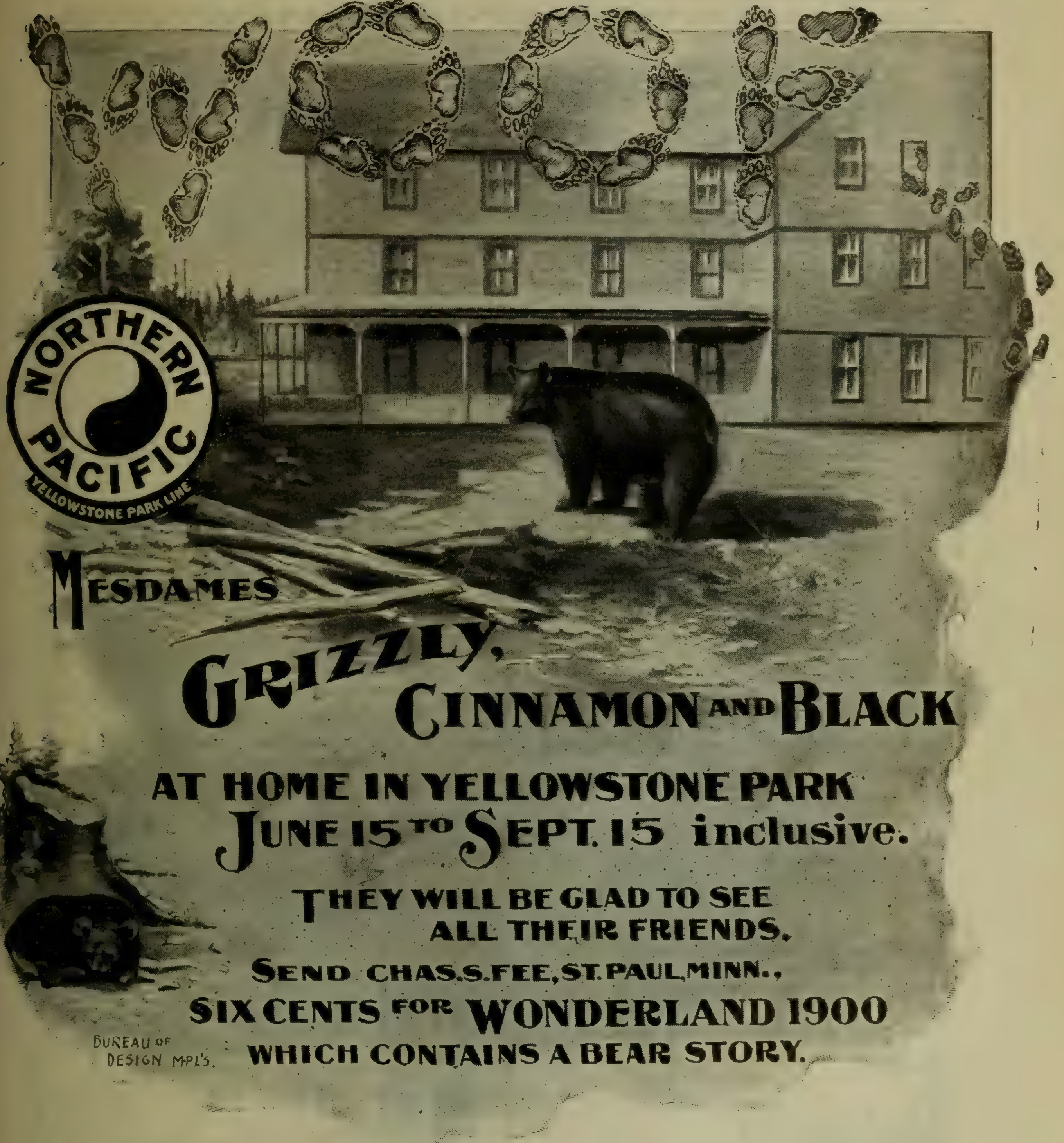

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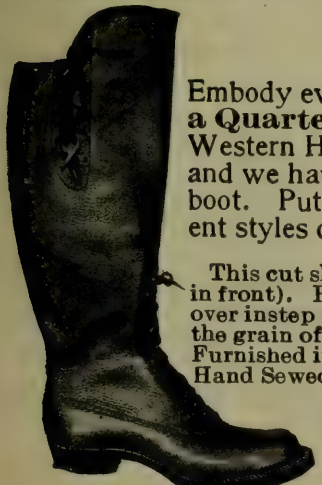

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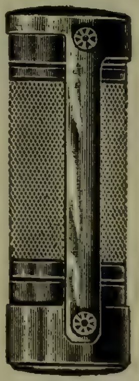

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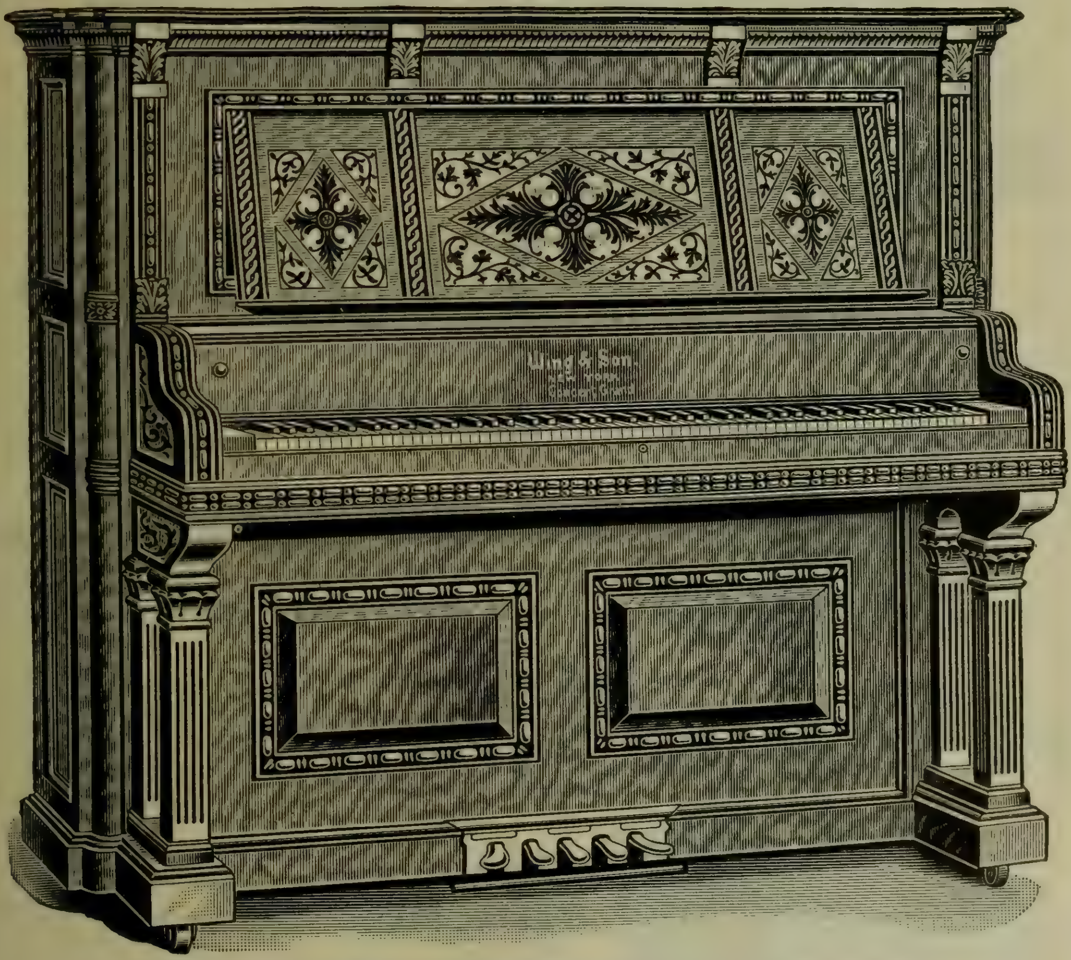

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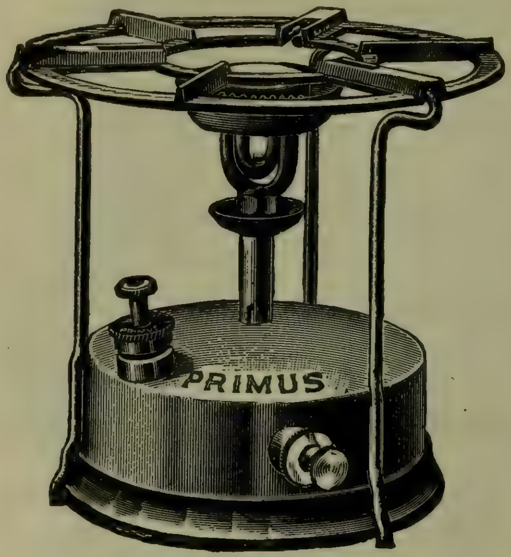

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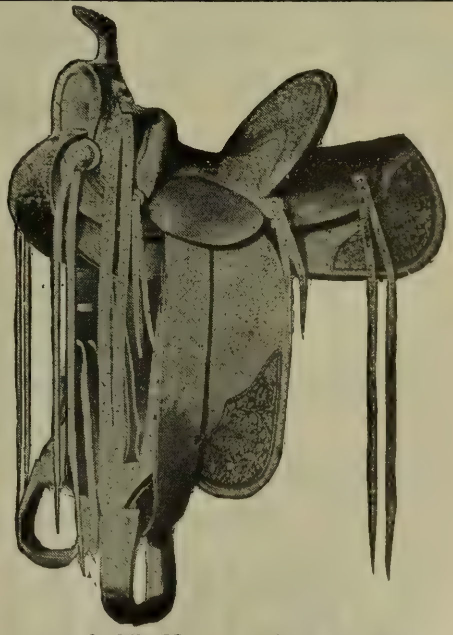

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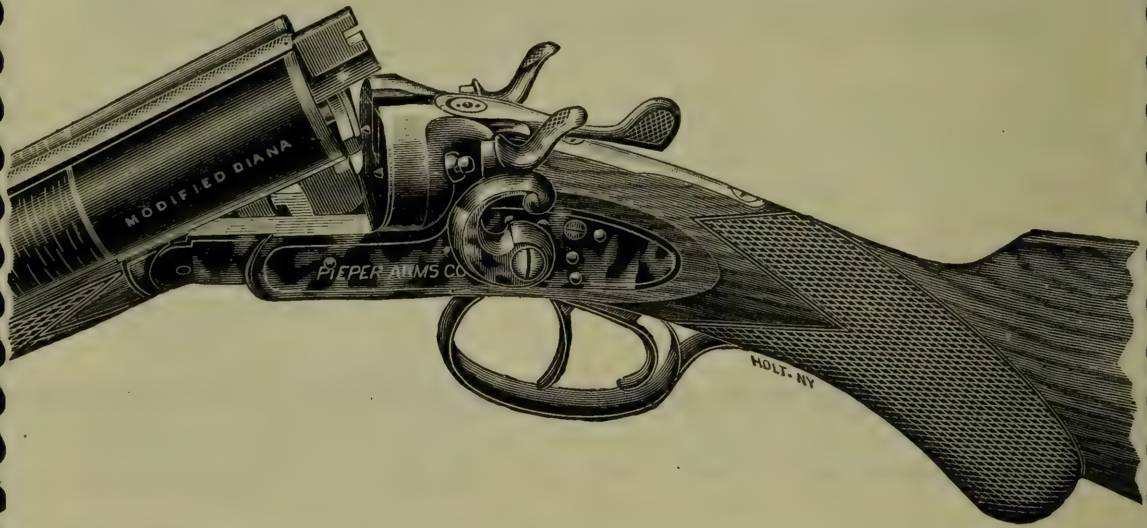

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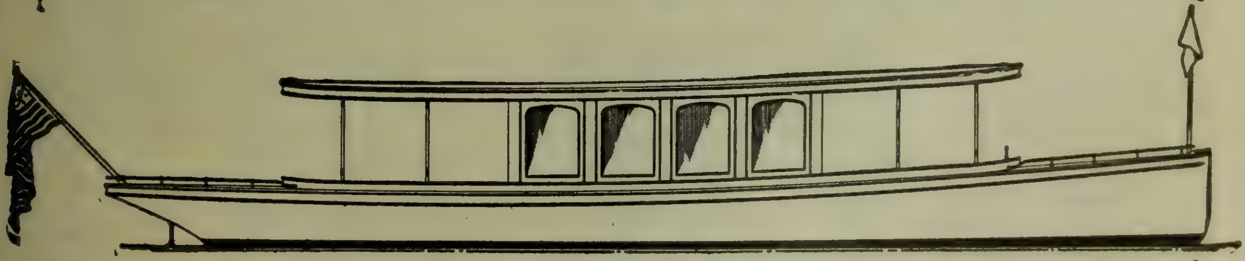

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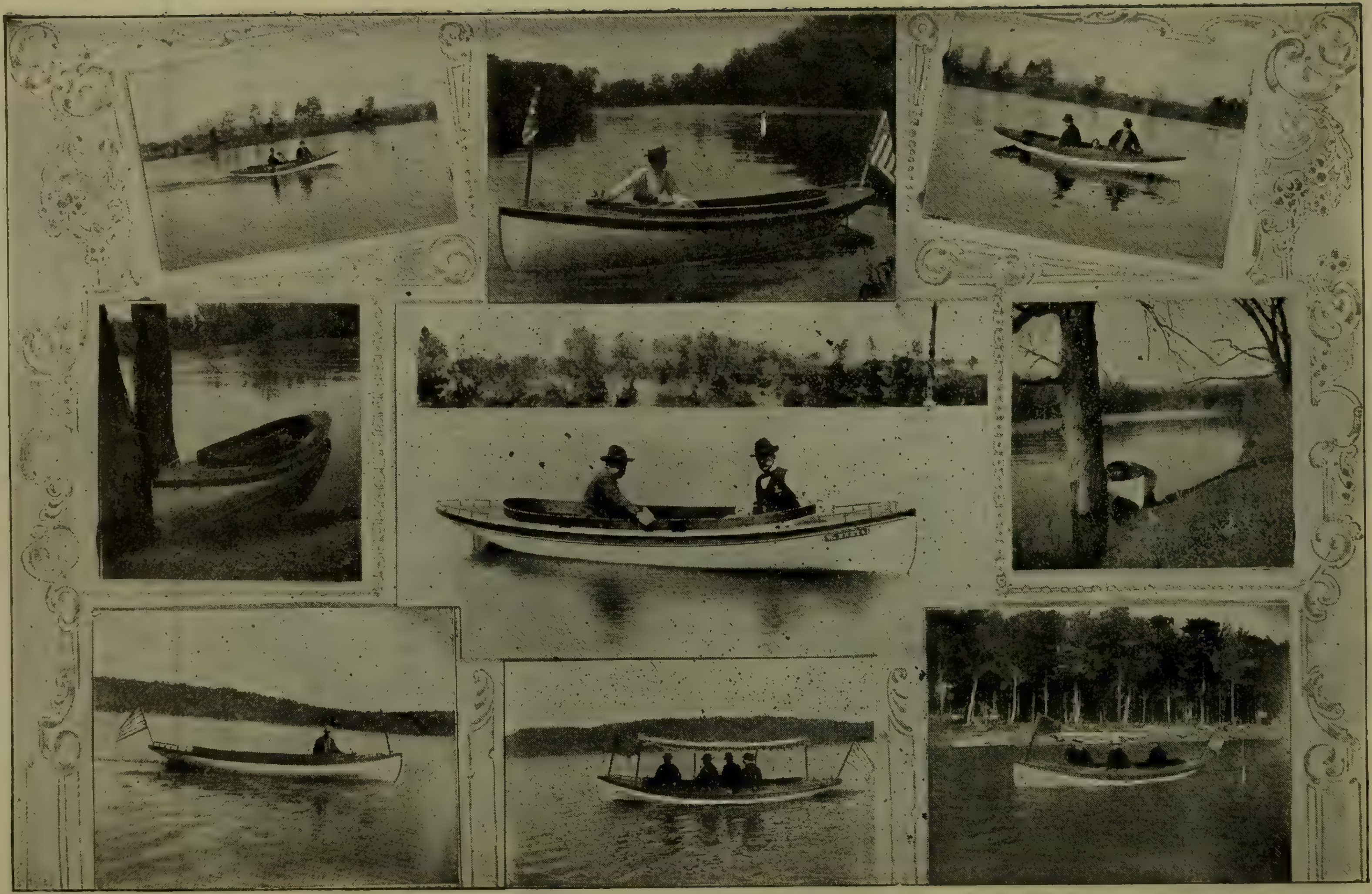

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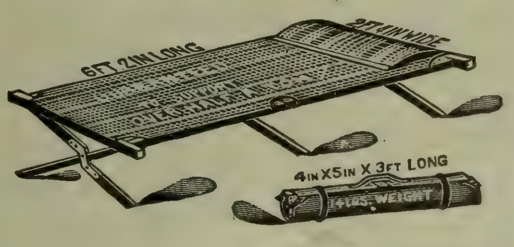

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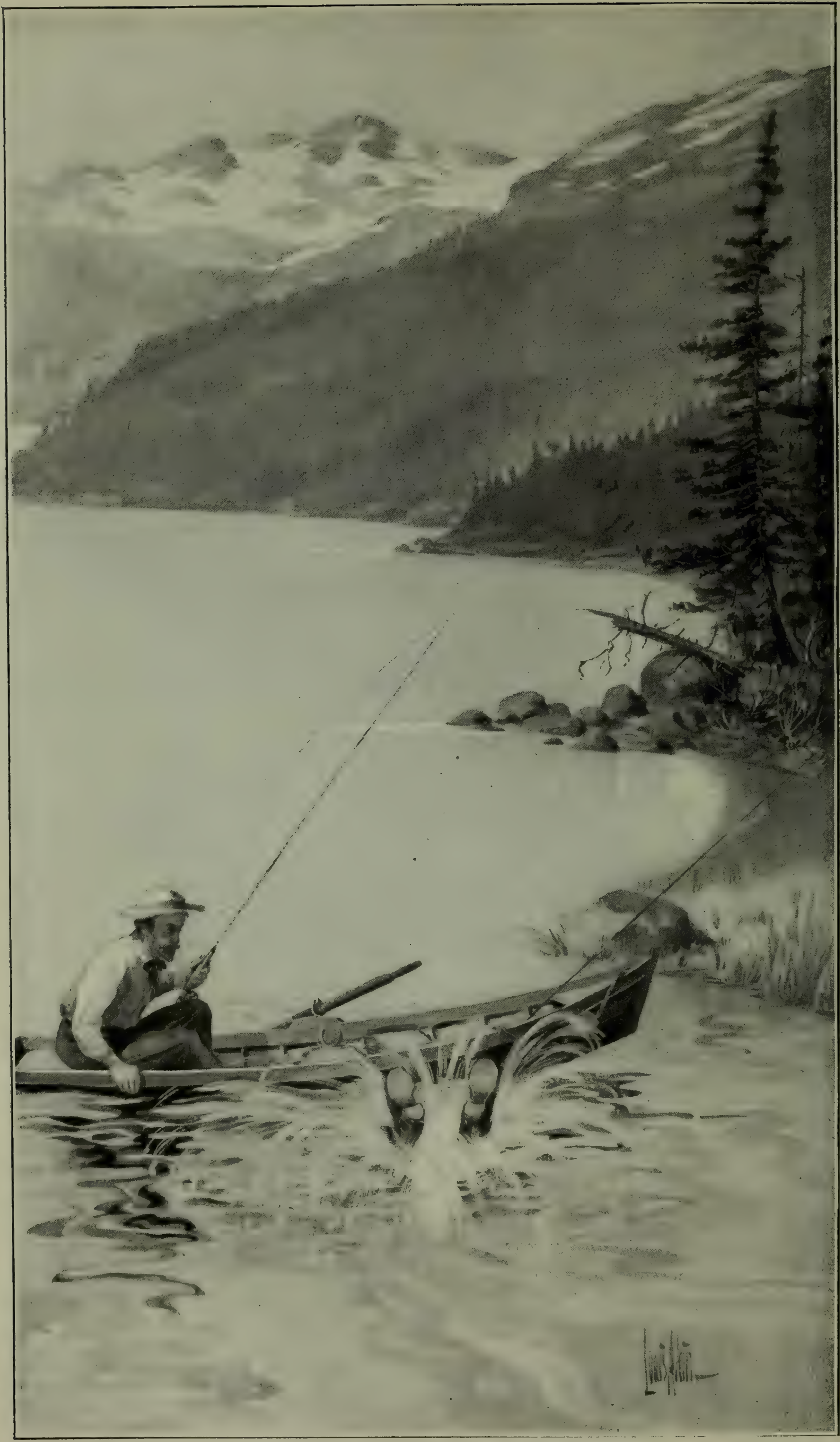


THE BOTTOM WAS NOT WHERE IT SEEMED.

RECREATION

Volume XIII. AUGUST, 1900. Number 2.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A SUMMER LAKE.

FRANK C. REED.

In Northwestern Oregon is a little lake of small repute and much beauty. Wallowa is its name, of Indian derivation. It lies at the head of a beautiful valley, which, with its broad pastures and limpid streams, was the country over which Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces, in 1877, entered into martial argument with the United States Government. I always considered Chief Joseph a bad man until I visited the country for which he contested. Since then I have not blamed him so much. I would fight for it myself under certain conditions.

Having heard much of the excellent fishing to be had in Wallowa lake, I decided last summer to pass my vacation there. In the first day's journey thenceward we scurried across the corners of Idaho, Washington and Oregon, and the next evening found us in the vale of our destination. Proceeding up the valley we reached the little town of Joseph about 2 hours after nightfall. The lake was just behind the Mayor's barn, they told us, so we put up for the night.

That night I slept the sleep of a tired body and a calloused conscience, waking next morning with nothing at fret but my appetite. After breakfast a visit was made to see the village. Turning one of the street corners, I commenced to light a match for my pipe, but as far as I know the match is yet unlighted. I had supposed myself to be in the same sort of country which abounded when darkness fell the evening before—a rolling prairie land cut by ridges and deep ravines; but, as I turned the street corner, suddenly confronting me were hoary, old snow-capped mountains that only paused momentarily before toppling over on my dazed head. Seemingly not a gunshot away they rose majestic, silent and almost awful to one who had never before seen such mightiness so near. Spellbound, I gazed, and gradually all my human pride and arrogance faded away and I felt what a puny, creeping thing man is at best; a grain of dust on the wheels of the universe!

Over all the face of those mountains, from base to crowning summit, was written in mighty language the greatness of God and His omnipotence. Their very silence breathed an eloquence not found in song or sermon, and their imperturbable calm seemed to speak of knowledge beyond the minds of men. I was awed and subdued by their presence. For perhaps 5,000 feet they rose clothed in the smooth greenness of tree and shrub. Then suddenly all verdure ceased and they ascended 1,000 feet more in the tumultuous grandeur of gorge and precipice to where the snow lay eternally.

It seemed to me at my first beholding that one could almost reach his hand and gather snow from their summit. Later I found this to be so only in the seeming. For 5 long and toilsome hours I clambered as straight upward as hangs the noonday sun and then found the snow fields apparently as distant as before. I was discouraged and, quitting the trip to snowland, I stepped over into a narrow canyon whose precipitous walls had fostered a bank of the beautiful. Merrily I hit my companion a resounding whack with a well made snowball, thus making a record of having played the wintry sport on the 17th of July. Then we glissaded a stony way to level ground again.

But the lake? I found it behind the Mayor's barn, as had been stated; whence it extended 4 miles to the very foot of the mountain. Anywhere other than amid such surroundings it would be a magnificent body of water, but its beauty pales beside the majesty of those mighty peaks. Lying at their feet it is but a small item in the bounteous banquet spread forth by Nature.

Driving along the road which traverses the lake shore, the first feature to attract attention is the water's extreme clearness. Rocks and fallen trees are plainly perceptible at a depth of 40 or more feet. Seeking a cause for this I found that the streams which feed the lake are in turn fed by the perpetual snows of the high altitudes. Winter and summer, through heat and through cold, these streams have tossed and torn their different ways down the precipitous mountain sides until all soil along their courses has long since been swept away, and they froth and foam over a bed of clean and polished stone. This leaves the water of a crystal clearness which is deceiving to the eyes.

One day, when trying for trout I thought to anchor my boat in the inlet by stabbing an oar into the sand and tying to the oar. Seemingly 4 feet below was the shining sand. I made a lunge at it with one oar, but the bottom was not where it seemed. The impetus of my effort carried me on a hasty and headlong search for it. I found it; but my companion said afterward that my feet disappeared beneath the surface before my head touched the lake bed. That indicated a depth of more than 6 feet..

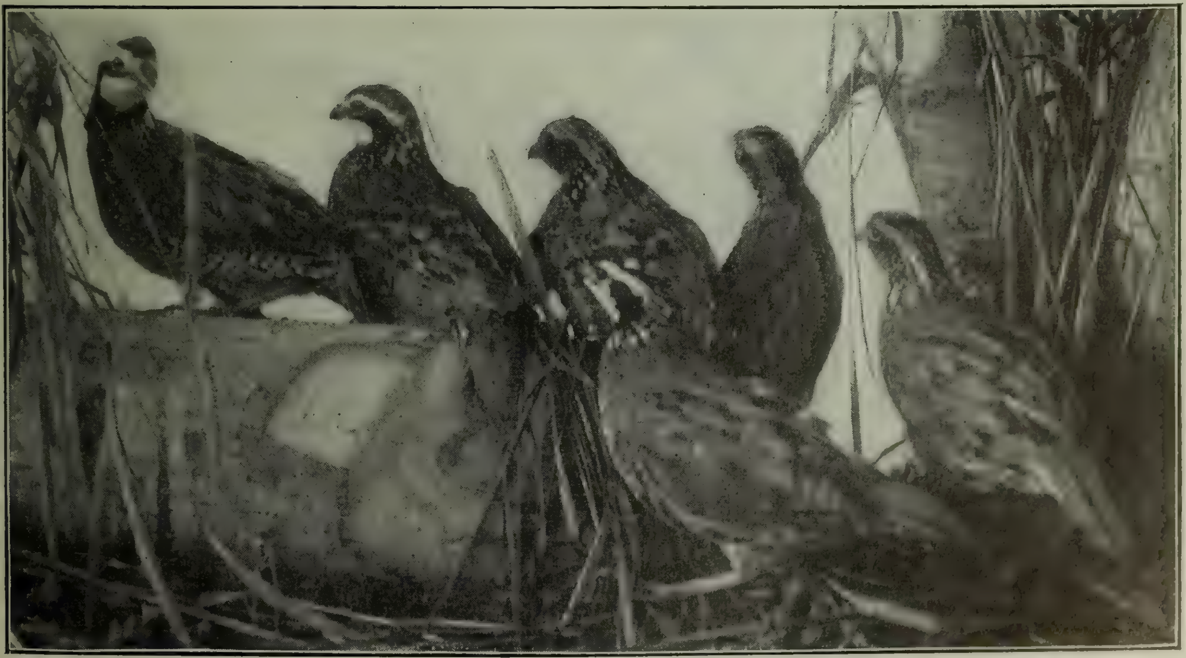
At the time of my visit there were 2 Government sharps at the lake, sent out by the Fish Commission to pry into and assess the quality and quantity of things connected with that body of water. I observed their movements and incidentally purloined a few data. They took, in a most unsportsmanlike way, 11 different varieties of fish from the lake; got variegated samples of mud from its bed; ascertained its morning and evening temperature; felt its pulse; looked at its tongue; examined its internal organism; and did many other things which I shall not mention, as a detailed statement of their movements might sadly conflict with the report which they sent to their superiors. Through them and their diversified armamentarium I found that the streams running into the lake had a temperature of only 43 degrees; surface water of the main body registered 65, while that at the bottom showed only 55. The deepest sounding was 268 feet, and the average depth about 175. Bacteria, bacilli, and other microscopical infernal machines are entirely at sea there, though phantastomata abound; which the public will no doubt be glad to learn.

I tried the fishing. The limpidity of the water has influence on the sport. A trout loafing under the shady side of a stone, watching the movement of things, can see a man wink his eye at 20 paces; therefore the swing of a casting rod gives the alarm to all fish within reach of a fly.

Trolling is more successful. Natives claim to have taken 12-pound Dolly Varden trout in that manner.

During the first 3 days of my sojourn at the lakeside, according to the government data which I purloined, the surface water showed an increased temperature of 3 degrees. This was undoubtedly due to the activity I displayed in scurrying over the water as I plied the troll. The result was nothing larger than a 1½-pound lake trout. My skepticism of the existence of those rumored large ones increased each day, and found freer expression, until finally I boldly asserted to the good man who furnished me food and shelter that to my mind those tales were but a lure for the unwary, that they might be brought to their undoing. He was a kind, generous man, and had treated me rightly ever since my arrival. Shame should have held me silent; but later I received my punishment. One morning I rowed down the Eastern side of the lake across the North end, up the Western side and across again; all the time diligently plying the troll and catching nothing. Then I lazily headed for the landing, with my rod thrown carelessly in the stern of the boat. I was dozing, perhaps, when suddenly the reel gave forth a shriek of wild protest and the line ran to its end. Then some sort of a piscatorial infernal machine started for salt water 600 miles away, followed by 150 feet of my best silk line, my steel rod and a string of profanity which for length and strength made the silk line seem like a piece of twine. I never saw what was fastened to the distal end of my tackle. If it was a 15-pound trout, a sea serpent or some sort of a submarine electric dynamo is more than I know; but the gait it took kept the steel rod to the surface for a number of yards. Then the rod slowly sank from view, never more to gladden my eyes.

I had the courage to go face my host and apologize contritely for my unjust remarks. I then beat a subdued retreat from the scene of my disaster. I hope my unknown adversary became early disengaged from the yards of tackle. I have a full fledged desire to do him battle at some future time.



AMATEUR PHOTO FROM LIFE, BY CHAS. PAYNE, WICHITA, KANS.

BOB WHITE AND FAMILY IN DOMESTICATION.

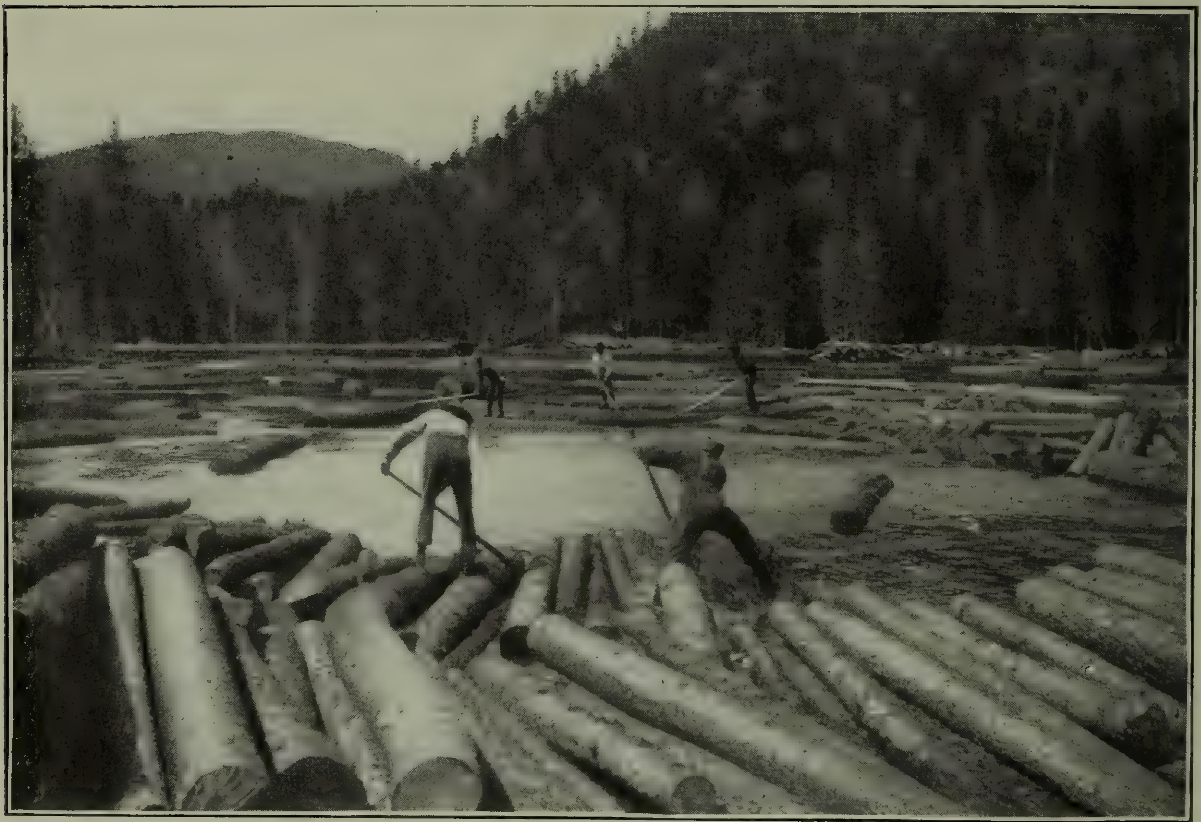
IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

DR. JOHN C. GIFFORD.

In May log driving on the Racquette river had been in full force for some time, and now the river was full of logs for miles. It seems strange that a few lumber companies should have the right to monopolize a river for such a length of time. Boating and fishing on the river are impossible. Furthermore it must seriously injure the fish. The water is contaminated and the river is full of bark. The accompanying illustration shows log diiving on the Racquette river.

Trees were coming out rapidly in leaf, although there was still a little frost in the ground here and there and on Mt. Seward there was still considerable snow. Tree growth is slow in this country because of the cold. Any month in the summer frost is likely to occur. Many of the hardwoods throughout this region are seriously injured by frost cracks and ribs.

On the mountain sides the patches of light green foliage of the aspen stand out in striking contrast to the dark green of the spruces. The aspen and birch come up plentifully on burnt-over ground. The aspen is the salvation of such regions. It is a simple matter to cut rows through these thickets and plant them with conifers. The poplars furnish shelter to the young plants. The most difficult places to plant are on fresh burns. Here there is little shelter for the young trees and the blackness of the ground draws the heat of the sun. A tree which seems to thrive well in this region is the Douglas spruce. This is a native of our West. It has been successfully introduced in Europe, where it is regarded with great favor. This tree endures considerable drought and cold, grows rapidly, produces a good wood and a bark which is excellent for planting. Although it is not yet time to judge, it gives promise of being the most useful tree for the Adirondacks. Dr. Evermann, of the United States Fish Commission, has just finished his course on fish culture to the students of the New York State College of Forestry, at Axton.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY MR. PHILIPS.

LOG DRIVING ON THE RACQUETTE RIVER.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE LAND OWNER.*

E. J. MYERS.

It was a quaint conceit which made Professor Lawmaker turn his back on Labrador and Salmo Salar, Newfoundland and sea trout, Lac Saint Jean and ouananiche, Nipissing and black bass, Nepigon and speckled trout. On all those waters, far and widely famed, had this veteran angled; yet he bade his favorite henchman and guide meet him where the salt waters of the Susquehanna dammed up the fresh waters. *Tomas dela Roche-Rouge,* with the favorite Montignais birch bark canoe. The Professor was crochetty and peculiar in everything relating to angling, from rod to canoe and trom fly to guide. In his estimation the canoe had an individuality; each rod had a peculiar killing quality; every reel had a special property that no other similar article, owned by any other human being, possessed. These had the Professor ordered in his service to help him kill a few fingerling trout and bass, to the utter disgust and contempt of the *coureur des bois.*

Tomas of the Red Rock! *Coureur des bois, voyageur,* half breed, all tending to the Indian, harking back to the savage that fought in his veins for mastery. House servant for the clergyman of the Mission, clerk to the H. B. C. factor, Carlisle school graduate; these gave him education, *savoir faire,* and polished manners; but when unrest seized him, when the fit was on him, when, like Sintram, he wrestled with his moods, then the ancestor was greater than the scion; heredity was stronger than environment, and the tepee and the lean-to drew him with irresistible power from the dwelling house in the city and drove him to untrodden forest paths and trackless water ways that stretched upward to the Height of Land! These instincts drove him to the reservation and thence to the forest; then crossed his brow with the pack strap and rejoiced him to portage the canoe with the *voyageurs*, sick or well. They made him all content to eat at the camp fire, squatting on his haunches like a dog. Intuitions taught him the North point by the moss on the tree, or on the scarred, seamy, bleak rocks; or the Southward way by the crowded branchward side of the tree, or the thick underbrush, or the blossom behind the trunk or knoll. These were but the needle of his compass.

Equally the sharp, keen air betrayed the Eastern way, as the soft, balmy zephyr told him it blew from the Westward cave of the winds; and cloud drift, nodding tree top, or drift on the water told the wind's direction. Shrill chirp of insect, song of bird, forest cries were but the sound of his timepiece telling the hour of the day. The morrow's heat and calm, or showers or storm, were foretold by insect, shriek of bird or beast, and at dawn and sunset by the color of sky. All these served as his barometer.

The ice breaking in the far North, the first flight of the water fowl, the first budding of shrub and tree, filled his being with wild unrest and drove beyond conception all thought of thrift and industrial pursuit to abide in the tepee. Forest kin! What wonder the season's touch made the veneer of civilization peel, leaving the aborigine stark, unclad and unsoiled.

As the canoe passed up the river and left tide waters far behind, the Professor chafed to see the multitudinous notices posted, "Fishing prohibited in these waters." "Trespassers will be punished to the extent of the law."

"Well, well," meditated the old sportsman, "they'll soon shut us out from the running waters and make us live on the memories of the past. No one with a grain of legal sense posted that notice!"

"Hold up, Tomas, let us try the bridge." The canoe shot under, then turned out to the middle of the stream. On one bank, just below the bridge, the Professor had noticed a large lake with a narrow outlet into the river, and intended to drop back to where it ran into the main river.

Out flew the flies, lengthening casts, and back drifted the canoe. One or two unsuccessful rises made the Professor change his flies without avail and the canoe, skilfully handled, drifted down the stream until, as if divining the Professor's intent, Tomas made fast the birch bark to the bridge just above where it showed that the ice had scarred the structure and cut a deeper hole for a pool in the river, above the outlet of the lake.

Mark the Professor's dry casting as the flies fluttered and hovered over the water, barely, if at all, touching the surface, tempting the trout to leap out of the waters for the elusive wings that seemed all too real and alive even for the human eye.

Tomas, with supreme indifference and probably in anticipatory disgust and contempt for the outcome involving a trout so small that the Professor would land it on the 4 ounce rod without a net, and then carefully put it back into the water, took out his pipe and lit it for a long smoke and perhaps a nap while the Professor idled the time away.

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* This story—may I say this legal opinion—was written by Mr. Myers in response to several questions from one of my readers as to the rights of the public to fish in streams running through private lands, etc.—EDITOR.

"Take care, quick," came the Professor's call in French, while a shriek of the reel told the *voyageur* the angler's excitement sought refuge in the language that recalled the battles of the North, and suggested a conflict strange to these waters.

Quickly casting off, the canoeman, without disturbing the angler, held the birch bark in equipoise against the stream, with bow on, waiting for the downward rush that surely would follow when the Professor snubbed and held the quarry.

Now the break and splash of water sends a thrill through the angler's veins and makes the *voyageur* think of Lac Tschotagama! Ah! the Professor smiles as the canoe begins to drop down the stream, adding force to the tackle, aiding the angler and saving distance, when the trout starts on the downward rush.

It is a large fish and betrays its home when it starts for the lagoon, but the canoe is dragging the fish down the river in a style that makes the Professor mentally pat the Chief of Guides on the back, though he would not dare put it in words.

Out of the water again, and the Professor thinks of the time Tomas foretold size by marking it on the paddle when they got that 8-pounder on the Nepigon.

Now the trout is going down stream and the slender 4 ounce rod is much too light to check. Reel in, Professor, for the canoe is swifter than the flight of the trout, handicapped by the drag of the silken threads!

Ah, Professor! that rounding up of the canoe in a semicircle as the rod bent to bow of promise, shows skill and judgment you never found in any other guide than Tomas of the Red Rock.

"Four pounds, eh, Tomas?" purred the Professor, more to himself than to the *voyageur*, who was now heading the canoe shoreward, appreciating the difficulty of netting the trout from the canoe, though the Professor knew he could do it without hazard! In the hands of a good guide! The quarry is seldom lost from fault of his and the canoe was firmly held on the shingle as the *voyageur* said, "All right; get out!"

On shore. A few moments more and Tomas had landed the trout. As the index pulled down to 4¼ pounds, a hand reached out, took the balance and fish from the Professor, and a voice said,

"I'll trouble you both to come with me; under arrest for trespass and taking property not belonging to you."

"Ah!" said the Professor, snuffing the battle from afar. "Certainly we will accompany you; but where shall we leave our canoe and traps?" Turning to the voyageur he said in patois,

"Easy, Tomas, it is nothing but vexation. We probably forgot we were not in Saint Jean."

"Leave the canoe there," answered the man, on whose breast was pinned a bright silver star with the legend, "County Constable." "Here, Bill, take charge of these traps. 'Taint likely these chaps will need this stuff for some time."

The Professor's back stiffened, and his tones dropped to an evenness that some who had met him would have thought ominous. The constable had taken rod, net and trout, and the Professor and Tomas followed him. The *voyageur* relit his pipe, with serene indifference, and evidently had committed his fortune to the Professor's care. Into the village they took their way and thence to the Court House, where a reception awaited them because Court was in session and an audience awaited the trial in which the Professor and Tomas were to figure.

"Your Honor," said the constable, "I arrested these 2 men for stealing Mr. Lyle's property. They caught a trout with this rod and net, and I've brought the men and the trout into Court." The Justice turned toward the party.

"What have the prisoners to say? What answer do you make to the charge?"

"Will Your Honor show us the warrant if we are prisoners? And will you inform us of what we are accused?" The Justice, hemmed and coughed.

"Well, Mr. Lyle, I suppose—oh—oh, Mr. Jones you appear for Mr. Lyle in this prosecution?"

Mr. Jones arose and began, "May it please the Court——"

"May I interrupt to ask that if there be a warrant it be shown, so I may be advised on what crime or misdemeanor we have been arrested?" said the Professor.

"Er—er, there is no warrant. The charge is fishing in private waters and catching Mr. Lyle's fish," said Mr. Jones, extricating the Justice from the dilemma.

"Ah," the Professor's soft voice went on, "I suppose my rod and net are not impounded as instruments of crime."

"Of course not," decided the learned J. P., taking his cue from Mr. Jones.

"And the constable will be directed to surrender my canoe and traps to me?" pursued the Professor, to which counsel and the J. P. nodded assent.

"The Justice decides that my guide and myself are not in custody, I presume, as it appears that no complaint of crime or misdemeanor is to take the place of the absent warrant," relentlessly continued the Professor, putting the words in the Court's mouth.

The helpless Justice looked at the quondam prosecutors and again nodded assent to the Professor! At this point the constable turned to Mr. Lyle and said something about his mental status, unfit for publication.

"Mr. Constable," pursued the Professor,

"do you know you are liable for false imprisonment? And now, sir!" addressing Mr. Jones and his client, "since we are in a Court, will you state your client's grievance if he have one and I will answer it If he has suffered pecuniary loss for which I am liable. I will pay it!"

Mr. Jones arose and stated his case:

"It is a popular fallacy and an almost universal impression that wherever there is a right of navigation, or wherever a boat may pass, i. e., wherever 'the water is boatable,' there is a corresponding right to enjoy whatever fishing the waters may afford; and this regardless of the wishes or desires of the owners of the lands on either or both sides where there is a union of title, in which case the ownership of the land under the water would also attach with rights of the upland property. Now such a believer fails to discriminate and distinguish between the right of navigation or to use the water as a highway, and the right to property which only the owner of the banks possesses, i. e., of fishing, irrigation, watering cattle, etc. Mr. Lyle is the owner of both sides of this stream, which is non-navigable and non-tidal. He is therefore the owner of the land between the 2 shores. In common presumption he is the owner of the fishing which may be had within the limits of his proprietary rights; therefore to that extent he is the owner of the waters that yield fish whereof he alone may take. Being above flux and reflux of the tide, he owns it exclusively, save only that up and down this water the defendant may pass, using it for boatable purposes only, as a highway on his journeying."

"Truly he speaketh to the book like my Lord Hale in De Jure Maris," murmured the Professor as he began to perceive that his antagonist was not so bad.

"The public, including my friend and his guide," continued Mr. Jones, "have the right of passage alone. Others may have rights such as rafting, marketing, ferriage; but this defendant in tying to the bridge and fishing therefrom was guilty of trespass; and then in landing on the shore."

"May I interrupt?" said the Professor, suiting the action to the word. "I am a stranger in this vicinity. I assume the bridge is public property, that I had the right to tie to it and that it has been so decided!"

"Quite so," said the opposing counsel. "We do not complain of tying to the bridge for purposes of rest; but to tie to it and fish therefrom, is the act we complain of."

"Ah, truly hath he read the sages of the law," murmured the Professor, with growing admiration of his antagonist and a keener zest for the legal struggle.

"Now in hooking the fish in these waters and then going on the shore to land the fish," continued Mr. Jones, "this defendant was guilty of trespass or unwarrantable entry on the land of Mr. Lyle. In netting the trout the defendant was guilty of conversion, in that he exercised dominion over the property of Mr. Lyle, and in killing the trout, totally destroyed it, for which he is liable to my client. The Court will note that the defendant was fishing at the mouth of the lake, which Mr. Lyle has expended large sums of money to stock. In fact, one of the patriarchs of this body of water has been killed, in the very demesne of the complainant. Full warning was given that fishing in this water was prohibited; that anyone disregarding the notice would be treated as a trespasser and punished to the full extent of the law! These notices, as Your Honor is aware, are publicly and plainly posted on both banks, from one end to the other end of Mr. Lyle's property. This was private water which had been improved for the propagation of fish. Large sums of money have been expended by my client, for years, in stocking the lake with fish, and my client is entitled to the benefit of the statute and of the common law for his full protection and indemnity. The valuable property rights which have been unlawfully invaded, are, fishing in my client's waters; entering upon and committing trespass on the land; and killing a trout which is the specific property of my client!"

The Professor arose, and bowing to his opponent, greeted the Court and said,

"My learned friend, if he be right in stating that his client owns the land on both sides of the stream and no one else has the separate right of fishery, which may be owned in such a stream as this, severable and apart from the land, has some cause for complaint against me. Not so broadly as put, but strictly of technical trespass, because I put my foot upon his client's land without his consent. My learned friend will, I trust, admit that 6 cents would be liberal compensation for the injury to this freehold. Indeed, My Lord Kay, for whom I have the highest respect, once suggested, as pointing out the absurdity of this claim of trespass, that if by the side of a highway an artist set up his easel and made a sketch, he might be a trespasser, but no one in his senses would bring an action of trespass against him for doing so. It may well be that this historic stream is not navigable and therefore creates private rights; for a learned Chief Justice has said, it is not every stream in which a fishing skiff or gunning canoe can be floated in high water, that is deemed navigable. Again, it has been said that the public has a right of way only in every stream that is capable in its natural state and its ordinary volume of water of transporting the products of the forests or mines, or the fruits of the soil upon its banks. But the damage suffered is not the fish taken, because in that fish he has no property——"

"Permit me," said Mr. Jones rising, "to inform you that the particular trout killed by you has been identified by Mr. Lyle from private marks thereon as having been, when young, put in the lake, and having been thereafter captured, it was again marked, about 2 years ago!"

"Even though he may identify this particular fish as having been originally purchased by him and put, may I say planted, in this private preserve, since it escaped into the river it was liable to capture at the hands of anyone who might have had that good fortune outside the property limits of the owner of the land, without being subject to any claim on the part of the original purchaser. In this I am sustained by the analogous custom, shall we say law, recognized by the whale fishermen! Merely harpooning a whale which breaks the line, though the iron and part of the rope remain attached to the whale, does not create any property rights in the whale in favor of the harpoon owner or thrower. Nor does it give any part interest in the whale, though it be captured with the iron and rope still attached. A sea lion captured in the Pacific ocean was taken to an aquarium on Glen Island, in Long Island Sound, whence it escaped. It was again recaptured on the Jersey coast, and the Court decided that the purchaser from the original captor had lost all property rights in the animal. If I remember correctly the purchaser's contention that there could be no return to natural liberty until the animal had reached its native place was overruled, and natural liberty was defined to be the means the animal formerly enjoyed to provide for itself when by its own volition it has escaped from all artificial restraint and is free to follow the bent of its natural inclination.

"To complete property in fish, as in all other game, the actual appropriation must be made. If a person content with possession for a brief while, suffers that they be voluntarily restored to the water, so they must be recaptured in like manner as originally taken and without using the means of the captor-restorer, the right of property ceases and the fish belongs to the last taker.

"While the right of fishing on the land is exclusively in the owner, this does not imply nor impart the right to destroy what he does not capture. He does not own the fish in the stream. His right of property attaches only to those he reduces to actual possession and he cannot lawfully kill or obstruct the free passage of those not taken. If I am stating it correctly (turning to Mr. Jones with courtly grace) the damage is the injury suffered by the right of fishery; not measured by the fish taken therefrom; since it is extremely conjectural that any particular person would have caught it, so as to claim damages by my depriving him of that property right. Certainly if the tidal waters reached these lands I should have committed no wrong nor impinged upon any right of the owners of the lands; so the injury is the invasion of the exclusive rights of the owner. If the complainant owned only to the center, quoting as my learned friend has the language of the books, to the thread of the stream, and the fish had been hooked on the opposite side, I would have the right to continue the battle until I landed the fish, though it took me into the waters of the unwilling and protesting owner. My learned friend must concede that I am entitled to the fish as the lawful captor thereof, while in its natural element, which deprived the owner of the land over which the stream flowed of any property rights in the fish. As far as property in the fish is concerned, the fact that I was a trespasser while capturing it, does not deprive me of the fish and confer title to it upon the owner of the fishing privilege! The injury to this land owner is confined to the damages suffered by the presence of my guide and myself while standing on the shore, and to fishing as distinguished from the capture of the fish and the pleasure thereof and the value of the fish. Again, my learned friend is mistaken in his attempt to invoke the statute for assistance to sustain the notice, which reads:

"'Fishing prohibited on these waters.' 'Trespassers will be punished to the extent of the law.' It is unavailing, because a man cannot stock a stream running over his land and thereby make it a private stream so as to bring it within the laws which impose a penalty for fishing in private waters after public notice.

"Suppose the owner of one side of the banks had blasted out a hole in the middle of a running stream, and filled it with rocks so that it attracted trout and became a favorite pool. It would not give him exclusive rights as against the other owner and the public unrestrained by the other owner. The notice, however, is defective and fails to invoke the benefit of the statute because the notice must indicate that the private water is not only absolutely inclosed, preventing the fish from going in and out, but that it is used or improved for the propagation of fish."

Absorbed in refuting his opponent's argument, the Professor had kept his eyes on Mr. Jones and his client. Having finished, he looked up at the learned Justice, to find him fast asleep. Both lawyers smiled at this convincing effect of their weighty arguments, and shook hands, while the Professor said,

"Permit me to introduce myself. John Lawmaker, Manhattan," and laughed to note the change in the face of Lyle, who began to stammer and apologize.

"Not Professor Lawmaker, Manhattan Law School?" and to the other's nodding assent, his tones of dismay.

"My son is one of your students," brought smiles and laughter when the Professor said,

"In re Salmo fontinalis curia advisari vult. The trout shall be cooked by Tomas and the costs shall be a bottle of wine to be contributed by Mr. Lyle."

"No," said Mr. Lyle, "you shall stop at my house over night and be sentenced to fish all day to-morrow; and Mr. Jones shall keep you company for losing my case." And Mr. Jones added,

"I ought to have known better."

In the drowsy heat of the afternoon sun the Professor dropped his paddle, pulled his hat over his eyes and lay back in the canoe, leaving further progress to Tomas, while in utter content he smoked to keep the insects away. Disturbed by the swaying, rocking motion of the canoe he sat up to note the pool created by the waters of a creek rushing into the river. Then, attracted by the beauty of the spot and its likelihood of sport, he picked up the rod and began to cast. Near the point a large rock betokened an ideal place over and around which he cast. Then, seeing a jam of logs and a drift near the shore, he sent flies in long casts all round the likely spots. Had the Professor, however, taken pains to look at Tomas' face, he would have paused, for down the center of the stream floated patches of yellowish matter ,and along the edges of the banks, clinging to the water plants, were masses of the same material.

"That is not good for trout," said Tomas, in tones that meant much. The Professor's answer was to pick up his paddle, and with its deeper swirl the canoe left the main river and shot up the creek whence the sawdust was coming out. The noise of the mill grew louder, and the shriek of the saw made the Professor stiffen. His face set and grew grimmer as he saw masses of sawdust being thrown into the stream by a man on the bank. The canoe glided up the shore.

"May I ask who is the owner of this mill?" queried the Professor.

"I reckon you kin," replied the man, tossing the sawdust into the stream.

"Will you take me to him?" softly asked the Professor.

"'Taint likely," answered the sawdust tosser.

"I would like to speak with him," said the Professor.

"Well, guess it's as easy from where you be as another place."

"My dear sir," the Professor's soft tones might have warned the sawdust tosser to desist as he went on, "don't you think it is quite unwise to throw that stuff into the water? It will kill all the fish, and it destroys the value of the stream. You know even cattle can not drink the water——"

"Well, that's none of my business."

"Oh, yes it is, because you ought not to use your business or your land to the injury and detriment of your neighbor. Suppose an acid factory ran its refuse into the river above you, so you could not even use the stream to float your logs. Or the fumes blew across so the men could not work in your mill. You would feel injured. You see you are not doing by your neighbor as you would like to be treated."

"My neighbor don't run this mill for me!" and then another great heap of the stuff was sent into the stream. "I don't know of any easier way than this, and I don't know as that boat of yourn is goin' to take it where it won't do no more harm."

"No, that craft could scarcely take it all away, though I should be tempted to offer it to you if that would abate this nuisance," returned the Professor.

"Nuisance! Look here, don't you call names. I'll do as I please. This is my house and my land; and this creek is on my land, and the water is mine. So I'll just do as I please. You've 'bout said enough, so clear right off the premises."

"Oh, no," said the Professor. "You may own the bed of the stream and the lands on both sides, but that does not give you the ownership of the water, much less the right to destroy what the Lord has put there for mankind. You are not the owner of this water, even though you may try to prevent any other creature or human being from enjoying it."

"Now, you quit. Git right out, or I'll call my men and set the dogs on you," angrily cried the mill owner.

"The dogs are in bad company," retorted the Professor. "I will get off your land. Now listen to me for your good and peace of mind. The dominion of this good State, for the purpose of protecting the fish within its waters and to preserve them for the common enjoyment of its citizens, wisely and beneficently extends to all waters within the State, public or private, wherever these animals are habited or accustomed to resort, although flowing over lands exclusively owned; and the waters are still subject to the power as well as to all laws of the State regulating fisheries. I am going to call on your neighbors to see if they will not obtain an injunction against you which will put a stop to this wicked destruction. If that can not be done, because more of your sort live here, I will call on the Attorney-General of the State to have you indicted for this most reprehensible conduct. There is a law made for the punishment of just such men as you, even if you don't know it!"

"Now look here," said the mill owner, advancing threateningly, "who are you?"

"Oh, never mind who I am. I simply tell you what the law of this land is, and if you do not know enough to obey it, there are those who will attend to your case, so that much against your wishes, it will make you a law abiding citizen; free, or where you can do no harm! Yes, I am going to get off from your land, but I shall have you watched. You may take my card and keep it for economical and other reasons. That little symbol (pointing to the L. A. S. badge) means an association that will never let your case drop. Good day, sir."

Rising lazily from the marshes went a bird that made the Professor gasp in astonishment, and as the wings, flapping heavily, took the bird high in the air and across the river, he recognized it as a rare specimen wanted badly for his cabinet.

"Tomas, shoot that heron," called the Professor, and in quick response, like divination, came the snapping bark of the little .20 gauge.

"That's all right. You simply winged him," as the bird, arrested in his flight, began to descend, but rose again and struggled on, with the canoe in pursuit. Behind the hills the heron passed, but the canoe ran up the strand, and Tomas, with the gun in hand, was first out, though the Professor was a close second.

Then the woodcraft of Tomas came in, for through the patch of woods and across fields they took their way, the Professor well knowing the *voyageur* would find the bird. Beyond the fields they came to a house, and Tomas, opening the gate, strode up the walk, and passing around to the back of the house, the twain saw a man, apparently the owner of the house, holding the heron. The Professor, after bidding him good day, blandly said,

"May I trouble you for the bird my man shot."

"Man shot? What business had he to shoot him on my land? What do you mean by running over my grounds with a savage and a gun, killing birds. I'll have the law on you," was the testy response.

"Pray, pardon the trespass. I assure you we have done no injury; nor did we shoot the fowl on your land. Tomas shot the bird on the river and winged it, and knowing where it would fall we came for it. Please give it to me."

"No, I won't please give it to you. I sued a man for anchoring his boat and decoys on my flats, and shooting ducks which fell on my lands. I kept the ducks, and he had to pay me damages for his misdeeds," said the old farmer. "No man shall hunt on my land without my permission; you may count on that. I taught him some law, and I'll do the same to you. It's a wild fowl and it fell on my land, so I'll keep it."

"No," returned the Professor, in chilly tones, "you won't keep it. You are a little mistaken in your law, although you are right in asserting that it's a wild fowl — *ferae naturae.* I had wounded it, and continued in pursuit to capture it, as I had a right to do. Indeed, the ancients held that *ferae naturae* mortally wounded or greatly maimed can not be rightfully intercepted by another while the pursuit of the person inflicting the wound continues; and the mortal wounding or greatly maiming by one not abandoning pursuit is deemed possesion of the pursuer. My Lord Chief Justice Holt said,

" 'If I start game in one man's ground which is not my own and follow it into another man's ground and there kill it, the property is in me; because the party in whose ground it was started, having no privilege, can not come and take it. Like the title to all game, it is possession that creates ownership.' "

"Well," said the other, triumphantly, "possession's nine points of the law."

"No! The bird was falling from the shot, and the person who starts the quarry and keeps in pursuit has a right to it on finding it. You are bound to yield it up. I am entitled to assert my claim to the bird, even if you hold it in your hands. My Lord Ellenborough once ruled where a farmer had started a hare on a third man's ground and followed her to defendant's field, where the dogs caught her, and the defendant's laborer picked her up and killed her and gave her to the defendant. Shortly after, and in pursuit, the farmer came up and demanded the hare from the defendant, who refused to give her up. My Lord decided that the hare was the property of the farmer who followed in pursuit of his quarry."

"Well, you shall not have it, and that ends it," said the owner of the land.

"Yes," echoed the Professor, "I can not take you by the throat and make you give it to me, and I will not go to law about it, but I supposed every sportsman was a gentleman. You can see the bird was bleeding from the shot, so the gunner could not be far off, even if you did not hear the gun. I supposed you would give it up, however," and with a sigh that was full of regretful loss, "Come, Tomas, let us go," the 2 started.

"Hold on," said the old gentleman, as the wind blew the Professor's coat aside and the little symbol "L. A. S." gleamed brightly in the sun. He pointed to it, and queried, "Are you a member?"

"Yes, certainly," said the Professor.

"Well, well, give me some good reason for shooting the heron and it is yours; for I don't believe in killing birds wantonly."

The Professor's face brightened and he perceptibly thawed as his pet hobby was approved; and he apologetically said.

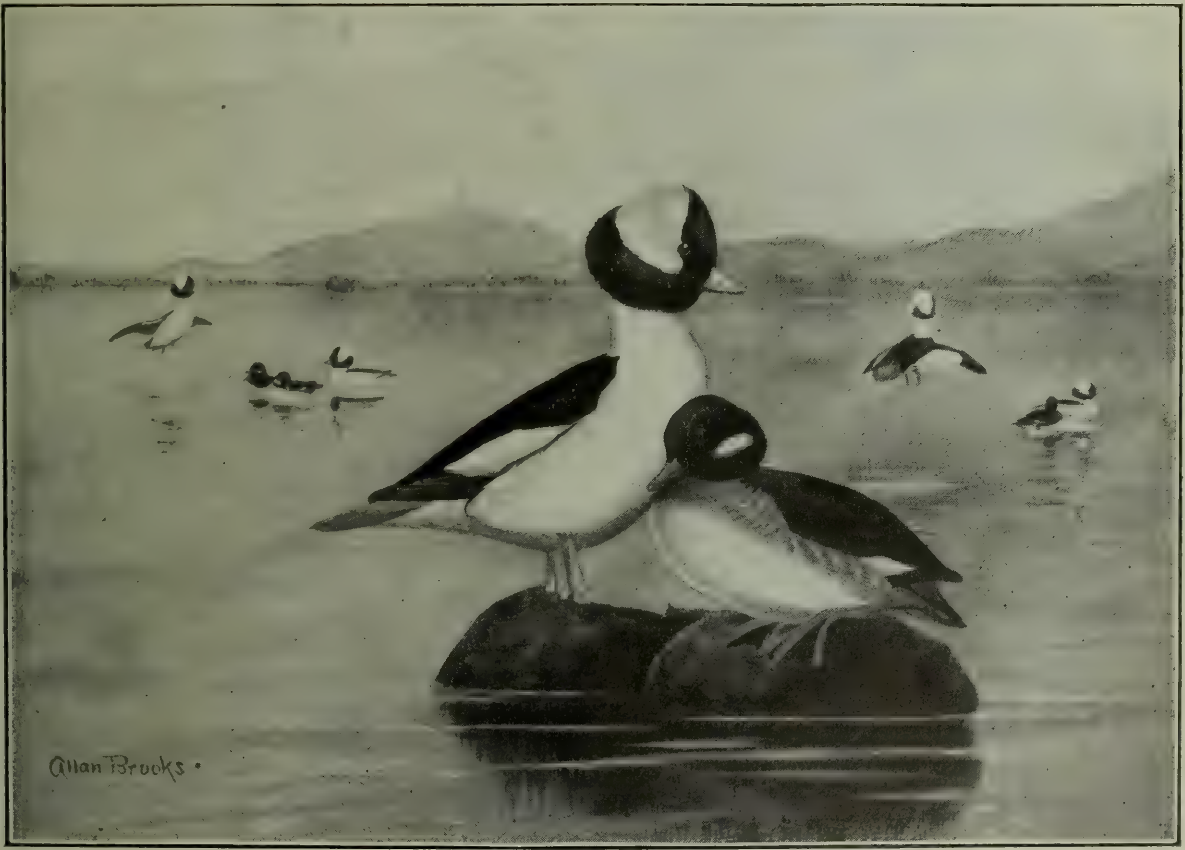
"The heron is a rare specimen, seldom seen in this region, and I need it for my collection. I have been trying a long time to secure one, and I trust this will excuse our shooting it. It is a cock bird."

"Oh, that's all right; the bird is yours. Come up to the house and rest. I see you are a stranger and I must take you in."

BUFFLEHEAD. *CHARITONETTA ALBEOLA.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

This charming little duck has many other names, being called by a different one in almost every locality. Butterball and spirit duck are the names most commonly used, and in Ontario it is generally miscalled widgeon. The bufflehead is found over the whole continent and frequents both fresh and salt water, as do its closest allies, the goldeneyes, which it resembles in all its habits and nidification. Being as a rule an unsuspicious duck, it often falls an easy prey to the duck shooting tyro, but when fairly on the wing it flies at a great speed and good shooting is required to kill it. The flight is almost invariably without sharp turns or twists. Adult males, in the handsome white and black dress, are scarce in the fall, but as spring approaches they get much more plentiful. At that season the old males execute a curious manœuvre while courting their mates, continually taking short flights of 10 or 15 yards, slightly ascending on downcurved wings, and then dropping into the water again with a splash. They are expert divers, but in this respect they do not equal the longtail, goldeneye, scoter or other sea ducks. In the adult male the feet are pink, bill pale leaden blue, iris brown. In the female and young male the bill is darker, feet plumbeous sometimes, tinged with flesh color, webs dusky. Females are much smaller than males. In fact, the female is about the smallest duck in North America.



THE BUFFLEHEAD. *CHARITONETTA ALBEOLA.*

BY COURTESY OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RUNWAY AT MOUTH OF MOON RIVER, MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT.

WHERE TO GO.

JOHN BOYD.

The Muskoka lake region is an ideal spot for the guncrank, the camera fiend, the angler, the canoeist, or the lover of any kind of outdoor life.

Only one line of railway enters that famous region, namely, the Grand Trunk system, which, with its connection, the Muskoka Navigation Co., touches all important points.

If you visit Canada for a period not exceeding 4 months, you may bring in guns, fishing tackle, cooking utensils, bicycles, cameras, tents and camp duffle for your own use. You deposit with the customs officer the duty on the appraised value of the goods, and when you shake the dust of Canada from your feet, you go to him again and get back your money in full, providing you again take the same articles out of the country.

If you have a first class ticket, you will be allowed free 200 pounds of *bona fide* camping outfit providing they are properly packed. If you are taking home any game or fish which have been killed in season, you may include 50 pounds of it in your allowance. If you have a dog, put a collar and chain on him, pay for 100 pounds excess baggage, and all is O. K. Your guns must be in cases, if you want them in the passenger coach with you.

Fares for this district are low, planned to meet the requirements of tourists and sportsmen, being put into effect on May 1, and usually good until the close of navigation, November 30.

Before going to the lakes one should visit Sparrow lake, known far and wide for its scenery and fishing. To reach it get off at Severn Station, board a small steamer, and follow the windings of the river of the same name some 4 miles. The lake is quite large, and abounds in muskalonge, black bass and pickerel. On the land, deer moose, bears and grouse are plentiful. Mr. Stanton or his sons will guide you, but Indians are also procurable. The former furnishes all kinds of boats, boarding you if desired. Address him at Severn, Ont. In the vicinity are many other interesting spots, such as Morrison lake, Lower, Severn river and Gloucester pool, but on those you will have to go prepared to camp out. If you want scenery, and to see nature looking at herself, you will not miss the Kah-she-she-bog-a-mog river, a wonderful piece of water emptying into Sparrow lake, and rivalling the famous Shadow river. There the camera artist will use his dry plates by the dozen. Camping sites on the lakes are free, on request, while on the other waters you squat where you like.

The Muskoka lakes are some 112 miles from Toronto, 810 feet above the Atlantic ocean, and 572 feet higher than Lake Ontario. They are named Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph, are respectively 21, 12 and 16 miles in length, and vary in width from 5 to 6 miles of open water to channels 100 yards across, while in making the trip of some 50 miles you will needs find your way through a maze of nearly 400 islands.

At Gravenhurst, the town name of Muskoka wharf, there is fair black bass and pickerel fishing, while out in the adjoining township is a paradise for deer, grouse and hares. P. Milne and J. Scott are local guides who have dogs; boats may be had from A. Ditchburn.

Leaving Gravenhurst and passing the narrows, we get into open water, and skirting the entrance to Mud bay, enter the Muskoka river, soon to reach Bracebridge, a large and prosperous town, with abundant accommodation. This is a prominent center for fishing and hunting trips, as well as the starting point for canoe voyages to the country bordering on the Lake of Bays district. In September speckled trout, black bass and pickerel are most plentiful, but salmon, trout and whitefish are also numerous in Wood, Pine, Leonard and Trading lakes, which are distant 5 to 18 miles. Deer, bears, grouse, geese and ducks are shot within a few miles of Bracebridge, though most parties make their camp in the vicinity of Baysville, or on the South Muskoka river. On this stream are the Muskoka falls, a grand sight, being about 150 feet high. John Cooper, of Bracebridge, and John Took, of Baysville, are guides whose services are to be had for any of those waters.

Coming back again to Muskoka lake, the next interesting point is Beaumaris, located on Tondern island. The town is a fashionable and popular resort, with a good hotel, and small fishing at the door. Game is not abundant in the vicinity. At the West end of the lake are Torrance and Bala, the first a noted deer and bear section, while the latter provides sport of every description, perhaps the greatest variety to be had in the North country. Bala Hotel, T. Currie, proprietor, and Clifton House, with Mrs. Board as hostess, will furnish good accommodation. Boats may be hired from D. Burgess by the hour, day, week or month. Fish may be caught from the banks of the Muskosh river, right in the village, and large black bass are taken in quantities from the foot of the Bala falls, over which the water of all this massive chain of lakes pours. Clear lake, Blake lake and Long lake furnish speckled trout and bass, while the Moon river, some 5 miles away, contains immense muskalonge, pickerel, bass, etc. Down the Muskosh and Moon rivers are some most rugged falls, and hundreds of canoeists visit them every year. On the former river is located the Oka Indian reserve, and a visit to their village of Sahanation is interesting. A trail leads to it from Squaw Chute falls.

Between Moon Chute falls and Ragged rapids, Wm. Renshaw keeps a first class boarding house. He knows the surrounding country well. His rates are low for everything, and visitors are sure of fish, deer, bear, grouse, hares, ducks and shore birds. His postoffice address is Bala.

All along these waters are excellent camping sites, which have been used for years, and at many of them fixtures have been left which come in handy for the next who stops there. The scenery is grand.

Other points on Lake Muskoka where good fishing is to be had are Milford bay, Mortimer's point, Point Kaye and "The Kettles." Good hotels are located at the first 2, and by writing R. Stroud or W. Mortimer, respectively, full arrangements can be made. Many of the islands and points of land are not occupied, but even if they should be, and you would like to stop for a time, a request to the owner will invariably bring a favorable reply, as your visit will give him a chance to supply you with butter, bread, etc., thus making the benefit mutual.

Between Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau runs the Indian river, and about half way up its length is Port Carling, where there is hotel accommodations galore. Around this place are some delightful bits of water, where boating and fishing may be carried on amid pleasant surroundings. The names of some of them have escaped my memory, but I still treasure the recollection of Silver and Brandy lakes, and of early drives and walks to Butterfly lake, on which is located Glen Orchard, P. O., where boarders can be cared for in limited numbers.

Passing again up the Indian river, and skirting Interlaken park, the tourist enters Lake Rosseau, and is soon among the most beautiful spots in the entire Muskoka region. Hundreds of islands, ranging in size, are scattered over this lake, from a rock 2 spans and a jump across, to that of Big island, a mass of color some 3 miles long. This is the most densely settled part of the Muskoka Highlands. If you want to see folks enjoying themselves you will not miss this fairyland under any circumstances.

Windermere, Thos. Aiken; Juddhaven, Alfred Judd; Ferndale, R. G. Penson; Morinus House, W. McNaughton; Maplehurst, Mrs. Brown; Rosseau, John Monteith; Woodington, M. Woods; Port Sandfield, E. Cox, are some of the resorts where fair fishing and good accommodations may be had. Grouse, deer, bear and hares are numerous some little distance back from each of these places. There are many other spots intermediately located.

In Lake Rosseau midway between Rosseau and Maplehurst flows a fair sized stream, Shadow river. You will, of course, visit it with the rest, and my advice is to keep a level head, for as you paddle up its still water and look down on the fleeting clouds some miles below you, a dizziness may come on, and bring about an involuntary bath, which would be an abrupt way to spoil an innocent shadow. I also warn you not to get mad when you drive your craft into the fern-covered banks a dozen times in 100 yards, thinking you are merely passing into another complex reflection, for scores of wise and sober people have done so.

On the East side of Lake Rosseau is Skeleton bay, into which runs the river of the same name, and at the other end of the river is Skeleton lake. The river is noted for Minnehaha falls, unlimited fishing and shooting, and scenery. A new boarding house has been built at Skeleton lake. To reach it, disembark at Windermere. Thence a free bus runs to Ullswater, some 5 miles away, and from there the steam yacht of the proprietors conveys tourists to the house. Communications should be addressed Newport House, Aspdin, P. O. Salmon trout up to 40 pounds, with whitefish from the lake and speckled trout from a stream stocked by the owners of the hotel, are among the prospects ahead for a visitor there.

Gregory, on the Joseph river, a stream which connects Lake Rosseau with the upper and Eastern section of Lake Joseph, is in the midst of some excellent sport with rod and gun. The Government road, which passes there, leads on toward an unsettled part, where deer and black bear reign supreme, having for company ruffed and spruce grouse and hares. Loyal sons of Uncle Sam will stand a good chance of securing an emblem of their country, a bald eagle.

At Port Sandfield, a fashionable resort, begin the sparkling waters of Lake Joseph, the last of the chain. From there to Port Cockburn, at the head of the lake, are countless spots to suit every taste. Craigie-Lea, P. O., Miss J. P. Creigh; Hamill's

House, W. B. McLean; Port Cockburn, H. Fraser & Sons, are the most important points. From one end to the other, salmon trout, black bass and pickerel are abundant, while on the West side of the lake are hunting grounds unexcelled anywhere. Here are the famous Crane and Blackstone lakes, for which the Robinson Brothers, of Port Cockburn, are guides. I have never met a sportsman who came away from those waters disappointed, and many visit them each year.

North of Port Cockburn lies a sparsely settled country, dotted over with small lakes, each abounding with fish of the choicest varieties, and surrounding these waters are woods that hold our noblest game birds and animals.

Hotels charge $2 a day down to $5 a week, the majority being $1 a day. Summer boarding houses charge $5 to $3.50 a week. Those are rates during June, July and August, but before and after those months the prices are much reduced. Guides range $1.50 to $1 a day. Some include dogs and canoe or boat in their fee, while others charge extra, usually 25 to 50 cents a day. Boats and canoes average $5 a month, or $2.50 a week.

The glorious region of Muskoka, which is an apt derivation of an Indian word meaning clear-sky-land, is indeed a paradise for sportsmen.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY ARTHUR HAZLETON.

AFTER THE DAY'S SPORT.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed the first microbe, "you look fierce."

"Don't I?" replied the crippled one. "I deserve a pension. The Philippine war's responsible for my condition."

"O, come off!"

"Fact. I got mixed up in a kiss between a returned soldier and his best girl."
—Philadelphia Press.

"How would you like to have Dewey's job?" asked one of Senator Pullard's constituents.

"Some land office would be more to my taste," replied the eminent statesman.

"Well, I reckon that's so," rejoined the constituent. "You haven't done anything but land offices ever since I've known you."
—Chicago Tribune.

Army Navy Hospital
Hot Springs Ark
324 INDIANA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

June 26th -

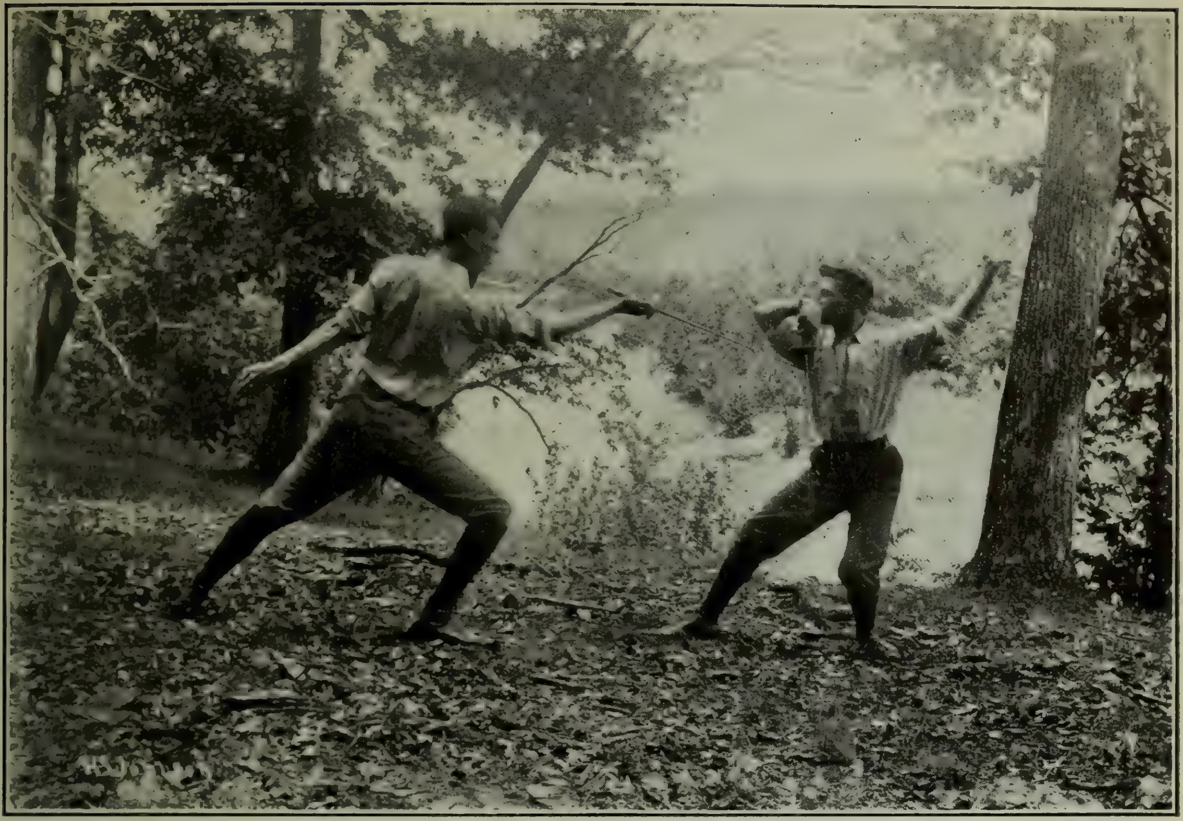
Dear Mr Shields,

When your note of Mch 23 reached me I was in bed with a severe attack of rheumatism & could not answer. Now I am nearly myself again & enclose $5- for five years membership in the L. A. S. Every good sportsman should belong

Yours very sincerely
R. D. Evans
Captain U.S.N.

SO SAYS FIGHTING BOB.

Now, why should not all good sportsmen follow his example?
How can any American ignore such sound advice?



AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. S. JOHNSON.

IN DEAD EARNEST.
Highly Commended in RECREATION'S 4th Annual Photo Competition.

IN THE HAUNTS OF THE GODS.

SARAH D. HOBART.

There is a glade, sequestered, cool and green,
By wild birds haunted, and all trusting things;
Here in the hush of noon the wood thrush sings
And orioles fleck the air with summer sheen.
Soft blackbird flutings fall the boughs between;
Above, in mazy drift of snowy rings,
The clouds unfold their palpitating wings,
The guardian spirits of the fairy scene.
Around its borders purls a limpid brook,
Its banks enwrought with palest iris blooms;
Beyond, the strenuous rushes, slim and tall,
Rise, rank on rank, a verdant columned wall:
The air is full of penetrant perfumes
And sunshine glints across the flowery nook.
Oh for the poet's vision to discern
The viewless forms that fill the enchanted space;
To woo from every tree its guardian grace,
The spirit from each flower and fronded fern.
The schoolmen's wisdom let the heart unlearn;
Receive the teaching of earth's earlier race;
Look with unclouded eyes on Nature's face
And feel the fires that in her pulses burn.
For Pan still lives, and he who seeks his home
Will find it in the glens and valleys fair.
And still for listening souls o'er hill and lea
Rings as of old the Dionysiac glee;
The Maenads dance within their rocky lair
And Naiads sport upon the tossing foam.

Minnie—Papa informed me that he was very much opposed to George.

Violet—And what did you say?

Minnie—I notified papa that intervention would mean war.

PROTECTION OF FORESTS AND GAME.

The following interesting letter has been received from a member of the Teton Guides Association, "organized to furnish sportsmen reliable information, reliable, competent guides and good outfits for successful hunting trips in the Jackson Hole country at fair and equitable prices."

Jackson, Wyo.

Editor Recreation:

I am much interested in the Forestry Department in Recreation, and through it I wish to call attention to the present threatening danger to the forests and game in Jackson's Hole. I say forests and game, because what affects the welfare of one affects the other.

In February of this year there was not enough snow in the valleys to allow sleighing, and in the mountains the depth did not exceed 5 feet, instead of the usual average of 10 feet. This light fall of snow in a season recalls the experience of 11 years ago, when there was a similar winter with 6 feet of snow in the mountains. The snow went off early in the spring; the ground became dry; there was but little grass, which made its growth early and by the first of July was dried up in the valley. We were called to put out a prairie fire July 4, and there were several fires in the valley during July and August. In August and September there were fires everywhere in the mountains. Thousands of acres of fine timber was killed that it will take 50 years to replace. A great many streams went dry, and even the Platte river, in Nebraska, dried up that year. Ranchers all over the West were calling for water to irrigate with. The government had engineers in the mountains looking up sites for reservoirs. One site selected was Jackson's lake, where they proposed to raise the water 40 feet.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY S. N. LEEK

TIMBER IN JACKSON'S HOLE KILLED BY FIRE.

The next winter proved severe. The elk, which suffered no loss the previous winter, came down from the mountains in countless numbers on their winter range. The grass was short, and fire had swept over a part of the range. The elk starved to death by thousands. We have never known such suffering among the game. Driven by hunger, they attacked the settlers' haystacks, already too small to meet the needs of the domestic animals.

How can the burning of the timber during a dry summer and the starving of game during the next winter be prevented? The first settlers in Jackson's Hole found the valley with little grass, a sage brush flat. By irrigation this same land has been made to produce a heavy crop of hay. Willows are appearing along all ditches, and in some instances timber trees are starting. During June the streams can hardly be forded, but a month later they are nearly dry and the settlers below are crying for more water.

Would it not be practicable to hold back the water from a thousand small streams in the mountains, let the water saturate the ground thoroughly, and so promote the growth of timber and grass, reduce the number of forest fires, keep the flood back during June, and have plenty of water for irrigation purposes in the valleys below, later in the season?

I should be glad to see this problem discussed in RECREATION, and hope some practical suggestions toward its solution will follow. I regard as foolish the idea that sheep should be grazed on a timber preserve to keep the grass down so that fires will not run.

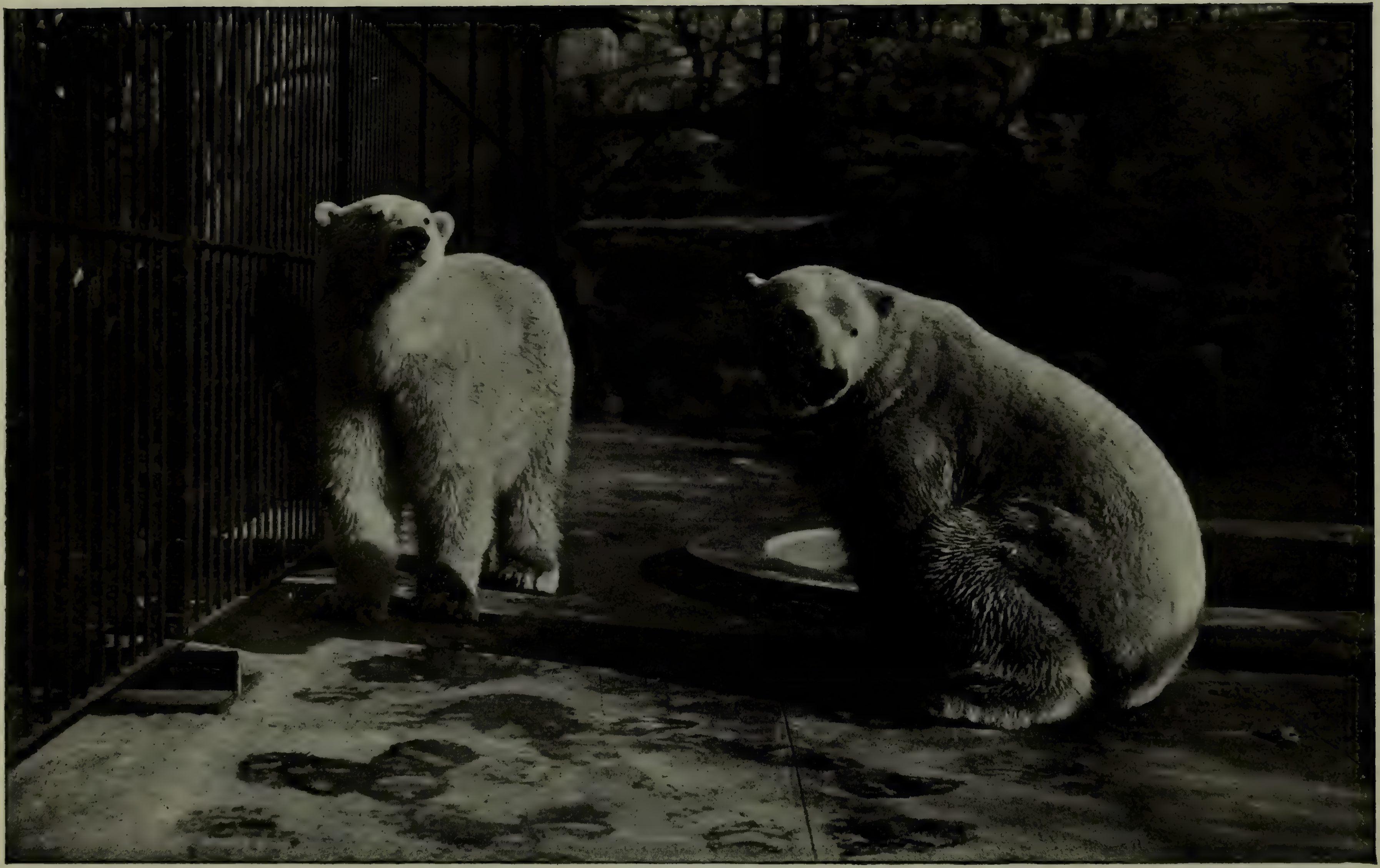
I send you a photograph of timber in Jackson's Hole killed by fire.

S. N. Leek.

ANSWER.

No immediate remedy can be suggested, except the change of sentiment and conditions for which the advocates of forestry reform have been working the last 15 years. The problem can only be solved by proper organization and enforcement of laws, toward which such a body as the Teton Guides Association can do a great deal as soon as they recognize the necessity of preserving satisfactory conditions for the sake of their own business. An educational campaign, it seems, is necessary, to teach that fires must be avoided, for they can hardly be extinguished if once started. If the people of those regions would meet at least half way the efforts of the Federal government to cope with the forest fire problem, the damage from this cause would be greatly lessened. For the starvation of game I can not propose any remedy on such large areas, except to allow them access to haystacks whenever that is feasible; and the growing of soft wood trees, such as willows and aspens, on which such animals browse.—EDITOR.

THE EVENING MEAL.
Some of Charles Payne's Pets.



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POLAR BEARS.

A SQUIRREL HUNT.

D. L. INGALLS.

My companions on my last hunting trip were George and old Rover. The latter is a wonderful dog. He is a full-blooded foxhound, 14 years old. He is deaf, and is minus an eye, lost in a battle with some canine foe; but his nose is apparently as good as ever.

My birthplace is not many miles from this spot, and in my boyhood days I was familiar with every squirrel tree for miles around. I have always enjoyed hunting squirrels, and each season finds me a traveler back to my old home for a few days of my favorite sport among my native hills. Squirrels were once plentiful in this region, but there is not one now where there used to be 10, which assures us of the fact that the game is fast passing away. What are left are educated up to the times. I once saw 9 in a hickory nut tree, which stood in a clearing. I got a shot at one of them with an old muzzle loader, but before I could reload the rest had vanished.

On October 25th we arrived at Salem at 10 a. m., and were met by George M. Sheldon, my hunting companion of many seasons. We were soon driving to his home, pleasantly situated among the hills 5 miles away. After greetings were said to old friends and we had partaken of a hearty dinner, guns were unpacked, shells tumbled out and we were soon on our way to the woods. It was not long before old Rover's mellow voice was heard, and we knew he had scented game, for he never fools us. It proved to be a gray squirrel in a tall oak, but he soon fell before the little Forehand gun that I received for getting up a club for Recreation. Our next was a cotton-tail. He was under a brush pile, but we soon had him out. As he sped away for his life a charge of No. 6's from George's Stevens laid him low. The next gray was knocked out of a tree at the first shot. George courteously waited for me to shoot a second time, but the squirrel ran up another tree on the opposite side, escaped into a hole and was lost, so we hunted on till nightfall and bagged 4 more grays and one grouse.

The next morning we were in the woods bright and early, and that day covered a great deal of ground, though with poor success. Rover treed a number of squirrels, but they all got away into holes. Only one did we get, and one rabbit. On our way home toward evening, while passing through a piece of woods we came to a large hollow tree. On closer inspection George discovered certain signs which led him to believe there were coons in it. We soon had an axe and commenced operations. After some hard work the tree fell with a crash. We stood with ready guns, but no coon made his appearance. The old dog ran to the hole, and after snuffing a moment commenced to bark. This at once satisfied us that the tree had an occupant. By that time it was quite dark. George started for a neighboring farmhouse to get a light, and soon returned, accompanied by a son of the Emerald Isle, who, on viewing the situation, exclaimed: "Boys, we'll build a fire and smother him." We cut another hole in the tree farther up. The coon was loath to leave his hiding place, but a few vigorous pokes with a stick convinced him he would better be moving. Once out his fate was soon settled. He was large and fat, and ere this his remains have been served on the lunch counter of a famous cafe in the capital city. His skin will be made into a rug to adorn the floor of my den.

The most satisfactory day of the trip I spent in still hunting when I bagged 5 grays and one grouse. To be in the woods in autumn and enjoy the beauties of nature, gave me greater pleasure than if I had killed more grouse.

We walk by the dimpled ocean,
  Upon the shining strand,
And tell of our deep devotion,
  While holding some one's hand.
We go to the brook a-fishing—
  Through the air we make them whiz;
And not one of us is wishing
  To get back again to biz.

—Puck.

SPECIFICATIONS FOR A LOG HOUSE.

H. C. WICKS, ARCHITECT.

The house is to rest on stone piers to reach solid ground or rock. The chimney is to have a foundation resting on solid ground, and is to be of brick. Lay the front hearth of flat stone or broken stone with flat side up, in concrete.

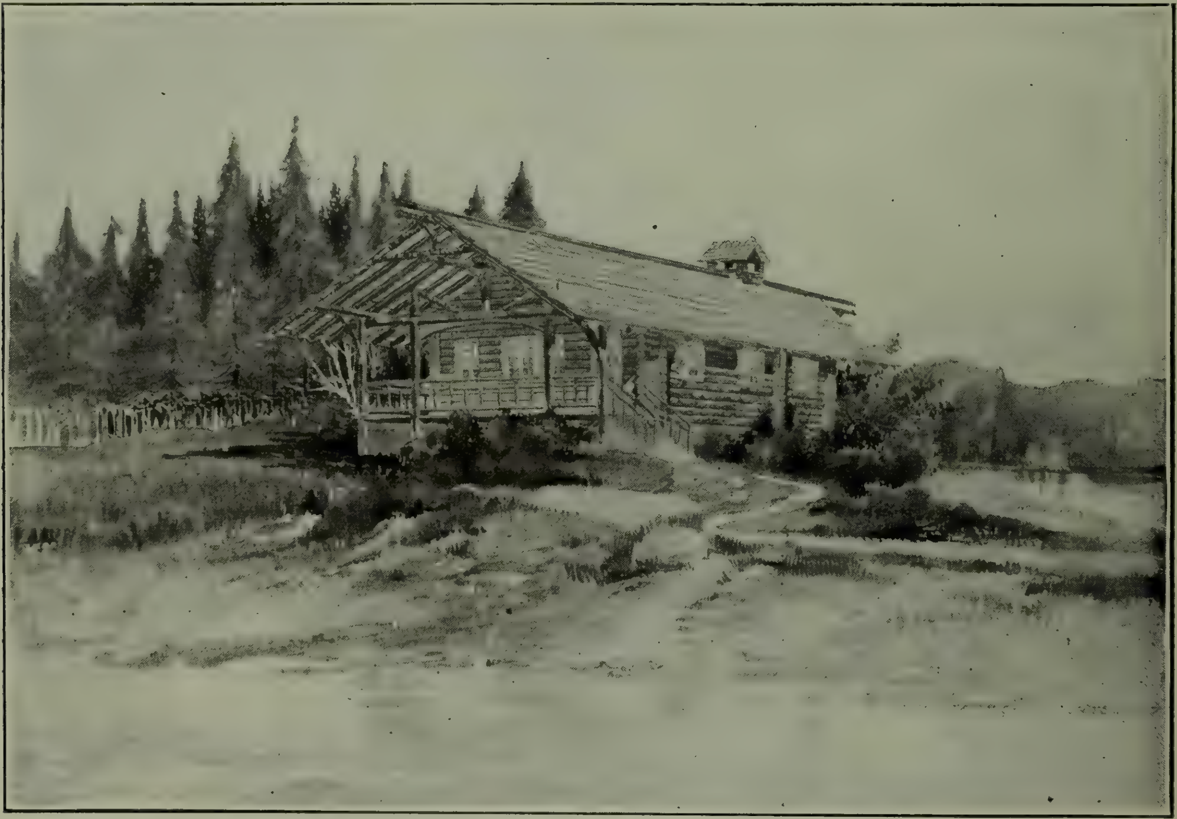
Where chimney cuts through roof lay in tin flashing and counterflashing. Paint the flashing both sides before laying.

The logs for the sides, ends and gables and partitions of house to be about 10 inches round, flatted top and bottom; sides to 8 inches in thickness. The outer log of porch to be about 10 inches round, flatted top to about 9 inches.

The logs for main posts, cross pieces to porch, ridge beam under rafters, and 2 main cross pieces and rafters of 2 trusses, 2 posts side of mantel to be about 8 inches round; the other rafters and sleepers of house to be about 8 inches round.

All rafters and sleepers to be flatted on top. The sleepers are to frame through side logs; the rafters are to frame over top side logs. The corners are to be formed with regular log cabin lock joints.

Place smaller timbers in gable of porch, and in back elevation gable and in 2 trusses. These to be about 7 inches round.



HOW IT SHOULD LOOK WHEN FINISHED.

The brackets between posts and extended top logs of sides and ridge logs to be about 6 inches round. The logs forming railing to be 5 and 4 inches round.

Build rustic mantel. Base log about 6 inches round; bracket posts about 6 inches round; other logs in connection with mantel about 4 inches round. The shelves of mantel to be made of plank hewed out of trees, left as they come from the broad-ax, not smoothed.

Make support for seat out of 4-inch round logs, with 4-inch round log arm one end. Form seat of 18-inch round log hewed 2 sides to 3 inches in thickness, left to show marks of broad-ax.

The steps to be made of 14-inch logs, hewed to about 7 inches in thickness; broad-ax marks to show. Lay up, overlapping each log over the preceding one. The log for ridge corner to be 6 inches round, hollowed out to suit rake of roof.

All logs showing on outside to have bark left on. All logs showing on inside to be peeled on inside only. Where window or door openings occur, the logs are to be sawed with square ends. The sill logs or posts are to be fitted to stone piers.

Do all framing as shown. Fit all posts,

lookouts, braces, or trusses together and bolt same with ½ inch bolts, where needed.

The log joints are to be chinked with oakum, ram packed with caulking tool to make cabin tight. Supply enough extra oakum so owner may have it repacked after logs have shrunk one season.

Make door and window frames of 2 inches pine, planed; rebate on inside for screens of window and outside for screen of front door; rebate outside for sash and inside for front door; rebate for inside doors one side.

Doors to inside to be made of ⅞x6 inch pine planed one side. Put 1⅛x5 inch chamfered battens on one side; 2 cross battens and one brace batten; nail batten to boards with wrought iron nails, so to clinch same. Place half strips of one inch birch saplings over joints. The front door to be made of 1½ inch pine, surfaced one side, and framed as shown. Put half strips of one inch birch saplings over inside joints.

Birch saplings to be sawed in halves and to have bark left on. Place 1½ inch thick sash in top of door and hold in place with ½ inch birch sapling strips.

Hinge doors on wrought iron T-strap hinges. Supply each door with wooden latch, and operate with rawhide string. Supply each door with iron lock and key.

The sash to be 1¼ inch thick pine. Two wrought hinges each sash. Rebate sash at center and hook shut with heavy wire hooks and eyes, one at top and one at bottom. Hold open with wooden bar attached one end to sash by staple, and other end to sills over iron pins.

Screens ⅞ inch thick. No. 14 wire mesh, hung on 2 wrought hinges, and held closed by wooden buttons.

Lay floor of house and veranda of ⅞x4 inches pine, matched and planed. Cut joints only on sleepers—smooth butt joints.

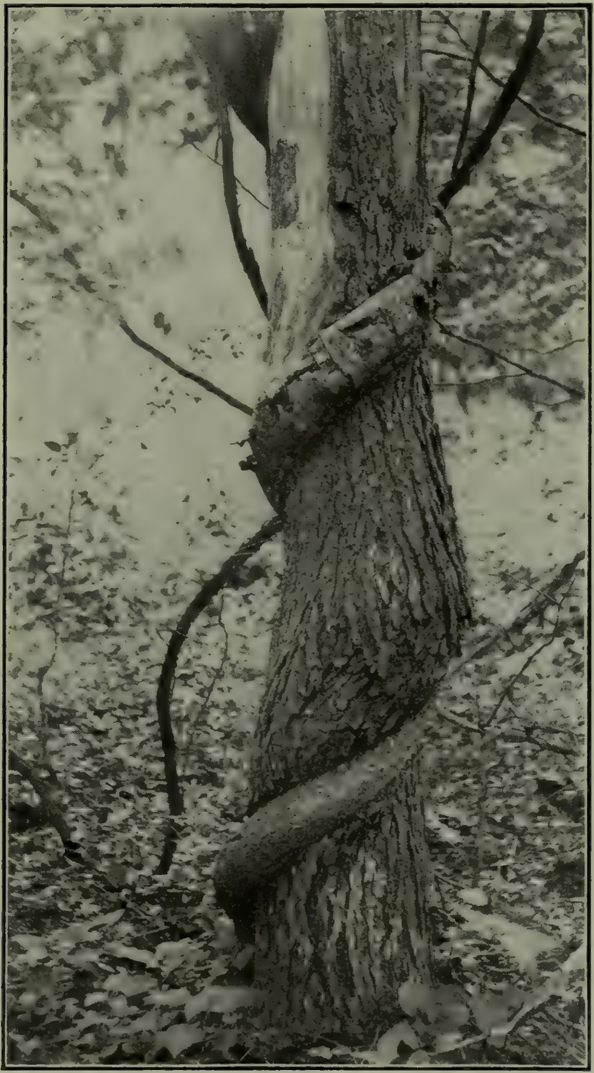
Lay roofboards of ⅞x5 inches pine or hemlock strips, laid with one inch space. Lay in filling logs over top plates with small logs. Shingle roof with 16 inch shaved spruce or pine shingles; lay 5 inches to the weather.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY ANGELLO BREWER

SETTING OUT THE DECOYS.

WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.

In the vicinity of Lake Geneva, Wis., is a little winding path I have trod hundreds of times. A stranger taking this walk for the first time, in the uncertain light of evening, is suddenly brought to a standstill, by seeing just ahead of him, a great serpent entwined around an elm tree. He gazes long and intently. As the serpent does not move, the traveler gradually approaches nearer and nearer, till suddenly he bursts out laughing, for the serpent is only a woodbine. It has grown around the tree from infancy, and they are much attached to each other. Here is a photograph of the tree and its necktie.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. E. MIDGLEY.

HAVE I GOT 'EM AGAIN?

A. E. Midgley, Chicago.

The greatest trouble with the budding angler is to scale down the number of fish which he reports in the evening as the day's catch.—Puck.

AN ANGLER'S PARADISE.

E. B. GIDDINGS.

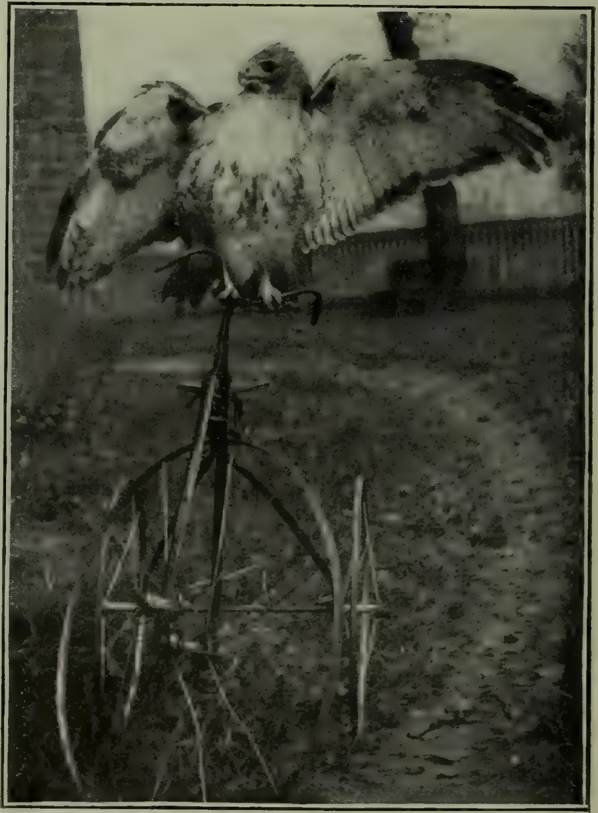
Down in the meadow by the brook,
Where willows form a shaded nook;
Where straying sunbeams never look,
Is Angler's Paradise.

There swim fine perch and silv'ry dace,
There speckled trout and minnows race,
And that is why they call the place
An Angler's Paradise.

Many an idle hour I've whiled,
And many a foolish trout beguiled;
While fickle fortune on me smiled
An Angler's Paradise.

CAPTURED BUT NOT SUBDUED.

The photo herewith is of a hawk sitting on the handlebar of a velocipede. This hawk had been wounded in the right wing and is not so tame as he appears. He was induced to spread his wings by a wave of the hand and a snapshot was then taken. He is what is known here as a squirrel hawk and measures about 4 feet, tip to tip.



V. S. Veazey, Dego, W. Va.

Fair Customer—Can you make a match for this ribbon?

No. 30—My dear young lady, matches are made in heaven.—Chicago News.

OUR VALLEY.

ALBERTA A. FIELD.

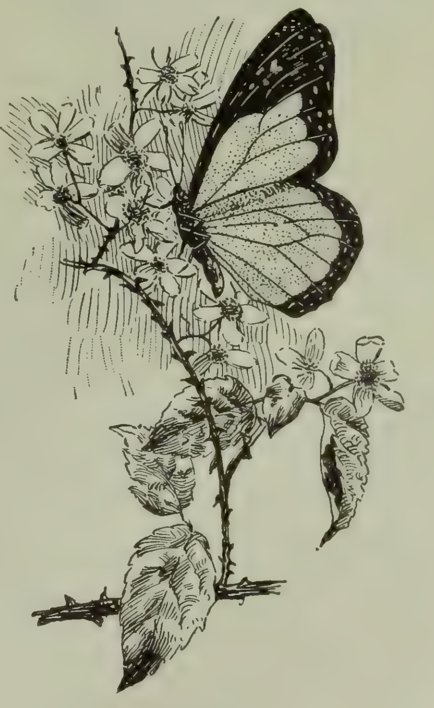
"A fresh foot-path, a fresh flower,
A fresh delight."
—Richard Jefferies.

Everyone knows those rare days when nature puts on an extra gown in which to receive her admirers. Her bonny face is wreathed in smiles, and above her brow is an aureole of blue skies and gladsome sunshine.

On such a day as this, we tramp forth, Romance and I. Soon we are across the great viaduct which separates the civilized from the sylvestrian, where we are greeted by a great butterfly, which floats in Eastern gorgeousness above a cluster of shining milk-weed blossoms. We arrive just in time for one of Nature's great receptions. The notes of invitation were the dainty snowdrops and crocuses of early springtime, which told us months ago that the great summer carnival was near at hand, and that we would all be made welcome without distinction. This afternoon we seek the inner sanctuary, and bend our steps toward the valley, at which we so often gaze with longing eyes from the viaduct above. We are now about to form a more intimate acquaintance with the waving willows whose fleeting softness is full of shadowy greens, and the winding creek full of deepening pools, and chattering shallows. We tread cautiously along the high bank that skirts the valley, for we do not want to disturb the orchestral colony from whose throats comes bubbling the great song of love and summer, as they dart through the thicket that covers the hill side. We pause a moment to gloat over a shining mass of bittersweet which has interwoven its tendrils with the branches of a great oak that has been felled by some winter blast, covering its naked decay with thousands of thick, glossy leaves. A little farther along we come to a grove of luxurious, splay-leaved pawpaw bushes, whose foliage covers the wing-way of many a songster, and we catch glimpses of bright eyed birds peeping cautiously at us from under some thick leaf. We keep still, hoping to restore confidence to our bird neighbors, and are repaid by hearing among the branches of a dead chestnut directly over our heads, a low, soft, mysterious song sentence. At first it seems only a low whistle, but it soon resolves itself into "Sweet spirit; sweet, sweet spirit;" and we know we are listening to some feathered love maker, who is singing his pæan of praise to his beloved mate, hidden from our sight. We give a good half hour trying to discover this elusive songster, who is evidently in the game, for he moves but a few feet ahead of us as we cautiously round the trees and shrubs, while his plaintive eulogy continues in its sweet minor strain, reminding us of the sirens of old who drew the enchanted Ulysses to their island home by their magic song. We give up our search reluctantly. Daylight, though long at this season of the year, is not everlasting, and many a time must we put one foot in front of the other before our day's journey will be ended.

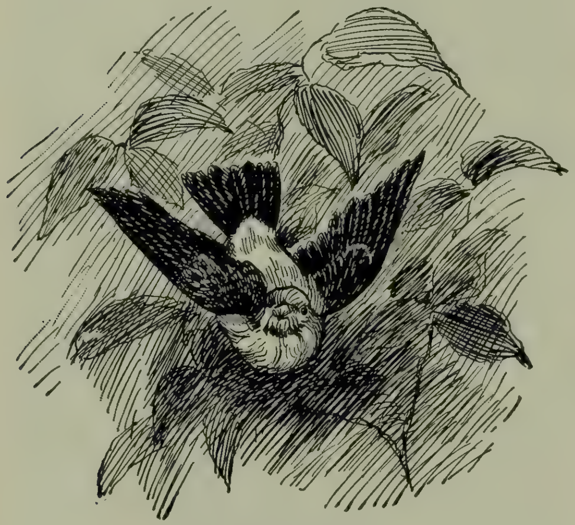
After a disgraceful scramble which is half tumble, we reach the valley below. We have been unable to make any notes on the way down, for all our faculties have been required in putting on the brakes. Much of our pathway is almost perpendicular, and we consider ourselves fortunate in reaching the lower level comparatively whole, having left only an occasional hall mark of dress binding or hat frivol on some aggressive thorn bush on the way down.

We draw a long breath of content as we look around us. A great crimson and black butterfly is daintily opening and closing its gaily painted wings on a blackberry bush near at hand. It is a beautiful specimen of Lepidoptera, called Berenice, after the wife of Antischus, King of Syria, who was said to be the loveliest woman of her time.



BERENICE.

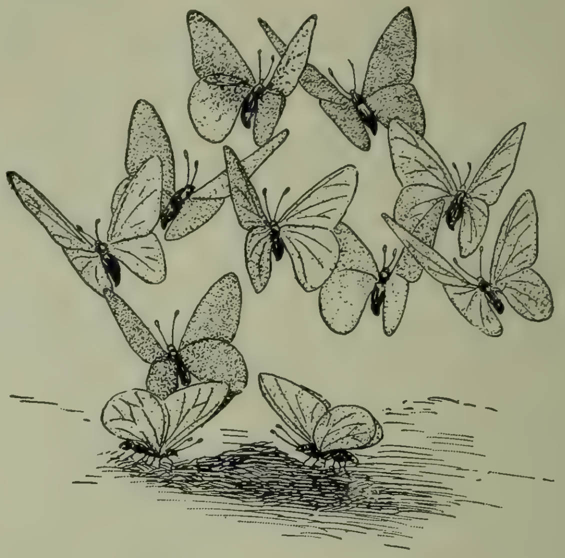
Just below us lies a fallen hemlock, and flashing through its cool, green branches is a bit of flame color, in which we recognize the shy scarlet tanager, or fire bird, as he is sometimes called, all the more startling in his brilliance as he swings across the dark foliage, sending his single call of liquid sweetness throughout the valley. Funny little fellow, who, using summer girl tactics, changes his frivolous courting garb, when summer and love making end, to a suit of dull olive and yellow, in more equable comparison to the plumage of his soberly clad wife. Across his wing-way flutters and chatters a discordant jay, who has only beauty of coloring to recommend him to his artistic friends. He makes a gleaming contrast to the tanager, the two, in their darting movements, transforming the great hemlock into a veritable Christmas tree.



SCARLET TANAGER.

We steal along gently, not to interrupt this charming color arrangement, and farther on we are treated to a series of sweet song notes by that woods atom, the indigo bunting, which so delighted Thoreau with its glowing blue gown. Its vanity sends it fluttering from one dead bush to another. It turns and preens its jeweled plumage among the shadows, all the time caroling its song of gladness, which begins in loud bravado, but grows fainter and fainter to the end.

I follow Romance until we come to a beautiful turn in the willow shaded creek. Over the surface of the water are darting myriads of dragon-flies, in glittering armor that radiates with their every nervous motion. Occasionally we see one of more somber mien, glinting about in a garb of black and white, frisking the sunshine, for all the world like some consolable but unconsoled young widow. Farther down, the receding stream has left a tiny mud bank, over which are hovering dozens of yellow butterflies like great handfuls of living bloom. All around us are Aristophanes'



SAMPLING THE MUD.

> "Birds of humble, gentle bill,
> Smooth and shrill:
> Dieted on seeds and grain
> Rioting on the furrowed plain,
> Picking, hopping,
> Picking, popping,
> Among the barley newly sown."

"Ah, a paradise indeed, is this 'world forgetting, by the world forgot' corner of Ashtabula, sleeping calmly in its summer sunshine of peace and plentitude," I murmur to Romance.

"Nothing of the sort," she answers, with her everlasting realism. "It is one seething mass of desire and unrest; a continuous battle of the strong against the weak, where every moment thousands are tragically rushing a weaker brother or being rushed by a stronger into the realms of the great unknown without wish or warning."

I have no answer, for undulatng softly through the rushes below comes a little water snake, and with one wicked turn of his shining head, and one snap of his cruel jaws, a gleaming skater has ceased to live.

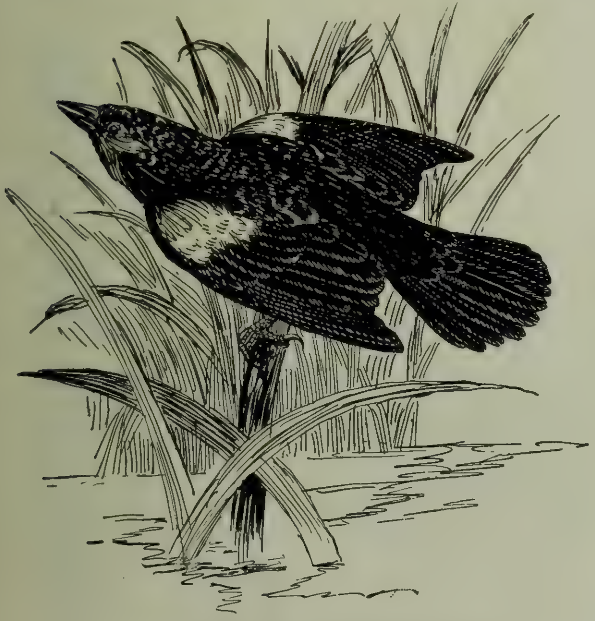
"You see, do you not?" continues Romance, "that your paradise has the usual accompaniment, and is not lacking in tragedy, any more than your artificial civilization that you rant so much about. From a philosophical point of view, I prefer civilization. It is so much more comfortable."

What use is it to argue with a person all wrong? For answer I idly fling a stone into the willows below. An awful flash and flutter follow my act, and, as it seems to us, the sun is obliterated. We scream mildly, while away across the valley darts a great shining object, for all the world like a winged bottle with an elongated neck. Then we realize we have startled from its afternoon meal one of the great *anas boschas*, or mallard ducks, a rare visitor in this vicinity, who hurls himself Southward with a frightened quack. This breaks the spell, and we wander into a darkened ravine that we long ago christened "Arizona," it being the best imitation of the mountainous gulches of that country that Ashtabula county can produce. Back in the depths of the ravine glint immense, luxuriant stalks of black cohash, looking in the gloom like slender ghosts, mute and motionless. Distance enchants in their case, as in many others, for this graceful bugbane will not bear a too intimate acquaintance. It has an intensely unpleasant odor, but as the Indians considered this plant an antidote for snake bites, we will forgive its offense.

Peeping out from beside a broken rock we see the sweet face of a belated

"Yellow violet's modest bell,"

of which Bryant sang so sweetly, if inaccurately, and above it, shaded by tropical looking ferns, rushes a foaming torrent. Beyond the ravine we discover some gleaming strawberries. Near at hand I see the handsome bush tree of the *thus venenata*, or poison sumach, with its slender green flower clusters, so artistically attractive; but experience in the form of 2 weeks' suffering from its bite has taught me hands off. Beyond in the willows we hear the liquid "Hol-ca-tee" of the swamp blackbird, or red winged oriole, as he is often called, which reminds one of the sound of water dripping into a half filled barrel.


REDWING BLACKBIRD.

But behold! We are not alone in this primeval valley. Across one of those inhuman human inventions, a barbed wire fence, we meet the astonished gaze of the most gracious white heifer that was ever enframed in a background of sunlit green. The naïve innocence of her great violet eyes expresses interested curiosity and a strong desire to make our more intimate acquaintance. We can fancv that Io, beloved of Jupiter, and correspondingly disliked by Juno, was another just such heifer as this, with her silvery grace of color and gentleness of mien. To further the illusion, we discover that she is amply endowed with the strong feminine characteristics of curiosity, for no sooner do we surmount the barrier between us, in other words, crawl carefully under the wicked wires on our hands and knees, than she commences to make a meal of the back breadths of our gown. This, too, in the face of pastures green, and it requires considerable argument to divest her of the idea that we would not be easy of digestion. We finally succeeded in parting company with her, bestowing a wish that she may never be tormented by the historic gad-fly of jealousy that overtook her mythological namesake in her transgressive love making.

Once more we take to the pathless hillside, over which creeps the aromatic gill-grow-over-the-ground. This hardy little alien member of the mint family, like the English sparrow has shown a Revolutionary spirit of fitness for the soil. Its virtues are greatly underestimated in its American home. It was much prized at one time for medicinal purposes, and an old writer tells us that "when boiled in mutton broth, it helpeth weake and akeing backs."

We arrive at the summit almost out of breath, but rush heroically onward until we reach the cross-stile of bittersweet, where we throw ourselves on the earth, under the shadow of a great oak. All around us flaunt tall stalks of yellow loosestrife, about which great bees are "bumbling." They remind us of that quaint little poem of Henrv Beers, about the adventures of a drunken bumble bee, whose

" . . . heavy feet would stumble
Against some bud, and down he'd tumble
Amongst the grass; there lie and grumble,
In low, soft bass; poor maudlin bumble."

We throw our hands into the cool tufts of blue-eyed grass, whose tiny blossom gives it the nick name of "eye bright." None but a botanist would dream that this modest little flower is a blood relation of the great showy fleur-de-lis, which blooms in our marshes and lowlands. At this moment I discover on a plantain leaf near at hand an atom of shining gold. Visions of an escaped Klondike float before my eyes.

Can it be that this productive hillside holds in its bosom a gold mine. We will prospect at once, but as I make an excited movement, in my enthusiasm, my nugget takes to itself wings and flies away, as many a golden possibility has done before it, and my animated treasure proves to be only a leaf-eating "gilded dandy" of beetle aristocracy.

The disappearing sun warns us that evening is coming, so we gather our weary selves together and start homeward with our great bundle of wildwood bloom, for it is not well for lone women to be astray after nightfall in this village of curfews and conservatism. As we cross the viaduct the dismal moaning of the frogs comes up to us from the valley below, like the wail of some despairing soul whose past is wretchedness and whose future is despair. Not a sound reaches us from the hushed treetops, which but an hour ago were teeming with active life. No winged creature is astir save the phantom bats, darting across the surface of the Western crescent. Nature is only waiting for our departure to ring out the lights, and close the portals of day. With a shiver at the mystery of night we wend our way home, dreaming of Goethe's "Night Song":

"Hush'd on the hill is the breeze;
Scarce by the zephyrs the trees
Softly are pressed;
The wood bird's asleep on the bough;
Wail then and thou
Soon shall find rest."

SWAN RIVER, MONTANA.

M. J. ELROD.

Two views of Swan river, Montana, are here presented. These views were taken near the University of Montana Biological Station, and afford but a glimpse of the beautiful scenery around that region, both along the Swan river and Flathead lake. The river is a fishing resort famous throughout the region. It receives its waters from the drainage of the Kootenai and Mission mountains, flows through a densely wooded valley between those 2 mountain ranges, and finally rolls through a canyon in a series of beautiful rapids to the Northern end of Flathead lake.

One of the views presented shows the lower end of the rapids where the river is spanned by a bridge. On the right is the outdoor laboratory of the Station. Be-

AMATEUR PHOTO BY M. J. ELROD.

BIOLOGICAL STATION, FROM THE BRIDGE.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY M. J. ELROD

BOATS OF THE BIOLOGICAL STATION, FLAT HEAD LAKE, MONTANA.

yond, the river makes an abrupt turn to the left and enters Flathead lake. This entrance makes a perfect harbor for boats, and the second picture shows 2 of the Station boats in the harbor. The Biological Station has been established at this place because of the numerous attractions in scenery, hunting, fishing, bathing and collecting. It is an ideal spot for outdoor work and study, in the midst of beautiful scenery, offering numerous allurements to the student of nature.

MY FIRST TWO-POUNDER.

J. R. HOWE.

I stand beside this mountain stream
  With fishing rod in hand,
With wicker creel and shining reel,
  A two-pound trout to land.

My set of flies I cast far out
  Into the sparkling deep
Where, with a dash and gleam and splash,
  The jeweled beauties leap.

An instant my brown hackle lies
  Upon the crystal pool,
When catching sight a fish so bright
  Springs from the depths so cool.

A silver gleam, a whirl, I strike
  And instantly I feel
The lancewood rod bend down and nod,
  And hear the screeching reel.

He struggles fiercely, here and yon
  With frenzied dash and dart,
With strength so strong and 'durance long
  I fear the silk may part.

But soon the strain begins to tell
  Upon his weakened might;
And, near, I now—two pounds I vow
  He'll weigh—draw him in sight.

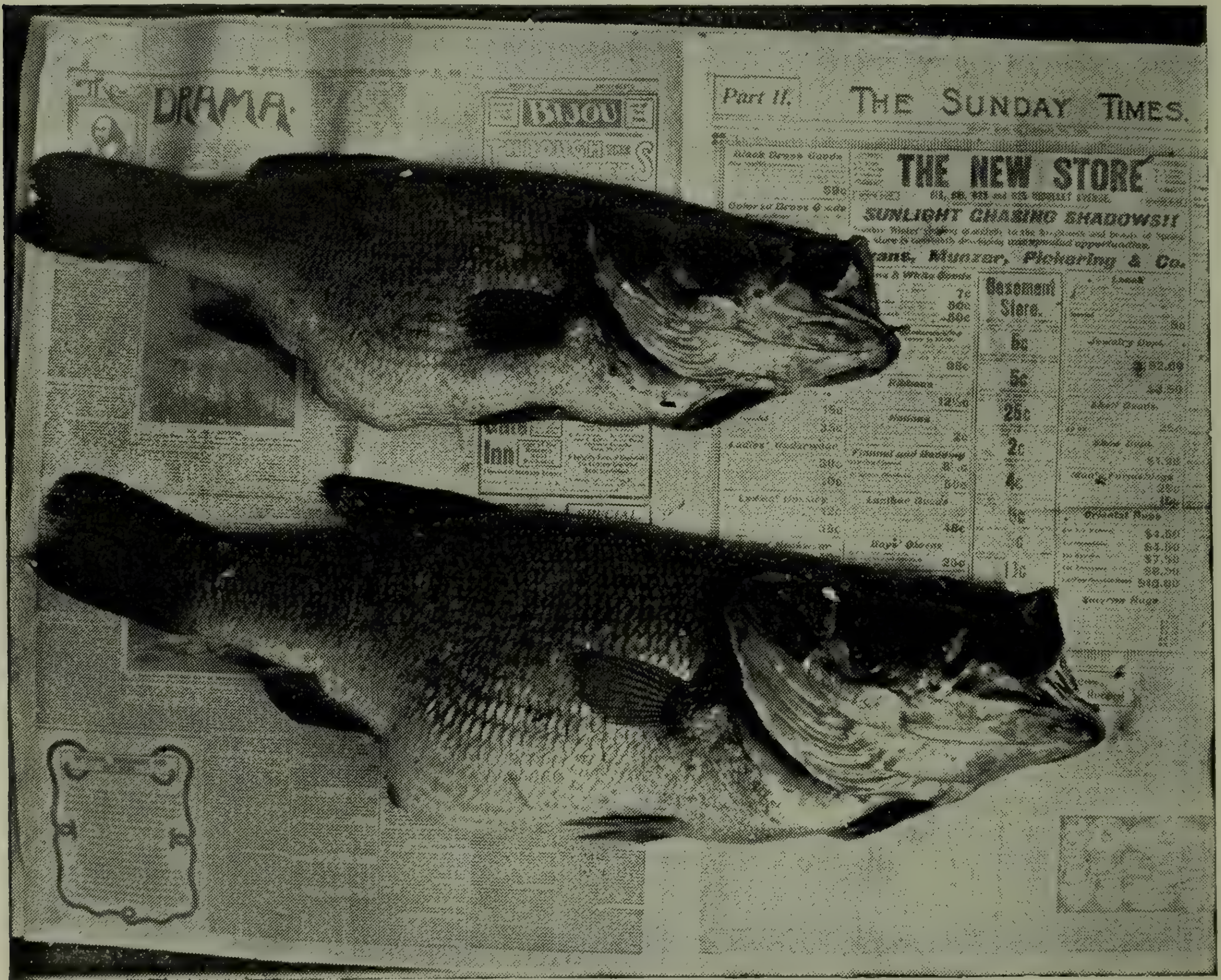
With anxious mind and trembling hand
  The landing net I grasp;
With a quick dip, my prize I slip
  Within the meshes' clasp.

And on the mossy bank I lay
  The victim of the bout,
And proudly view with true love, due,
  My first two-pound brook trout.

IS THIS A RECORD BREAKER.

I send you herein a clipping from the Minneapolis Times of a monster bass. This is no joke, but a real, sure enough black bass. I know the photographer personally, and he told me he measured, weighed and photographed the fish himself. I tried to find out who caught the bass, as they were caught illegally if taken in any Minnesota water; but although the photographer talked with the man who claimed to have caught the fish. he did not know his name. I have talked with some old fishermen and they say they never heard of a bass in the Northwest that weighed over 8½ pounds.

H. B. Fletcher, Minneapolis, Minn.



Black bass have frequently been caught in Minnesota's lakes that weighed 4 or 5 pounds. One that tipped the scales at 8 pounds, as the smaller one of these did, would be considered an abnormally large fish. When it is compared with the one alongside of it, however, it seems much smaller. The big fellow weighed exactly 12½ pounds and was 27 inches long and 9 inches across the body. They were shown by J. E. Rogers, "Tooze," of 516-18 Hennepin avenue, to his friends early last week and were understood to have been caught in Lake Minnetonka a week ago to-day. The fish were weighed and measured in the presence of The Times staff photographer. The columns of The Times, against which the fish were placed, are exactly 2¼ inches wide. It will be seen that the large fish covers more than 13 columns.—Minneapolis Times, Feb. 18th, 1900.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

I send you to-day photo of 2 black bass which I have just finished mounting for J. E. Rogers, of this city. I understand they were caught in Lake Minnetonka. A 7 pound bass is considered very large for this locality. The smaller one in picture weighed 8 pounds, and the larger one 12½ pounds. Included in the picture is a postal card and a copy of February Recreation, from which your readers can figure out the exact size of the fish. The 12½ pound fish is the record for this locality, if not for the United States.

RECREATION'S photography department is improving with each number; I take great interest in every article under this heading, being one of the fiends myself.

H. W. Howling,
Taxidermist, Minneapolis, Minn.

I may print Mr. Howling's photo in a later issue. It shows, apparently, the same 2 fish as above. And now it is up to the Minnesota State game warden to look after Mr. J. E. Rogers, who claims to have taken these fish in Lake Minnetonka in close season.—EDITOR.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL BELL.

Headquarters Southern District Luzon,
Neuene Cotheres, P. I., April 3, 1900.

My dear Mr. Shields:—Many thanks for your kind congratulations, which I am sure you know I appreciate most deeply. I received notice of my promotion February 5 while with my regiment at San Mateo, where Gen. Lawton met his much lamented death. The promotion was a great surprise. I was thoroughly contented and happy with my regiment, which proved a fine one. The leave-taking quite overcame me. I felt as if I were giving up my own family. I was assigned to the command of Bell's Expeditionary Brigade and we left Manila on board 6 transports, escorted by the gunboat Marietta, on the night of February 14; arrived in San Miguel bay, on the Pacific side of the Island of Luzon, on the morning of February 20, and at once began to disembark. As soon as the troops reached the shore fighting began and on the 22d we entered this town, having cleared the country of rebels for 15 miles. Neuene Cotheres is on the Bical river, 15 miles from the bay, into which it flows. The river is navigable at high tide to this point, for boats drawing 8 feet of water.

The first day's fighting caused a loss to us of one officer and one man killed and 11 men wounded. Our troops were confronted by several thousand men armed with bolos, spears and crossbows, and they had been led to believe they could whip the Americans with these primitive arms. All the Tagals, about 500 in number, were armed with Mauser and Remington rifles. They learned a sad lesson that day, for they left 78 dead and a lot of wounded in our hands. Since then we have had 8 engagements, each time resulting in good-sized killings. We have captured in all 81 rifles and 24 cannon.

A few days ago I was appointed Military Governor of the Southeastern District of Luzon, consisting of the Province of North and South Camarines, Albay and Sorsogon, the Island of Catanduane and all small adjacent islands.

This is a beautiful country and rich beyond description. The Volcan of Albay gets up an entertainment for us occasionally.

With best wishes, and the hope that I may see you again before long, thanking you for the great service you did me in securing my promotion, and with kind regards to my friends in the Camp Fire Club, I am,

Sincerely yours,
J. M. Bell,
Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.

A PANACEA.

The politician, ever bland,
Ere long will take you by the hand
And seek to give a true reply
To all your questions as they fly.
When explanations you demand
Of how to regulate the land
To make it bloom from sea to sea,
This is his answer, "Vote for me."

If you would know a way to stop
All kinds of damage to a crop;
If some protection you desire
Against tornadoes, floods and fire;
If you, in short, would banish all
The ills man met at Adam's fall,
And live in sweet, unchanging glee,
This is the answer, "Vote for me."
—Washington Star

FULL TEXT OF THE LACEY BIRD LAW.

An Act to enlarge the powers of the Department of Agriculture, prohibit the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the duties and powers of the Department of Agriculture are hereby enlarged so as to include the preservation, distribution, introduction, and restoration of game birds and other wild birds. The Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry out the purposes of this act and to purchase such game birds and other wild birds as may be required therefor, subject, however, to the laws of the various States and Territories. The object and purpose of this Act is to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to regulate the introduction of American or foreign birds or animals in localities where they have not heretofore existed.

The Secretary of Agriculture shall from time to time collect and publish useful information as to the propagation, uses and preservation of such birds.

And the Secretary of Agriculture shall make and publish all needful rules and regulations for carrying out the purposes of this act, and shall expend for said purposes such sums as Congress may appropriate therefor.

Section 2. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to import into the United States any foreign wild animal or bird except under special permit from the United States Department of Agriculture: Provided, That nothing in this section shall restrict the importation of natural history specimens for museums or scientific collections, or the importation of certain cage birds, such as domesticated canaries, parrots, or such other species as the Secretary of Agriculture may designate.

The importation of the mongoose, the so-called "flying foxes" or fruit bats, the English sparrow, the starling, or such other birds or animals as the Secretary of Agriculture may from time to time declare injurious to the interest of agriculture or horticulture is hereby prohibited, and such species upon arrival at any of the ports of the United States shall be destroyed or returned at the expense of the owner. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to make regulations for carrying into effect the provisions of this section.

Section 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to deliver to any common carrier, or for any common carrier to transport from one State or Territory to another State or Territory, or from the District of Columbia or Alaska to any State or Territory, or from any State or Territory to the District of Columbia or Alaska, any foreign animals or birds the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild animals or birds, where such animals or birds have been killed in violation of the laws of the State, Territory or District in which the same were killed: Provided, That nothing herein shall prevent the transportation of any dead birds or animals killed during the season when the same may be lawfully captured, and the export of which is not prohibited by law in the State, Territory or District in which the same are killed.

Section 4. That all packages containing such dead animals, birds, or parts thereof, when shipped by interstate commerce, as provided in section one of this act, shall be plainly and clearly marked, so that the name and address of the shipper and the nature of the contents may be readily ascertained on inspection of the outside of such packages. For each evasion or violation of this act the shipper shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding two hundred dollars; and the consignee knowingly receiving such articles so shipped and transported in violation of this act shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding two hundred dollars; and the carrier knowingly carrying or transporting the same shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of not exceeding two hundred dollars.

Section 5. That all dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any foreign game animals, or game or song birds, the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies, or parts thereof, of any wild game animals, or game or song birds transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale, or storage therein, shall upon arrival in such State or Territory be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent and in the same manner as though such animals or birds had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced therein in original packages or otherwise. This act shall not prevent the importation, transportation, or sale of birds or bird plumage manufactured from the feathers of barnyard fowl.—Approved May 25, 1900.

A PLEA FOR INDOLENCE.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

There are certain words in our language that by almost insensible gradations. sometimes degradations, have come to convey a meaning widely different from the original. If, therefore, one desires to be certain of his ground he will hesitate to assume that the common acceptation of a word is its absolutely correct definition .

In the Latin, "indolentia" is a rare but thoroughly classical word meaning freedom from *dolor,* or pain, and was therefore properly considered synonymous with bodily or mental ease and restfulness. When incorporated into English as "indolence" it got a bad twist and strayed from its true derivation. Its dignity suffered successive falls, and from a thoroughly respectable word it came to mean listlessness, sluggishness, habitual idleness, laziness. I protest against this humiliation of a patrician word, and as an advocate of indolence, would say something in its behalf. I would urge on everyone the wisdom of cultivating true indolence as a means of prolonging life and making it the better worth living. Let us understand, then, that when properly translated "indolence" does not mean laziness. It does, however, imply opportunity of leisure and the faculty of enjoying it; 2 things which the majority of people seem to lack, often more from habit than necessity. Without attempting to revolutionize the existing order of things, or engaging in visionary speculation, let us see if we can not introduce into our lives a little more of that charming state of mind and body called indolence.

This is a tremendously busy world and we Americans are among the busiest people in it. We are a pride to ourselves in this respect and a source of wonder to all the nations of the earth. We are like a teeming hive of bees that dart forth on their errand of industry, hastily gather, far and wide, the honey of their search, then dart back with it to their treasure house and out again for more; storing up more than they can consume; absorbed in the business of getting and ready to sting anything that gets in their way. "Busy as a bee" is no bad description of the average American. Now, this is all very well up to a certain point and as long as our energies are neither overtaxed nor misapplied, but it does not follow that we should get heart disease in running to catch trains, or acquire indigestion by bolting our meals, or die with our boots on because we have not realized all our ambitions. If this is a busy world, it is also a beautiful world, and a beneficent Providence intended that we should occasionally stop work long enough to admire and enjoy it. "I loaf and invite my soul," said Walt Whitman, and both he and the world were better off for the loafing he did. Life was not one long holiday with him more than with any other man who really amounts to anything, but he suffered his mental machinery to run down and cool off at times, and then he saw and enjoyed things that other people missed. Is it not well occasionally to relax the tension of muscle and brain, as the machinist sometimes shifts a belt from the tight to the loose pulley to preserve its elasticity?

I am inclined to think that our education and training are somewhat faulty in respect to work. It is made the chief *desideratum* rather than the means to an end. There is too much said about a man's vocation, or calling in business, and too little about his avocation, or calling away from business. We are taught from childhood that work is the *summum bonum* of all things; that if we do not work we we shall not eat; as though eating were the final and soul-satisfying reward of well-doing; that by the sweat of our brow we must earn our bread; but we are not instructed as to what we should do after we have won our loaf and stopped perspiring. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business," says the preacher, "he shall stand before kings." But he doesn't say why the man should stand there, nor whether the king, who evidently has the best of it, was also diligent in his business, nor whether it wouldn't be more pleasant and profitable to lie on a mossy bank beside a brook than to be standing before a king. Furthermore, if it be true that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," it is a question whether it would not be better for the king himself to abdicate and cultivate indolence instead of giving audience to a lot of tiresome people whose chief claim to his notice is the fact that they have been diligent in business.

Now, I do not wish to be misunderstood, nor to convey the idea that we can get on in the world without work. I am a firm believer in the dignity and saving quality of labor, with hand or head, and in the counsel that whatsoever our hands find to do we should do it with our might; but it is also a part of my creed that, having done what our judgment tells us is necessary, we should then devote ourselves to recreation; and that, by the way, is another word the exact significance of which we shall do well to remember. "Recreation," "re-creation" means not merely pleasure, but, to quote Webster exactly, "the refreshment of the strength and spirits after toil." Surely indolence and recreation are not only innocent, but also salutary.

How much work a man should do is a question each must decide for himself, but I have heard of a very wise division of it into 3 classes: "That which has to be done, that which will do itself, and that which needs not to be done." If we can eliminate the last 2 divisions we shall not only have more time and energy to devote to work that is absolutely essential, but we shall also discover a broader margin of leisure which can be devoted to the indulgence of our tastes, the cultivation of our minds and the rejuvenation of our nerves and sinews. Indeed, there is much that needs not to be done. It may almost be said that a man should do nothing he does not like to do, because he will certainly be most apt to succeed in that line of work for which he has special qualifications. Blessed is the man who has found his work, and loves it, who makes his business a pastime and not a labor, who is content to know one thing well and to refrain from dabbling in the thousand things for which others are better fitted than he. That was a wise remark of Sidney Smith's, that one should have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything. Why should one who hates mathematics waste his time in attempting to become proficient in it? Why should one who loves history and dislikes mechanics deny himself the former to read up on electricity. It is all foolishness and vexation of spirit. The eccentric but always instructive and entertaining Joseph Cook had it nearer right: "You may have," said he, "a little island of your own, with a grove and a spring in it sweet and good, while the waste howling ocean of the world's useless information rolls around you." Is not here at least a partial solution of the problem of finding leisure and indolence?

"When you have found a day to be idle, be idle for a day," says the old Chinese proverb, and as long as men can find time to be ill from overwork, or, what is equally useless, from work that would be better left undone, it is probable that they could find a little time for the recreation they long for and require. A large proportion of mankind is so busily engaged in building foundations that it never finds time to rear the superstructure. Such men are forever busy, but never really accomplishing their ends, deferring to some indefinite period the time when they shall actually begin to enjoy existence. They have been well likened to certain industrious but foolish cattle that did not know when to swallow their cuds, and their lives, therefore, yielded no milk.

There are certain artificial and superficial conditions from which few of us have the courage to break away, and which drive us often against our better judgment into shouldering useless burdens. "Things are in the saddle and riding mankind," said the keen philosopher of Concord. We are more concerned about what people say of us than about what we think of ourselves. The tremendous importance we attach to the opinions of the third person plural is a thing to be marveled at! *They say* what we shall wear and we wear it, whether it be a long skirt, a silk hat or any other absurd and uncomfortable abomination. *They say* where we shall go, and forthwith we pack our trunks and meekly buy our tickets. *They say* how we shall build our houses, dispense our charities and worship our God; and the majority servilely obey their behests, while the minority, who do not obey them are apt to be considered eccentric, or parsimonious or sacrilegious. Pride and vanity are the spurs that prick us on. We are afraid of being outstripped and rush headlong into the rabble, more anxious to lead the procession than to see what the world is like through which the procession is moving. "The race of life has become intense," said Carlyle; "the runners are treading on one another's heels. Woe to him that stops to tie his shoestrings." But we never reach the goal because we are constantly placing it farther away. Having attained to the station and the success we once aimed to win, we find them unsatisfying because others have reached there ahead of us. So we set up new limits for ourselves and start out for them at breakneck speed, vainly imagining that one more desperate struggle will land us in the place of our desires. We are, in truth, afflicted with what wise old Macrobius described as "an irksome, agonizing care, a superstitious industry about unprofitable things, an itching humor to see what is not to be seen, and to be doing what signifies nothing when it is done." And so rob ourselves of leisure and the joys of indolence, getting in return therefor—what?

It has been said that most men lead lives of quiet desperation, and if we grant this to be true it is because we see success—in the common acceptation of the word—made more elusive and difficult each year. I challenge the interpretation of that word "success," because it has come to be measured by the accumulation of wealth and the measure is a *false* one. A man's true riches consist as much in the things he doesn't require as in the things he possesses. "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need?" cried the rare old Greek. To succeed is to obtain the object of our desire, and as happiness is the thing to be desired above all others, therefore happiness is success! "The man who would be truly happy," said the wisest of the Athenians, "should not study to enlarge his estate, but to contract his desires." Why, may I ask, should one wish to own great parks, great libraries, great art galleries, when he may enjoy these things without the trouble or expense of getting and maintaining them? And why should his own small grounds, his modest library and his few choice pictures appear mean to him merely because they are not ten times more valuable or numerous. I like the philosophy of quaint old Izaak Walton, the ideal disciple of indolence, who, without much of this world's goods, extracted all the sweetness out of life, and was—

"Glad with the birds, and silent with the leaves,
And happy with the fair and blessed world."

Suffer me to quote him: "Nay, let me tell you there be many that have 40 times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who with the expense of little money have eat and drunk and laught and angled and sung and slept securely, and rose next day and cast away care and sung and laught and angled again."

Certainly he is unfortunate who in this beautiful world can find no pleasure that he does not have to buy, who would rather *die* rich than *live* rich, who refuses to take the good that lies ready at his hand, and who makes the acquisition of wealth the height of his ambition instead of an important adjunct to other and better possessions.

Robert Louis Stevenson—peace to his ashes—has well said that "perpetual devotion to business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things, and it is not by any means certain that business is the most important thing he has to do." The muscle that is never used shrinks and withers, the plant that is not watered fades and sheds its leaves; the faculty that is not exercised ceases at last to perform its functions. The love of the beautiful, the capacity for enjoyment, the appreciation of the finer things of life grow by what they feed on and may be starved to death by neglect. Are thev not worth keeping alive? Shall we find no opportunity in this time-serving, train-catching, watch-consulting existence to enjoy our heritage and shall we mortgage all our vitality and reserve force and pay mental usury to the greedy god of business? Or, shall we wisely elect to so arrange matters that the hum of the tread-mill shall not always be sounding in our ears; that in the desert of toil an occasional oasis shall appear and blessed Indolence be free to perform her gracious work?

A TRAGEDY.

I.—The Bonnet.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand;
Bows of ribbon and lace;
Wire sufficient to make them stand;
A handful of roses, a velvet band—
It lacks but one crowning grace.

II.—The Bird.

A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings,
Four wide-open mouths in a nest;
From morning till night she brings and brings
For growing birds—they are hungry things—
Aye! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a gun, a charge well sped;
A crimson stain on the grass;
Four hungry birds in a nest unfed—
Ah! we leave the rest unsaid;
Some things it were better to pass.

III.—The Wearer.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,
She has surely a queenly air;
The bonnet had flowers and ribbon and lace;
But the bird has added the crowning grace—
It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all,
In a lady so faultlessly fair?
The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall,
He hears when the starving nestlings call—
Can a tender woman not care?

—Current Literature.

ANOTHER CONGRESSMAN ON BIRD PROTECTION.

The Hon. Amos J. Cummings spoke as follows on the Lacey bill:

Mr. Chairman:—I was a member of the House of Representatives 13 years ago this spring. In April of that year the Capitol grounds and the parks of this city were filled with robins, bobolinks and other song birds. The sward below the piazza of the House wing of the Capitol was dotted with songsters, the robins running in every direction for worms and insects, and the trees alive with music. To-day it is a rarity to see a robin in the city of Washington. I heard 2 chirping on Capitol square early in the spring. Two weeks ago I saw a robin on the square pecked to death by English sparrows. When I reached him he was lying with drooping head and outstretched wings on the grass in the park. From 200 to 300 English sparrows surrounded him, tormenting and attacking him. I took the bird into the house and gave him a drop of the best brandy. It revived him and he flew to the back of a chair. (Applause.) A moment afterward, however, I am sorry to say, his head began to droop and he finally dropped from his perch to the carpet. Five minutes afterwards he gasped for breath and died. On examination I found one eye bloodshot, and discovered that the bird was terribly lacerated under the wings. The bills of the sparrows had pierced him to the vitals. Now, Mr. Chairman, if this bill will save the few robins and song birds now with us from the vicious attacks of these English sparrows, I am most heartily in favor of it. (Applause.)

Last summer I spent in the Susquehanna valley. Twelve years before I had summered in the same spot. The little yellow cherry bird was there then in profusion. The ground chippy darted under the fences and had its nest in the tall grass. The yellow-hammer was there, undulating from tree to tree. The tapping of the woodpecker was heard in the basswood and other trees, and the twitter of the phœbe bird and the plaintive note of the pewit. The killdee and plover flew over the hills, and the kingfisher and the little tip-up were seen on the shores of the river. Bob White made himself heard in the meadows, and dainty woodcock flew out of the dells toward nightfall. All the varieties of birds familiar to us in boyhood days were there, including the catbird, the brown thrasher and the kingbird. In that same region to-day there is not one of these song birds where 12 years ago there were 50.

My friend from Iowa (Mr. Lacey) says the wild pigeon is a bird of the past. I have not seen one on the wing for 6 years. As the correspondent of a great American newspaper I visited Forest county, Pa., 20 years ago to describe the last pigeon roost this side of the Mississippi. The birds were nesting in the forest, covering the trees for 20 square miles. Hundreds of Indians from the New York State reservations were there killing the birds and gathering squabs. Sportsmen were netting them by the thousand, and pot hunters were sending great loads of them to market. When a boy in Wayne county, Pa., I have seen flocks of these pigeons stretching across the sky from daylight to nightfall, headed for the West. I doubt whether to-day you could find one in the whole of Wayne county. All have disappeared. The last roost in the United States was destroyed in the Indian Territory about 12 years ago. A wild pigeon is now more scarce, North, South, East and West than a wild turkey. The prairie chickens have nearly disappeared, and the American wood duck is being rapidly exterminated. If it is possible now to preserve any of these birds by legislation enacted by Congress, it is our duty to preserve them by placing such laws on the statute books. (Applause.)

The most of the States have laws for the protection of their birds, but desire Congressional legislation to make their laws effective. Last October I was in Florida. Twenty-five years ago I summered and wintered there. I spent years on the East coast. The sky was filled with immense flocks of wood ibis, gannets, curlews of all colors, oyster birds, chuck-will's-widows, sheerwaters and sandpipers. The man-of-war hawk sailed in the upper sky, and long lines of pelicans trailed over the beach. There were immense flocks of egrets and snowy herons, besides the great blue and Louisiana herons and the roseate spoonbill curlew, now the rarest and the most beautiful bird in America. The scream of the parakeet was heard at every turn, and goldfinches, mocking birds, limpkins, nonpareils and myriads of songsters were seen everywhere. To-day the parakeet has almost entirely disappeared, the roseate spoonbill is rarely seen, and even the common sea gull is a prey to the gunner. The State is doing its best now to protect them. A man who would kill a roseate spoonbill curlew to-day is liable to a fine of $250.

This slaughter has been made to gratify the vanity of the female sex. Hats and bonnets have been decorated with the plumes of birds, and the slaughter still continues and will continue until some Federal law, mortised in with State laws, prevents it. Our agricultural newspapers are filled with articles showing that this wanton destruction of the birds is working great injury to the agricultural community. It has become a matter of serious concern to the farmer. The curculio and other destructive insects have their sweet will in his orchard, and all insects detrimental to plant life are increasing in number because of this cruel, wanton and vicious destruction of bird life. (Applause.) It does seem to me, Mr. Chairman, that it should be stopped, promptly and forever.

I have recently seen an advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper advertising proposals for the skins of 30,000 birds. Contracts have been made with men in the little State of Delaware to procure these skins. If these contracts are carried out I venture to say that Delaware peaches will be scarcer than ever during the coming season. Years ago Delaware peaches were in every American market at low prices. Year by year they become more scarce, until last summer it was almost impossible in the New York market to buy a single basket of the fruit. One cause for the dearth was the destruction of the insect feeding birds of that State.

Mr. Chairman, I pay taxes on about 7 acres of land. It was formerly covered with birds of various species. Nothing that can fly has been seen on it for the last 2 years except English sparrows. They are as thick as flies in a butcher shop and far more destructive and annoying. They have killed or driven away every American bird. I understand that the bill of my friend from Iowa affords protection from this nuisance. This is gratifying to every lover of American birds. I shall vote for the bill as it stands; but if it contained a provision meting out punishment to any hunter who fails to kill an English sparrow on sight, I would vote for his bill with greater alacrity. (Applause.)

CAPTAIN KELLY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Daet, Philippine Islands, March 10, 1900.
Editor Recreation:—

We have had 2 glorious fights, and I must tell you and the Camp Fire boys about them. Our battalion landed at Barcelonette, on San Miguel bay, Feb. 20th, my company in the lead. I formed a skirmish line through the village; then took 10 men and established an outpost, driving an outpost of the insurgents and bolo men ahead of us. We then made a hard march over a bad road to Libmanan, where the insurgents formed a skirmish line in the rice fields, posting their riflemen and sharpshooters behind fences and stone walls. They gave us a hot volley from their Mausers. Companies A and B advanced in line, keeping up a hot fire on the natives. I went ahead of the line whenever I could stop the firing for a few minutes, with my hat on a cane, holding it just above the stone walls or other cover which I occasionally encountered. This frequently drew the enemy's fire, so we could locate them and get in a few telling shots. The concealed bowmen and bolo fighters slashed away at my men as they came on, but retreated whenever we got within effective reach of them. One bowman sent a shower of arrows at me. I snatched a rifle and fired at the spot whence they came, and as we advanced to that point we found this fellow with 2 holes through him. I took his bow and arrows. The latter are over 4 feet long and some of them are poisoned. I now have them stored with my collection of weapons. I was the first man over the fence and into the village, but my men followed closely. By that time it was too dark to see to shoot, and recall was sounded. I finally got my men together, and we marched for a church, where we bivouacked for the night The next morning we buried 64 insurgents on the ground over which we had fought. We also captured a lot of wounded men who were unable to get away.

The official Philippino report gave the number of killed and wounded as 130. They stood up against us with great firmness. We lost our adjutant and 9 men wounded. I captured a sword, a flag, some bolos, a number of bows, arrows, etc. I occupied the insurgent colonel's quarters and entertained Major Fredericks and other officers of the First battalion, and a number of infantry who came looking for us on February 21.

We then marched to New Caceres. Companies A and B were ordered to march 35 miles around Mount Isarog to San Jose. This is in the South end of the Philippines, and is new territory that the Americans had not heretofore entered. My company A, with Kendricks' B, numbered about 130 men. We started on the 26th, and our road lay through several towns.

After a forced march over beastly roads, and after having been betrayed by treacherous guides in encountering small skirmish parties, when I finally had to do the guiding myself, we arrived on March 1 at La Lud. There the insurgents were waiting for us with 2 brass cannons, a heavy detachment armed with Remington rifles, and the most elaborate rock rifle pits and breastworks I have seen in this country. The natives were on the opposite side of a gorge from our position, with only a narrow trail leading down in front of their works, and they were not over 60 yards from us. They had plenty of ammunition, as we soon learned. We were tired, hungry, thirsty and mad. They opened on us with their cannon and their rifles. We moved in skirmish lines always, and were ready at any moment for an attempted surprise. We gave the enemy a hot fire and kept them down behind their works as closely as possible. After 20 minutes of that I saw what was needed and said to Captain Kendricks, who ranked me, and who is a brave, capable officer,

"Captain, we are burning up our ammunition too rapidly. If you will allow me I will take 30 men and storm the place while you keep them down." He hesitated a minute and then said,

"Go ahead." I drew my revolver and led the way. As we rushed down the narrow trail and across the brawling stream, the enemy gave us a few shots, but could not stand the American cheer or the deadly fire which they got whenever a head showed above their works. Finally they broke cover and struck for the brush near by. I rushed my men over their breastworks, formed a line and gave them a red hot volley as the last of the insurgents disappeared. Then we detached a few men to man the breastworks while the rest of our officers marched into the village.

There I went into a house and received 8 Spanish prisoners whom I pulled up through a trap door from a cellar where the natives had them concealed. We found 8 dead Philippinos in the trenches and never knew how many dead and wounded were concealed in the adjacent cane and banana groves. We lost 2 killed and 1 wounded. We captured 2 cannon, 8 Remington rifles, a lot of ammunition, bolos, bows, arrows, etc. I have Colonel Legaspi's sword and flag, a roll of blankets taken from a dead artillery sergeant, a pair of amulets, etc.

We rested that night in the village, had our Philippino prisoners dig graves, buried the dead, and the next day we marched to San Jose. There we took ship in the Bay of Ligony and landed near Mambuloa. In the dead of night I marched at the head of my company, when I had to literally feel for the trail into the town, which the insurgents abandoned as we entered it.

From Mambuloa we marched to this place, a distance of 40 miles, wading rivers, boating and rafting. We saw some magnificent old ruined churches *en route,* besides many other interesting buildings. We do not allow our men to destroy or damage any property, and we try to persuade the natives who are not bearing arms to return to their homes and yield obedience to our flag.

This is a great old town. We found in some of the houses much rich and beautiful 18th century furniture, which many New York people would rave over.

This is Sunday and some half-breed Spanish ladies across the street are playing on the piano "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." They think it is the national air.

My men are in good health. Have had no rain since December. The climate is like that of Western Colorado in July. The nights are cool enough to make a heavy blanket welcome. This is a rich country. I saw thousands of bales of hemp which would be worth thousands of dollars if landed on South street, New York. Yours truly,

Luther S. Kelly, Captain 40th Infantry.

He was holding up one side of the vestibule when the milkman arrived.

"What do you mean by being so late?" he thundered.

"W-why, sir," murmured the milkman, "it is only five."

"Doesn't matter! My wife ripped me up for being late, and I got here at four."—Chicago News.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

HOW TO CAMP AND COOK.

DR. H. M. VON KADICH.

The question of what constitutes the minimum outfit for a 10-day camping trip is one to which a categorical answer can not be given. Before a decision can be reached the time of year and the country in which the trip is to be undertaken must be considered; also, whether or not the campers are willing and able to rough it on the hunting ground. Again, men differ greatly in their conception of what constitutes comfort; one man will enjoy himself under conditions which to another would mean absolute hardship. Therefore, in selecting an outfit each man must be governed by his knowledge of his own habits, tastes and physical ability.

I have had experience in camp life for 15 years and in 3 countries. From '85 to '87 I was in the service of the Austrian government, making zoological collections in the, at that time, almost unknown region of the Balkan mountains. Then for several years I engaged in hunting and exploring trips, for scientific purposes, through the most remote parts of Europe. From '94 to '98 I was hunting, trapping, fishing and photographing, and studying the fauna, land and people of North America. For months and months I camped in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, sometimes alone and again with pine-land seekers, lumberjacks, hunters and trappers. Later I spent 8 months on an island in the upper Mississippi with clam-shell gatherers, root diggers, houseboat people, river tramps and sportsmen.

From the smallest outfit with which a man can live out of doors to the smallest outfit with which he can live comfortably is a far step. On any river in the Northwest a man provided with traps, hatchet and matches can live. If he has, in addition, a fish line and a skiff he is well off. That is the everyday experience of many a poor devil. In a country where big game is scarce 2 dozen traps will gather more meat than any shotgun or rifle.

Now, in regard to a 10-day camping trip by 2 men on foot, carrying their own provisions: I do not fancy that sort of trip, but I have made several. Were I starting on another I should take for myself and partner the following: 10 pounds hard bread; 14 pounds well smoked ham, fat and not too salt; 10 pounds brown sugar; 2 pounds salt; 2 pounds coffee; ½ pound tea; and a small quantity of lemon acid. If the journey was not through a farming country, I should take, also, a few vegetables, especially onions. This is easily managed now that there are so many brands of condensed vegetables on the market. Some are delicious and can not be too highly praised.

By all means take enough sugar and onions. Sugar is nutritious and healthy, and will, at a pinch, take the place of other food. Onions are not only preventive of fever, but they enable you to vary your plainest meal and to make the poorest game fish eatable and digestible. The lemon acid crystals will take up but little room, and prove of great value wherever the drinking water is in any way impure.

Of cooking utensils I should take but 2, a kettle and a coffee pot. There are ways enough to cook game and fish without a broiler, stew pan or frying pan. In place of a tin plate, so hard to keep clean and bright, I should carry an ordinary stone china plate. It takes up no more room, will not break if handled with moderate care, and looks always neat and clean.

Concerning other articles needed, I agree with the compiler of the list given in April RECREATION, except that I think 2 rubber coats and one sleeping bag or 2 blankets and a tent a little more than I want to carry. I should prefer, at least in summer and fall, 2 large waterproof horse blankets, one for a tent, the other for bedding.

On the other hand, I would not start out without a few candles and a small candle lantern. A light is extremely useful under many circumstances.

Two men camping with no other provisions than those mentioned would have to eke out their meals with game and fish. So shoot your game and catch your fish; but be a sportsman withal. Kill no more than you need, and use all you kill.

Let us suppose our 2 sportsmen to have arrived at their first camp early in the afternoon. They hunt an hour or 2 and get 6 plover and 3 doves.

If the doves are old birds they will have to be boiled in the kettle. To prepare the plover, pluck and draw them, give each a shake in water, sprinkle with salt, and lay on clean bark or leaves. Then spit them, together or singly, on a clean scraped stick and hang it not in nor over the flame, but just at the edge of the fire. Turn from time to time until the birds are brown and tender. Eat as they are or with thin sliced bacon.

That is the easiest and quickest way to cook sandpipers, plover, or young, fat doves. And here is a famous recipe by which you may prepare a delicious lunch from such birds:

Pluck, draw and season. Hang the kettle over the fire, put in it some thin sliced bacon and chopped onion, and let brown. Put the birds in, allowing them to steam a few minutes; then add one or 2 cups of water with a little lemon acid. Cover the kettle and let cook until done. With a stick mince all, bones and meat, thoroughly, and put into a can, glass or box. With the hard bread it will make an appetizing lunch.

Old doves can not be cooked tender, but with 2 hours' boiling will make an excellent soup, especially when you can add some edible greens or mushrooms.

In cooking fish the iron kettle will serve for a frying pan, if you are bound to have catfish steaks or nice looking slices. But there are better and easier ways of preparing fish.

To cook small fish, such as bass, perch, pike, etc.: Clean, split, and wipe dry as possible. Score each side in several places, and season with salt and pepper. Spit each fish on a stick and stand the sticks in the ground at the edge of the fire. The fish will fry as quickly and as well as though in a pan.

Another way: Let a good fire burn low. Dig a shallow hole in the ground near it. Wrap the dressed and seasoned fishes, slicing them if large, in wet leaves, wet grass or wet paper. Put live coals in the hole in the ground; lay the fish on them and cover well with more live coals. In 15 minutes or so your meal will be ready.

A trout, pike or small muskalonge boiled in salt water by a man who knows just how to do it, and served with watercress, is a dish fit for a king.

Rabbits and squirrels may be cooked in this way: Skin the animals. Cut off the legs and split them, taking out the bones. Flatten the meat in layers on a plate or stone, seasoning with salt and pepper. Put thin slices of bacon or ham and some chopped onion in the kettle over the fire, and let brown. Then lay in the meat, turning it occasionally until done. Take out meat, and make gravy by adding a little water to contents of kettle. All the work need not take longer than 15 minutes.

There are several ways of making coon meat palatable. In all cases the legs should be cut off at the knees when the animal is skinned. All fat should be carefully removed, the meat well washed and seasoned with pepper and salt. Tie the meat up with wet grass, leaves or bark, and cook in live coals in a hole in the ground. Or cook the coon whole, trussed like a suckling pig, on a spit before the fire.

My favorite way of cooking coon, when I am compelled to eat it, is to boil the best parts—legs, shoulders and back pieces—in salt water and vinegar or lemon acid. Then fry with sliced bacon or ham and onions.

In a future issue I will give directions for preparing other kinds of game.

SUCCESSFUL PLANTING OF QUAILS.

Wichita, Kansas.

Editor RECREATION:

I noticed a letter in June RECREATION from W. L. Harris, in which he states that a club man told him they had leased 4,000 acres for a preserve within 5 miles of Pittsburg; that they put out on it 2,000 quails each year, and that last year they bought 2,400 in Kansas. If so many birds were placed on 4,000 acres, feed and cover must have been exceedingly abundant to maintain them, with their increase, which would be 25,000 to 40,000 birds. Too many clubs overstock their grounds, and the quails do not have sufficient natural food. Fewer birds, well fed and cared for, would give more satisfactory results. I have furnished quails to gentlemen who live in Pittsburg, but not such a large number to be liberated within 5 miles of that city. I am sorry Mr. Harris did not mention the gentleman's name, so all the facts could be learned.

I have shipped live quails for nearly 10 years, and the reports have been unanimous that the birds have done well, often raising 2 broods in one year. I nearly always ask my customers to write me how their birds do, so I can be better informed on the subject. Mr. Harris says, "Can't something be done to check this slaughter?" I am with you, Brother Harris, and have done what I could to prevent quails from being killed. Have bought them alive and shipped them to points where they would be better protected. To secure them, I pay trappers double price, for it is much easier for them to ship dead birds. I have saved from destruction this year over 50,000 birds, and have shipped them where they would be liberated and could multiply under better protection.

A fair estimate of the increase of this 50,000 for 3 years would be as follows: A single brood of 20 each would amount to 500,000 the first year, and the same number the second and third years. Of the increase the second year there would be 500,000 to breed from, which would result in 5,000,000, and in a third year 5,000,000 more. The broods from the increase of the second year would breed the third year and would amount to 40,000,000, which would make a grand total of over 50,000,000. At least ¼ of the birds would raise 2 broods in each season, which would increase this number quite a little, but we will allow the second broods to go as loss for all causes except the shot gun.

As an example of what six pairs have

done, I am just in receipt of a letter from Dr. Albert W. Shaw, of Eveleth, Minn. He says, "In 1895 I purchased a dozen quails and have one of that dozen still in my possession. I raised several flocks while in Minneapolis and turned them loose in that vicinity, stocking the country fairly well." The Doctor writes in reference to purchasing more birds to stock the vicinity where he now is.

The best method I know of for the protection of game is embodied in the Lacey act. I did everything I could to influence the representatives as to the necessity of its immediate passage, to save the game. The League of American Sportsmen, of which I am proud to be a charter member, has done much to bring about a feeling in favor of game protection. The members are doing their part in the good work, while Coquina is roasting the hogs for a future feast.

To return to my subject, if anyone thinks I have done wrong in shipping live quails, I am sorry for it, but I will surely do it again if I get a chance. Please bear in mind that I do not buy, sell or ship dead game of any kind.

Chas. Payne.

THE ADIRONDACK LEAGUE CLUB.

That the objects have been realized for which this club was organized 9 years ago is evident in the interesting annual report just issued. The aims include, according to the constitution of the club, "The preservation and conservation of the Adirondack forests and the proper protection of game and fish in the Adirondack region; the establishment and promotion of an improved system of forestry; the maintenance of an ample preserve for the benefit of its members for the purpose of hunting, fishing, rest and recreation." This broad programme has been carried out at least partially on their own property.

The preserves of the club amount to 93,000 acres of land, 69,000 acres being held by deed and 24,000 by lease. These holdings are administered on a practical and successful business basis as to lumbering operations, with proper regard for the preservation of the woodlands. The fish and game records of the club for last year show a catch of more than 3,000 brook trout by members and their guests, and 72 deer killed. A fish hatchery was successfully established 2 years ago, and 425,000 strong and healthy young brook trout were distributed in waters on the reserve during last May and June, besides other fish.

Members have the right and privilege to hunt and fish over the entire domain of the club, excepting only lands set apart for camp sites and club buildings; to hold by deed 5 acres for each membership share; to entertain guests; and, not least important, to be exempted from dues and assessments, except for any special need approved by a majority of the members. The successful management of the business of the Club is indicated in the fact that no such assessment has ever been made, and that the purchase money mortgage during the past 3 years was reduced from $112,000 to $10,000, with no floating debts. The net assets of the club amount to nearly $500,000.

Wise sanitary provisions are in force as to water supply and waste materials, and the continued value of the preserve is assured by the enforcement of sound protective sporting rules. The club numbers about 250 members, and includes many well known names. Of the 500 membership shares, the limit fixed by the club, 39 shares, valued at $1,000 each, are yet open to future members.

Three lodges, most comfortable hostelries, situated at removed points on different lakes, provide board and lodging for such members and guests as are not settled in cottages and camps. These lodges opened May 1st, and good fishing began about May 10th. The reserve is reached by the Adirondack Division of the New York Central Railroad, the New York City office of the club being at 45 Broadway. The report is in attractive pamphlet form, with half-tone illustrations of forest and lake views, and a map of the reserve.

TO SAVE AFRICA'S BIG GAME.

The 19th of May was a great day for the wild birds and beasts of Africa, for on that day representatives of Great Britain, France, Germany, Portugal, Italy, Spain and Belgium signed a convention at London for the preservation of wild animals, birds and fishes of the dark continent. The signatories comprise all claimants to any part of the protected area in Africa, from Egypt to Zambesi, with the exception of the Republic of Liberia.

Among the commissioners were sportsmen, naturalists and explorers as well as diplomats. They prepared schedules of animals, the hunting or killing of some being prohibted, of others limited and of others permitted and encouraged. No one will be allowed to hunt in Central Africa without a license from the local governments. Reserves are to be established within which all hunting will be prohibited and close seasons established for the protection of breeding.

Among the species which must not be killed any time are the vulture, the owl, the secretary bird, the rhinoceros bird, the giraffe, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the mountain zebra, the wild ass, the white-tailed gnu, the eland and the little Liberian hippopotamus.

These species are marked out for destruction, and special efforts will be made to reduce their numbers: Lions, leopards, hyænas, hunting dogs, otters, baboons and other harmful monkeys, crocodiles, poisonous snakes and large birds of prey which are not useful.

Of the following the young and the females must not be killed: The elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the zebra, the buffalo, the antelope, the gazelle, the ibex and the chevrotain. Export duties will be imposed on their hides, tusks and horns. Severe penalties are imposed on the killing of elephants, and tusks weighing less than 10 pounds shall be confiscated wherever found.

Among species the killing of which shall be limited by law are fur monkeys and small monkeys, dugongs, manatees, small cats, various pigs, jackals, large tortoises, bustards, guinea fowl, and other game birds, birds whose feathers have commercial value, like marabous, egrets, and ostriches, for the preservation of whose eggs special measures are to be taken.

This is believed to be the first international action ever taken for the protection of game. Five years ago it would have been impossible to have induced any of these nations to trouble their crowned heads about what became of the game in Africa; but the sentiment in favor of saving the works of nature has invaded even the sacred precincts of the throne room. Verily the world do move.

TEN SLEEP GAME.

I have intended for some time to send some items from the Ten Sleep country to apprise the greatest educator of sportsmen in modern times that elk and deer still roam our mountains. Up to this 11th of February we have had little snow in the basin country of the Big Horn, consequently game is wintering well, and this year game hogs are scarcer than usual. In fact, our game laws were never so well observed as during the past year. Visiting sportsmen were very successful. One party Mr. Burke had here, whom I assisted a short time, got 7 animals. Two of these were fine bull elk, and one or 2 were deer. Another party I was with got one 10-point and one spike bull, and there were several other elk killed in these Big Horn mountains. A party I sent into the Park and Jackson Hole country got 7 elk. During the season of '99 I served the government as ranger in the Big Horn Forest Reserve. In that capacity I had an opportunity to see more of the mountains than I ever saw before. At the head of nearly every stream is a chain of lakes varying in size from ponds to lakes, one to 3 miles in length. Many of these are full of fish. The others fish can not get into on account of falls; but all are capable of supporting a multitude of fish, and I mean to do all I can to have them stocked.

September 17th, in company with Mr. Matthews and Mr. Sargent, 2 geological surveyors, I made the ascent of Cloud Peak, the highest one in the Big Horn, 13,200 feet. The view from its summit is grand beyond my power to describe. A glacier extends from its summit to a lake on the South branch of Piney creek, which runs East from Cloud Peak. On the West side of the Peak is a basin several miles in extent, nearly circular, in which are 8 lakes. Looking East, one can count 10 lakes down Piney creek, and South, down Ten Sleep, are 5 or more lakes. Lake Solitude, on middle fork of Paint Rock, is one of the largest. The middle fork of Ten Sleep heads in a canyon with perpendicular walls nearly 2,000 feet high. I often wished for a companion to view these grand scenes with me and to see the young game animals in their summer homes.

Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, Wyo.

MORE SLAUGHTER BY SIDE HUNTERS.

Wigwam, Colo.

Editor RECREATION:

Herewith a clipping from Denver Republican:

> Rifle, Colo., Oct. 28.—The arrest and conviction of Venier, last night, by the game wardens, seems to have had a depressing effect on the receipts of game to-day by the numerous hunters, but 8 deer being brought in. The only other animal slain was a lynx, which A. S. Ramsey killed.
>
> The hunters apparently have been advised that 3 game wardens are here and they are avoiding the inspection by shipping from other places, the total results of the 3 days' hunt, so far as have shown up, being nearly 200 deer, 5 elk, 4 lions, 3 bear and 3 lynx.
>
> Mr. Smith estimates that over 100 deer will be brought out over the government road for shipment to-morrow. It will be readily recognized that the "lion hunt" has resulted in an immense slaughter of deer.

Isn't it a pity that people will insist on killing off the deer as fast as they can? The railroad company advertised this as a "lion hunt," but a blind man could see it meant a slaughter of deer.

I went to Pagosa Springs in Archuleta county, Colo., last September. Had a good time. Our party got all the trout and grouse we could eat in camp, and one deer. It was at first only wounded, and the boys heard it crying out as if in great distress. Before they came up with it they found large lion tracks. When they found the deer and gave it a finishing shot its hips and back were badly scratched where a lion had endeavored to hang on until he could kill it.

I found a few men at Pagosa Springs who had tried .30-30 rifles, but had discarded them. They prefer the .40-82, .45-70 and .50-110 repeaters. Sig. Brown, who has killed 42 bears in that neighborhood, 17 in one season, uses a .50-110 Winchester. A gentleman who went with us has killed 11 bears and over 100 deer in the last 15 years. He uses a .45-70.

The trout fishing was not what it has been in past years, owing to streams being overfished. It is said, also, that after heavy forest fires the ashes wash into the streams and kill the fish. Do you believe that?

L. E. Nelson.

PROHIBIT SPRING SHOOTING.

Yours of recent date regarding the Lacey bill duly received, and I congratulate you and all the League members, most heartily, on the grand work that has been so successfully accomplished.

I send herewith my contribution to the watch fund for the hero of the United States and Canada—the champion of the birds and the wild animals. I know this grand old man will always have a warm place in his heart for the L. A. S.

Now Mr. President, could not a law be enacted in the same way to suppress spring shooting of migratory waterfowl, and of all migatory game birds? These are not the property of any one State, and we should have a uniform law to stamp out this crime of killing ducks and snipe in the spring when they are mating, and when the embryo of the brood is to be found in every female bird. I trust the League will do all in its power to stop this curse of game protection.

A. J. Mull, Muscatine, Ia.

ANSWER.

The question of open and close seasons on game is one which the States themselves must regulate. This is not a subject for Congressional legislation. The Supreme Court has decided several times that game is the property of the States in which it is found, and that the United States can exercise no control over it.

The Lacey law simply aims to aid the States in enforcing their local laws, whatever they may be; to compel people in other States to respect the open and close seasons or the non-shipping regulations of your State, for instance.

I should be mighty glad to see all the States in the Union pass laws to prohibit spring shooting, and I trust all of them will do so in the near future. The sentiment in favor of game protection is growing rapidly, and it requires only the concerted action of all real friends of game protection to bring about, in a few years, such laws as we need.—Editor.

CAMP INDOLENT.

Des Moines, Ia.

Editor RECREATION: Have just returned from a 2 weeks' trip with F. L. Knight, A. G. Hammer and his son, Lester. On Tuesday, July 11, Knight and I hitched our buggy horses to a lumber wagon loaded with camp duffle and grub, and drove 12 miles up the Des Moines river. We camped in a fine black walnut grove, about 30 feet from the river. We set 2 lines and caught 2 channel catfish of about 2 pounds each, for supper; got the tent up and all snug before dark.

The next day Mr. Hammer and Lester drove in, and our party was complete. The kid fished faithfully, in spite of a blazing July sun, and brought in several messes of black bass and wall-eyed pike. The old chaps sat in the shade, smoked and loafed through the heat of the day. We found that by going out early in the morning we could get plenty of small frogs for bait. A few lines, set in the river in the shade of the willows near camp, kept us supplied with all the fish we could use. They were mostly catfish, weighing 1 to 5 pounds.

We have camped along the Des Moines river each summer for several years with indifferent success, so far as fishing was concerned, until this year. Our energetic Fish Commissioner, Geo. E. Delevan, last fall took from the sloughs and bayous along the Iowa shore of the Mississippi several carloads of fish. They were distributed in our rivers and lakes, and one carload was put in the Des Moines, near this city. All of these fish would have been frozen in the shallow water from which they were taken. Wall-eyed pike and bass had become almost extinct in this stream.

B. H. Pray.

FALL MILLINERY.

I inclose you a clipping from the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. It does not seem to me this writer's deductions are correct. According to my observation for several years past it is only in the spring and summer, the seasons of flowers, that birds and feathers are not used on hats. In the fall and winter the bird corpses reappear as trimmings.

W. O. Davie, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The clipping referred to is as follows:

> On Monday following Easter Sunday the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger wrote as follows:
>
> At last it would seem that fashion has begun to yield to the crusade against the slaughter of birds for the ornamentation of women's hats. Yesterday it was observed in the throng of Easter promenaders that birds and feathers were generally absent from the headgear of women. Good!

ANSWER.

Yes, the writer of the foregoing is in error. The absence of birds from Easter hats is in a great measure due to the change of season and not to a change of sentiment on the part of fashionable women. The milliners say spring hats shall be decorated with flowers, and it is done. True, the work of the L. A. S. and the Audobon Societies is bringing good results. Thousands of sensible women who formerly wore bird plumage on their hats did not wear any last winter and have pledged themselves never to do so again. The women will all reform in time, and in 10 years from now birds will be as numerous everywhere as they were 20 years ago. What we most aim at now is to induce the women to discard bird plumage when ordering their hats for next winter. Let us lose no time in spreading the gospel of reform during the summer months.—Editor.

A SIDE HUNT THAT FAILED.

In February Recreation I saw an item that was of interest to me from a local point of view. I refer to the hunting party and the banquet mentioned on page xlvi.

I desire to state, in justice to the majority of the alleged contestants, that the hunt was a decided failure and that the banquet was never served, only some half dozen shooters participating. The remainder of the party refused to have anything to do with the shoot. It seems that the idea originated in the minds of one or 2 sportsmen, and they, without consulting anyone, proceeded to select those they wished to have participate; but they reckoned without their host.

I trust you will make some brief acknowledgment of the above, as it might lead your readers to believe this section produced nothing but pot hunters, whereas the majority deserve a better classification.

Justice, Battle Creek, Mich.

ANSWER.

I am delighted to know the side hunt was a failure, and the reason why it failed is certainly a most gratifying and encouraging one. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity of clearing up the records of certain Battle Creek sportsmen. I wish all proposed side hunts everywhere might fail as ignominiously as this one did, and from the same cause. The men whose names were used without permission should sue the promoters of the hunt for libel.—Editor.

L. A. S. NEEDED IN MANITOBA

No one regrets more than I do the apathy displayed by some of our most influential sportsmen toward establishing a branch of the League of American Sportsmen in Manitoba. Personally, I have not lost hope of assisting to found a strong division in Manitoba, confident that, in a short time, these same sportsmen will be the first to fall into line.

It is quite true we have good game laws. When we hear they have been violated we promptly arrest the offender; but owing to the vast extent of the Province it is impossible for the few appointed game guardians to properly protect its game. This lack could to a large extent be obviated by establishing a branch of the L. A. S. Every member of such division would not only take a deeper interest in seeing the game laws properly enforced, but could and would, on application, be appointed one of the Provincial Government's Game Guardians for his township (6 miles square) or the district in which he resides. In the meantime it rests with those who are in accord with the purposes of the League to educate the people to the necessity of making better game laws and seeing that those at present on the statute books are strictly enforced. I see no better way to accomplish this than to get the people of this Province to subscribe to the official magazine of the L. A. S., and shall do my utmost in that direction.

G. B. Borradaile, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

THEY HAVE SOME IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Prairie chickens and ducks were plentiful here last season. Jack rabbits are scarce; the severe winter of '96 drove them out. Geese are abundant in the spring.

My friend Roy P. and I went after them. We reached their feeding ground about 4 a. m. The first flock passed about 15 feet above us. I shot once and got my bird. Roy shot twice and got what Paddy shot at. It was his first goose hunt and he was excusable. Then we moved 40 rods, and 3 brant came along; we got all in 2 shots. Presently 2 more came over us, and we got them. We then moved about a mile East. After waiting half an hour a flock went by us. I let go with both barrels and got 2, but was surprised not to hear my companion shoot. I soon learned the reason. He was using strong language. He did not have his gun cocked.

We then went home, having shot 8 geese in about an hour, and as we are not game hogs we thought we had enough.

We have game swine here in large numbers. A party of 5 shot 125 chickens in 4 hours last fall. If they are not game hogs I never saw one. Lots of them here.

Dakota, Towanda, N. D.

PROTECT THE WOODCOCK.

There are a few bevies of quails here, but the grouse crop is a failure. There are few signs of woodcock. I think these birds should be protected from Maine to Texas for a term of years. Rail and ducks are fairly plentiful. There are a few rabbits left, but they are hounded every month in the year.

I think the Sunday law in this State is a rank injustice. It was drawn to hurt a certain class of people. Most of our sportsmen are men who work every day and have no time to hunt save on Sundays, Labor day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Why not forbid hunting on all holidays, and so save the game for the swells? The law was right as it stood in past years. If a man was arrested for shooting on Sunday he was fined for breaking the Sabbath, not for violating a class game law. The Sunday law is a bad thing for game, for when a man is cut down to 3 days a year he will get all he can carry on those days. If game needs more protection forbid shooting on one or more days of each week, but not on Sundays. It will be all the same to the birds and you will not be robbing the workingman of his share of sport.

W. R. Walden, Whitman, Mass.

TWO FEARLESS MEN.

Find enclosed clipping from Duluth News-Tribune, which I think will interest you. A few months ago Joseph Mitchell was fined for running a "blind pig." Evidently he has been on the down grade some time and his development from a blind pigger into a full grown game hog was quite natural.

I have written the Municipal Judge at Ely, H. Von Blarcom, to inquire the name of the deputy game warden who filed the complaint against Mitchell, and to assure him that this office will assist in every proper way in securing the conviction and punishment of offenders against our game laws.

Wm. B. Phelps, Duluth, Minn.

The clipping referred to is as follows:

Joseph Mitchell, of Ely, recently braved the terrors of the law in order to supply the demand of certain of its citizens for the tender and juicy moose steak. The game warden, however, was opposed to moose meat as an article of diet at this season of the year and succeeded in inducing Mr. Mitchell to satisfy his appetite for 30 days on the plainer fare provided by Sheriff Sargent at the county jail.

Mr. Phelps and that game warden are both men after my own heart.—Editor.

GAME NOTES.

Small game is fairly plentiful here, in Sullivan county. A proper enforcement of our game laws would secure good shooting. We have the red and gray squirrel, rabbits, quails, some prairie chickens and a few ducks and geese. Of the fur-bearing animals we have the red fox, raccoon, mink, skunk, water rat and an occasional otter.

'Tis sad to note the rapid extermination of the game. A few years since ducks, geese and brants could be counted on our prairies and marsh lands by the tens of thousands; now it is a rare thing to see geese alight. Our county has become thickly settled, our marsh land has been reclaimed and is now fine farming land. This is partly the cause of scarcity of water fowl.

One man near here killed 300 quails in 7 days last November. I call him a hog.

Go ahead. Advocate game protection, and roast those game hogs until every man knows his duty toward our kindred, the game.

A. R. Pifer, Carlisle, Ind.

The motto of the Milwaukee Fishing and Hunting Club is, "Hunt for sport, not for gain," and we have made many converts in the past 2 years from among the army of Wisconsin game hogs. One of our most stringent rules is that membership is forfeited for firing at or killing a bird except on the wing. Last fall 11 members went into camp at Hamlin lake, Michigan. With the party were 2 pot hunters who were to be given a lesson in sportsmanship. There was abundance of game, and it was a study to watch our "hogs" when they were told they were subject to the rules of the club. Had they been allowed to turn loose, there would have been terrific slaughter; but as it was, at the end of 6 days in the woods the total bag consisted of 15 quails, 14 grouse, 22 ducks and 20 fish.

On our return the 2 gentlemen, our guests, became members of our club and both avow they had a better time than when they shot everything in sight.

R. L. Schlick, Milwaukee, Wis.

Game is scarce around here. We only have a few squirrels, rabbits, prairie chickens, and, in the fall and spring, geese and ducks. I have an old .16 gauge muzzle loading gun. It shoots well. I have killed a number of rabbits and squirrels with it. I like the way you call the game hogs down and also to read the Gun and Ammunition Department.

Will cottontails breed when captured, and what is the best thing to feed to young fox squirrels.

Chester Springsteen, Harvard, Ill.

ANSWER.

The cottontail rabbit will not breed in close confinement, but if placed in an enclosure of 2 or 3 acres would undoubtedly do so.

The best food for young fox squirrels is whole grains of corn, and a varying diet of nuts, carrots, a piece of apple now and then, hard bread, etc. Above all, do not keep squirrels on one kind of food.—EDITOR.

It is not safe to train your dog too well. A man living near Logansport realized this one day last week when he was fishing. He was accompanied by a water spaniel, which had been trained to retrieve. The owner of the dog was fishing; whether with a net, a hook and line, or by what method is not known, but he was fishing. Failing to secure any fish by the means he was employing, he got mad. He had with him a quantity of dynamite, and proceeded to tie a piece of this explosive on a stick. He lighted the fuse and threw it into the water, right over the spot where he supposed the fish were. The dog started for the stick, He got it and turned for the shore. His master was unable to stop him. The dog paid no attention to any commands, considering it his duty to bring that stick to his master's feet. The fuse was burning. The man started to run. The dog reached the shore, the fuse still burning, and started after his master, thinking it was all play. The man prayed for wings. He could not climb a tree and could only run. He had no gun to shoot the dog, and when the faithful animal came within 20 feet of him the dynamite exploded. The dog vanished like a mist. Hereafter that fisherman will confine his sport tc the lawful season and will use nothing more dangerous than a seine or hook and line.

The above appeared in a Clinton county (Ind.) paper. I cannot vouch for its truth; but I know that lots of that sort of fishing is done in this State.

J. C. Scott, Colfax, Ind.

AN OHIO GAME HOG.

On April 10, the record of duck hunting on Buckeye Lake was broken by B. I. Jones who shot 63 ducks that day. The previous record had been 52 so that Mr. Jones beat the record by 11 ducks.

The ducks were principally blue bills and butter balls, but some canvasbacks and woodducks were shot.

Mr. Jones now wears the championship belt of the duck hunters.—Granville Ohio Times.

I wrote Mr. Jones inquiring if this report is true, and he replies:

In answer to your inquiry, I can verify the statement as being true. Should you copy, please send me a sample copy of your paper. Thanking you for the interest you have taken in the matter, I am, Yours truly,

B. I. Jones.

Well, Jones, you have shown your bristles and are now on record as a member of the herd. A marked copy goes to you as requested, and unmarked copies go to the thousands of other men who will hereafter always point the finger of shame at you when they see you.—EDITOR.

A friend of mine went to the Buffalo Hump country last year, and, on his return, said he did not suppose there was as much game in the State of Idaho as he saw on his trip. He took only his shot gun, as he did not expect to see much big game, but he managed to kill several deer with that.

Reports from Henry's lake say a lot of illegal fishing is being done there. The trout are caught in nets and shipped to Butte and other places, where they are offered for sale. I hope this will be stopped and that the lawbreakers may be captured before this reaches you. I have sent my name in as a member of the L. A. S., and trust I may be able to help the grand old cause along.

I wish RECREATION 100,000 new subscribers, and the L. A. S. 70,000,000 new members during the coming year, for that's the number they ought to gain.

J. H. Gipson, Caldwell, Idaho.

S. E. Thurston, Fred and John Herroder, John Bauer, and Thomas Oakley, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., who were arrested by County Detective Johnson, at the instance of the State Game Commission and the Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club, for violating the game laws, were brought to this city last evening. They were taken before Alderman Gaughan and after pleading guilty paid fines of $50 and costs each, amounting to $61.33 or a total of $306.16. After paying the fines the New York gunners were allowed to go. Their trip to Bradford county, where the violation was detected, cost them nearly $500, including the fines, railroad fare, hotel bills and lawyers fees. All are prominent business and professional men of Mt. Vernon.—Wilkesbarre, Pa., Record.

Hard lines for the Mount Vernon crowd, but it served them right, and I wish every man or party of men who attempts to violate the game laws of any State might meet a similar fate.—Editor.

Bob, Bill and Dick left home the 13th of July, 1899, about 10.30 a. m., for a camping trip to Lake Medad. They reached their destination about 3 o'clock p. m., having had only 7 breakdowns on the way. The chief occupations of their stay were swimming and eating apples, which they "bought" at a place about a mile and a half from their camp. Of course, apples were cheap there. Whenever picnic parties came to the lake the boys had a good, square meal given them, as a sort of payment for a swimming exhibition they were called on to give. Their costumes on those occasions consisted of large, red-spotted handkerchiefs and roller towels, fantastically arranged around their bodies.

The boys did no hunting nor fishing, but they thoroughly enjoyed the days by the lake, and were sorry when the time came for them to return home.

G. T. Tower, Dundas, Ont.

Congressman Lacey has scored another success in the interest of game protection. He has secured the insertion in the Alaskan code of a section prohibiting the dealing in or shipping of the eggs of wild ducks, geese, brant and cranes, in that territory. In this work Mr. Lacey was materially aided by Congressmen R. J. Waters, of California, and C. K. Wheeler, of Kentucky.

The 56th Congress will go down in history as the first one to have reallv enacted and put in operation any important measure for the preservation of our American fauna, and its members will be honored and revered by sportsmen and naturalists accordingly.

All over this State cottontail rabbits are injurious to young fruit trees. They eat off the tender growth of the first year, and, if the snow is deep so they can reach it, they eat the second year's growth from the top. When snow is very deep they gnaw the older fruit trees, taking the bark off so that the tree is badly injured, if not killed.

I am told that near Orleans and Kearney, Neb., jack rabbits have on some farms totally destroyed several acres of corn and are become veritable pests.

Wm. B. Kirby, Lincoln, Neb.

An Italian living in Spring Valley has hit on a scheme which may rival the Cape Nome mining district as a road to wealth. He ships crows to New York City and gets $2 a dozen for them. They are served in restaurants as prairie chickens. Mud hens have long been served up as ducks, but this is the first instance in which crows have been used as food. The beginning of the new century may see buzzard served as turkey, for some cooks are sufficiently adept in their art to deceive even the elect.

Ames Wilson, Hennepin, Ill.

A son of George Roberts, while out hunting last week, was astounded at seeing a buffalo running at large between Henefer and Croydon. The young man took 5 shots at him, but with poor results. It is supposed the buffalo had escaped from the Yellowstone Park.

Yes, and he has no doubt been hunted to his death long ago. Thus the little bunch of 20 or 30 buffalo in the park is being reduced year by year. The last one will probably go before Congress decides to fence them in.—EDITOR.

Near the Gillies timber camp at the middle fork of Wood river, in Wyoming, Harry Adams, an old time mountaineer and hunter, killed a monster bear recently. He was very fat, having just emerged from the hole where he had hibernated for the winter. He measured 3 feet between the forearms and weighed 1,275 pounds.—Red Lodge Picket.

Just 1,275, eh? What kind of a scale did you weigh him on? And how does it happen he should have tipped such a nice, easy figure?—EDITOR.

Forest fires have played havoc with the grouse this spring, but they are drumming on the other side of the lake, and back in the swale a pair of eagles are talking in high-keyed, falsetto voices. At Forest lake club they trapped a good sized black bear last winter and there are a few lynx reported in the same neighborhood.

Dan Beard, Rowlands, Pa.

I owe a great deal to RECREATION for through it I see the size of sins committed years ago, when, a farmer's boy, I shot robins for stealing cherries. You are doing a great work for us all, when you strive for the protection of all kinds of game and song birds.

D. C. Carver, D. D. S.,
Rock Falls, Ill.

A bear got into one of the lambing camps of Richard Savage, on the head of Lake creek, last week and before it could be frightened away had killed 19 lambs. It went through the bunch picking the lambs up by the necks, breaking them, and then dropping them. Bear are reported numerous in that country, and have bothered the sheep men a great deal.—Saratoga (Wyo.) Sun.

I was up at Muskoka last fall hunting and took 10 copies of RECREATION. We had a delightful time, getting 15 deer. There were 10 people in our party. I was lucky enough to get my first, a buck weighing about 235 pounds, with large antlers.

H. F. Howard, Toronto, Ont.

Last Thursday Mr. Wesley Bloom, of the North fork of the Shoshone succeeded in trapping a monster silver tip bear, said to be one of the largest ever caught. The capture was made on Trout creek. This is the second one for Mr. Bloom in the last 3 weeks.—Wyoming paper.

In spite of the disadvantages under which I am placed at present I have secured the conviction of 4 violators of the game and fish laws during the last 4 months. R. S. Woodliff, L. A. S.,
Jackson, Mich.

Will some one please tell me where I can find a day's hunting within 25 miles of New York city? Also where I can find woodchuck hunting, and if there is any law on them? Subscriber, New York city.

Do not fail to contribute to the Lacey watch fund at once.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30th. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits. Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner clam. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog. April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling, pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts; Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The Surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide; Daytime not affected by tides.

HOW TO PLANT FRY.

I wish to ask of you and your readers some information which I hope will be of value to all. Before putting my question, however, I want to make a brief statement.

In the State of New York, as in other States and countries, large sums of money are annually expended in the artificial propagation of food and game fishes. As is well known, this generally is done by planting fingerlings and fry. The first method is highly efficient; but the point of this communication has reference to the planting of fry.

I believe all fry which is allowed by the State should be first deposited, not in the great body of water proposed to be stocked and there left a prey to predatory spawn eaters and numerous other dangers, but in a suitable rearing pond. The fry should be there nurtured until the young and helpless fish become fingerlings, at least. Then when planted they are much better able to care for themselves.

Precisely this plan our local fish and game protective club is going to adopt this year, as applied to muskalonge. We are going to build a pond and supply it with the same water as that of the lake where the fish will finally be liberated, which we can obtain from the water company. We shall make the pond as nearly like the lake as possible, with regard to bottom and aquatic plants. The chief difficulty confronting us and the one which prompts me to write this letter, is, what are we going to feed the young fish? Mr. James Annin, Jr., State Superintendent of Hatcheries, says the great trouble seems to be to provide them with proper natural food. Last year our experiments, such as breeding young suckers, etc., for them to feed on, failed to produce the desired result. They will not take food like other fishes. So the problem is, what can we feed young muskalonge?

If your readers can suggest anything as to the construction of a pond, its dimensions per 1,000 fish, its plants, equipment or any other matter, but more especially as to the food for the young muskalonge, it will be of assistance to us, of information to your other readers and of possible value to the country; for protection and preservation of game and food fishes depend as much on the naturalist as on the legislature.

Ernest G. Gould,
Sec. N. Y. State Fish, Game and Forest League, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

ANSWER.

The general proposition that fry hatched artificially should, when practicable, be reared in retaining ponds until they are better able to take care of themselves when liberated, is sound as a fish cultural principle. With most species it is simply a question of expense. Neither the general government nor any of the States has ever appropriated sufficient funds for any extensive work of that kind.

As regards the muskalonge, the only State that has done anything toward its propagation seems to be New York. Mr. Gould is doubtless familiar with what has been done at Chautauqua lake. The United States Fish Commission has never propagated the muskalonge, nor has it made any study of the feeding habits of the young. The fact that the muskalonge is well-known to be one of the most voracious and rapacious of fishes offers a good suggestion as to the proper kind of food. With all other conditions favorable it would seem that fry and young of other species of fish in sufficient quantity would meet the case. The smaller crustaceans, such as *Daphnia, Cyclops* and *Gammarus,* would probably prove suitable. They can be had in large numbers. The principal difficulty will be in getting all the other conditions favorable, such as sufficient depth and purity of water, proper temperature, and absence of enemies.—B. W. E.

PULP MILLS VS. SPEARING.

Wright, New York.

Editor Recreation:—The pulp mills in Ticonderoga are allowed to destroy one of the best spawning grounds there is on Lake Champlain. Millions of fish run up there to spawn, and hundreds of them are killed with the chemicals that are turned into the creek from the pulp mills. Before the mills began work there were black and Oswego bass, pike and pickerel. Now it is impossible to catch any of those fishes up the creek. This creek is the outlet of Lake George. I should like to see something done that would restore the fishing on Lake Champlain; seining has been stopped.

When the law allowed us to fish with nets, to spear and to shoot fish, every farmer had 4 or 5 spears and a jack, and at all leisure time in the spring they were shooting and spearing. Four or 5 boats could be seen out almost every night. I never knew any of the farmers to spear fish for market, or more than they needed for their own use. Three men in a boat would spear perhaps 5 or 6 bass, 2 or 3 pike and pickerel. The others would be lings, garfish, sheepshead or catfish.

Now comes along an angler who knows nothing about a fish, except to get him on his hook, and land him in the boat if he can. Such a man as this sees in a farmer's boat such fish as I have mentioned and he reports that the farmers are destroying all the fish in the lake with spear and gun. He doesn't report the sharks the man has in his boat. He doesn't even look at them. A set line may be used freely in Lake Champlain, and would benefit the lake. I have taken off from a set line of 200 hooks 25 to 30 eels, 4 or 5 catfish, 20 garfish, measuring 1 to 4 feet each, 2 or 3 pickerel, a pike or 2 and occasionally an Oswego bass. Such fishing is in July, and billfish will take the hooks readily until the last of September. Since this law was passed there has been no spearing on the lake. On a calm day the water seems alive with billfish. Before the law passed the only time many of them could be seen was when they were spawning. I now kill all of them that I can, which are more in a day than I formerly could in a month; so you see the lake has improved wonderfully in billfish.

I don't believe in spear or rifle, but in Lake Champlain they were certainly beneficial. Why can't the law allow us to fish with pike nets and throw back such fish as the law wants to protect, black and Oswego bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel? Lake Champlain is full of garfish, or what some call billfish; lings, known in Lake Erie as dogfish, and sheepshead. Those are all sharks. Out of one sheepshead weighing 9 pounds, I have taken all I could hold in my 2 hands, of minnows and small fry. The eel follows all fish that spawn, and eats the spawn. Catfish live on minnows and small fry. Why not allow us to catch those fish, and bullheads, lake shad or what I call white fish? Give each man who wants to fish a permit to fish as many nets as he wishes, keep track of the fish he catches, the market he ships them to, and have him swear to take no other kind of fish. Watch all fishermen who have no permit, complain of them and have them convicted. In that way we would soon have good black and Oswego bass fishing in Lake Champlain. We would get rid of the sharks, and would save much expense to which the State is now being put. The pulp mills are not only destroying the fish but are making the ice unfit to use in drinking water. The perch we caught last winter, tasted of the soda ash. I did not taste it in the pike or pickerel. I wish you would have some good man come here to investigate.

Edward E. Tucker.

MONTANA LAWS DEFECTIVE.

Enclosed find clipping from the Anaconda Standard, which gives a fair idea of the treatment the Montana trout are receiving at the present time.

Harry Cannon, Anaconda Mont.

> Great Falls.—Parties who were out last Sunday on Deep Creek report good fishing at the big dam on that stream. The large pool below the dam is full of trout, grayling and white fish, endeavoring to push their way up the stream for spawning. The trout and grayling are biting well and those who were fishing caught quite a number.
>
> There is a law which says each dam of this kind on the trout streams of Montana must have a fish ladder to allow the fish a passage over the dam, that they may go on to the heads of the streams for breeding purposes. In each dam there must be an inlet and an outlet over which the fish can travel. The Deep Creek dam had a ladderway at one time, but it does not seem to fill the bill at the present time, for the fish cannot go over it. The attention of the game warden

is called to the matter, in order that the fish may be released and allowed to go on upward, and the provisions of the law be complied with.

ANSWER,

I referred this to Professor M. J. Elrod, Chief Warden of the Montana Division of the L. A. S., who is also President of the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, and he replies as follows:

Missoula, Mont.

Dear Sir—The laws of this State appear, without careful scrutiny, good enough; but are full of loopholes, and are evaded in almost every court. There is not a dollar of appropriation at the disposal of the State board, either for its own expenses or those of wardens. The expenses of the commissioners have so far been paid by themselves—even to postage.

We have a State warden, Mr. R. A. Waagner, a member of the League, but the amounts received from fines are all he has to work on, and he can not be expected to pay expenses out of his own funds. He has not received a dollar of salary. He has pushed offenders hard, has made many enemies, all for the love of the cause, and without any remuneration. The law provides that county commissioners shall appoint a warden in any county on the petition of 100 tax payers. The next section states that they may vacate the office whenever in their judgment a warden is not necessary. The result is that in this great State, as far as we can learn, there are but 2 county wardens, one at Helena and one at Butte. But since the State warden can not hear from county wardens in either of those places it looks as though there was no one in the State to defend the game except private citizens, and few private citizens are doing that kind of business. The State is too thinly populated, and men can not afford to make enemies of their near neighbors when game is plentiful and neighbors are few.

From this you will see we are powerless. It is easy to send out reports of violations of the law, and to make complaints; but if the complainants do not swear out warrants against the offenders no action can be taken.

This condition is to be deplored. We are waiting patiently until the Legislature meets again. If it will not help us out of the difficulty by passing needed legislation, we can do nothing but trust to the few who are willing to enforce the laws, for without money, wardens can not be had, and without wardens the game will be poorly protected.

The League wardens are doing good work, but they can not do it all.

M. J. Elrod, Missoula, Mont.

A PROGRESSIVE CLUB.

I enclose you a circular letter that was submitted by the directors of the Cadillac Commercial Club to the members. Out of 115 members over 80 replied favorably, thereby carrying the resolution by a large majority.

The club is composed of over 100 business and professional men and was organized for the purpose of advancing the best interests of Cadillac.

I also enclose you one of the notices we have posted in the most public places in the city.

We have not yet been called on to pay the reward, much as we should like to; but the results from having the notices posted have been far beyond our expectations. Our action has caused a commotion among a certain lawless class here, and I am in hopes it will be the means of stopping all illegal fishing in the near future, in this vicinity.

I enclose stamps for the Lacey watch fund.

Willis J. Cornwell,
Prest. Cadillac Commercial Club.

The circular and notices referred to are as follows:

$25 REWARD!

Is offered by THE CADILLAC COMMERCIAL CLUB for each conviction under the statute for the violation of the Fish Laws in Little and Big Clam lakes.

Under the law, fishing by any other means than with a hook and line is prohibited. Minnow fishing is also against the law, and will be proceeded against the same as other offenses.

C. E. RUSSELL, Secretary.

To the Subscribers to the Cadillac Commercial Club Fund:

Dear Sir—At a regular meeting of the directors of the Cadillac Commercial Club, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The objects of the Cadillac Commercial Club, as stated in the articles of incorporation, are to advance the interests of Cadillac in every way, and whereas, it is now well known that our fisheries are being devastated constantly by open violations of the fish and game laws, and whereas, it is the sense of this Club that our fishing must be preserved in order to induce outside patronage, therefore be it

Resolved, That the President of the Club be authorized to appoint a committee empowered to prepare a circular letter explaining the situation to the members and asking them to vote on a proposition to pay a reward of $25 by the Club for each and every conviction secured under the statute, to the end that Cadillac may become known as the best fishing point in Northern Michigan.

We enclose you postal card. Please record your vote, sign and mail promptly to the Secretary, as it is the desire of the directors to take the matter up at once if a majority are in favor of it.

We wish to say in connection with the above that the directors have already taken up the matter of stocking the lakes with pike and black bass, several thousand bass having been planted last year, and they have applications in now for pike and bass which they expect to get this summer. It is the intention to make application each year and in a few years we can have as good fishing as can be found anywhere in the State, providing the illegal fishing that is now being done the year around is stopped. Unless this is done it will be useless for the directors to go any farther with the stocking of the lakes.

There is no question but that good fishing in our lakes would be the means of bringing a large number of visitors to our city, and they would be a class of people the majority of whom do not count expense, but spend their money freely.

W. J. CORNWELL,
C. H. BURTON,
G. S. STANLEY,
Committee.

This is good work. All clubs in game or fish districts should follow the example. When the Cadillac Commercial Club shall also have organized itself as a chapter of the League of American Sportsmen it will be in a still better position to attain great results. The League furnishes a muslin poster of similar import, in any numbers desired. If you want them send for them. —EDITOR.

THE GATINEAU DISTRICT.

There may be better places for fishing than the Gatineau district, in Canada, but I have not found them, and I have traveled considerably throughout this country and the United States. As a general thing anyone making Ottawa a starting point for a few days' fishing, does not require a guide. Almost anyone in the city will tell him where to go, or by applying to the Gatineau railway officers, he will receive full information as to season and locality. If I should catch all the fish I could in a day's outing in the Gatineau district and should report to you, you would be on the lookout for a new name to replace fish hog. When I go for brook trout, 42 miles from the city, 2 or 3 hours are all I want. My creel will be full in that time, and not with fingerlings, either. The brook trout we take average 10 ounces. I have caught some weighing 1½ pounds. We usually start at daybreak, walk 4 miles to the brook, catch our trout and return by noon.

In the lakes salmon trout and lake trout, which run very large, are numerous. My largest lake trout weighed 27½ pounds. It was taken at sunrise, with an ordinary 50-cent line, a single gut hook, and a Bristol steel rod, backed up by a Yawman & Erbe automatic reel. With the same outfit I have taken 6 black bass that weighed 24¾ pounds and a 19½-pound muskalonge. Angling with rod and line is the only legal and proper way to fish. I never fish in any other way. Have had some sport as good as anyone could wish and have never been more than 46 miles from our city limits to get it. Will gladly write anyone wishing further information.

The pickerel season opened May [illegible] and many fine ones have been taken. B[illegible]s fishing opened June 15. The season has closed for the sale and export of black bass, speckled trout and muskalonge until July, 1903.

The last wild pigeon I saw around here was in July, 1898.

G. Y. Loveday, Ottawa, Can.

DOES NOT KNOW WHEN TO STOP.

In probably no other State in the Union has a State Fish Commission done more intelligent and successful work in stocking streams than has been done in Michigan. In no other State has the support and co-operation of the railroads been more liberal and far sighted. In no other State have the money benefits, to the people and to the railroads, of fish stocking been so evident. Yet it has been stated in a weekly newspaper that Mr. A. Torrey, chief engineer of the Michigan Central railway, on or about the first of May of this year, fished a stream until his basket was full. Then he took his overalls and tying their legs together, threw them across his shoulder and fished until this new kind of fish basket was full and until he was exhausted. I asked Mr. Torrey for an explanation, and this is his vague reply:

Your letter came to my office in my absence. I have not caught 200 trout in one day. I have caught a great many trout, and expect to catch a great many more, but should be much ashamed to abuse the sport by bagging 200, or over 100 in one day.

A. Torrey, Detroit, Mich.

So you place your limit at 100, eh? Well, that is 75 more than any man should take in a day.—EDITOR.

A SILVER TROUT.

You may remember I wrote you last summer of a peculiar white or silver trout that has been taken now and then in one brook in the Adirondacks. I send you a letter that came to-day from Mr. Bradley, of Michigan, and that may be of interest to you. It is impossible, without comparing them, to know if the trout he mentions are the same. I don't like the name of "pale" trout, as those I have taken were anything but pale, though they have no red spots, or color marks. They came out of the water like burnished silver. I have heard recently that some such trout have been taken in streams in the interior of this State.

R. M. Shurtleff, New York City.

The letter referred to is as follows:

My dear Mr. Shurtleff: The trout you mention in RECREATION are caught in this State, among other trout. The fish commissioner tells me he bred a number from very lightcolored fish, and kept breeding in and in until they seem to hold their own as a distinct colored trout, although he says they are true trout. He has named them "pale" trout.

H. W. Bradley, Romeo, Mich.

A VALUABLE WARDEN.

I intend to take a carload of adult fish, not fish fry, to Cresco next fall and put them in the Little Turkey river at that place. I gather the adult fish from the bayous of the Mississippi river and place them in the interior waters of the State. Almost daily I receive letters telling of the great success of the enterprise, and saying the lakes and rivers of Iowa have not afforded such good fishing for years as they have this year. Mr. Young, the mayor of Clear Lake, writes, "I have lived here 25 years and have never seen so many fish caught in Clear lake any year as this year since the law expired May 15th." A rigid enforcement of the law of protection, the stocking with adult fish in the fall of the year and their spawning the following spring before the law expires, will soon bring Iowa's waters back to where they were before the fish hog and market seiner arrived.

G. E. Delavan,
State Fish and Game Warden, Estherville, Ia.

PIKE COUNTY NOTES.

Catfish, suckers, shiners and a few sunfish are stricken with a disease here in the form of a fungus growth which blinds, disables and ultimately kills the fish. The shores of the lakes in this part of Pike county are strewn with dead and decaying fish as a result of the fungus growth.

Black bass and pickerel seem to be immunes. Bass are on their nests and are busy dividing their time between love-making and fighting trespassers.

The Laxawaxan and Delaware are reported to be full of the good-for-nothing German carp and some ignorant cuss has planted the lakes with the same unweildy, spawn-sucking nuisances. One of the backwoodsmen caught a 17 pound carp in Big Tink pond and had his wife cook it. He declares the taste in his mouth has been nauseous ever since he ate it.

Trout are again making their homes in the neighboring brooks.

Dan Beard, Rowlands, Pa.

STOP ILLEGAL FISHING.

We are stocking our streams with thousands of trout each year, and doing what we can to protect them, but we have fish hogs here, as other places have, who claim that when a trout is large enough to bite it is large enough to save, who keep all they catch, big and little, fish in and out of season, and not always with a hook and line. We had less illegal fishing when we had a game protector appointed in each town, but that is done away with, and game wardens are few and far apart. I am glad to see the old forest, fish and game commission go, and hope for better things from the new. I am glad we have a Governor who has backbone enough to stand up for what he thinks right and hope to see him re-elected.

Recreation has come to me regularly the past 5 years. It grows better each year. I wish every angler and hunter could read it, for they would become true sportsmen if they did.

A. W. Francis, De Ruyter, N. Y.

SPEARING SHUT OFF.

Deputy Game Warden Mark Craw returned yesterday from Duck lake with 7 men caught spearing bass in the lake near Interlochen. As a result of this prize capture Tom Baker, Charles Miller, Eber Calkins, Earl Cook, Hulbert E. Brooks, Roy Ralston and Wm. Bailey were arraigned in Justice Brown's court and paid $8.70 each, fines and costs.

Sportsmen look on the spearing of bass at this season of the year as the most flagrant violation of the fish laws. There is no sport in spearing the bass as they lie on the spawning beds in shallow water. If driven off they return at once and the same course may be gone over again and again in the same night and the game fish slaughtered. Deputy Craw should have the thanks of all good sportsmen if he rigidly enforces this part of the law, and his big haul Saturday night may be followed by more unless this brutal spearing is left seriously alone by the fish hogs.—Daily Eagle, Traverse City, Mich.

All honor to Deputy Craw, Justice Brown and the editor of the Eagle. Their fearlessness in enforcing the law and in educating public sentiment will be approved by every true sportsman in the country.—Editor.

A SHAMELESS JUDGE.

In reply to my inquiry regarding a reported catch of fish I received the following letter:

Stroudsburg, Pa.

Yours of the 27th at hand. Judge Edginer and I caught 152 trout on the opening day, averaging 10 inches. We took them in Pocono Creek.

Geo. W. Fabee, Prop. Burnett House.

"Judge" Edginer, eh? "Proprietor Burnett House," eh? Surely this is a rare case. That a judge of a court should befoul his ermine by trailing it in the swine corral is a pitiable spectacle. The proprietor of a hotel, even a Raines law hotel in this city, should be ashamed of having committed such slaughter as you boast of. I trust no other butcher may ever be arraigned before "Judge" Edginer, for the "Judge" would undoubtedly pat him on the back and say, "Go thy way in peace. We fish hogs must stand together."—Editor.

NIBBLES.

A number of prominent Chicago people have recently returned from a few days' fishing at Neenah, Wis. They report the fishing excellent and a catch in 2 days' outing of 147 bass, averaging 1½ pounds; 250 pike, averaging 3½ pounds, and one sturgeon, caught by S. A. Spry, weighing 80 pounds. They are all enthusiastic over fishing in Lake Winnebago, which is conveniently reached by the Northwestern railroad. The Northwestern is making special efforts to accommodate anglers, and besides its regular train service into the Fox lake district has, every Thursday and Saturday, a through sleeping car leaving Chicago 5:00 p. m. for Three Lakes, Eagle River, Conover, State Line, Watersmeet, and other points at which the best fishing is reported.

K. R. S., Menasha, Wis.

Unless there were 30 or more of the people they caught many more fish than they should.—EDITOR.

Last Sunday Louis Begin went fishing at Medicine lake and at nightfall he returned with a long string of nibblers, the catch including 5 black bass. It is against the law to catch bass at this time of year, and as the attention of one of the game wardens was called to the case, Begin was placed under arrest for violating the game law. Yesterday he was fined $25, or $5 a fish by Judge Holt.

The law makes the penalty not less than $5 and not more than $25 for each fish, so the mess of bass proved rather an expensive luxury for Begin.—Watertown (N. Y.) Times.

And now Louis you should begin to quit violating the fish laws. You can get your bass much cheaper in open season, and they will taste better, too.—EDITOR.

Game Wardens Hawkins and Ayres, of New Brunswick, N. J., caught the poacher who has been depleting the fishing ponds of Senator John Kean, late Sunday night, and yesterday morning gathered in Frederick Bauer and George Jones, who were fishing with set lines in the Swinefield river.

Ninety days in jail for the poacher and a heavy fine for the others were the penalties.—New York Herald.

In the Swinefield river, eh? Well, Bauer and Jones seem to know their proper place when they find it; and that's more than I can say for some other swine I know of.—EDITOR.

The piscatory zeal of C. P. Englehart led Judge McConnell to assess him $20 yesterday.

Charles went fishing to Stony creek, Henderson, one day last week. He was after perch and pickerel, but the unruly bass got on his hook and he hated to throw them back. Game Protector John Northrup learned of the facts and complained, hence the fine.—Watertown (N. Y.) paper.

Here is another chap who can now give his neighbors pointers on the open and close seasons for bass. He won't forget the dates again in a hundred years.—EDITOR.

Will some reader of RECREATION please tell me what kind of bait is best to catch black bass, and what time of the year to use them? Also how to fish for them and where to find them? We have lots of bass in our lake, but they don't seem to bite readily.

I. E. Brackett, Newport, Me.

Fishing here in Lake Winnebago is good at present. Captain H. C. Dittmar and party caught 40 pike, white bass, black bass and perch. Major Walters brought in 15 of these varieties and Otto Helmheld 9. Several other good catches were made the latter part of the week.

K. B., Fond du Lac, Wis.

Fishing at this place has been excellent during the past week. Several parties made good catches. Mr. Bradley, of Tomahawk, and Mr. Corwin, of New York, spent part of the week fishing at this point, and their party made a large trout catch last Saturday afternoon.

G. P. T., Parrish, Wis.

The Ontario government limits the catch of trout in the Nepigon waters to 15 pounds a day, for each man. What a great thing it would be for the trout streams, and for the man who loves to whip them, if all our States would follow the example of Ontario.

D. G. Redfield and Oscar Gibbons May 26 caught 16 trout in Big creek. W. A. Parent caught about 9 pounds oi trout in Big brook May 26. Ed Shane, Sig. Erecksen and Adam Gunter caught 5 black bass and 2 pickerel in Cable lake May 28.

A. T. A., Cable, Wis.

I should like to hear from some reader of RECREATION who has made a trip by house boat on the Mississippi river. How far above St. Paul could one start with a 15x50 foot boat, drawing 18 or 20 inches of water?

W. G. Curtis, Elwood, Ind.

I like the idea of Mr. Ore, of Chicago, in regard to keeping an aquarium. Will that gentleman kindly give, through RECREATION, directions for making a suitable tank for that purpose, together with full instructions for caring for the fish?

E. L. Dupuy, Blackstone, Va.

Our sealing fleet did well this year. Nineteen steamers have 250,000 seals, all taken within 150 square miles, and worth nearly $500,000.

W. A. B. Sclater,
St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Fishing in Fox river, and in Fox and Pistakee lakes. A few catches of black bass, silver bass, pickerel, perch and sunfish have been made.

W. B. K., McHenry, Ill.

There is excellent trout fishing in the Yellowstone river.

J. T. L., Livingston, Mont.

A BATCH OF SUGGESTIONS.

Gill, Mass.

Editor RECREATION:

It is both interesting and amusing to read some of the articles on rifles and ammunition which appear monthly in RECREATION. The amusing ones are usually by searchers after information and novices with their first gun. These last usually have a 30-30. I see the searcher after the "all around" rifle is still in evidence. That is a question of country. In the clear, deceptive atmosphere of the West, where the ranges are great, high velocity is desirable. In the East, where the conditions are different, that is not so essential. For convenience in keeping clean, and for accuracy, the slower twist guns are ahead; that is, such cartridges as the 32-40, 38-55 and 45-70. The mistake is usually in getting too small a caliber. The larger the ball, the better will it stand up to its work at all distances and in all weathers. A 45-70, with smokeless powder and light ball, is as pleasant to shoot as a 25-20. With a copper patch bullet and full charge of low pressure smokeless, it is a terror. By using a dense powder like the Laflin & Rand sporting rifle smokeless, one can get in all the powder his gun will stand. That powder gives a high velocity. If you use the Laflin & Rand powder just mentioned, use a bullet over size, or crimp it tightly. That powder is a little hard on shells. I have had them split when fired with it the second time. It gives a trifle more recoil and breech pressure than Dupont's No. 1, with less smoke. Don't think "a single greasy rag" will clean a gun after using smokeless powder. It is worse than black. Hot water will not do it. Use a little turpentine or alcohol. Dupont's and Laflin & Rand both have a considerable unburst residue. A 20 inch twist in a 45-70 is about the same as a 12 inch twist in a 25-36. That is, the angle of the rifling to the base of ball at circumference is the same, giving the surface of the ball the same speed of rotation when the velocity is the same.

How will this do for an explanation as to drift? The revolution of the ball about its axis tends to keep the bullet pointed in the same direction it had when it left the gun. Gravity gives the whole bullet a motion downward. Thus the bullet in falling always points a trifle higher than a tangent to the curve it is following, which would put a greater air pressure on its lower surface. That would mean that a short ball of large caliber would have more drift than a comparatively heavier ball of small caliber; as the friction which would give it a motion to one side would be confined principally to the forward end of the bullet. This partly accounts for the ease with which a ball will glance upward even when fired into light material.

A. Hedge's recipe for explosive mixture, 2 parts by weight chlorate potash to one part sulphur, is all right. Have used it in a 38-55.

Have reloaded high pressure smokeless shells. It can be done, but they are likely to split at muzzle and let the bullet loose; and occasionally they will part in the middle, leaving the forward end in chamber. Everything considered, a black powder gun with low pressure smokeless is good enough for me. A lead or alloy bullet should not be used in any 30-30 without a patch of metal or paper; others to the contrary notwithstanding. It is sure to lead the gun in time.

If you have a 38-55, try a 38-90-217 bullet for hunting. It bears about the same relation to the regular 38-55 load as the 45-90 does to the 45-70.

The 25 smokeless is not an extremely long range load on account of its high initial velocity. It does not go many hundred yards before the light bullets is easily deflected.

Don't use too many loads in your gun. Two are enough. If you use more, you will never know what you are about. It is hard enough to remember what your rifle will do with one load. Use the light one only for point blank shooting.

The way to preserve game is to prohibit all arms for hunting that are not single barrel, muzzle loaders. We should learn to hunt then, and not to rely on the quantity of lead which can be thrown. Prohibit the use of dogs for quail shooting. Grouse are different.

Don't brag about what a rifle will do until you have shot it with a telescope sight. Don't use black powder if you can possibly get King's semi-smokeless, or a good bulk-for-bulk low pressure smokeless, though these last are expensive.

Don't hunt squirrels with a rifle in a settled country.

If you must lend a gun, keep one for that purpose.

Do not feel compelled to believe anything you see here without trying it yourself.

H. A. Stillwell.

THE .30 CALIBER IS ACCURATE.

Like many readers of your most interesting magazine I first turn to the Guns and Ammunition department, and know of no other periodical that can boast its equal in that line. No other publishes the views of both expert and crank. Mr. Wm. Wells, in March RECREATION, is at least unjust to the 30-30 in his remarks. I have used and experimented with a large number of rifles, from the 22 Winchester to the 45-90, including the model '94, 30-30, and single shot 38-55 Winchester. A man may be hit with a 45-70 as far as he can be seen, but he is not in much danger. I should prefer to be the target for a 45-70 rather than a 30-30. I have a 30-30 Winchester take down, extra light weight. It is fitted with Lyman target sights. This gun has been fired over 800 times with factory metal-cased bullets. Shooting from a rest at 100 yards, I have no trouble in grouping my shots within a 3-inch ring. I am satisfied the 30-30 is the more accurate of the 2. If Mr. Wells will make it interesting I know a gentleman who has a smokeless rifle, and who would be glad to shoot against any 45-70 that saw service 25 years ago. It is a Winchester single shot 30-40, fitted with a telescope sight If this sight were barred he no doubt would use ordinary target sights, and the 45-70 would have to hump himself at over 1,000 yards.

As to the killing power of the 30-30, I have never been able to compare it with the 45-70 during hot weather, but I know that it holds its own with any 45 during the game season. I know a 38-55 will stop almost any game if the bullet is properly placed. So will a 22.

That the 30-30 or 30-40 is as accurate as a 38-55 at 100 to 500 yards, I do not claim. For that distance no rifle is superior, but at 1,000 yards or over it is seldom disputed that any of the 30 calibers are not superior in accuracy to the best of black powder rifles. My gun weighs 7 pounds 3 ounces, and I much prefer it for my game to the best 9 to 10 pound rain maker that ever happened. If anyone wants an all around gun for everything up to woodchucks or foxes, a 22 Winchester repeater, using the 22 W. R. F. cartridge, will make him happv.

Feed the game hogs on buck shot. A ton of game hog meat would make good sausage.

A. H. Mosher, Philadelphia.

GUN BORE TREATMENT SUCCESSFUL.

In answer to "R. E." in April RECREATION relative to the gun bore treatment, I once owned a fine .22 model '97 take down, of which I took reasonably good care. One day I went out to a little range, just without the city limit, with a miscellaneous assortment of cartridges, both black and smokeless, to which the little repeater is adapted. As a rule I take with me a complete cleaning outfit and usually give a small bore a good cleaning after every 50 shots, but on that occasion I neglected to do so. I had fired 300 cartridges and was about returning to the city when a shower appeared imminent. I sought cover in a neighboring shanty with an apology of a roof, standing my rifle in the most likely place, I thought, for protection. Despite my care, my gun received a goodly admixture of rain and mud. The storm clearing away, I started for the city, my rifle drying under the scorching sun. I purposed giving the weapon requisite attention when I should reach home. To work I set, but I found it impossible to introduce the usual rod with rag. The admixture of powder and dirt had cemented itself to the surface of the barrel. I resorted to heroic treatment. I forced the naked rod, an iron one at that, having none other at that time, down through the barrel and there it stuck, refusing to budge. My time was limited and I was obliged to lay aside the weapon until another opportunity presented itself, when I again commenced on the rifle. If my memory serves me correctly, it was several days before I had a chance to finish, but finally I did get to work and instead of finding a ruined barrel the same beautiful lustre charactertistic of the process again greeted my eyes. I think this test was crucial and sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical that the treatment is a decided success. I have subjected my 12 gauge Remington and my .303 Savage to repeated drenchings, stood them up to dry of their own accord, and left the treatment to take care of their inner skins as well as their outer. It has never failed to do so. All guns so treated clean more readily and easily, shoot better, and in my opinion are better in every way than those that have never been treated.

E. Delany, Plainfield, N. J.

SMOKELESS IS MODERN.

I have been on the frontier nearly all my life, have owned all kinds of rifles, from an old muzzle loader to a Savage 303 smokeless, and have killed all kinds of game from a cotton tail rabbit to a grizzly bear. It makes me smile to read an item like that of William Wells, of Cora. Wyo., but some peonle never move until the wheels of progress run over them. Laying all prejudice aside, I can not see how anyone can claim any superiority for any black powder gun over a smokeless gun. The old reliable Sharp's rifle was the best of its day and so was the old flintlock of our great-grandfathers' time; but I hardly think Mr. Wells would want to use one of them in this age. The difference between the smokeless and the black powder rifle is just as marked as it was between the old flintlock and the Sharp's. I use a Savage 303 and it is as accurate as any gun I ever possessed. It weighs only 6 pounds and 14 ounces. C. E. Calvert, present County Clerk of Crook county, Wyo, at Sundance, also uses a Savage rifle. He is one of the best shots in the State, and he is enthusiastic in favor of the smokeless rifle. His rifle, after years of use, is just as accurate as it was the first day he used it.

C. W. Morgareidge, Wolf, Wyo.

REFERRED TO MY READERS.

Can you tell me whether any firm in the United States manufactures a peep and a globe sight that can be fitted to the Mauser rifle?

Wm. Lyman, of Middlefield, Conn., does not make such a sight.

Can you tell me the meaning of the word "Mauser"? It is a popular gun here and those owning them desire to get target sights.

Can you or any of your readers give me their experience in killing deer with a 22 caliber rifle? I wish someone who has hunted deer successfully with a 22 would tell me whether he succeeded in killing big game. I have a first class make 22 rifle that shoots 22 long rifle cartridges, and I am wondering whether it would pay me to take it on a deer hunt. If a fair target can be made at 200 yards, why couldn't a deer be brought down? Would a shot in the head, or back of the shoulder he likely to fetch a deer?

What is the difference between a Savage 303 and a Winchester 30-30?

Chas. G. Reynolds, Colorado Springs, Col.

ANSWERS TO JAY BEE.

Mr. Jay Bee, please don't think because you may have seen a few faulty 45-90 rifles they are all that way. I also have used a 44-40 and think a pea shooter would be as effective on deer. May be it would not inflict so much injury, hence would be more merciful. It is a nice little farm gun, all right for killing chickens and hogs. May be it would be of some use in exterminating game hogs. However, we will let Coquina crack it to them with his excelsior 62 shot repeater. It's Recreation for us, and Recreation is the boss magazine gun for that kind of game.

If a hunter gets a shot at a prime fat buck at 30 yards he will be likely to puncture him; but a dreary shake of his flag is the last mark of his flight for miles on frozen ground. If the hunter has no dog along he will not get the deer with a 44-40. I am as well satisfied with my old bell mouthed 45-90 as Grizzly Pete is with the reliable old 45-70. Everyone to his taste. I like to shoot to kill, not to scare or cripple.

Will C. Donalson, Mud Lake, Mich.

I am especially interested in your department of guns and ammunition. I notice Jay Bee says he knows something about guns, and that smokeless powder guns are not so accurate as those made for black powder, except the 45-90, which shoots as widely as a bell-mouthed shot gun. Then he claims that the 44-40 with a full cased bullet and smokeless powder is the best gun made. I don't think he knows what he is talking about, if he wants a gun that he claims is not accurate. His 44-40 will do all right for small game, but let him come East and run up against a 1,000-pound bull moose and he might as well take his pea shooter and go up a tree. The 45-90 is as accurate a gun as the Winchester Company makes. I know something about them and Jay Bee will learn something if he keeps on reading Recreation.

J. E. Brackett, Newport, Minn.

SMALL SHOT.

I should like to know the size of the regulation German ring target.

F. G. P., Marietta, Ohio.

ANSWER.

The German ring target has the entire area divided into concentric rings ¾ of an inch apart. The ring in the center which counts 25 is 1½ inches in diameter. The bull's eye is 12 inches in diameter and 18 is the last count in the bull's eye. The rings from 18 outward to one represent the rest of the target.—Editor.

Words can not express my contempt for such a man as G. E. Morris, who wants a law prohibiting minors from shooting. When boys hunt they do not pot everything they see. At least my crowd does not. I am 14 years old and though some may think me young to be giving my opinion I may be able to give G. E. Morris a few points about trapping muskrats. It is only a game hog that would propose such a law. He wants everything himself and does not want to give me a chance to trap a muskrat or shoot a squirrel once in a while. We are all readers of Recreation and some of us are members of the L. A. S.

I have a .32-20 and it is a fine gun. Although it weighs 9½ pounds, I am not troubled about the weight, as I have plenty of muscle to carry it.

Bob Whiting, Tarrytown, N. Y.

In answer to 25-20, Alexandria, La., in March Recreation, in regard to rifle sights: I have been using a Stevens Ideal No. 45 rifle, 22 caliber, Lyman front and rear sights, about 4 years. I have been in several shooting matches and have never yet been beaten. The factory sight on barrel should be removed and blank inserted instead. For all around shooting I do not like the disc. I use a Lyman combination front and hold the head in the center of the aperture. I have always had the best success with the U. M. long rifle cartridge. I have been able to break 3 out of 4 hen's eggs at 80 yards, or can hit a green walnut at 100 yards with 1/3 of the shots. I think I can beat anybody who shoots any other make of rifle.

T. R. Livengood, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Answering Ned Cady's letter in March Recreation I want to add a word for the Savage rifle. I have shot many guns in the past 20 years and would not exchange my Savage rifle for any of them. I had considerable trouble at first in finding a factory-loaded cartridge that would shoot with uniform results, but as I prefer to prepare my own ammunition I procured a Winchester model, 1894, reloading tool, which I consider one of the best on the market, and a quantity of lubricated wire patched bullets. Using 24 to 26 grains of Savage smokeless powder and the 180 grain bullet, I can put 7 shots out of every 10 into a 1½ inch circle at 50 yards, with open sights. The shells can be reloaded many times with perfect safety.

D. H. Armstrong, Grand Rapids, Mich.

In nearly every issue of Recreation I see something to the effect that the repeating shot gun and the game hog go hand in hand. Will some of these writers tell why a repeater makes a game hog of a man any more than a double gun does? One can shoot faster with a repeater, but he can't see any more game. If it is a man's nature to be a game hog he will be one, no matter what kind of a gun he has. I agree with Geo. W. Winter that the Winchester shot gun is the best all around gun.

In answer to F. W. Stiles in September Recreation would say I have never had any shells stick in my take down, and have found it always reliable.

Dell Wellmar, Patton, Cal.

How many times can a 32-40 cartridge be fired and reloaded before it splits and becomes useless? Also the 35-21 and 25-25?

I have a 25-20 Stevens Ideal rifle and have used 2 boxes of No. 2½ Winchester primers on 30 Winchester shells. Have never had one swell or get out of order in the least. I load all my own cartridges, using Dupont's No. 1 powder. I also use the No. 3 special reloading tool and never crimp a shell. I use the shell muzzle size and my bullets fit snugly in the shell.

A. C. N., Haysville, Ont.

For quails I use my little 16 gauge Baker hammerless. I think it the best gun on the market for the money. Its safety appliances lead all others, and its shooting qualities are good. I think the 25-35 the only rifle for deer. I wish some manufacturer would make a 38 single action revolver, with swing-out cylinder, to weigh about 30 ounces, with a 4½-inch barrel. Such a pistol would be popular among Western men. Long live Recreation and may the song birds all die of old age.

J. S. Kinkode, Hennessey, Okla.

In March Recreation L. C. Burnett, Jr., tells of killing a blue grouse at 95 yards with a revolver. This seems like straining the revolver some, but here is a case where a revolver did equally good work. Emmet Dickens, of this place, recently killed a pigeon with a 38 caliber pocket revolver at a distance of 237 feet. Mr. Dickens is a first class all around shot, and always aims for the center.

H. L. Davenport, Spencer, N. Y.

I can most cordially recommend King's semi-smokeless powder for rifle, shot gun and revolver. I have given it a thorough trial in my Winchester shot gun, .44-40 rifle, .38-22 rifle, and .44 revolver, and find it unexcelled for cleanliness, accuracy and hard hitting qualities. Speaking of rifles reminds me that the '94 model .38-55 Winchester is a "peach."

C. H. Kessler, Des Moines, Ia.

I should like to hear from some reader who has used a 303 Savage carbine, '99 model, or a 30 U. S. Army carbine, model 1895, Winchester smokeless, in regard to killing power, etc. Also the loads giving best results.

L. C. Buxton, Minneapolis, Minn.

How can I keep shot gun barrels from pitting?

Ray L. Robinson, Dundee, N. Y.

ANSWER.

Send them to the Gun Bore Treatment Co., 9 Warren street, New York, and have them treated.—Editor.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A LETTER FROM THE YOUNG CHIEF.

Hartford, Mich.

Editor RECREATION:

I continue to receive RECREATION monthly, and always read it with great interest. I am getting out a second edition of my dear father's last work, "Queen of the Woods." I just received an order for a shipment to the Hon. Mr. Planten, Consul-General to the United States from the Netherlands, stating he had read the book and was so highly pleased with it that he wished to send copies to the libraries of his native land. It was indeed kind of you to give the book the fine review you did.

I have just returned from a visit to C. F. Dey's, an old friend of my father's, residing at Lawton, Mich., and, by the way, one of the most successful hunters in Western Michigan. He had just been fishing in a small stream near his home in which naw-me-goos (brook trout) were planted a few years since. I asked him how many trout he had caught? He replied.

"Two, only."

I remarked:

"A small catch."

"Yes,' he said, "but I read RECREATION and hate a fish hog." He then took the trout from his basket. One weighed 3½ pounds; the other 2 pounds. While dressing them I informed him I understood he had been raising a flock of English pheasants and that I should like to see them. He replied, smiling, that that sounded pleasant to him, as he feared my mission might be to scalp him.

I was shown the wire net cage in which the pheasants were confined. It was about 50 feet wide by 100 feet long, with the top also covered with wire netting. In this were confined 5 dozen birds. They were the first of the kind I had ever seen.

As I surveyed their beautiful coloring, well moulded forms and quick, gamy movements, it awakened in hin-o-daw (my heart) an admiration I had seldom felt before. In my interview I learned these birds endure the cold and heat better than any of our native birds, and when turned loose are able to take care of themselves on any of the waste lands in Michigan; that they lay, from April to September, 50 to 75 eggs each; that a small domestic hen is the safest to hatch and raise the young. As Mr. Dey was packing some eggs for shipment, I inquired the price, to which he replied, "I get $2 for a baker's dozen" (13 eggs). I then inquired if they would thrive with the native American grouse. He replied,

"Well, now, Pokagon, I can not say as to that, but I think so. I am testing it. During last month Mr. Prindle, of this place, told me he knew where 2 grouse were sitting on 12 eggs each. I made arrangements with him at once to take some of the English pheasant's eggs, exchange them for the eggs in the nests, bring their eggs to me, and I would put them under a hen that was sitting on English eggs. The exchange was promptly made. In 2 weeks the native eggs all hatched out, but I was surprised to find the young weak and apparently not afraid to have me handle them. I had always been told they would run off as soon as hatched, with the shell on their backs. The little things ate well, but they all died in 10 days; I think for want of their natural food. The native mother birds have not yet reported what success they had with the foreign birds, but in my opinion they were surprised with their lively broods and wondered how it all came about." Mr. Dey is of the opinion that he could raise successfully the American species if he knew what to feed them. I should be pleased to learn if any RECREATION readers have any knowledge of our ruffled grouse ever having been raised and domesticated?

Chief Charles Pokagon, Hartford, Mich.

WATER SUPPLY FOR BIRDS.

Some years ago I made a wagon trip of about 200 miles through the prairie region of Southwestern Minnesota. The abundance of bird life in the planted prairie groves was one of the most interesting features that attracted my attention. Nests of kingbirds, catbirds, brown thrushes, Baltimore orioles, robins, and others could frequently be located without getting off the wagon. This was in the latter part of June, when the ponds, sloughs, and small prairie streams held a fair supply of water. About 3 weeks later, when most of the surface water had dried up, the groves were silent and almost birdless, save for a few species of sparrows, warblers, and vireos. One could sit for hours in a grove of several acres and scarcely see or hear a bird. A year or 2 later, I observed that the same time of the year the birds had by no means deserted the small towns that had water works and where lawn sprinklers were freely used. In those towns and along streams and around lakes our birds stay until they go South, and I have observed a number of species bathing and drinking. As there is a great abundance of insect life and seeds and a fair supply of berries around our prairie homes and farms in July and August, I have come to the conclusion that the birds leave the prairie groves at this time principally for lack of water. I have also noticed that prairie chickens are generally more abundant around lakes, especially in dry summers; still some broods may always be found miles from any source of water accessible to them. It has been suggested to me that they strip the dew off the grass, but I have not seen it myself and have not met any person who has seen it under conditions that would exclude reasonable doubt. I have, however, made a few interesting observations on the question of water supply for birds. One day, early in March, when the ground was covered with snow and there was no open water within 2 miles, a flock of evening grosbeaks eagerly ate the wet, thawing snow in a sunny corner on the roof of my house. The temperature at the time was several degrees below freezing, and the snow was not thawing. I have also noticed that English sparrows frequent open springs on cold winter days.

But the most peculiar bird fountain I observed from April 8 to April 14 last. The sap was flowing from 2 box elder trees near my kitchen window. One day I noticed that several English sparrows busied themselves about the sugar springs. Stepping to the window, I saw how they drank up the drops that hung from the branches.

During that week a flock of purple finches, en route for the North, gave a series of all day concerts on the oaks and among the burdocks across the street. Twice during the week one of these beautiful raspberry-colored singers wet his throat with the sap of the box elder, drinking in the drops that hung under a horizontal branch. When he had quenched his thirst he sang several minutes. Then he flew to a small tree and continued his song. That was the only occasion on which I heard one purple finch. A large flock of them visits a burdock patch across the street every year, and they always keep up a medley of music all day long.

My opinion is that both the sparrows and the purple finch drank the sap for the water it contained and not for the sugar; although the nearest pool was only about 300 yards distant. I should like to learn what others have observed on this question of water supply for birds, which seems a somewhat neglected factor in the study of bird life.

D. Lange.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE YELLOW BELLIED WOODPECKER.

EDWIN I. HAINS.

The yellow-bellied woodpecker, *Sphyrapicus varius,* or sapsucker, as it is generally called, is claimed by most naturalists to be a strictly migratory species in the Eastern States, summering from Massachusetts Northward, and wintering from Virginia to Central America, occurring near New York only in early spring and fall, when it is quite common. These statements are, however, not correct for New York, Pennsylvania, or New Jersey. Close study and observation of this species have shown that it occurs quite frequently in winter in New Jersey and in Westchester county, New York. While I was visiting in Orange, N. J., in the winter of 1898, I observed a male specimen of *Sphyrapicus varius* in one of the trees about my friends' house. I was too familiar with it to mistake it for any other of the woodpecker family, and I watched it carefully. This observation was taken December 31st, 1898, during bitterly cold weather. Another specimen was observed in the same locality on January 6th, 1899.

The first time I ever saw a sapsucker in the winter near my native town of New Rochelle, Westchester county, N. Y., was January 20h, 1898, during a hard snow storm. He was flying actively from one tree to another, uttering his low, cat-like whine all the while. Last winter sapsuckers were quite plentiful in New Rochelle. New Year's dav I saw a pair in one of the small trees of the village, my attention being first called to them by their peculiar cries.

In summer the sapsucker is common throughout the Catskill mountains in Ulster and Delaware counties, N. Y. In the low, open country about Stamford, Delaware county, it is also abundant, occurring chiefly in the low balsam and hemlock forests about Churchill and Stanley's lakes. July 18th, 1897, I shot a pair of young sapsuckers not more than 3 weeks from the nest.

In Ulster county I have found the sapsuckers common about the head of the Big Indian valley, often descending close to the ground on small trees and even bushes. I once saw one on a prostrated log. My friend, Mr. Richard F. Pearsall, of Brooklyn, N. Y., while staying at Big Indian, discovered a nest of this species about 12 feet from the ground in an immense dead pine stub. The nest contained 6 fresh eggs June 1st.

For an account of another instance of this bird's breeding in the Catskills, see "Wake Robin," pp. 107-8, by John Burroughs. Dr. C. C. Abbott also mentions it as summering in Pennsylvania.

In view of the evidence presented above, should we not hereafter class the yellow-bellied woodpecker as a permanent resident in New York State, instead of a regular transient visitant? Should like to hear from other readers of RECREATION in regard to this species.

MOVEMENT AGAINST THE ENGLISH SPARROW IN BOSTON.

Bulletin of the Agricultural Department.

The English sparrow has attracted unusual attention during the past year on account of the efforts made in Boston, by the American Society of Bird Restorers, to clear the sparrows from the Common and the Public Garden. A petition was presented to the mayor requesting that steps be taken, under authority of a law passed in 1890, to reduce the number of sparrows, by destroying the nests and eggs during the breeding season, on the plea that the bird had become a public nuisance. On March 15, 5 men, in charge of a foreman, began to tear down the nests in the trees and buildings on the Common, and to close up the holes which had been used as nesting sites, in order to prevent the nests from being replaced. The work proceeded without interruption until April 5th, when it was suddenly brought to a close by order of the mayor. During the 3 weeks the work was carried on about 1,000 sparrow eggs and 4,000 nests were destroyed and 5,000 holes were closed. No birds were killed, but it was the intention of the society to trap the birds during the winter and to destroy them by various other means, which should not involve putting out poison. A careful examination of the Common on May 14th revealed the presence of about 100 nests; on May 22d, 152 nests were counted, and it was estimated that less than 450 birds were breeding there.

The nest destruction aroused a storm of opposition. Numerous protests appeared in the daily papers, and many persons, who perhaps had never before given the matter a thought, suddenly became interested in sparrow extermination, and, as a consequence, hundreds of letters on the subject were received by the Department. Before the work had been under way a week the bulletin on the "English sparrow" (published by this Division in 1889 in a large edition, so that a considerable number of copies were still available for distribution) became entirely exhausted, and many requests for copies remained unfilled.

Unfortunately, the experiment was not continued long enough to secure definite results or to test this method of preventing the undue increase of the bird. The movement accomplished some good, not only in Boston, but in other places in Massachusetts, as well as in other States, by attracting public attention to the difficulty of dealing with the sparrow, and showing the extent to which an imported pest may increase under favorable circumstances.

OUR FRIEND THE TOAD.

A friend of mine, having noticed that the spitting of a cat always made a dog recoil, determined to learn why. One day he found a kitten in a woodpile, where a dog was barking at it. He took the place of the dog and worried the cat, with his face quite near it. One spit of the kitty told the whole story. "Of all the abominable stenches I ever smelled that was many times the worst, and made me half sick for 24 hours," he said, and he felt satisfied with one experiment. I have never tested the truth of his statement that this is one of pussy's defenses, as well as her teeth and claws.

Another interesting thing he told about toads. The toad, as the majority of people know, catches flies and bugs by thrusting out his tongue, which is covered with a sticky saliva, and thus capturing his prey. My friend says if you put a small wad of tobacco, the size of a fly, on the end of a grass stem, and wave it near Mr. Bufo's nose, he will usually take it in. He is then in the fix of a schoolboy after his first chew, and soon indicates his disturbed internal arrangements by hitching about nervously. When the tobacco has worried him to the point of desperation he puts his little hand down his carpetbag of a mouth and takes out the offending morsel. If it cannot be reached by one hand he tries the other. I have seen a toad put on his new suit by swallowing the old one, but I never saw one fish in his stomach for tobacco.

C. C. Haskins, Chicago.

HOW TO KILL SPARROWS.

Noticing the article of Carlos L. Smith, in April RECREATION, in regard to poisoning sparrows, I should like to inquire how it can be successfully accomplished. Some time ago I was stopping with an acquaintance of mine who attempted to rid himself of the sparrow nuisance. He first fed them clean wheat in a convenient place where they could easily get it. At the same time he soaked some of the wheat in a strong solution of arsenic; then drying it, mixed it with the clean, and fed it out to the birds as before. He found to his surprise that the sparrows picked out the undoctored kernels and left the poisoned ones behind.

Was there anything wrong about the method of serving the poison?

W. Stoesser, Butler, Wis.

ANSWER.

I do not understand how the birds could know the difference. They probably detected the bitter taste of the arsenic and avoided it. You might try dissolving a lot of arsenic or strychnine, mixing it with corn meal and then feeding it to the sparrows.—Editor.

PURPLE GRACKLE KILLS SPARROWS.

Referring to Mr. Berkeland's article in March RECREATION will say that one day last summer I saw a purple grackle pounce on a young chipping sparrow that had just left the nest and fly off with it in his bill, with the female sparrow in close pursuit. Once the grackle lost his prey but soon found it again and carried it to a fence, where he pounded it about until he killed it. Then after picking most of the feathers off from it he carried it up to a nest full of young blackbirds in an elm near by, the female sparrow trying her best to prevent it.

Another incident of this kind came to my notice a few years ago. I found an old grackle's nest that had been repaired by some kind of a sparrow. The nest contained 4 eggs. The female was not sitting and wishing to know what kind of a sparrow was the owner I went a few days after to find out. I saw a purple grackle on the side of the nest, eating the eggs. I think the nest belonged to a song sparrow. However, as the purple grackle depends largely on insects for a living, he is not wholly bad.

W. J. Clayton, Lincoln, Me.

SAYS MUSKRATS EAT FLESH.

In your April issue I note a letter from C. W. Morgareide, of Wolf, Wyo., ridiculing a writer in your December number on hunting muskrats, and evidently for some implication or statement that muskrats eat meat. Mr. Morgareidge says it makes him wonder "how long people will continue to write of something they know nothing about." He adds, "No one ever saw a muskrat eat flesh of any kind," and declares that the muskrat is no more carnivorous than a rabbit!

What may be the special dietetic habit of the Wyoming muskrat I do not happen to know, but if he is not carnivorous and pronouncedly so when he has the right kind of a chance it will be news to muskrat trappers in other parts of the country, and Mr. Morgareidge will render some service to naturalists by establishing it. Mr. Morgareidge will do well to reflect on the unwisdom of general statements based on limited data and should take to himself his own reflection on people who "write about things of which they have no knowledge."

C. H. Armes, West Newton, Mass.

MATERNAL INSTINCT OF RABBITS.

Please tell me why rabbits neglect to take care of their young. I have some Belgian rabbits and have lost now about 3 batches of young, in all about 20. The old one fails to take care of them from the first.

F. Doltz, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

ANSWER.

Your rabbit is probably an exception, which occurs occasionally in all animals. Usually the mother is exceedingly careful of her offspring and gives them the best attention. If you have the male and female together it would be best to separate them, as the buck will often destroy the young. If you could catch the old one and see that the young ones got their nourishment a few times it might be all right after that. The cause may be that the mother is disturbed too much by visitors. Make the surroundings as natural as you can and they will probably do all right. It is certainly a rare case when the mother will not take care of the young.—EDITOR.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

I thoroughly approve of your crusade against the English sparrow, and trust you may make it a fight to the death. He is, as you say, an unmitigated pest and should be killed at sight.

Last spring a robin built its nest in a tree near my home and deposited several beautiful mottled eggs. One morning I went out to see how the domestic affairs of the robins were progressing, and found that a pair of these pestiferous sparrows had jumped the claim; had destroyed the eggs, thrown out the shells, lined the nest with trash, and the maternal robin was out of sight. This is only one of the many criminal acts of these banditti, and I trust every reader of RECREATION may improve every opportunity for destroying them and their nests.

Sparrow Hawk, Roland, Ia.

"Old Subscriber," of Kent, Conn., asks how to tan a rattlesnake skin. I have always had good luck with the following: Stretch and tack the skin on a board, then rub it with a solution of alum and water. While wet rub on a little fine salt. Keep in a cool, dry place. Have had belts made from skins cured with the above and they have worn well.

W. S. Mead, Woodstock, N. Y.

In reply to Leavenworth's query about what becomes of the squirrels at certain times I have always noticed that years when the nut crop was a failure the squirrels would leave and go where there was sufficient food to sustain them through the winter. In pieces of woods, where they were plentiful early in the season, not one could be found late in the fall.

D. L. Ingalls, Albany, N. Y.

Have you sent in your contribution to the Lacey watch fund? If not, you should do so at once. 10 cent ante, 25 cent limit. Stamps are good.

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Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 23 W. 24th St.; New York.

ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY.

The sportsmen of Massachusetts, aided and abetted by the L. A. S., have secured the passage through the Legislature of that State of a bill prohibiting the sale of ruffed grouse and woodcock at all times, and restricting the sale of other birds to the open season for killing same. This measure aids the Western and Southern States even more than it does the State of Massachusetts. Boston has been only second to New York as a dumping ground for game killed in Western and Southern States, much of which has been shipped illegally. Boston dealers have been allowed to sell game all through the year, and cold storage houses in that city have been packed with it every day for years past.

Now, this traffic must be stopped, and this League will watch the cold storage houses and the game dealers of Boston to see that they obey the new law.

Every sportsman in the United States owes a debt of gratitude to Heman S. Fay, Chief Warden of the Massachusetts Division of the League, for his untiring work on this measure. For 6 months past he has worked day and night and Sundays, neglecting his clients and his personal interests almost entirely. He has realized that only by such self denial on his part could this bill be passed. His losses no doubt foot up thousands of dollars, yet few of the people who are benefited by his sacrifice will ever give the matter a second thought. Those of us who know how difficult it is and what an immense amount of labor it requires to induce careless legislators to enact game protective laws appreciate Mr. Fay's work, and I trust all sportsmen may learn to do so, in time.

As already stated in RECREATION Representative Hunt has also done stalwart work for the bill in question. So have Senators Howard K. Sanderson and William Tolman.

I trust these gentlemen may give the sportsmen of their State, or of the United States, a chance at some future time to vote for them. If they do, RECREATION will not be slow in reminding its readers of their obligations to these gentlemen.

Prominent sportsmen of Rhode Island have decided that in case the Massachusetts sportsmen should be successful in their efforts to restrict the sale of game a similar measure would be introduced in the Rhode Island Legislature at its next session. Now that the Massachusetts sportsmen have set the pace little Rhoda should follow it.

And so the good work goes on.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Here are the names of persons who have thus far (July 2d) contributed to the Lacey watch fund:

Miss B. Sturges,
L. W. Robinson,
J. J. Farnsworth,
Dr. R. T. Morris,
W. E. Coffin,
J. H. Seymour,
F. P. Sherwood,
F. Stearns,
A. L. Vermilya,
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A. F. Rice,
Harry Bentz,
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H. F. Moffat,
Norman Astley,
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F. B. Raymond,
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B. M. Webster,
H. Wallace,
H. Dean,
O. G. Wolcott,
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T. K. Tuthill, M. D.,
M. M. Elliott,
Charles Payne,
H. C. Morse,
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Dr. G. W. Wakeley,
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R. M. Shurtleff,
D. Lange,
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J. H. Ogburn,
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Dr. J. A. Elliott,
Dr. G. C. Rich,
Walter Scott,
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A. Braeger,
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Dr. H. M. Beck,
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S. F. Tayler,
A. V. Fraser,
A. J. Mull,
W. J. Evans,
C. F. Garmon,
H. L. Suydam,
W. G. Snider,
W. T. Jefferson,
G. W. McKay,
C. E. Schinneller,
D. Gow,
T. B. Moore,
A. M. Barker,
G. A. Reichard,
W. J. Cornwell,
H. B. Carpenter,
W. Walter,
O. Walter,
L. O. Rawson,
J. Cameron, Jr.,
J. W. Scollick,
Dr. W. S. Carr,
W. S. Mygrant,
J. S. Matson,
A. Koch,
S. A. Stover,
J. L. Robertson,
H. S. Endsley,
S. S. Mulford,
Mrs. Woodworth,
C. Barlow,
G. C. Payne,
P. B. Payne,
Charles Pryer,
Dr. T. S. Palmer,
G. Van Nostrand,
J. B. Pardoe, D.D.S.,
H. S. Fay,
H. L. Pember,
F. D. Little,
H. V. S. Hubbard,
J. E. Pratt,
J. F. Talbott,
E. A. Gray,
T. B. Moore,
J. A. Duff,
M. J. Elrod,
D. H. Eastman,
F. L. Crosier,
M. S. De Vall,
J. J. Lush,
L. H. Reutinger,
A. R. Bixby,
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E. T. Roberts,
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George Kemmerer,
George Hall,
H. T. Peek,
E. G. Moulton,
J. M. Smith,
M. J. Winslow,
Mr and Mrs. H. E. Wadsworth,

The fund now amounts to $67.10. We want at least $200, so there is plenty of room in the bank for all who may wish to contribute. Remember the ante is 10 cents, and the limit 25 cents. Chip in before you forget it.

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

A few days after issuing the circular letter to League members, congratulating them on the passage of the Lacy bill, I received this letter:

Washington, D. C., May 29, 1900.

My dear Mr. Shields:—I am in receipt of your recent favor in the shape of a long exultation over the passage of the Lacey bill, and additional blank applications for membership in the L. A. S. The former would be all right if it were true. As a matter of fact, however, the Lacey bill has not yet passed the Senate; consequently it has not been approved by the President, and is not a law of the land.

You say the bill passed the Senate unanimously. As a matter of fact, the bill has not yet been taken up by the Senate at all.

Furthermore there is grave doubt as to whether the bill will become a law at this session. Senator Hoar, acting for the Audubon Societies, has an amendment which he proposes to offer to the bill. If he does that the bill will go to a conference committee and will die there. Friends of the bill are in hopes of getting it called up in the Senate during some temporary absence of Senator Hoar, and, in that way getting it through; but they have had no such chance as yet, and may not have. Furthermore you have gone off half-cocked about the watch business, and about claiming all the glory due on account of the Lacey bill. When the bill becomes a law it will be all right for sportsmen to give Mr. Lacey a watch, and incidentally to boom the L. A. S., yourself and your magazine; but don't be in a hurry. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. And so, friend Shields, you see that, in the light of the facts your congratulations to the L. A. S. are premature. In other words you have gone off half-cocked.

Yours, etc., Chas. S. Wheeler.

To which I replied:

I would advise you to go over to the capitol building and ask Mr. Lacey whether or not his bill has passed the Senate. If you are not willing to believe what he says about it go to the document clerk of the Senate and ask him whether it has passed that body. If still sceptical you might go to the White House and ask the President's private secretary whether the bill has passed, and whether the President has signed it. You might also inquire what was done with the pen with which the bill was signed. As a matter of fact it is on my desk now; but probably you will still not be satisfied when the secretary tells you he has sent me the pen. So you might go next to the Agricultural Department and ask Doctor Palmer whether the bill has passed and been signed by the President. He knows all about it.

It is sometimes necessary to go away from home to learn the news.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

I have received yours of recent date, enclosing a sheet which states that the League did it. This passage of the Lacey bill and signing by our President is the greatest achievement ever accomplished in game protection.

The first bill filed to amend the Interstate Commerce law was drawn by Hon. F. S. Baird, attorney for the National Game, Bird and Fish Protection Association, and was introduced in the House February 7, 1896, by Hon. Geo. E. White, of Chicago, H. R. 5729. For want of time it failed to pass. The next bill for same object was introduced by Senator Teller, Senate Bill 2329, July 2, 1897. The next bill was introduced January 18, 1898, by Senator Teller, Senate Bill 3257, to correct his former bill. The last bill was H. R. 6634, by Congressman Lacey, introduced January 17, 1900, which has passed.

This is a brief history of the movement made to restrict traffic in game, commenced by a national association and finished by the L. A. S. This fact should give the League great prestige and should induce every sportsman in American to at once join it. The enforcement of this excellent and much needed law will give employment to every member of the League in every part of America. Another suggestion is, let those who read RECREATION send it to someone who may also read it, and thus do missionary work, which is sure to bear good fruit.

M. R. Bortree, Chicago.

A GRACEFUL RECOGNITION.

The Milliners' Association, of this city, has surrendered gracefully and almost unconditionally. At a recent meeting it adopted this agreement:

> The undersigned importers, manufacturers and dealers in raw and made fancy feathers do hereby pledge themselves not to kill or buy any more North American birds from hunters or from such people as make it a business to destroy North American birds. However, we shall continue to manufacture, sell and dispose of all such North American birds and their plumage, as we now have on hand, and shall so continue until Congress shall make laws which shall protect all North American birds. . . . This does not refer to plumage or skins of barnyard fowl, edible birds or game birds killed in their season, nor to the birds or plumage of foreign countries, not of the species of North American birds. Furthermore, it shall be our solemn duty not to assist any dealer or person to dispose of any North American birds killed after this date.
>
> Any member of this organization violating this pledge, upon conviction shall be fined the sum of $500 for each offense.

This action is due entirely to the work of the Audubon Societies, the Ornithological Union and the L. A. S., and again proves that the world do move.

A HOTEL THAT LEAGUE MEMBERS SHOULD PATRONIZE.

The correspondence given herewith explains itself:

Chicago, Feb. 28th, 1900.

Manager Hotel Sommers,
Moline, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I am advised that quails were served by you on the evening of the 12th inst., and am in possession of indisputable evidence that my informant's statements are correct. The League of American Sportsmen is an organization devoted to the protection of game and the enforcement of fish and game laws throughout the United States, and as the chief warden of the Illinois division of this organization I am in duty bound to take action against you for your disregard of our State game laws. The minimum fine is $25 for each bird, or $1,600 for 64 birds which you sold. sold.

It is not my desire to make trouble for you, and if you will send me your written promise to observe the laws in future, no action will be taken against you.

G. L. Lehle,
Chief Warden, Ill. Div. L. A. S.

Hotel Sommers.
Moline, Ill., March 1st, 1900.

Mr. G. L. Lehle,
Chief Warden Ill., L. A. S.,
29 Buena Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Sir:—Yours of 28th at hand and contents noted. I assure you I had no intention of violating the laws. I had recently opened the Sommers Hotel, and the banquet was given by the Moline Business Men's Association. It never entered my mind that I was violating any law, or I certainly should not have done so.

I appreciate the efforts of your League to see that the game laws are observed, and thank you for the manly way in which you have called attention to the same. I assure you that in future I shall obey the laws to the letter and shall take pleasure in co-operating with you in your efforts to put an end to market hunting.

Yours respectfully,
H. W. Sommers, Jr., Prop.

Mr. Sommers has since joined the League.—Editor.

LEAGUE NOTES.

Your message of congratulations over the passing of the Lacey bill is received. All we members can say, is, that under your leadership we have all, I hope, done our duty. The result speaks for itself.

Last February I joined the L. A. S., on your offer of Recreation and a membership for $1.50, and I now feel that I was taking advantage of the enthusiasm of one of nature's noblemen, so I enclose you my check for $1. Of this amount 50 cents is to pay the balance of an honest debt to Recreation, at full price, and 50 to go to the fund for a watch for Mr. Lacey. May a kind Providence spare him and others like him for future work in this great cause.

Norman Astley,
L. A. S. 2426, Asbury Park, N. J.

The League has secured every important thing it ever fought for. First it obtained the repeal of section 249, in April, '98.

Then in the fall of '99, it induced the Lighthouse Board at Washington to issue an order forbidding the destruction of the seals on the California coast, which had been ordered by the California Fish Commission.

Next we secured the passage of the Lacey bill through both Houses of Congress.

The last was the passage of a bill through the Massachusetts legislature prohibiting the sale of ruffed grouse and woodcock. These are a few of our important victories.

The League has invaded Canada with a formidable force. It has now 38 members in Ontario and a division has been organized there, with Mr. C. A. Hammond, of St. Thomas, as chief warden.

We have nearly the requisite number in Quebec to enable us to organize in that province and I shall hope to announce the organization of a Quebec division in August Recreation. We are gradually gaining ground also in Manitoba and Nova Scotia and in time shall put our forces to work in those provinces. Do not forget that this is the League of American Sportsmen, and that Canada is in America. Later we shall spread out protecting wings over Mexico.

Since the last issue of Recreation went out we have organized 2 more State divisions—Nebraska and Nevada. This makes 27 now in fighting trim. Several others are near the limit of 25 members each, and we shall soon be able to announce them as having been organized.

Every League member should send in at least 10 cents to aid in buying a watch to be presented to the Hon. John F. Lacey, as a token of our appreciation of his great work in securing the passage of the Lacey Bird bill.

Have you sent for one of the L. A. S. show cards? If not you should do so at once. Every member of the League should display one.

She (11.30 P. M.)—Do you know anything about baseball, Mr. Borem?

He—Yes, indeed! I was considered the best amateur shortstop in the country a few years ago.

She—Well, I never would have believed it.—Chicago News.

"Alas!" we sighed, meaning to seem very sympathetic. "You have felt Britain's heavy hand!"

"Heavy?" exclaimed the Boer, with some heat. "Britain's the most light-fingered nation we ever met up with!"—Puck.

FORESTRY

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford, of same institution.

THE FLATHEAD RESERVE.

The following interesting letter recalls the result of a long struggle to establish federal forest reservations. The correspondent wishes to know the statesman who inaugurated the policy. As usual in such movements, it is not any one man who accomplished such a policy, but a number of men. The Flathead Reserve was the first that had been proposed, long before the policy of reservations was inaugurated. A special bill to establish this Reserve at the headwaters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers was introduced into the Senate by Senator Edmunds, if I am not mistaken, and passed by that body in 1884, but failed in the House. It was repeatedly introduced, but with no success. On March 3, 1891, however, as a result of a persistent propaganda by the American Forestry Association or the few men who represented it, the policy of Forest Reservations was established by the insertion of a brief paragraph in the "Act to repeal timber-culture laws, and for other purposes." This act empowered the President of the United States, from time to time, to set apart and reserve public lands bearing forests. A number of Forest Reservations were made in 1891 to 1893, comprising more than 17,000,000 acres. But the Flathead Forest Reservation, together with a dozen others comprising more than 21,000,000 acres, was not made until February 22, 1897. The celebrated proclamation of President Cleveland which announced the establishment of these reservations aroused such a storm in the Senate and House on account of its sweeping character, that the Forest Reservation policy was nearly lost.

Jacksonville, Ill.

Editor RECREATION:

Our government has made a start in the right direction by establishing forest reserves. The man who inaugurated this policy was a true statesman, and some day when I have the time I shall try to learn his name. I wonder how many really appreciate the meaning of a forest reserve. I have had the pleasure of spending two summers in the Flathead reserve in Northwest Montana and am looking forward to a third summer in that land of magnificent trees, blue lakes fed by streams straight from living glaciers and hoary mountains. This region is sure to be famous. Far away as it is, it is quickly and easily reached. One leaves Chicago at 6.30 in the evening in a palace car built of tropical woods, provided with steam heat and electric lights, and is in St. Paul for breakfast. A few hours' intermission spent in seeing the sights, and at 1.30 we settle ourselves in the Great Northern Flyer, Westward bound, with no other change of trains. At 10 o'clock next evening we leave the train at Belton, Mont. The Flathead Reserve extends from Belton East to the top of the main range of the Rocky mountains; North along this range to the Canadian line; West some 50 miles more or less; South to the Great Northern Railroad; thence East to Belton. The whole region is unsurveyed and large parts of it, especially the Eastern, are unexplored. The mountains are so steep and the timber so dense that it is almost impossible to get through, even afoot. As for trails, these are few. There is a wagon road from Belton to Lake McDonald, 3 miles away. This lake, set in among the mountains, is some 15 miles long and about 2 miles wide. At the foot of the lake the Apgars have several log cabins and are prepared to look after travellers. At the head of the lake there are 3 claims, which were taken up before the Reserve was established: Geduhn's, Comeau's and Snyder's. Snyder runs the Hotel de Glacier, a great pretentious barn of a hotel, made of unpainted sawed lumber. Geduhn, on the other hand, has some half dozen delightful log cabins fronting the lake and it does one's soul good to look at them. Last year an 8-foot trail was cut from Belton to Snyder's along the East side of the lake. From the head of the lake a trail leads to Sperry glacier, 7 miles away. Another leads to Avalanche lake, a distance of 15 miles. This lake is fed from Sperry glacier and is at the bottom of a great basin whose walls tower above it 3,000 feet. Another trail extends North to Granite park and Cheney glacier. The last trail crosses the low range West to the Camas lakes and prairies. This is the old Blackfoot trail and was used years ago by the Indians who came here to secure their winter's meat. These trails were in much better condition last summer than the year before, due to the fact that 2 rangers had been assigned to this district. These men are supposed to patrol the reserve, cut out trails, watch for forest fires and make themselves generally useful. Geduhn had the Western part and Hoffius the Eastern, these 2 men being expected to cover this vast territory. All they can hope to do is to get over the trails once or twice during the summer. They can do nothing toward cutting new trails, the old trails requiring constant attention, as they are constantly filling up. Last year as we were going along the Avalanche trail we heard a crash just behind us, a large tree having fallen squarely across the trail where we had been but a moment before, though there was not any wind. Here, as everywhere, it is a struggle for existence, and trees are always falling without any apparent reason. In the valleys and far up the mountain sides the timber, fir, spruce, cedar, tamarack and pine, is so thick it is almost impossible for one to get through afoot, to say nothing of a pack animal making his way. Game is plentiful and consists of moose, deer, sheep, goats, bears, cougars and smaller animals. In one day last summer, within 15 miles of our camp on the bank of Lake McDonald, I saw a black bear, at least a dozen deer and 3 moose. I know of no place in this country where a larger variety of big game can be found. But it is difficult to secure owing to the dense timber and undergrowth, and the game a man gets up there he earns.

But what a magnificent national park! The reserve is too far North and the surface too much broken for agricultural use. The timber will have no market value for years. The scenery is unexcelled. As a great soil reservoir, holding the snow until late in the summer, it is of untold advantage to the lower Flathead valley. As a game preserve, it is unequalled. Thus far it is unspoiled by people, with no defacing traces left by former visitors. As soon as you get away from the trails you are an explorer. May this crown of the continent be preserved permanently.

I am glad Recreation has added a forestry department. The people of the future will marvel at our reckless carelessness in forestry. Although incalculable damage has been done to the forests, out of the general wreck much can yet be saved if public sentiment is aroused in time. All honor to Cornell for leading in this work among our colleges.

L. O. Vaught.

AN INDEPENDENT BOARD.

Some misapprehension has arisen in the public mind anent the character of the new United States Commission on Commercial Forestry, recently appointed by President McKinley at the suggestion of Commissioner General Peck, who represents this government at the Paris Exposition. It has been mistaken oftentimes for a special commission of forestry, its duties being confused with those of the regular department of forestry and fisheries. The new board in question is entirely independent of the regularly established department of forestry at Washington and was appointed merely as a kind of advisory board on commercial forestry, to act in conjunction with the United States Department of Forestry and Fisheries during its tenure of life, which will probably be the life of the Paris Exposition itself. The new board consists of 15 members, the officers of which are representative lumbermen of the country. This commission will provide for the erection of a United States forestry building at Paris to be paid for by a subscription of $30,000 from the lumbermen. It will display products in 4 lines, yellow and white pine, hemlock and hard woods, in both the rough and finished state and in condition ready for commercial use; also furniture, to show the value of the different grades of lumber in every possible stage. The somewhat widespread belief that this board on commercial forestry, composed solely of commercial lumber dealers, is to exhibit the different specimens of timber growth that thrive on American tablelands and forests is erroneous.

James S. Glenn, Columbus, O.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

The little note in March Recreation concerning the great Dismal Swamp was full of interest to me. My camp is only about 25 miles from the Dismal Swamp canal and a more healthful country I never saw. I know many lumbermen who have stayed in the Dismal for months at a time and they all agree they were never healthier in their lives than when working there. The brown water to which reference is made is locally known as "Juniper" water and is found in many swamps in Eastern North Carolina.

The natives here say the color and peculiar taste of the water are caused by its percolating among the roots of the juniper (white cedar) trees and that the water, in any swamp containing these trees in large quantities is entirely healthful. Many tug boat captains of my acquaintance always make a point of getting their water on the Roanoake and Chowan rivers, when in that neighborhood, for that reason.

A. S. Doane, Waterlily, N. C.

Dr. Evermann, of the U. S. Fish Commission has just finished his course on fish culture to the students of the N. Y. State College of Forestry, at Axton.

Do not fail to contribute to the Lacey watch fund at once.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. Langworthy, Ph. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

THE DIET OF THE YALE AND HARVARD BOAT CREWS.

The belief in the value of a special diet for those in training for athletic feats is perhaps as old as the sports themselves. The classical authors record much interesting data on this subject. Recently Professor W. O. Atwater and A. P. Bryant made extended studies of the food habits and diet of the Yale 'Varsity and the Harvard 'Varsity and Freshman Crews at their home quarters and at Gale's Ferry just before the annual university boat race. A special study was also made of the dietary of the captain of the Harvard Freshman Crew. As shown by the investigations, the diet of both the Yale and Harvard Crews was simple in kind, but of good quality and very abundant. Highly seasoned foods were generally avoided. There was also a reasonable variety as will be seen by the menu of the Yale 'Varsity Crew for one day. Breakfast consisted of sirloin steak, lamb chops, bacon, toast, oatmeal, mush, potatoes, strawberries, dates, butter, milk, sugar and cream. The noon-day meal consisted of roast beef, broiled chicken, scrambled eggs, toast, hominy, potatoes, strawberry short cake, dates, figs, milk and cream; the evening meal of chicken soup, roast beef, macaroni, mashed potatoes, green peas, dates, figs, ice cream and milk. At all meals oatmeal water was used as a beverage. No marked peculiarities in the diet were observed. This is a matter of interest, since the opinion is more or less prevalent at present that large amounts of sugar may be profitably added to the ration of athletes, soldiers or others engaged in active muscular exertion. Of special interest in this connection is the report concerning the addition of sugar to the diet of boat clubs in Holland during the training for a race. It is stated on the authority of the trainer of the Cornell University boat crew that the men in training seemed to crave sugar and were allowed all they wished on cereals, in their tea, coffee, etc., but its use in such foods as pie and cake was not considered desirable.

Whether the diet followed by the Yale and Harvard crews is more or less satisfactory than a diet containing large amounts of sugar or some other special food material can not be decided without comparative tests in which the kinds and amount of food consumed are carefully recorded and other necessary observations made. Data are not at present available for such comparisons.

As shown by the average results obtained, the daily diet of the Yale and Harvard crews furnished 155 grams of protein, 177 grams of fat, 440 grams of carbohydrates, and had a fuel value of 4,085 calories. It is of special interest to note the large amount of energy in the dietary of the athletes, and the still more striking difference in the amount of protein consumed by these athletes as compared with ordinary working people or ordinary college men. Thus the energy of the food consumed per man per day in the dietary studies of university boat crews exceeded by 400 calories, or about 10 per cent the amount found as the average of 15 dietary studies among college clubs in different parts of the country, while the protein in the studies of the university boat crews was 48 grams, or 45 per cent. larger in amount. In other words, the difference in protein was four and one-half times as great as the difference in fuel value, and the excess in protein would account for a considerable part of the excess in energy of the diet of the athletes as compared with men in ordinary occupations.

In this connection it is interesting to observe that many physiologists are coming to entertain the view that the amount of metabolism in the body is regulated not simply by the muscular work, but also by the nervous effort required in the performance of this work. The especially large proportion of protein observed in the dietary studies of the university boat crews, of football teams, etc., as compared with the dietary studies of college men with ordinary exercise, and with ordinary families of workingmen and professional men accords well with this view.

The power of the body to perform the maximum of muscular work within a comparatively short time and with a minimum amount of fatigue is secured by means of training. Of course, skill in the application of muscular strength is as essential as is the amount of power exerted. The skill is sought by exercise and practice. The object of regulating the diet in training is not only to furnish the material to supply the power, but also to put the machine in the best condition for developing as well as applying the power. In other words, the man is to be subjected for a short time to intense muscular strain and considerable nervous effort. This he is to bear with a maximum of result and the minimum of fatigue. For this he needs practical training on the one hand and proper diet on the other. If the views above presented are correct, the diet for men from whom intense muscular effort is required for short periods should supply liberal energy and especially large quantities of protein.

COTTONSEED OIL AS A FOOD PRODUCT

A recent number of the British Medical Journal has the following statements regarding cottonseed oil, which is a wholesome and palatable food product when properly prepared. It is an article of great commercial importance to the cotton producer in the South, and in the opinion of many students of food and nutrition its use may be profitably extended.

"At a time when so much attention is being very properly paid to the question of food adulteration, it would be well if more energetic steps were taken to ensure the purity of those substitutes which are intrinsically harmless, when themselves of good quality. Cottonseed oil is a case in point. The extent to which it is employed at the present time in this country is probably but imperfectly realized by many. It is very largely used in fish frying, the making of cheap pastry, the manufacture of margarine and lard, and in place of olive oil in the preparation of sardines destined for our markets. This, though too often fraudulent, would be in no way prejudicial to health, if only the use of the prime product, properly prepared and refined, were generally enforced. The oil which consists chemically for the most part of the glyceryl salts of oleic and linoleic acids, is, after expression, subjected to a process technically known as "purging," in which the grosser impurities are separted by treatment with caustic soda. The dark color, unpleasant odor and taste, and tendency to rancidity which remain should be removed by a careful process of refining. But this is too often only imperfectly carried out, and chemicals are employed for the purpose which merely mask these faults temporarily and are frequently themselves of a deleterious nature. The odor of such improperly prepared oil is painfully familiar in the vicinity of fried fish shops, and its familiarity is evidence of the widespread use of inferior oils. Whilst good cottonseed oil is harmless and might be legitimately employed in preference to animal fats of doubtful quality the consumption of large quantities of the substance in a semi-crude state and often loaded with injurious acids and bleaching agents, can not but exercise a pernicious influence on health."

SUGAR FOR SOLDIERS.

Doctor Leitenstorfer, a military surgeon, has recently been making some experiments with sugar in the German army. Believing it would prove a great aid toward the maintenance of the physical strength of soldiers, he added 50 to 60 grammes of sugar daily to the rations of certain men, and as a result he found they became much more energetic than their comrades; they suffered much less from hunger, thirst and fatigue; their pulse was less rapid and stronger and cases of exhaustion were much less frequent among them than previously. The conclusion at which he arrives is that sugar, though it is evidently not a fitting food for neurasthenics or for those who are depressed and who are obliged to lead a sedentary life, is yet admirably adapted for huntsmen, soldiers and all others who live much in the open air, the reason being because sugar supplies energy for muscular work in a form in which it is readily available.

WEST INDIAN FRUITS.

A recent writer in the New England Kitchen Magazine describes some appetizing West Indian fruits. The greater number are unfamiliar to most of us, but may possibly become better known in the future. Methods of storing fruit and preventing decay are being constantly improved and rapid transit will undoubtedly bring the fruit of the West Indian islands to us in increasing quantities. Some of these fruits beside the orange and its near kin are the fan-fan, said to be a most delicious tree fruit, nase berries, and the custard apple.

"They have a way of taking green or 'water cocoanuts' and freezing them with salt and ice. Then the nut is cut in halves and the contents eaten with a spoon. Sometimes they make ice cream and flavor it with cocoanut freshly gathered.

"In the way of confections there is the banana preserved in sugar, something like our 'candied' fruit; and banana jam, which looks at first sight like gooseberry or raspberry jam. It is pleasing to the palate.

"The novel and interesting as well as delicious tropical fruits and vegetables are many; and in the markets in the stalls presided over by turbaned black women are seen freshly gathered cherimoyer, sweet sop, mangoes, star-apples, cashew, limes, rose apples, ackee, okra, Congo peas, and kola nuts."

The wise saw should be filed in the archives of the memory.

Do not fail to contribute to the Lacey watch fund at once.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

AS THE LAWS SHOULD BE.

Mr. W. S. Lyne, Danville, Ky., asked me to submit a draft for a game law for that State.

I fear my views regarding a good game law for your State would not meet the approval of the majority of your sportsmen, and possibly not your own views.

Since you ask me to suggest a form for such law I will name these as the essential points that should be embodied therein:

First, the sale of game and the shipment of game out of the State should be prohibited at all times.

The open season for shooting all kinds of game should be limited to 2 months—October and November. Then it should be made a misdemeanor for a man to be found in the fields or in the woods with a gun during the close season. That fact should be taken as *prima facie* evidence that he has violated or is attempting to violate a game law.

No man should be allowed to kill more than 10 quails or other game birds, or squirrels or rabbits in any one day. No man should be allowed to kill more than 2 deer or 3 wild turkeys in any one year.

No man should be allowed to kill any song or insectivorous bird or bird of prey at any time during the year, except Cooper's hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, and the great horned owl.

It should be made the duty of all sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and deputy constables to arrest and prosecute any person charged with the violation of a game law, and in case any such officer should refuse to so arrest and prosecute when requested, and when supplied with evidence by a citizen, he should be subject to a fine of not less than $50 and costs for such neglect of duty.

Several States have enacted laws embodying these points. Perhaps no one State has placed all of them on its statute books, but the various features are included in the acts of the different legislatures. When all States enact and enforce such laws, then game will rapidly increase instead of decrease, as it is doing now.

A POSSIBLE PEST.

It seems that Los Angeles, Cal., has gone mad on the subject of Belgian hares. Some 30 or 40 large rabbitries have been established there and half the people in the town and surrounding country are breeding hares, to a greater or less extent. A large trade has been built up in these animals, both locally and in other States. Many shipments have been made from Los Angeles to the Middle States, and even to New England; and Southern California is in a fair way to become as famous for the production of hares as of oranges.

And now the question arises, Have these people caught another tartar? May not the Belgian hare prove as great a nuisance, in time, as the English sparrow? May it not prove as great a plague in this country as the English hare has in Australia? Yet neither proposition seems possible because the hare would be an easy mark for shooters, and there is such a vast army of these in the United States that they may be trusted to keep the Belgian hare from overrunning the country. E. S. Babcock, manager of a hotel in Coronado, Cal., and his coterie of chums, who frequently kill 500 to 1,000 ducks in a day, should be able to keep down the hares and give decent sportsmen a show at the ducks.

HE BEFOULS HIS OWN NEST.

George H. Webber, for some years in the customs service in this district and for a long time stationed here met with good luck in every venture he made until he was known as "Lucky" Webber; but up to that time he had not tried matrimony. At Mount Vernon, January 31, he made a venture in matrimony which, according, to accounts, broke his lucky spell. Since that time he has lost his position in the customs service and after a honeymoon of 6 weeks, the following appeared in a Seattle paper:

"If the courts should grant divorces on such flimsy grounds as this there would not be a young married couple in King county within a year," remarked Judge Benson, in the superior court, with grim sarcasm, in deciding the divorce case of Minnie E. Webber *vs.* George H. Webber, adversely to both parties. After less than 6 weeks of married life the young husband and wife came into court demanding a dissolution of the bonds of matrimony. The judge lectured them and sent them home. The groom looked dissapointed, and the bride wore a grievous frown. But there was no help for it, and out of the court room they went.

Mrs. Webber in her complaint alleged that they were married January 31. Every day since the wedding, she alleged, they had quarreled continually, and she was satisfied they could never live together in peace.

Webber filed an answer in which he admitted every allegation of his wife's complaint.—Port Townsend Wash., Leader.

"*The game hog is not in the least changed by abuse.*"—*Editorial in the A. D. G. H.*

Hence it is much better to pat him on the back and tell him what a "nice gent" he is. At least, so says his defender.

Have you sent in your contribution to the Lacey watch fund? If not, you should do so at once. 10 cent ante, 25 cent limit. Stamps are good.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

AGENTS TO MEET STEAMERS.

Transatlantic travel has reached a point where all the discomforts that used to exist years ago in connection with the details of arranging trips are no longer known, the railroads and steamship companies furnishing facilities that remove any difficulty whatever, and making it easy and simple for a passenger to complete his arrangements.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad has made a custom for some years of having passenger representatives, located at New York city, meet all incoming passenger steamers from European ports, and passengers arriving by its trains, who are going abroad; and, in fact, attend to all business in connection with arranging for hotel accommodations, sleeping or parlor car tickets and the checking of baggage, etc., etc., that is necessary for passengers destined to points beyond New York via the Lehigh Valley line, or the transfer to steamers of passengers and baggage, looking after steamship accommodations, etc.

Mr. Charles A. Foucart, who is the steamship passenger agent representing the Lehigh Valley Railroad, is always on hand to meet incoming steamers, and will also meet parties on arrival of Lehigh Valley trains, to see to their comfortable transfer to the steamship. Mr. Foucart is a thoroughly experienced man, and his manner of performing any service for passengers is so cheerful that it is in reality a pleasure for one just coming from a long steamship trip to meet him.

FOR YOUR SUMMER TRIP.

David T. Abercrombie & Co. have moved to 1 and 3 South street, New York City. This was made necessarv by the rapid growth in their business which had gone beyond the limits of their old quarters. And, going back farther, this growth is due to the facts that they have been liberal advertisers in Recreation for 3 years past, and that they treat every one of their customers with absolute fairness and kindness. Dave Abercrombie is a generous, whole-souled sportsman, of the highest type, and one of the most conscientious men I ever knew. I should feel perfectly safe at any time in sending him a blank signed check, telling him to ship me a complete camping outfit and to fill out the check with the amount desired. I would feel absolutely certain that he would not charge one penny more for any article in the list than it was worth. So may any man deal with him on such lines.

Abercrombie handles everything in the way of tents and camp outfits. His specialty of course is tents, but he buys the other goods from the factories in such large quantities that he can sell them to you as cheap as you can buy them at the factory. Then when you deal with him you have the satisfaction of knowing he will give personal attention to every detail of your order, even if he has to stay at his office all night to finish up his day's work. When you want anything in Dave's line, send for it and tell him I said so.

A PARADISE NEAR HOME.

The traffic department of the Long Island Railway has issued one of the most beautiful books that has come from any railway company in a long time. It contains several hundred illustrations of fascinating bits of scenery on Long Island, many of which make one wonder why cities were ever built. There are points of refuge on Long Island that are as wild, as weird and as intensely natural as any that can be found in the depths of the South American wilderness, on the steppes of Russia or in the frozen wilds of Siberia.

On the other hand, there are resorts on Long Island, such as Manhattan Beach, Far Rockaway, Massapequa, Long Beach, Moriches and Edgemere, that are equal to anything at Newport or Narragansett.

The delightful drives, bicycle paths, canoe routes, sailing waters and bathing resorts are all set forth in this book in a manner to make a city dweller burst his chains. When the New York resident realizes that he can, in 30 to 50 minutes from the time of leaving his home or his office, be revelling in the surf, whipping some clear brook for trout or speeding over a beautiful macadam road in a wild country, he is prone to conclude that New York is not such a bad place to live in after all.

Write H. M. Smith, traffic manager, Long Island Railroad, Long Island City, N. Y., for a copy of his new book and when you come to examine it you will find the half has not been told.

A POWDER STORY.

The Laflin & Rand Powder Co., No. 99 Cedar street, New York, has issued a novel and interesting little book, which is being sent free to all who ask for it and who mention Recreation.

It contains a picture story of a young man and his wife who go out from their cosy village home on a shooting trip. The first picture represents the couple with their dog, gun cases and decoys, stepping into the hack which stands in front of the house. The other views illustrate the various experiences of the day in pursuit of birds, rabbits, squirrels, etc. The last picture shows the happy pair seated at the dining table, again in their own home, with a roast wild turkey on the platter in front of them. The old dog lies on a rug in front of the fire, while one of the guns stands in the corner, and the hunting coat hangs on a chair. The story is so gracefully and graphically told in the pictures that one almost forgets to look for the text. Still, when you go back and glance over this it is quite as interesting as the pictures. It is printed in antique type and contains many interesting hints regarding Laflin & Rand's smokeless powder. Altogether, the book is a beautiful little souvenir, and is worth many times the trouble of writing for it.

NOTES.

Crescent City, Ill., March [illegible], 1900.

The J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Dear Sirs:—The No. 40 new model 22-caliber pocket rifle, which you sent me as a premium for 5 subscriptions to Recreation arrived O. K., and is the cutest little gun I ever saw. I have tried it at different distances varying from 10 to 300 yards, and am more than pleased with it, both in regard to accuracy and penetration. Using the long rifle cartridge at 200 yards, the bullets passed clear through 3 one inch pine boards. I tried it with a rifle of another make, of the same caliber, with a 24 inch barrel, but the little Stevens penetrated just a trifle deeper than the larger gun. I have presented it to my wife, who has also fallen in love with it, but I think perhaps I can borrow it once in a while. I have owned several different rifles, but the "baby beats 'em all." Thanking you most heartily, I am,

B. C. Alberti.

One of the prettiest of the many beautiful books printed by the railroads, to give their patrons information regarding summer resorts, the way to reach them and the time and money it takes to do so, is No. 8 of the New York Central's "Four-Track Series," entitled "Two to Fifteen Days' Pleasure Tours." It contains a great number of illustrations of delightful summer places, the details of dozens of short trips, explaining how they may be extended for the whole season, with small explanatory maps giving just the information the inquirer wants. In a compact table the time and rates of fare to 130 popular resorts is given, with 2 maps, 8x16, printed in colors.

Any person contemplating a trip will find No. 8 of the Four-Track Series a valuable reference book. It will be sent free, post paid to any address on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, G. P. A., N. Y. C. Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

The Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., has issued a new catalogue giving a description of some cameras it has lately put on the market, and every amateur photographer in the country should have a copy of it. The book gives a great deal of detailed information that is of general interest to amateurs. It also lists a line of lanterns, printing frames, developing trays, developing powders, glass plates, films and other accessories, in everyday use. Send for a copy of the catalogue and do not forget to say you saw it mentioned in Recreation.

Ithaca Gun Co.,
Ithaca, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

The gun you sent me is the greatest shooting gun it has ever been my good fortune to use. I broke 97 out of 100 targets with it yesterday, winning the C. B. Wolfe Challenge Model, emblematic of the championship of Columbus, and averaged 94 1/3 per cent for the whole day's shoot—a very creditable performance with a new gun.

Saginaw, Mich, Feb. 17, 1900.

W. L. Marble, Gladstone, Mich.

Dear Sir:—I own one of your pocket axes, and it is "out of sight." Am a land looker, so you can imagine the immense value it is to me. $25 would not buy it if I could not get another one. I see your ad. in Recreation each month.

E. J. Brogan.

An excellent article for either home or camp is a can of Borden's Condensed Coffee. Better still, a dozen cans. I have used this preparation for several years, and have always found it delicious, refreshing and inspiring. You can get a book telling all about it by addressing the Borden Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson street, New York.

R. S. Rhoads, Columbus, O.

Wm. Read & Sons advertise in this issue of Recreation a lot of revolvers at $6 each, for which the makers charge $16 each. It is a great satisfaction to be able to tell my readers where they can buy one of these revolvers at a saving of $10.

NER'S
R'S
AR OLD
YE
CAUTION!
None Genuine
Absolutely Pure
DISTILLING CO
HIO, U.S.A.

HAYN
SEVEN YE
RY
Double Copper Distilled
THE HAYNER
DAYTON,

HAYNER'S
PURE RYE
WHISKEY
DIRECT FROM DISTILLER
TO CONSUMER
4 FULL QUARTS
FOR $3.20

Express Prepaid by Us

Our entire product is sold direct to consumers. You thus avoid adulteration and middlemen's profits.

If you want pure whiskey for medicinal purposes or otherwise, read the following offer. It will interest you.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get and test it, if it is not satisfactory return at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

One hundred and fifty thousand customers throughout the United States use our whiskey—ample testimony as to its purity and quality.

Save the enormous profits of the middlemen. Such whiskey as we offer for $3.20 cannot be had elsewhere for less than $5.00.

Our distillery was established in 1866. Thirty-four years' reputation is behind our whiskey.

REFERENCES: Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton; State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis, or Express Co.'s.

WRITE TO OUR NEAREST ADDRESS

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

226-232 West Fifth St., Dayton, O. 305-307 South Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.

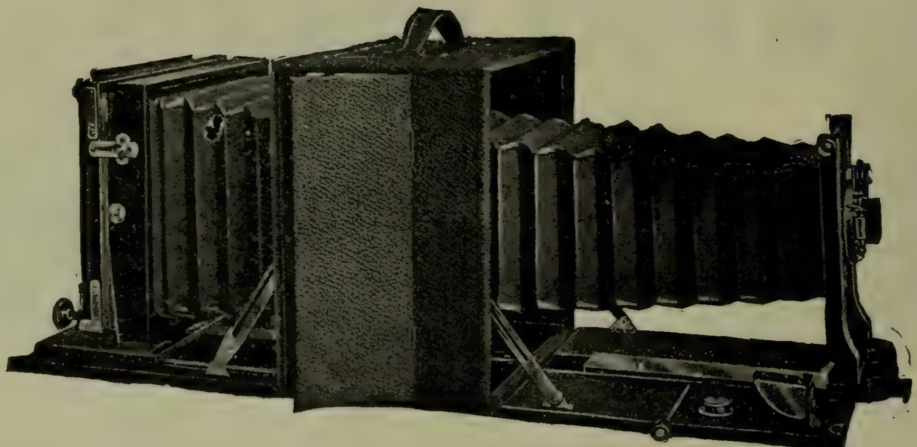
N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 qts., by freight, prepaid.

I guarantee the above firm will do as it agrees—EDITOR.

a Wizard Camera

Your Vacation
Is Incomplete
Without one

Is the Best
For General
Work



a Wizard

is the invariable choice of the fastidious.

No matter how much or how little you may want to spend on an outfit, you cannot afford to buy without consulting the : : : : : : : : :

WIZARD
CATALOGUE

which is to be had for the asking : : : :

Prices, $5.00 to $80.00.
Quality, Always the Best.

Manhattan Optical Co. of N. Y.
Cresskill, N. J.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"A Bird on the plate is worth 2 in the bag."

AND NOW COMES THE 5TH COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 4 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fifth will be held, which, it is believed, will be far more fruitful than any of the others. It opened April 1st, 1900, and will close September 30th, 1900.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long-Focus Korona Camera, 5x7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A Reflex Camera, 4x5, made by the Reflex Camera Co., Yonkers, N. Y., fitted with a Goerz Double Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $75.

Third prize: An Al-Vista-Panoramic Camera made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $40.

Fourth Prize: A Wizard C Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with B. & L. Iris Diaphragm and Leather Carrying Case; listed at $33.

Fifth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12x16, made by D. T. Abercombie & Co., New York, and listed at $32.

Sixth prize: A Gold Hunting Case Watch, listed at $30.

Seventh Prize: A Tourist Hawkeye Camera, 4x5, made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $15.

Eighth prize: A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co , Bristol, Conn., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 8x10 Carbutt Plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 5x7 Carbutt Plates.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 4x5 Carbutt Plates.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or other animals, representing in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Condition: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of RECREATION.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name, and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, RECREATION, say for instance.

No. 1 is entitled ———.
Made with a ——— camera.
——— lens.
On a ——— plate.
Printed on ——— paper.
Length of exposure, ———.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints, I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experiences in photography.

CAMERA NOTES.

GENE S. PORTER.

A recent magazine contains an illustrated article on natural history photography, of which the opening paragraph sets the pace for the high grade of work described in the whole article:

"The man who sets himself the task of photographing the nest of every bird exactly where it was placed by its builder, whether at the top of a tall tree or on the face of a cliff previously considered inaccessible, naturally has to march some way in front of ordinary studio methods in order to accomplish his object."

This does not mean to go about the country ruthlessly tearing nests from their location and placing them where light and convenience will allow the photographer to take a beautiful picture of them. A picture so taken is of no value as a record of fact. It is a disgrace to the person taking it. I wish the laws protecting birds could be rigidly enforced against all persons so securing photos. To find and take a nest exactly where the instinct of its builder placed it is a triumph. Amateurs who accomplish that deserve all honor and credit. They daily risk life and limb in their chosen work, but never under any circumstances disturb the birds.

Several months ago I received an enlarged print of a nest, to criticise as to the work of the lens. The work was good, but the nest—that of one of our shyest, sweetest songsters, containing 4 beautiful eggs—was so obviously torn from its surroundings, and set up on a stump, in a glaring light, without a suggestion of foliage anywhere, that I was almost too indignant to explain what was asked of me.

I was strongly tempted to send the print to the editor of RECREATION as conclusive proof that there are photo hogs as well as fish and game hogs. I am not sure photo hogs are not the worst. Fish and game hogs, as a rule, break only the laws of common decency and fair play. These nest photographing hogs break also the State laws for bird protection and would be liable to heavy fines were the officers watching their business sharply.

Thousands of amateurs are still rushing from one developer to another, and still bewailing their failures. Why not settle on pyro and stay there? It is the best. It is the good old standby of successful professionals and amateurs. Here is an argument for pyro that I regard as a clincher: In the printed instructions accompanying the various brands of plates put out by every great plate factory in the United States the basis of all developers recommended by the manufacturers to be used on their plates is pyro. The New York Dry Plate Co., Eastman, and Carbutt use it. When a man invests his fortune in a dry plate company he secures expert chemists who experiment and test until they know beyond doubt the formulas that will bring from the plates the best possible results.

The new Reflex camera catalogues and advertisements are most interesting. They make one long to own one of the cameras. From the cuts and catalogues it seems as if there could be but one serious criticism on these instruments. As they are so strongly recommended for bird and animal work, there should be an attachment for releasing the shutter by bulb, for the obvious reason that if one can only photograph such nests, birds and animals as he can secure with a hand release he is deprived of many good opportunities. If there is an attachment for bulb release there is no end to the locations where a camera may be hidden in the haunts of birds and beasts and rare pictures taken while the subjects pose unconsciously in natural attitudes. I think of asking the Reflex people to make this change.

New camera for flashlight pictures, the exposure to be made by the objects taken, consists of a perfectly light-tight box, into which the camera is set, lens open and slide drawn ready to take the exposure. The pan of flash powder is placed on top of the box and covered with a thin paper to protect it from damp. It is fired by a small electric battery. A thread is stretched from the door of the box across the runway, and at the lightest pull of the thread the door flies open, makes connection, fires the flash and drops again into position. This sounds complicated, but the instrument is simple. It may be set out before dark and if exposed during the night it is safe inside the light-tight box.

A few months ago I said, "Four new cameras will soon be on the market," and the time has arrived. The new McDonough color camera is completed, the factory is well under way in Chicago, and lecturers are showing the camera and its workings to interested audiences all over the country. In less than a year we can all own a color camera. Several of the last issues of RECREATION have advertised the Al-Vista, a revolving panoramic camera that takes an extensive landscape at one sweep of the lens. Eastman has a swing front that is excellent for racing and athletic contests, and the cellograph clips off the exposures at the rate of 27 to the second.

Ohio carried off the palm in another amateur photo contest last week. She does this frequently. She did it at the Salon of Photographic Art in Chicago, where some of the most remarkable photographs ever made were on exhibition. Soon you will hear her boasting herself the photographic art State of the Union. Since Ohio furnishes buckeyes to console the rheumatiz of the world and more presidents than any other State, she might be content to let some other State knock down the photographic persimmon.

An Eastern magazine is asking its readers to vote a $20 gold award to the most popular advertisement in its June number. It would hustle one to select the most popular advertisement in any number of RECREATION. They are all handled with such skill and attractiveness as to be works of art in their line.

C. P. Goerz has, by the increase of his business in this country, been compelled to establish a branch of his Berlin factory here to accommodate his American custom, and has placed it at Yonkers. The popularity of the Goerz lens is something wonderful.

THE WET PROCESS FOR AMATEURS.

BY E. D. R.

Buy a glass of suitable size, say 5x7. Make or buy a light-tight box with hinged cover, in which to place, and always keep, the glass bath. Procure a dipper of glass or rubber. One may be made by cutting a piece of glass 2 inches wide and sufficiently long to project beyond the upper edges of the bath. To one end cement with paraffin or wax a cross piece of plate glass. Fasten to the front of your box a stick to act as a support to hold bath at a suitable angle.

Buy some pure nitrate of silver, 1 pint of acetic acid, No. 8; 1 pound of protosulphate of iron, and a few ounces each of alcohol and hyposulphate of soda. Dissolve the ounce of silver in 10 ounces of distilled or of pure rain water. Set solution in the sun for an hour or so, filter, and add iodide of potassium c. p., 2 grains, or you may, as some direct, coat a plate with collodion and leave it in your bath several hours. I, however, prefer the addition of the iodide by dissolving the quantity named in 1 ounce of the silver solution, and adding it to the bath. Filter again, and add just enough nitric acid, c. p., to slightly acidulate, as determined by the use of blue litmus paper. The bath is now ready. By all means buy collodion ready made; it is far better and cheaper than any you could make.

To make the developing solution: Take 1 pint rain water, or distilled, dissolve in it 1 ounce sulphate of iron. When dissolved add 1 to 1½ ounces acetic acid, shaking occasionally. This is your developer for making negatives.

Albumenizing the plate: Get some clear glass, 4x5, or any size you want. You can get old negatives and put them into prepared lye over night. Then, with plenty of warm water and a stick, remove gelatinous coating, rinse and place them for several hours in a bath of equal parts of commercial nitric acid and water. Then wash thoroughly. Be careful not to get the nitric acid mixture on the fingers, as it is corrosive. Having washed the glass plates put them in a rack to dry. Polish with a bit of washed velveteen or cotton batting moistened with alcohol.

You would best albumenize your plates; it makes better work, and you will not be so apt to wash off the film in subsequent operations. To do this, shake up the white of an egg in a pint of pure water, and let it stand in the bottle an hour or so. Filter carefully, and add aqua ammonia until the odor of the latter is perceptible. This preserves the albumen and makes it clear. Take a piece of glass about 2x6 inches, fasten to one end a layer of Canton flannel, previously boiled in water. Dip this brush in the prepared albumen, and stroke the plate carefully with it. Pour on a little more albumen and flow it back and forth over the plate to get an even coating. Drain and stand in rack to dry in a warm place. Prepare a lot of plates and put them in a box to keep. You can tell the albumenized side by breathing on the plate; the glass side will show moisture, the other will not.

To sensitize the plates: Hold a plate albumen side up and pour collodion in a little pool on its center. Incline the plate so collodion will flow first to lower left corner, then to upper left corner, upper right corner and lower right corner. To avoid ridges, incline the plate and rock it steadily while collodion is draining from lower edge into the bottle. Then hold plate level and move it up and down until film has set. To test this, touch the lower corner. When your finger leaves an impression without stickiness, the film is tacky. Then lower it steadily and rapidly into the silver bath. Let it remain until you see on raising it that all greasy appearance has gone and the film is cream colored and smooth. This usually takes 3 to 4 minutes.

Put the plate in a funnel to drain a few second; then put it in a plate holder and expose in camera. Exposure must be correctly timed. Flow plate with developing solution; don't let any run from a glass if you can help it, and keep solution moving evenly on the plate. Be sure to get picture sufficiently dense. Wash with care, and put into a solution of hyposulphate of soda, either saturated or 1 to 5 of water,. After fixing, and washing, put away to dry.

You will find your plates will often require intensification of the image. To do this you must redevelop. Wash the plate and flow it quickly with the following solution: Nitrate of silver, 36 grains; rain water, 30 ounces. Pour off excess of this solution and cover plate with fresh developer. This will usually make the shadows opaque enough for printing.

Or, after fixing and washing the plate, place it in a strong solution of sulphuret of potassium until it turns a bluish black. Make the solution by adding potassium to pure water until it is of a dark sherry color. After you have used the bath some time and find your developer works greasy on the film, add a little alcohol, say 1½ ounces to the pint, or add a little to the solution in the egg cup which you use in flowing the plate.

TAKE SOME LESSONS.

I am glad to see the photo department of Recreation grow. The most practical thing for an amateur to do on first receiving his camera is to go to some professional photographer, or some amateur who is thoroughly familiar with the manipulation of cameras, and who understands developing and get his advice. If you try to do your own developing unaided or by following the instructions sent out by the manufacturers of cameras, you will meet chiefly with failures. You may accidentally get one good negative out of every dozen plates, but if you continue in that way you will need to be backed by the Bank of England.

When I bought my camera it was accompanied by a book of instructions which I followed with the faithfulness of ignorance. The result was I did not get one good negative out of 24 plates. I wasted many plates and supplies in vain experiments. Then I tried having my plates developed by a dealer, but that was expensive and unsatisfactory. Finally I went to a traveling photographer and after spending 3 days in his temporary studio under his instructions I could turn out a good negative and develop it satisfactorily.

When I first bought my supplies, I paid 50 cents a dozen for plates, 20 cents a dozen for printing paper, 25 cents for 8 ounces of developer, 25 cents for 8 ounces of toning solution and for other things accordingly. Now I buy my plates for 32 cents a dozen, printing paper for $1.25 gross, make my own developer, for about 30 cents for 8 ounces, my toning solution for about this same price, etc. Cornwall & Jespersen, 310 Broadway, New York, are noted for giving their customers just treatment and full value for their money.

The following formulæ are good for developing and toning solution:

PYRO FORMULA.

1. Water, 32 oz.; pyro, 1 oz.; oxalic, 20 gr. 2. Sulphite of soda (cryst.), 50 hydtest. 3. Carbonate of soda (cryst.), 25 hydtest.

To develop add 6 ounces of water to one ounce each of 2 and 3. This can be made at a small cost and gives excellent results.

STOCK SOLUTION A.

Hyposulphite of soda, 8 oz.; alum (cryst.), 6 oz.; sugar (granulated), 2 oz.; water, 80 ounces.

Dissolve above in cold water, and when dissolved add borax, 2 ounces, dissolved in hot water, 8 ounces. Let it stand over night and decant clear liquid.

STOCK SOLUTION B.

Pure chloride of gold, 7½ grains: acetate of lead (sugar of lead), 64 grains; water, 8 ounces.

Solution B should be shaken before using and not filtered.

To tone 15 cabinets take: Stock solution A, 8 ounces; stock solution B, 1 ounce. Place prints in this bath and tone to desired color and then immerse prints in following solution for 5 minutes: salt, 1 ounce; water, 32 ounces.

EXTRA FIXING BATH.

Hyposulphite of soda, 1 ounce; sulphite of soda (cryst.), 60 ounces; borax, ¼ ounce; water, 20 ounces.

Wash one hour in running water.

E. G. Fadden, Quebec.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DEVELOPING.

One of the things with which I had a great deal of trouble before I discovered the remedy was the development of Velox, Dekko and kindred papers.

Good results I obtained, but only by catlike watchfulness of the developing prints, and by a sort of a sleight of hand movement, when they had developed far enough. Of course 9 out of 10 of your readers will say at once, "What did he expose them so long for?" and they are quite right, but few realize how little exposure is necessary. The secret of the whole matter is that if a print is timed just right, one would have great difficulty in over developing it. I use M. Q. developer and add one drop of 10 per cent. solution of bromide of potassium to each ounce of water. With this mixture one can develop 10 or 15 prints simultaneously and if they are timed correctly they will develop to the correct point and then stop, a 5 or 10 minute soaking in the developer having no appreciable effect on them.

Mr. Carbutt gave me a tip the other day on developing interiors where a view showed through the windows.

He said to soak the plate in a 10 per cent. solution of hypo and wipe with a tuft of cotton. Then work over the windows with ferri-cyanide, using a camels' hair brush. By that method of reduction, one can so manipulate the plate that the view through the window can be preserved in the finished print.

Another method of reduction for over exposed plates, recommend by Mr. Ives, is as follows: Develop the over exposed plate until it is as black as a piece of black rubber. Then soak in a strong Farmer's solution until it is reduced to the desired point. The Farmer's solution has the peculiar property of clearing the high lights faster than the shadows, and in many cases the resultant print from a plate treated in that fashion, can with difficulty be told from one taken from a plate that had been given the normal exposure.

You will not have so many over exposures if you use an exposure meter, but don't get one that depends on solio paper for its readings. I had one and I know whereof I speak. What with lightstruck paper, old paper, forgotten paper, paper of different brands, etc., I was nearly driven wild. I am now using an exposure meter built on a scientific principle and am having excellent results. For the benefit of those who don't know of it I will say that its name is the Wager Exposure Scale, and it is advertised in RECREATION.

Howard Rhode, Philadelphia, Pa.

BLUE TRANSPARENCIES.

G. L. ABELL.

Blue transparencies may be made by the use of the well known blue print formula and dry plates either exposed or unexposed and not developed.

Blue Print Formula.

A.

Red prussiate of potash.... 1 ounce.
Water ....10 ounces.

B.

Citrate of iron and ammonia. 3 ounces.
Water ....10 ounces.

Use equal portion of A. and B. as the sensitizer.

Keep A. and B. in separate bottles, protect from the light, and mix only as required.

Place your negative in the hypo fixing bath until the film is clear; then wash thoroughly. The plate being washed and drained, but not dried, immerse in the above blue print solution for 2 minutes. Then place on rack and allow to dry.

To print, place negative in printing frame as usual, then place blue print plate in contact with it, film to film. Replace the back of the frame and print in direct sunlight. The printing can be watched by opening half of the frame and looking through the glass, and should proceed until the blue has become quite strong.

When sufficiently printed, remove from frame and place in clear water, changing the water until no more discoloration is apparent. Then transfer to a tray of water containing a small quantity of muriatic acid, which will intensify the color. After the plate has been washed for 15 minutes, allow to dry. Then flow face and back with ground glass substitute, and frame to taste.

After securing the blue transparency some interesting results might be had by trying the formula given in September Recreaton for obtaining different tints in blue print paper. Also by combining 2 transparencies to obtain still other colors, as for instance: Print one plate by contact, film to film, as above, and leave this blue. Then print another, placing the back of your blue plate, instead of the film side, in contact with the film of the negative. Change the color of this plate by means of one of the formulæ mentioned Bind the 2 plates together, and the combination will give another color.

DO NOT WET YOUR PLATES.

If you spill hypo on your floor wipe it up as soon as possible, as it will become dust when dried; will get in your developing tray and cause pin holes. In filling and emptying your plate holders pull or insert your slides slowly or you will make a bad mark on your plate, caused by friction. I have been troubled with large transparent spots on my negatives after developing and before fixing. I took my troubles to a photo dealer. He said, 'Do you wet your plate before developing?" I said yes, and he told me that caused it. I went home and ran 4 plates through dry. There were no spots. I know good photographers who always wash their plates before putting in developing tray. Will some one report in Recreation on this trouble of spots?

If my brother camera cranks will try the following formula as a reducer, they will be pleased I am sure;

Permanganate of potash, 7½ grains; sulphuric acid, 15½ grains, water, 32¼ ounces.

This will thin down the thickest negative wonderfully, and the beauty of it is that it attacks the stronger portions before atattacking the weaker. Rock plate during immersion. If the plate turns brown dip it in a ½ or one per cent. solution of oxalic acid for a moment or so to get rid of it. Then wash well.

Harry P., Seattle, Wash.

HOW TO RETOUCH.

Will you please inform me how to retouch dry plates? I have bought several "Guides to Beginners in Amateur Photography," but none of them give instructions for retouching dry plates. I am a subscriber to Recreation, and the section of your magazine devoted to amateur photography is a great help to all amateurs.

Julius L. Lautz, Kirkland, Ill.

ANSWER.

Prepare the plate first with some good retouching medium. The plate will not take the pencil without this preparation. When a drop of this has been rubbed on the spot to be worked over, use a hard lead pencil, finely pointed, and lightly smooth out the wrinkles by filling the shadows. Use a retouching frame, and cover the frame, head and shoulders with a dark cloth when retouching. The frame should be before a window. With light strikes fill in all defects such as spots, scratches, blotches, etc. Then smooth out the face, beginning at the forehead, and working downward. The stroke generally used is a sort of continuous figure 8. It would be almost impossible for you to do anything at this difficult work without at least a few lessons from a professional retoucher.—Editor.

TO PRINT LANTERN SLIDES.

Your magazine grows better every month, especially your camera department, in which I am much interested. I noticed in your January number a recipe for making cheap lantern slides and I wish to ask if when you wish to take a picture on one of the plates, you put it in the printing frame with the negative and print out in the sun, or do you need a special camera for lantern slides? Can you give me a recipe for making good dry plates at small cost?

Willie Irick, San Angelo, Tex.

ANSWER.

Use the plates exactly as you would printing paper. I advise you to make a print first on paper and time it. Then give the same time to the plate, for it will be found difficult to examine it while printing as of course one side can not be bent up and examined as paper can. Print 5 or 8 shades deeper than you would for a paper print, as these slides are to be looked through, not at.

There are several good ways of making dry plates, and those who know how to make really good ones are not only well paid for doing same for large makers, but are reticent as to furnishing formulæ. I suppose that is because such knowledge is their stock in trade.

TINTING PHOTOS.

Will you kindly give me information about tinting or painting photographs. I have read of and tried different methods, but have found none of them satisfactory. I take Recreation, am interested in photography, and would be grateful to you if you could give me a method of tinting or coloring that I could use successfully.

E. V. Wachtmann, Ilion, N. Y.

ANSWER.

There is little literature on the subject. The people who tint photographs for the trade learn the secret from others similarly engaged. In general, it may be said that a medium is used, instead of water, and transparent colors are a necessity. The medium is usually a thin solution of glue. Any water colors can be applied if the brush is first dipped in medium. Avoid aniline colors. They fade quickly. Further instructions would occupy more space than a magazine can give, and perhaps would be of less service to you than an hour's instruction from some one in your vicinity who is acquainted with the work.—Editor.

SNAP SHOTS.

Will the following formula clean a plate that is all brown from pyro used in the developer?

No. 1, hypo 2 lbs., water 3 qts.; No. 2, water 1 qt.; add slowly sulphuric acid ½ oz.; sulphite of soda (crystals) 4 oz.; chrome alum, 3 oz.

I should also like to know of some good developing formula.

Spencer Ellison, New York City.

ANSWER.

The acid fixing bath you mention is good, but for a dry negative on which pyro stain is evident another treatment will be found more efficacious, namely, soak the plate a short time (15 or 20 minutes) in water, then transfer to Newcombe stain removing bath, composed of: water, 8 oz.; pure tartaric acid, 20 grains, in which leave the plate until clear of stain, watching its progress frequently.

Use the developing formulæ advised by the plate maker whose plate you use.—Editor.

Kindly publish a list of books on photography for amateurs, by popular authors. Also tell how to make backgrounds at home.

F. E. Kunz, Walnutport, Pa.

ANSWER.

Following is a good list of books: Wall's "Dictionary of Photography," Emerson's "Naturalistic Photography," Cole's "Photographic Optics," and the numbers of Photo Miniature thus far published, each on a special subject, each number a separate, complete book. Other good books may be selected from the catalogue of Tennant & Ward, 289 4th avenue, New York City.

Backgrounds are troublesome to make, and as they can now be had as low as 75 cents for one with 6 combinations, it does not pay to make them. W. P. Buchanan, 1226 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.; sells such a one.

In March Recreation, F. R. Woodward asks for devices for washing prints. All that is necessary to wash thoroughly and keep them separated is a round dish and a stream of water falling on one side, at an angle of about 45 degrees. The surplus water runs over the edge of the dish. If no running water is at hand, a pail or tub with small hole near bottom answers all purposes. I use a common white dish that measures outside top 10 inches, bottom 6 inches, height 4 inches. The water should strike the side of the dish so as to pass in a spiral direction about the bottom, keeping the prints floating and separated from each other.

C. E. Pearl, M. D.,
North Bangor, N. Y.

I use a 4x5 Bull's-Eye Special Kodak, and as I do not always want to take such large pictures I invented the following device: I unroll a roll of 3½x3½ films, take the black paper off the back, replace it with the black paper from a roll of 4x5 films, reroll it, put it in the camera and there I am.

G. R. M., Dallas, Tex.

I should like to hear if any kodak users have been troubled with their lenses getting covered with crack-like streaks when making an exposure during very cold weather and if there is any remedy. The streaks disappear when the lens gets warmed again.

T. Bickford, Binscarth, Man.

Every League member should send in at least 10 cents to aid in buying a watch to be presented to the Hon. John F. Lacey, as a token of our appreciation of his great work in securing the passage of the Lacey Bird bill.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

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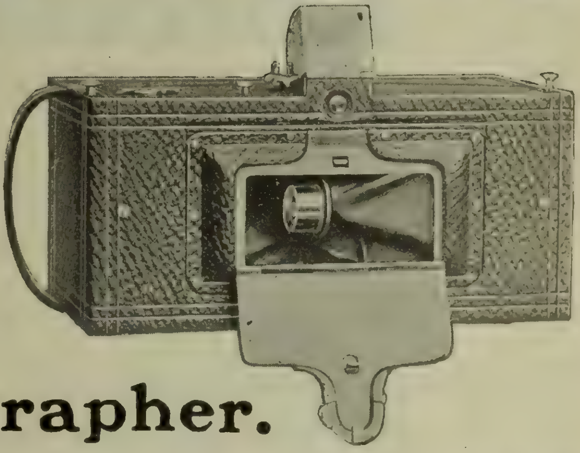

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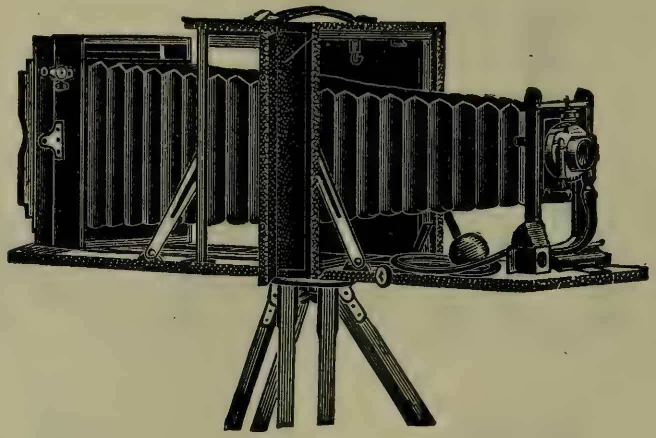

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A little care in the selection of food will help one through the heat of the day in a way that will not easily be forgotten.

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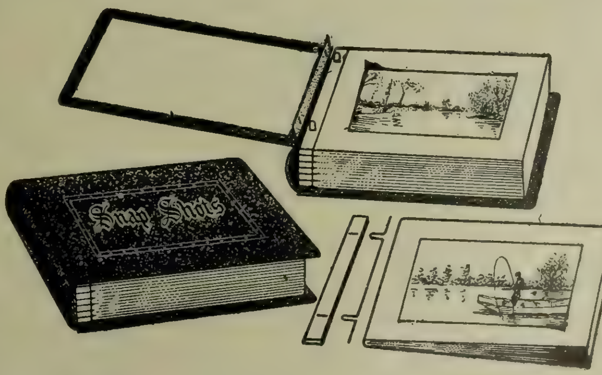

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W. D. Clauson, South Plainfield, N. J.

RECREATION contains about everything a sportsman wishes to know. I am just beginning amateur photography, and find RECREATION a great help.
S. B. Parkinson, Chicago, Ill.

When I read RECREATION I am again in the fields and woods where as a boy I lived the free life that is the only one worth living.
W. R. Graham, New York City.

The public should recognize RECREATION and its editor as the 2 greatest friends that game and true sport have ever known.
J. C. Darnall, Richwood, Ohio.

I am greatly pleased with RECREATION and the noble work you are doing in behalf of game protection.
E. M. H. Eccleshimer,
Winter Haven, Fla.

I trust RECREATION will continue its war on game hogs and fish hogs until none are left in the country.
William A. Finch, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I heartily endorse your warfare against the game hogs, and would not be without RECREATION for a great deal.
Carl A. Marshall, Harbor Springs, Mich.

I get more out of one copy of RECREATION than I can out of all the other sportmen's periodicals combined.
W. E. Woodyear, Lewisburg, Pa.

RECREATION is the right thing in the right place. I am in love with the way you tackle the game hogs.
Courtney B. Clapp, Port Elgin, N. B.

Your magazine has been a grand success, and I hope you will continue to make it hot for the swine.
W. E. Butler, Huntley, Ill.

RECREATION is all right. Down with the game and fish hogs, and give honest hunters a chance.
Will L. Hough, Deposit, N. Y.

I take for my own reading 12 magazines, but RECREATION is the most welcome guest of the lot.
L. F. Marbury, Ruston, La.

RECREATION has come to be the dictionary, and with school boy submission we turn to it.
C. W. Evers, Bowling Green, O.

We all like RECREATION better than any other reading matter that comes to the house. Dr. W. A. Cabell, Miami, Mo.

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Ira Schurman,
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F. W. Lombard, Chicago, Ill.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's journal there is. Give it to the game hogs.
Aug. Grams, Winona, Minn.

RECREATION is better every month, and I would not miss buying it for anything.
C. W. Lane, Dexter, Me.

RECREATION is a grand journal. It treats the game hogs as they deserve.
G. Chase, Oneonta, N. Y.

RECREATION is far ahead of any sportsmen's journal I ever read.
E. Groom, Ogden, Ia.

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Will C. Root, Carthage, N. Y.

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E. W. Phelps, Elizabeth, N. J.

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RECREATION is the best magazine published. E. L. Harlow, Waverly, Mass.

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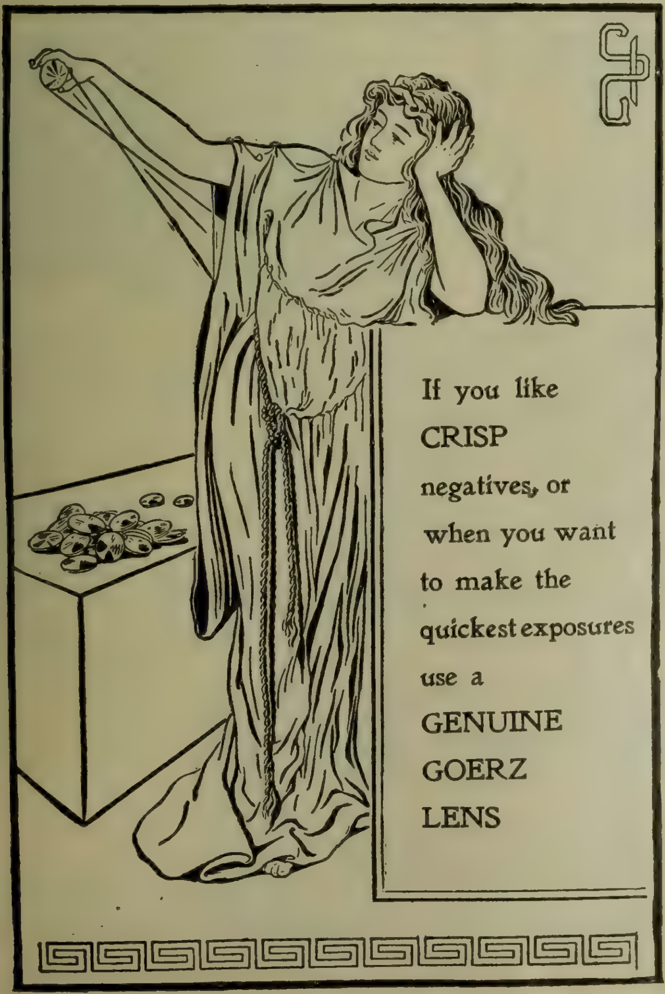
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AMATEUR SALES DEPT.

Should like instructions for making transparencies from photographic negatives. Also can you give a cause for this: Several pictures taken of the Dewey arch appear to be light struck in the same place. Are they really light struck, or is the effect due to the sun's shining on the arch in a certain way?

A. A. Benedict, Jersey City, N. J.

ANSWER.

A transparency is but a print from a negative on a slow plate made in exactly the same manner as a Velox print. Carbutt's "A" plates are excellent. You should mask off about an inch of your negative all around so as to give a border of clear glass. That is, for a 5x7 cut a mask out of black or red thin paper 5x7 outside with an opening say 3x5 in the center. Lay this on the negative and in the dark room lay a transparency plate on that, face down, in the printing frame, close the frame and expose to lamp or gas light from one second upward, at a distance of 2 feet from a 4-foot burner, according to the density of the negative. The plate is then developed with metol or amidol or eiko-hydro, fixed, washed well and dried. It should then be backed with a ground glass, covered with clear glass and framed.

Your plates were not light struck in taking the picture you mention by any reflection. Your holder or your dark room is not safe.—EDITOR.

OPEN CAR NUISANCE.

Trod upon,
  Stared at;
Angrily
  Glared at;
Roasted and
  Sputtered at;
Bumped against,
  Muttered at;
Frowned upon,
  Scowled at;
Stumbled on,
  Growled at;
Slyly kicked,
  Voted mean;
"Biggest pig
  Ever seen.
Really should
  Hang the cuss."
Verdict u-
  Nanimous.
Hope he goes
  Where it's hot,
Gets a place
  On a spot
Where the heat
  Simply sizzles—
Keep him there
  Till he frizzles.
That's the best
  Sort of plan
For the mean
  "End-Seat Man!"

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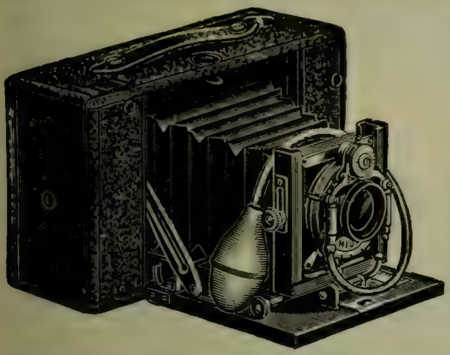
Friend—Of course! The players naturally desire to get through with it as soon as possible.—Puck.

The Snap Shot Album, sent me as premium for 2 subscriptions to RECREATION, received and I am much pleased with it. It is just the thing for the fine collection of pictures I have made during a 2 months' vacation here in the woods and mountains.

Dr. W. L. Bosserman, Beaver Falls, N. Y.



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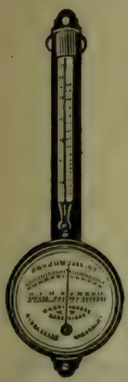

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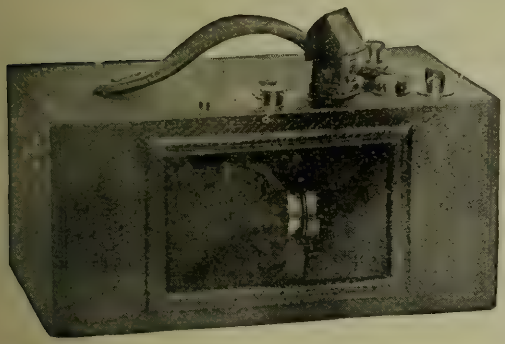

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With one of these you can photograph a whole regiment of troops, a whole fleet of ships, a great stretch of river or a whole range of mountains with one exposure and on one film where you would have to make 3 or 4 exposures with any other camera.

THE SWINGING LENS DOES IT!

It enables the operator to take in a scope of about 180°, or nearly a half circle.

FOR TIME AND SNAPSHOT EXPOSURES.

It has a patent attachment for making **Five** different size negatives, viz: 5x4, 5x6, 5x8, 5x10, and 5x12 inches long.

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This cut is made from the first photo ever taken showing both falls at Niagara from the old Clifton House to the Suspension Bridge. It was taken with an AL VISTA CAMERA.

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No. 1 Size 21 x 25. **"The Interrupted Feast."** Winner of first prize. This was published on page 417 of December RECREATION, and represents a live golden eagle, on the wing, carrying a full grown rabbit. Price $5.

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All lovers true as steel—
Decided, in a friendly way,
To spend the day a-wheel.
They started in the early morn,
And nothing seemed amiss;
And when they reached the leafy lanes
They in like
Rode twos this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill;
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They heard the song bird's trill.
They sped through many a woodland glade,
And when they rested in the shade
Theysat intwos likethis;

The sun went down and evening came,
A lot too soon, they said:
Too long they tarried on the way,
The clouds grew black o'erhead.
Down dashed the rain; they homeward flew
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped sidewise—Crash! Great Scott!
Weareallmixeduplikethis!

—California Curio.

Warwick—Why is it there are no real skyscrapers in London?

Wickwire—There is no sky.

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"She saw that a lot of slightly soiled thermometers were to be sold at Remnant's between 7:15 and 7:45 A. M. on Tuesday only, so she hurried down there without her breakfast."

"Yes?"

"She looked at the thermometers and shook her head."

"What was the trouble?"

"The store was too hot and the thermometers all registered 80. Maria said she had seen just as good at Sample's at 72."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A dog, so the Modern Fable goes, carrying a large, juicy bone in his mouth, was walking along a narrow plank which spanned a brooklet. Happening to glance downward, the canine was surprised to see his luncheon reflected in the clear waters.

"Well, well," he thought to himself, cross-eyeing the real bone; "this is certainly food for reflection!"

Saying which, he proceeded to bore his friends for the next three weeks with his brilliant sally.—Puck.

Have you sent for one of the L. A. S. show cards? If not you should do so at once. Every member of the League should display one.

The devil one day a hunting went;
To foreign fields his course was bent.
His thoughts were fixed on bigger game,
His heart was set on greater fame.
And if such laurels he might win,
The bigger yarns his tongue might spin.
So leaving that place they call "sweet home,"
Altho' to him 'twas "not so warm"—
He packs his grip and starts for Nome.

Rev. R. S. Stringfellow,
Nome City, Alaska.

Every League member should send in at least 10 cents to aid in buving a watch to be presented to the Hon. John F. Lacey, as a token of our appreciation of his great work in securing the passage of the Lacey Bird bill.

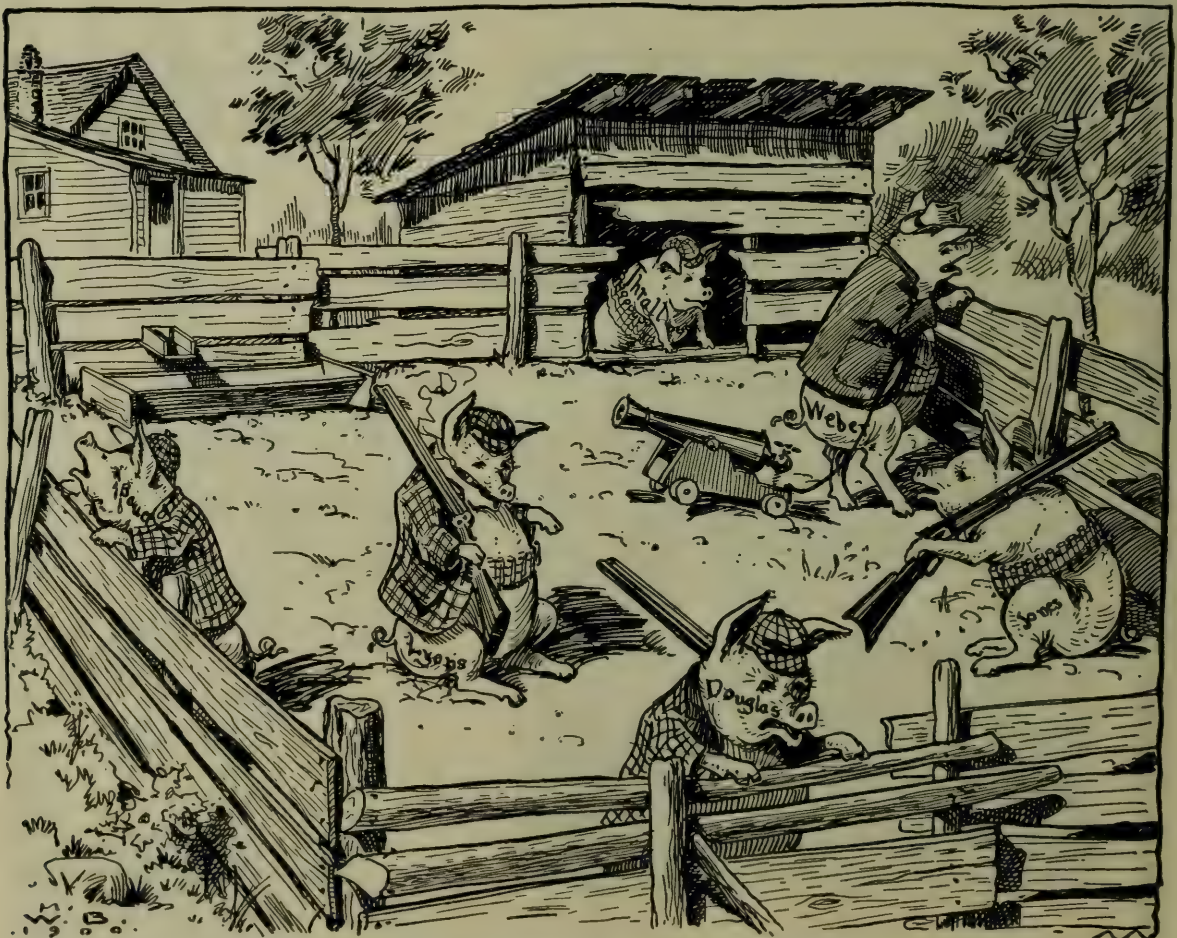
She couldn't be belle of the ball,
Her gown was not delivered,
And that's why the bawl of the belle
Upon the atmosphere quivered.

—Baltimore American.

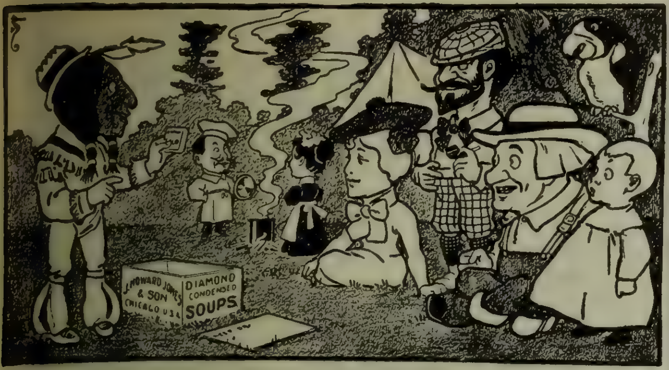
"George Washington married a widow, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"What a snap a widow must have had with a man who couldn't tell a lie!"



HERE IS ANOTHER PEN THAT IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.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One of the most perfect schemes for a bed I have ever tried is a Kenwood sleeping bag. This is made of soft, heavy felt, lined with a fine wool blanket, and covered with heavy waterproof duck. You can throw this on a bunch of boughs, or on a canvas cot, or on an air mattress, and sleep the sleep of the just, and you need not have a tent or a roof over you, either. You can sleep out of doors in one of these beds, even though the rains descend or the blizzards howl, and you will know nothing of the weather until morning. I have tried it many a night and know whereof I speak.

Write F. C. Huyck & Sons, Albany, N. Y., for a catalogue of sleeping bags and mention Recreation. If you buy one of these and do not find it up to the standard I have described return it to them and they will refund you your money promptly.

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A complete map of the Adirondack mountain region in colors.

A map of the Central lake region of the Adirondack mountains on a large scale; also in colors.

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Husband—I telegraphed you not to bring your mother home with you.

Wife—Yes; mamma read your telegram and wants to know what it means.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

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FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Forehand New Model Revolver, listing at $4; or a Yawman & Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5; or a Korona Camera, Model IC, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listing at $7.

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NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a Wizard A Camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10.

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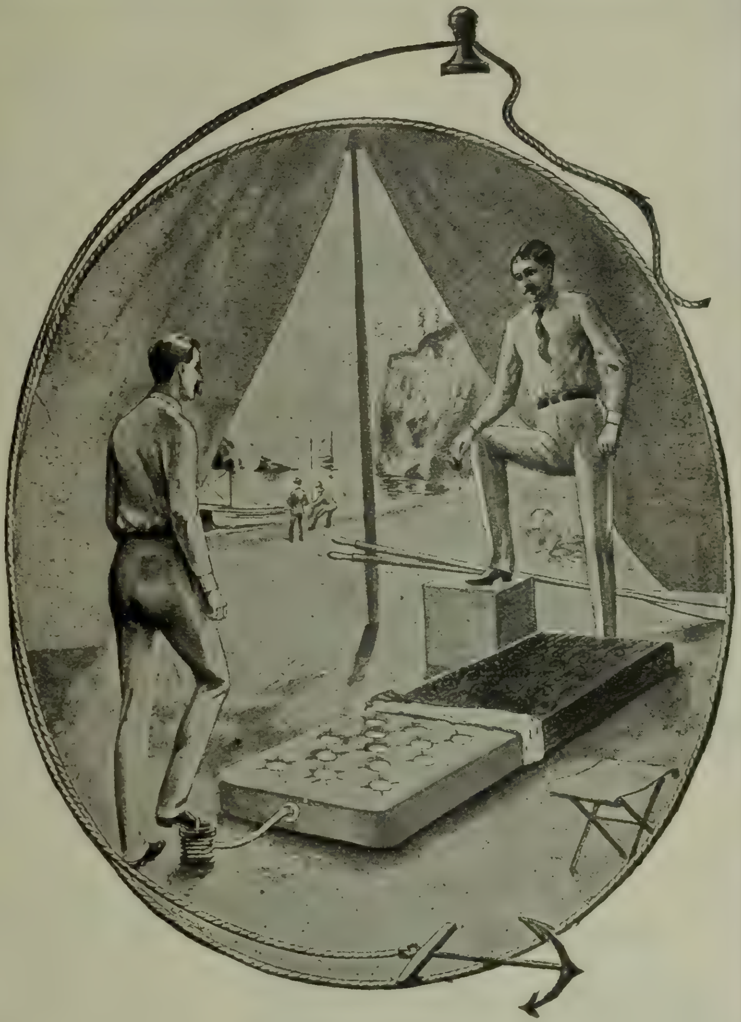

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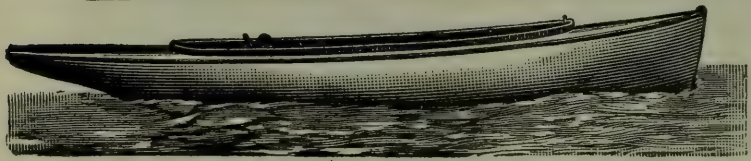

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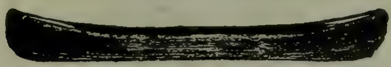

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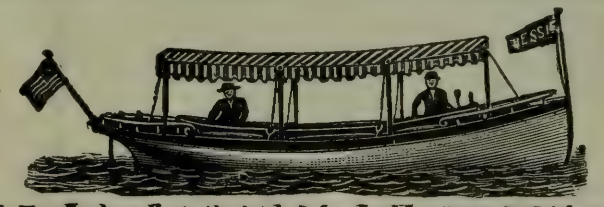

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For Sale: Fine specimen of mounted Buffalo Head; Western Saddle; Buckskin Coat; No. 6 Bear Trap; Buffalo Robe; Mounted Black Bear; Deer Heads; Spinning Wheel.

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TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHTS To suit all manner of rifle cranks and pocketbooks of all dimensions, from the $10 complete outfit to $50 and upward. Our "SNAP SHOT" telescopes are far ahead of any known rifle sight for off-hand and hunting purposes, while the principal rest-shooters find their ideal in our high-grade target telescopes. The highest known scores have been made with their aid. SEND FOR LIST.

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LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.
Send for 96 Page Catalogue of
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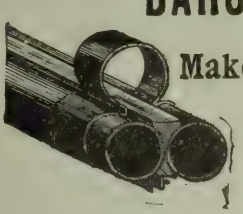


Makes Wing Shooting Easy
Price 50 cents
Circular free. Give gauge and length of barrels.
RUSHWORTH & BARGER
150 Fifth Ave., New York

For Sale: Winchester rifle, 44-40, Model '73 with leather saddle holster. List $21.50. Price $10. Smith & Wesson revolver, 38 caliber, D. A., 5-shot. List $11.75. Price $5. Both in good condition.

A. L. Bee, Ft. Collins, Colo.

For Sale: Marlin Repeating Shot Gun, in good condition, $12.

Jas. S. Fasoldt, Slingerlands, N. Y.

For Sale: A Tribune Tandem, 98 model. Good as new; ridden less than 500 miles.

Address S. G., care of Recreation.

BOOK NOTICES.

The fourth annual report of the New York Zoölogical Society is out and makes a most gratifying showing of the wonderful progress of this great work, under the management of Director W. T. Hornaday. The book is beautifully illustrated with half tone reproductions of photos of the various buildings, and of the birds and mammals in the park. The frontispiece is an interior view of the reptile house, one of the finest and best appointed buildings of its class in the world. Another noteworthy picture, and one which is worth $10 to any sportsman or naturalist, is that shown opposite page 36. It represents a group of 5 elk, 2 bulls, 2 cows and a yearling calf. There are many other fine pictures in the volume that deserve notice, but I can not spare the space here to describe them.

On pages 35 and 36 will be found a list of specimens donated to the Zoölogical Society by readers of RECREATION. If any contributor to this group has not received a copy of the report he should write Mr. Hornaday for it and consult the list. The RECREATION series now numbers 59 specimens, and I hope by the close of the year the number will be swelled to at least 100.

"The Amateur's Practical Garden Book," by Hunn and Bailey (Macmillan & Co., N. Y.), is exactly what its title signifies, and will find a welcome at the hands of those who love to cultivate flowers and fruits, and, who, without the time or inclination to be technical, nevertheless require a more or less accurate knowledge as to the selection of seeds and plants, the use of fertilizers, the making of hotbeds, pruning, grafting and the hundred other pleasant tasks so necessary to successful gardening. It is a complete and interesting handbook for the novice, but it is also more than that; because without professing to convey any new information it actually does so. There is little room for the imagination in a book of this sort, but in lieu of this, one is always pleased to discover the personality of the writer and to detect in his work something more than his mere familiarity with the subject. Mr. C. E. Hunn is gardener to the Horticultural Department of Cornell University, and has lived with plants long enough to know what he talks about. Mr. Bailey has added an attractive polish to the book, and we think the little volume will soon become well thumbed.

In a pretty pamphlet entitled "Food of the Orient," Dr. Alice B. Stockham (Chicago) wants to know how it is that the people of India "feed mainly upon rice and still have strength and endurance; are not only the peers of meat-feeding nations, but can do even greater things than they." If the doctor will prove that her premises are true, we will try to find a reason why; but they are not. If they were, 60,000 English in India could not rule 300,000,000 of natives, even for 24 hours. The rice diet of the Hindu makes him thin in biceps, and timid in spirit. Excepting the Sikhs and Rajputs, I will back a beef-eating New York policeman with a night-stick against anv ten rice eaters that can be found from Travancore to the Terai.

Another pamphlet by the same author, entitled "Hindu Wedding Bells," contains a graphic and pleasing account of a Hindu betrothal in Bombay, and burns six pages of incense before the marble shrine of the tourist, otherwise called the Taj Mehal.

Dr. T. S. Palmer, Assistant Chief, Biological Survey, Agriculture Department, Washington, has prepared a most complete and exhaustive synopsis of laws enacted by the various States and Territories for the protection of birds, other than game birds. For years past Dr. Palmer has been giving special attention to this class of legislation, as well as to that affecting game birds and mammals. Every letter and every document that has gone to the Agriculture Department bearing on any such subject has been referred to Palmer, and he has kept careful and accurate tables, indexes and synopses of all such matter. The present book is the result, and is of inestimable value to agriculture and to science. Any one interested can get a copy of the book by addressing Dr. Palmer as above.

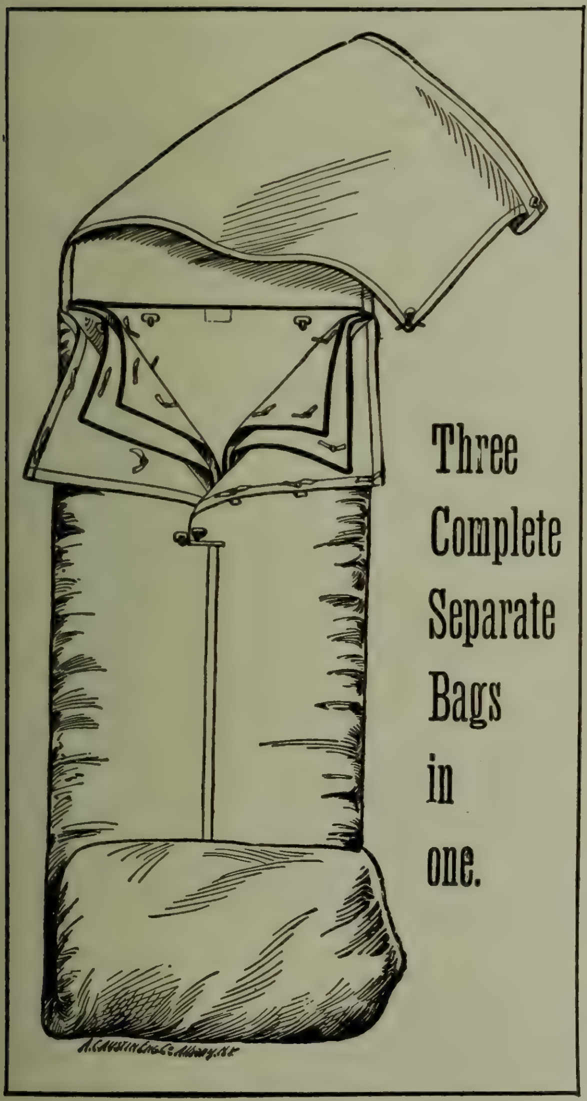
"Going Abroad?" by Robert Luce, is a compact volume of advice, suggestions and information to guide travelers in making a choice of routes and in following them to the best advantage. Chapters on How to Travel Abroad, Bicycle Touring, Hotels and Pensions, Clothing, Manners and Customs, The Learning of a Foreign Language, etc., give wide scope and a fund of useful information which is often obtained only by unpleasant and costly experience. Published by Robert and Linn Luce, Boston.

There is nothing so essential to a good night's rest in camp as

A GOOD BED

And that means a

KENWOOD SLEEPING BAG



A whole trip is often spoiled by one night of discomfort from cold or rain. **You don't need to consider the weather when you have a KENWOOD Bag.** It is adapted to every condition of climate and weather, house or no house, tent or no tent. It assures

Perfect Protection,
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Sound Sleep.

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THE KENWOOD MILLS

ALBANY, N. Y.

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PREMIUMS.

I thank you for the Korona camera recently received for getting subscribers to RECREATION. It is more than I expected and takes excellent pictures. The members of the club are highly pleased with the magazine and the manner in which you roast the game hogs.

Ralph Beuford, Johnstown, Pa.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Forehand New Model revolver as premium for subscriptions to RECREATION. I am greatly pleased with it. This is the second revolver I have secured in this way.

J. B. Deacon, Jr., Louisville, Ky.

I have given the Syracuse shot gun I got through you a thorough trial, and it has proved entirely satisfactory. It has a better finish than I expected to see. It shoots extremely well, makes an excellent pattern and shows good penetration.

A. P. Cornell, M. D., Gravenhurst, Ont.

I have received and tried the Ithaca hammerless shotgun you sent me for subscribers to RECREATION and it is a killer. Anyone wishing a gun should grasp this opportunity to secure one with very little trouble.

H. B. Gregg, San Francisco, Cal.

I received the Shattuck gun as premium for subscriptions to RECREATION and thank you very much for it. It is a very close shooter. At 50 yards a 14-inch circle would cover all the shot.

R. C. Hobbie, Hudson, N. Y.

The Rushton canoe you so graciously offered me as premium for subscriptions was duly received. To say I am pleased with it mildly expresses my satisfaction and pride in owning such a boat.

Fred Taube, New Orleans, La.

I received the Hawkeye camera you sent me as a premium, for which please accept my sincere thanks. It is a little beauty. RECREATION is the cleanest and most delightful magazine published.

Harry Coney, Birmingham, Mich.

I thank you for the repeating rifle you had sent me from the factory as a premium. It is a beauty, and all right in every respect. I am more than pleased with it.

W. E. Lacey, St. Paul, Minn.

I take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of RECREATION club of this place, receipt of banner so kindly given by you, for which the club extends a vote of thanks.

C. M. Estell, Friendship, N. Y.

I received the Stevens Ideal rifle you sent me for 10 subscriptions, and find it perfect in every respect. I thank you for it and will send you more subscriptions soon.

M. W. Butterick,
Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

The Ingersoll watch came all right, is satisfactory and running well. It is just the timepiece to carry on a rough trip like the one I start on this morning.

G. G. Surface, Chipley, Fla.

The Bristol steel fishing rod sent me for premium was received, and it is a beauty. I am more than pleased with it. Accept my sincere thanks.

N. A. Bossing, Portland, Ore.

Received the Lefever hammerless gun just one week after I sent for it. Am well pleased with it. It works perfectly. Everybody says it is a beauty.

H. M. Price, Joliet, Ill.

Have received Wizard B camera as premium. The lens is as good as some I have seen in cameras costing almost twice as much.

Geo. F. Brigden, Waltham, Mass.

The Abercrombie tent arrived O. K. I am much pleased with it. No rain can get through it. It is a grand premium for only 8 subscribers.

H. J. Durfee, Buffalo, Minn.

Accept my thanks for the Marble pocket axe you sent me. It is a beauty. No sportsman can afford to be without one.

F. M. Davis, Blooomfield, Ia.

The Yawman & Erbe reel reached me this morning. It is all right, and I like it very much indeed. I thank you sincerely.

Mrs. Emma Lutz, Lancaster, Pa.

I have received the Primus oil stove, for which accept thanks. It is the best oil stove I have ever used.

E. D. Elmer, Cummington, Mass.

I received the Laflin & Rand powder all right and like it so well I send you 2 more subscriptions for another can of it.

Bert N. Howard, Watervliet, Mich.

The Gramophone I received as a premium is the finest machine I ever heard of.

W. E. Sebring, Buena Vista, Cal.

The No. 4 Bullet camera is received and I am much pleased with it.

Jas. Barton, Syracuse, N. Y.

Ingersolls' Base-Ball Uniforms

Notwithstanding their extremely low prices, our Uniforms are all made of reliable material, thoroughly tailored and handsomely finished. *We guarantee that our Uniforms cannot be equalled for double price elsewhere.* Each uniform includes Shirt with eight letters, padded Pants and Cap, Hose and Belt to match. Made in appropriate colors and present a handsome appearance on the diamond.

GRADE A. Clubs of nine $2.25—each **$2.50**
GRADE B. Clubs of nine $3.25—each **$3.50**
GRADE C. Clubs of nine $4.50—each **$5.00**

Catalogue, samples of materials, and self measurement blanks mailed free.

FOOTBALL—1900

The football season is rapidly approaching and the winning team is preparing for practice. The best of **the Ingersoll** line is not surpassed in quality by any in the world while our goods at popular prices stand unrivalled, alone in quality and reliability.

Our "Varsity" Football Pants. These pants are better than any that can be purchased elsewhere at any price. The material is a specially imported drab moleskin. The pattern is the most perfect ever designed. The padding is put just where it ought to be and fixed so that it will stay there. Superior to the $5.00 grade of other makes. From stock or to order. Per pair, **$3.00**

Our "Prep" Pants. Made of a good quality drab moleskin cut in the same pattern as the Varsity pants. Heavily padded with special padding on hips and knees, Per pair, **$1.25**

Our "Rugby" Pants. Made of substantial duck, properly made and padded. Per pair, **75c**

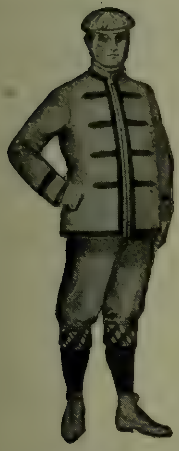
In ordering pants give waist measurement and length.

Football Jackets. "Varsity" Jacket to match "Varsity" pants, **$1.00.** "Prep" Jacket to match "Prep" pants, **65c.** "Rugby" Jacket to match "Rugby" pants, **40c. Give Chest and Waist Measurement in ordering.**

Victor $5.00 Intercollegiate Football, $4.00. Good regulation Rugby football for practice purposes at **$2.00** and **$1.00.** Sent by mail for 15c extra. Send for catalogue of football supplies.

BICYCLE AND GOLF APPAREL

NEW YORK'S LATEST FADS AND FABRICS AT REDUCED PRICES.



The Standard Uniform or Suit.

As an ideal Summer Suit our "Standard" is unequalled. The material is a perfect imitation of English covert cloth, and being tan in color does not show dust or wear. It is made in two styles, the popular sack suit, or the regulation uniform in full military braid. A cool, comfortable and stylish outfit. Special price, **$3.40**

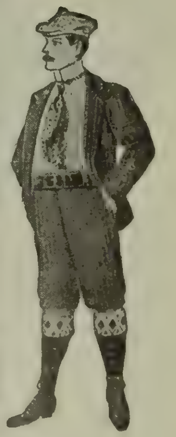
Send for free samples of the above fabrics and our explicit directions for self-measurement, together with many other suitings and catalogue of all Athletic Goods; or if in a hurry, send your chest and waist measure and $1, and we will send a probable fit, balance C.O.D., which may be returned or exchanged if unsoiled.

The "Ultra" Suit is par-excellent for golfing or wheeling. All the new ideas in fashionable garments for recreation are embodied in it. Material is a genteel but handsome plaid of splendid wearing quality, so woven as to be cool and comfortable and they will hold their shape indefinitely. Special price, **$4.50**

Genuine English Covert Cloth Suit. Material used in this suit is a favorite at all times. Tan colored, woven in the new herring-bone and whipcord effect. Cut in the new fashions and the most durable suit to be had. Elegantly tailored and costs $12 at your tailor's Sack Cut Suit, to order, **$7.50**

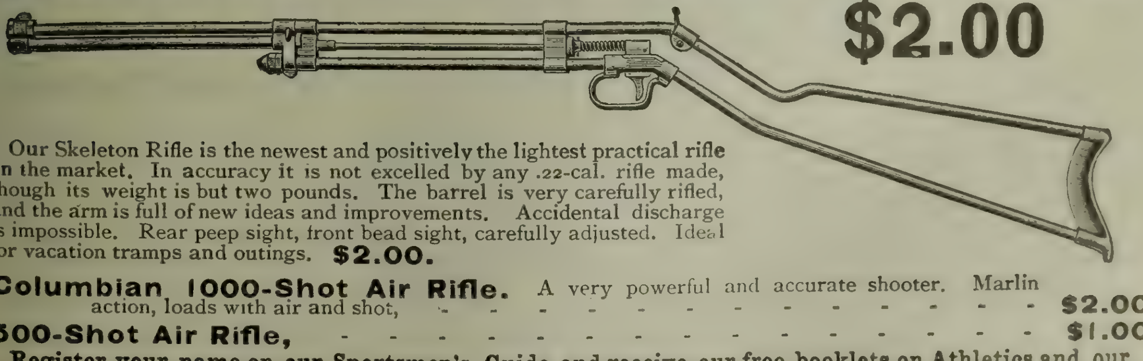
Full Braided Military Uniform, **$8.75**

Samples free by mail.



INGERSOLL ACCURATE SKELETON RIFLE

$2.00



Our Skeleton Rifle is the newest and positively the lightest practical rifle on the market. In accuracy it is not excelled by any .22-cal. rifle made, though its weight is but two pounds. The barrel is very carefully rifled, and the arm is full of new ideas and improvements. Accidental discharge is impossible. Rear peep sight, front bead sight, carefully adjusted. Ideal for vacation tramps and outings. **$2.00.**

Columbian 1000-Shot Air Rifle. A very powerful and accurate shooter. Marlin action, loads with air and shot, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - **$2.00**

500-Shot Air Rifle, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - **$1.00**

Register your name on our Sportsmen's Guide and receive our free booklets on Athletics and our quarterly Catalogue.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 67 Cortlandt St., New York
DEPARTMENT 77

Money in Eggs

Barred Plymouth Rocks are

THE MOST PROFITABLE FOWLS

Easy to raise, large, superior for the table, best egg producers. Thrive in small space. The fancier's favorite. **EGGS, $2.00 PER 13, FORTY FOR $5.00.** All from purest bred, high-scoring birds. Packed to ship perfectly ANY DISTANCE. Plymouth Rock booklet free.

L. A. ELLIOTT, CITY VIEW FARM, IOWA CITY, IOWA.

White and Buff Wyandottes

BRED FOR UTILITY AND BEAUTY

My egg record has never been equalled by any White Wyandotte breeder.

I won 3 ribbons out of 5 in the great New York Show.

At the Riverside Show in California, in hot company, composed of both Eastern and Western birds, I won 1st and 3rd in cocks, 1st in pullets, and special for the highest scoring bird in the entire show.

W. E. MACK, Woodstock, Vt.

FOR SALE

10 pairs English Ring-Neck Pheasants at $5 per pair; 2 pair Mandarin Ducks at $15 per pair; 1 pair Mallard Ducks at $3 per pair; 2 pair Golden Pheasants at $15 per pair; 1 pair Red Foxes at $5 per pair; 2 female Raccoons at $2 each; 2 cows and 1 bull Elk at $75 each; 1 Fallow Buck (white) $25.

All properly packed and delivered at R. R. station.

HILL-TOP GAME PRESERVE,
Ulster Co. Lake Hill, N. Y.

I received the Stevens rifle in first class condition, and it not only shoots well, but it is a little model of beauty.

F. H. Mastermann,
Framington Center, Mass.

For Sale: Live Buffalo, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Mule Deer, Wolves, Black, Brown, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bears. Prompt and careful shipments.

Hunting and tourist parties outfitted and guided, at reasonable rates. Expert guides always employed.

References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

Address Howard Eaton, Medora, N. D.

IN ANSWERING ADS IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR.

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ARTISTIC LIFELIKE MOUNTING OF

Mammals, Birds, Game, Heads, Etc.

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Glass Eyes for Stuffed Birds and Animals
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The Gamiest Birds in America. I am breeding from pure stock, with direct pedigree from birds imported from China by Judge Denny.

For sale for breeding or stocking purposes.

Reference: Fish and Game Commissioners, State House, Boston, Mass.

H. R. Foster, Ashby, Mass.

Also The N. E. Brooder and Belgian Hares.

FOR SALE

DEER, FOX, RACCOON AND RABBIT DOGS

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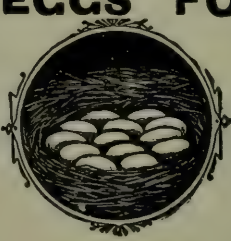
FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.

JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine.

EGGS FOR HATCHING



From twenty varieties of land and water fowls

Large circular free by mentioning RECREATION

W. E. MORRISON
Fox Lake, Wisconsin

A Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3, for 3 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Every camper knows the advantage of having a good fountain pen in his pocket, and this is one of that kind.

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY.

"ALCOHOL, it is claimed by statisticians, is the chief curse of civilization. More men fail in body, brain, and business through its agency than from any other cause. Ventures sent to sea with alcohol in command cannot mind the winds, fail to take correct astronomical observations, and arrive anywhere but in the right port. Alcohol ruins a man's health; ruins his home; endangers his happiness; jeopardizes his business interests, and brings him into ridicule.

The Keeley Institutes are neither hospitals nor prisons, but are as homelike as it is possible to make them. There is no confinement, nor is the slightest restraint put upon the patients beyond the request that they shall observe the few simple rules, and take faithfully the medicines prescribed. Neither are the patients treated as offenders against the morals of society, but as gentlemen and ladies who are afflicted with a disease that is curable.

To Dr. Keeley is due the honorable distinction of having first declared against the vice theory of drunkenness, and to substitute for old methods a humane and intelligent treatment which removed permanently the appetite for drink, and at the same time, by restoring the nervous system to a sound condition, improved the general health of the patient."

Leslie E. Keeley, M.D., LL.D.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

ADDRESS THE INSTITUTE NEAREST YOU.

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1170 Market St.
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18th and Curtis Sts.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.,
211 N. Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Plainfield, Ind.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
New Orleans, La.,
1628-38 Felicity St.
Portland, Me.,
151 Congress St.
Lexington, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.,
2803 Locust St.
Boulder, Mont.
Benton Harbor, Mich.
179 Pipestone, St.
Minneapolis, Minn.,
Park Ave. & 10th St. S
Blair, Neb.
Carson City, Nev.
North Conway, N. H.
White Plains, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.,
799 Niagara St.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Greenboro. N. C.
Fargo, N. D.
Columbus, O.,
910 N. Fourth St.
Portland, Ore.
Philadelphia, Pa.,
812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa.,
4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.,
306 Washington St.
Columbia, S. C.,
1109 Plain St.
Sioux Falls, S. D.
Dallas, Tex.
Belleview Pl.
Salt Lake City, Utah,
1st North and
West Temple Sts.
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Richmond, Va.,
403 No. 12th St.
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"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the institutions named.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE L. A. S.

ARTHUR F. RICE, Secretary L. A. S., 23 W. 24th St., New York.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed $1 for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

Name________________________________

Street or P. O. Box__________________________

City or Town____________________________

____

References.

Each Applicant Should be Given a Receipt by the Person to Whom Payment Is Made.

Detach this, fill out and send in.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

COLORADO.

W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, elk, bear, deer antelope, trout, and grouse.
J. M. Campbell, Buford, ditto
L. W. Ward, Buford, deer. elk, trout, grouse, bear and lion.

FLORIDA.

Carson Bros., Frostproof, Polk Co., bear, deer, turkeys, alligators, bass, catfish.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., ditto
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "
H. W. Johnson, Ketchum, "
J. B. Crapo, Kilgore, "
Chas. Pettys, " "

MAINE.

James A. Dutt, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.

MONTANA.

James Blair, Lakeview, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. A. Hague, Fridley, ditto
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
A. H. McManus, Superior, "
A. T. Leeds, Darby, "
Geo. M. Ferrell, Jardine, Park Co., "
Chas. Marble, Aldridge, Park Co., "
Geo. M. Ferrell, Jardine, "
E. E. Van Dyke Red Lodge, "

NEW YORK.

E. W. Kinne, Mongaup Valley, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Henry N. Mullin, Box 74, Harrisville, N. Y., deer grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto

OREGON.

W. H. Boren, Camas Valley, elk, mule and black tail deer, antelope, bear, Chinese pheasants.

WYOMING.

Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
James L. Simpson, Jackson, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
Cecil J. Huntington, Dayton, "
J. L. Simpson, Jackson, "
Frank L. Peterson, Jackson, "
S. N. Leek, Jackson, "

CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Geo. E. Armstrong, Perth Centre, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
Adam Moore, Scotch Lake, York Co., N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
W. A. Brewster, Banff, Rocky Mountain Park, Can., bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, caribou, trout and salmon.
Richard LeBuffe, Notre Dame Bay, caribou, trout and salmon.

Is Your Gun Worth Saving?
Is Your Time Worth Anything?

The Gun Bore Treatment

WILL SAVE BOTH

It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the **Rusting, Pitting** and **Leading** of the bore of Firearms.

Stop Cleaning Your Gun!

If this interests you, write to the

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.

7 and 9 Warren St., NEW YORK

Wanted: A pet raccoon and a good bear dog. Address "R," care RECREATION.

I AM located in Northwestern Colorado, in a paradise for sportsmen. Plenty of big game. Trout fishing unexcelled. Gentle saddle horses, and outfit first class in every respect. Correspondence solicited from sportsmen intending to take a hunting or fishing trip this year.

J. M. CAMPBELL, Guide, Buford, Colorado

Are you planning a hunting trip for next summer or fall? If so write me. I have a complete packing and camping outfit for several men, also an ample supply of horses, saddles, etc.

My ranch is in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains, where elk, deer, bear and antelope may still be found in fair numbers. Also fine trout fishing. Rates reasonable.

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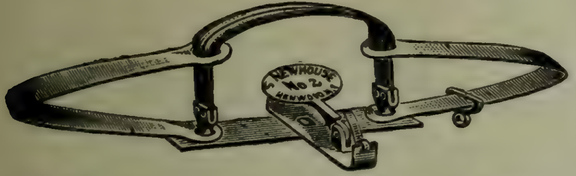

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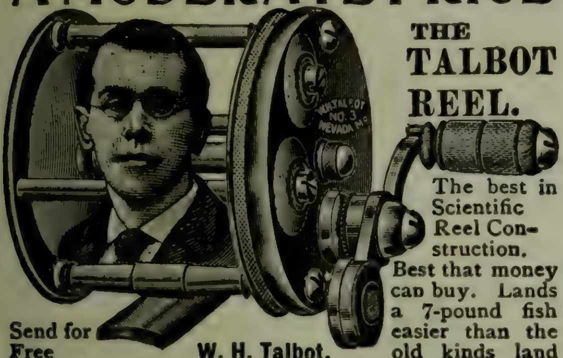

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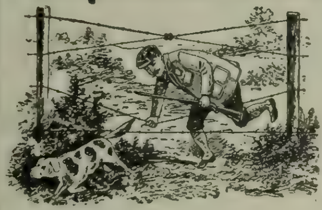

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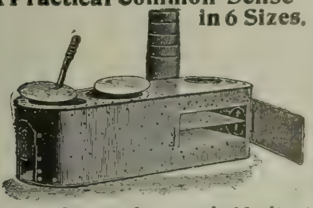

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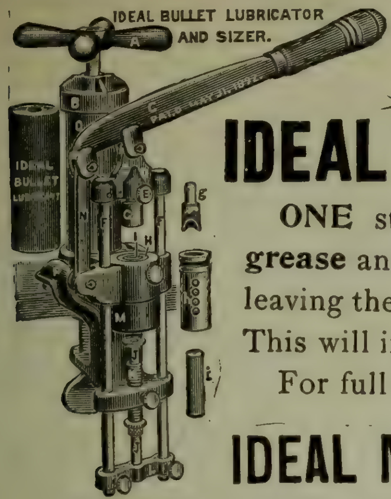

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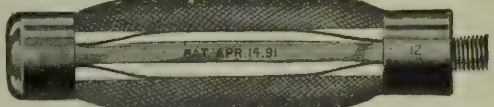

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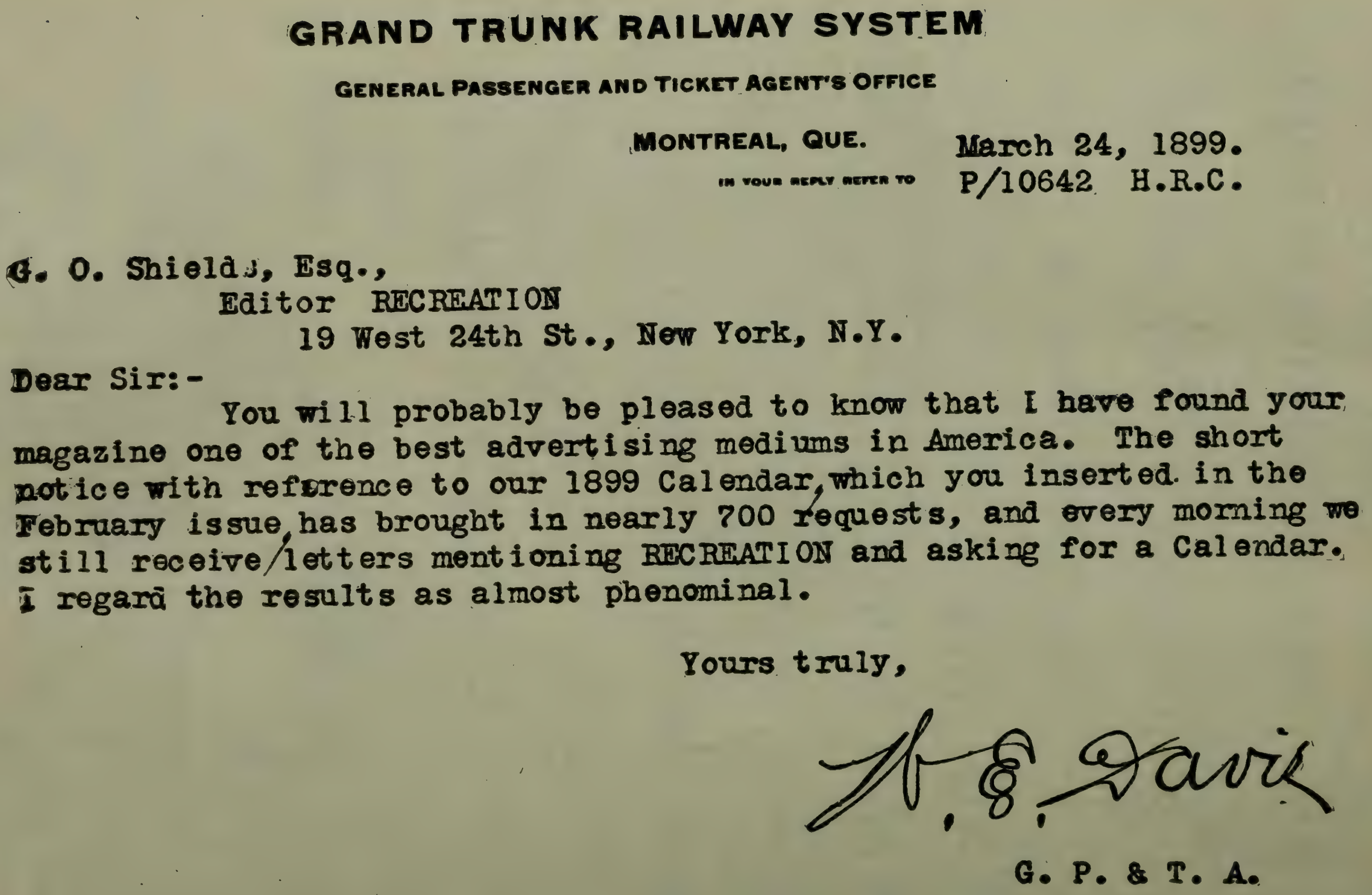

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If you're not convinced of this send ten cents for sample and catalogue. Don't blindly accept a substitute.

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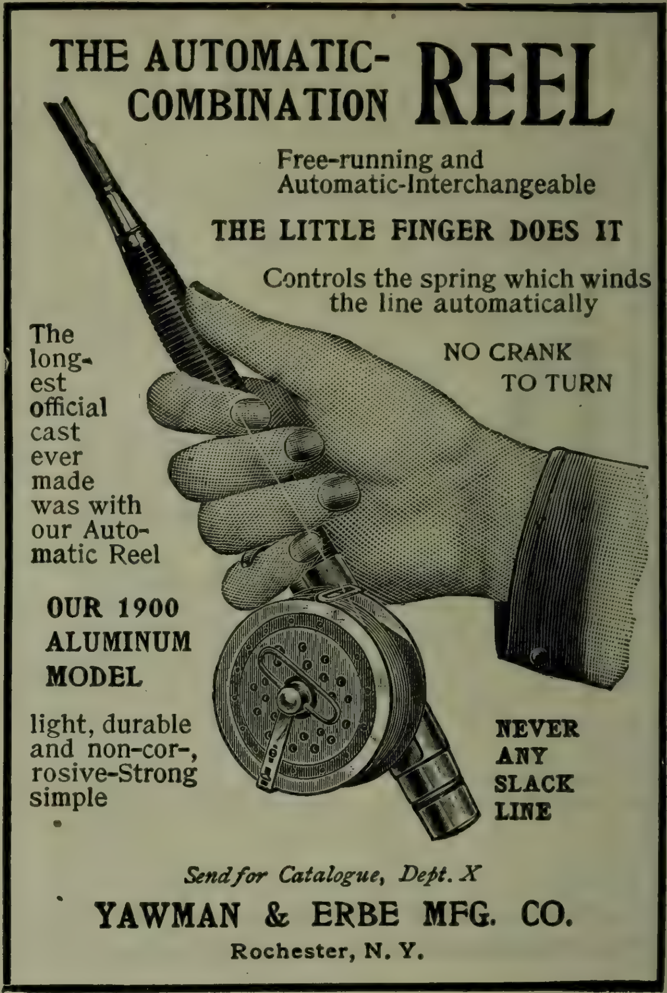

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Free-running and Automatic-Interchangeable

THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT

Controls the spring which winds the line automatically

NO CRANK TO TURN

The longest official cast ever made was with our Automatic Reel

OUR 1900 ALUMINUM MODEL

light, durable and non-corrosive-Strong simple

NEVER ANY SLACK LINE

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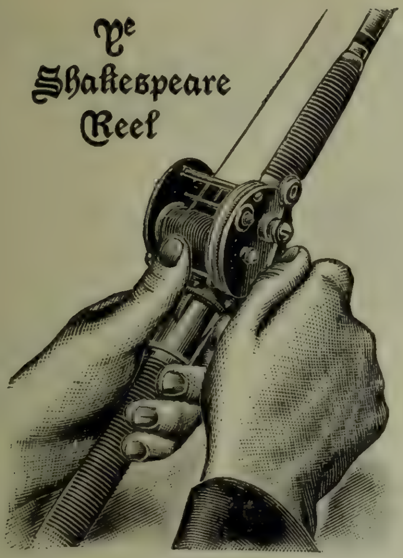
BUY THE "BRISTOL" ROD

Throw away your old-fashioned rods that are beginning to be "shaky."

No pleasure or satisfaction if your rod is not RIGHT.

The "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rod is ALL RIGHT — Never gets "shaky."

Send to the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., for FREE descriptive Catalogue.



The Shakespeare Reel

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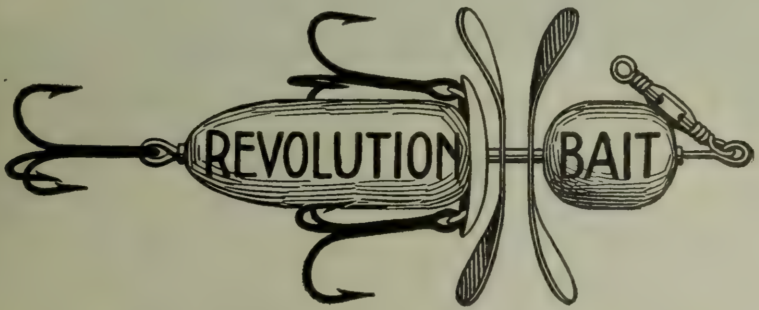

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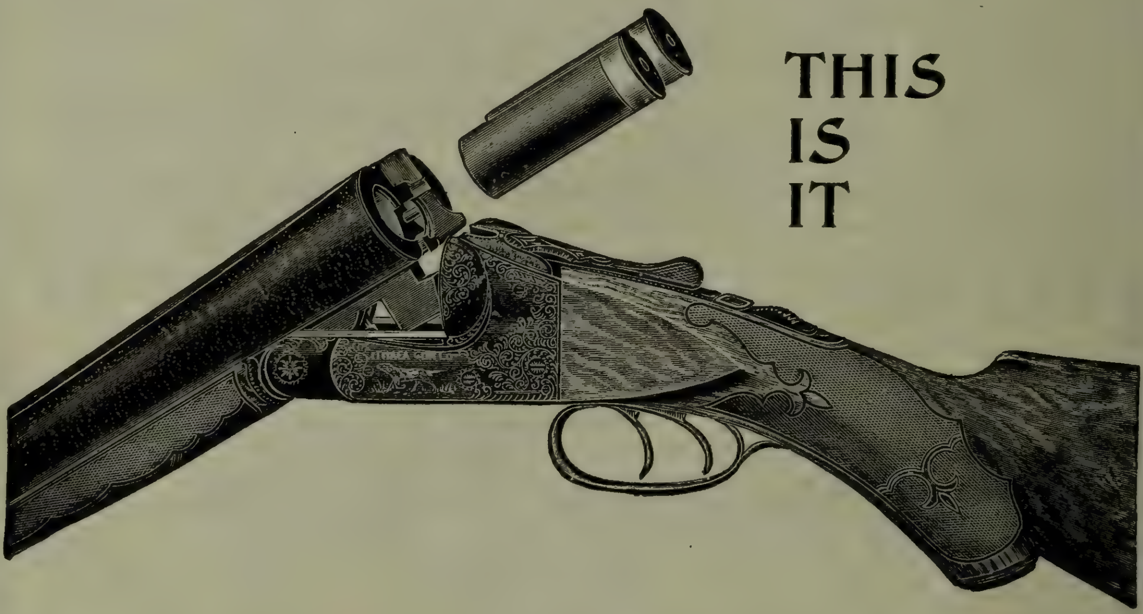

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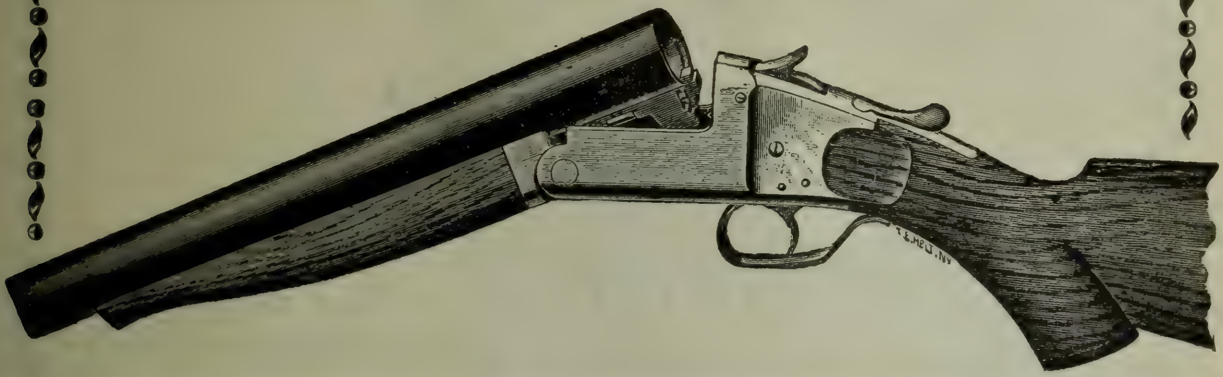

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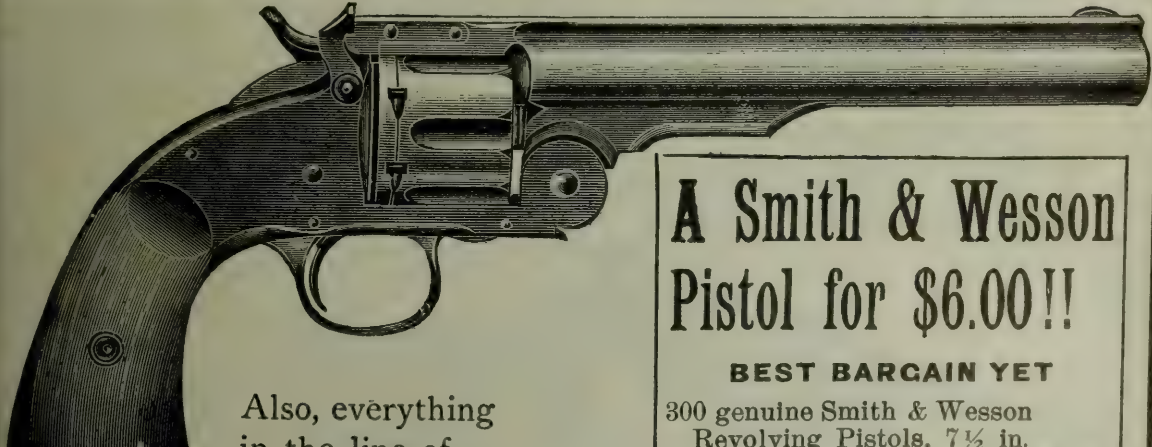

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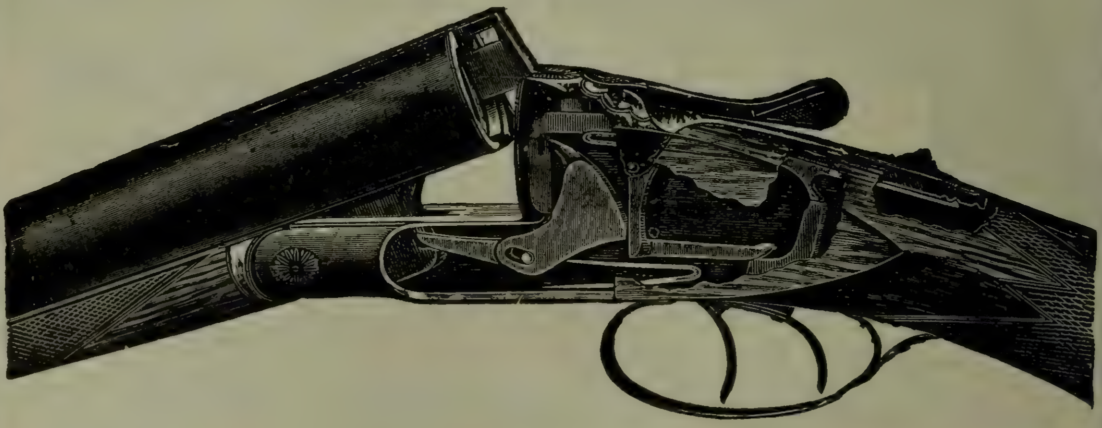

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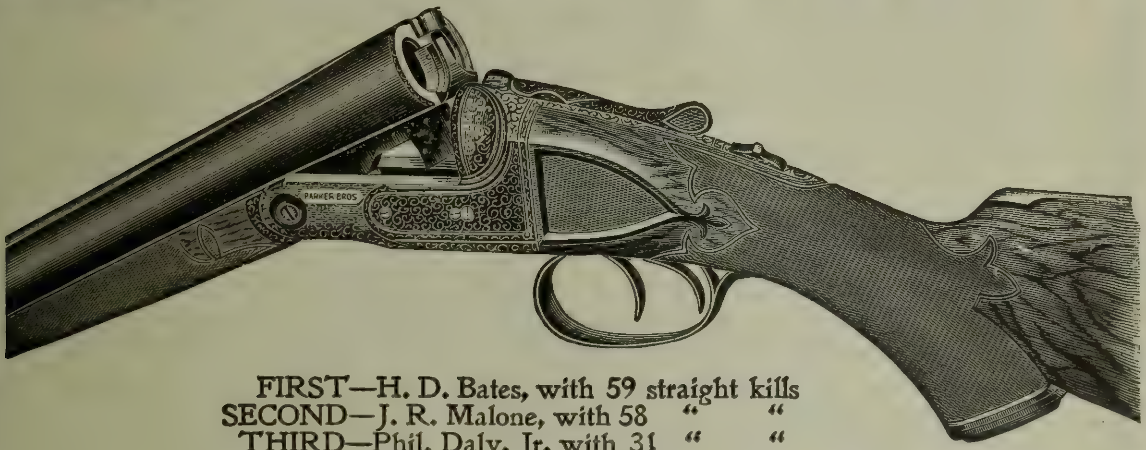

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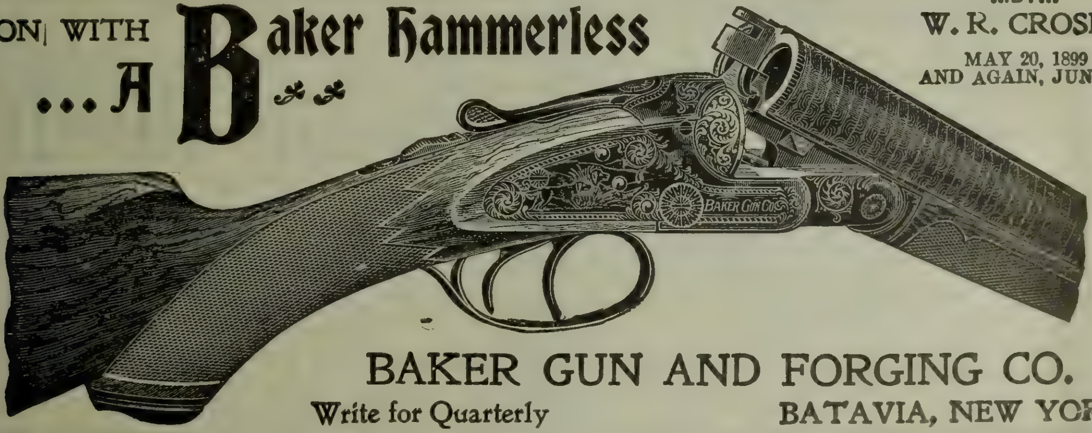

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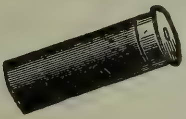

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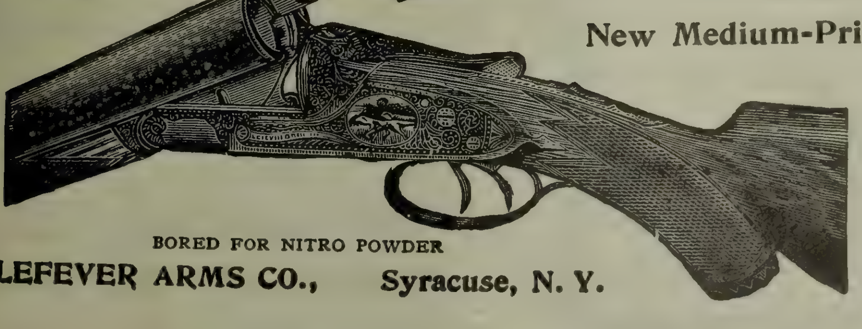

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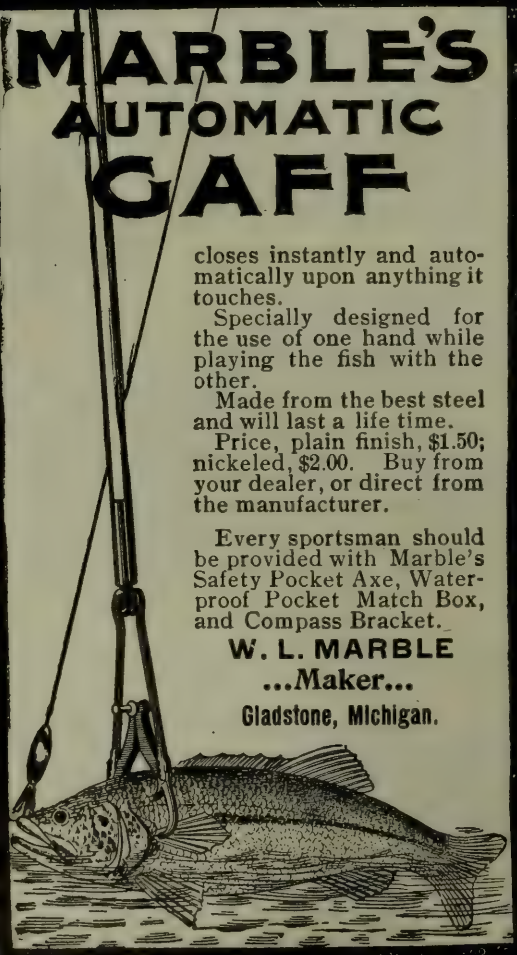

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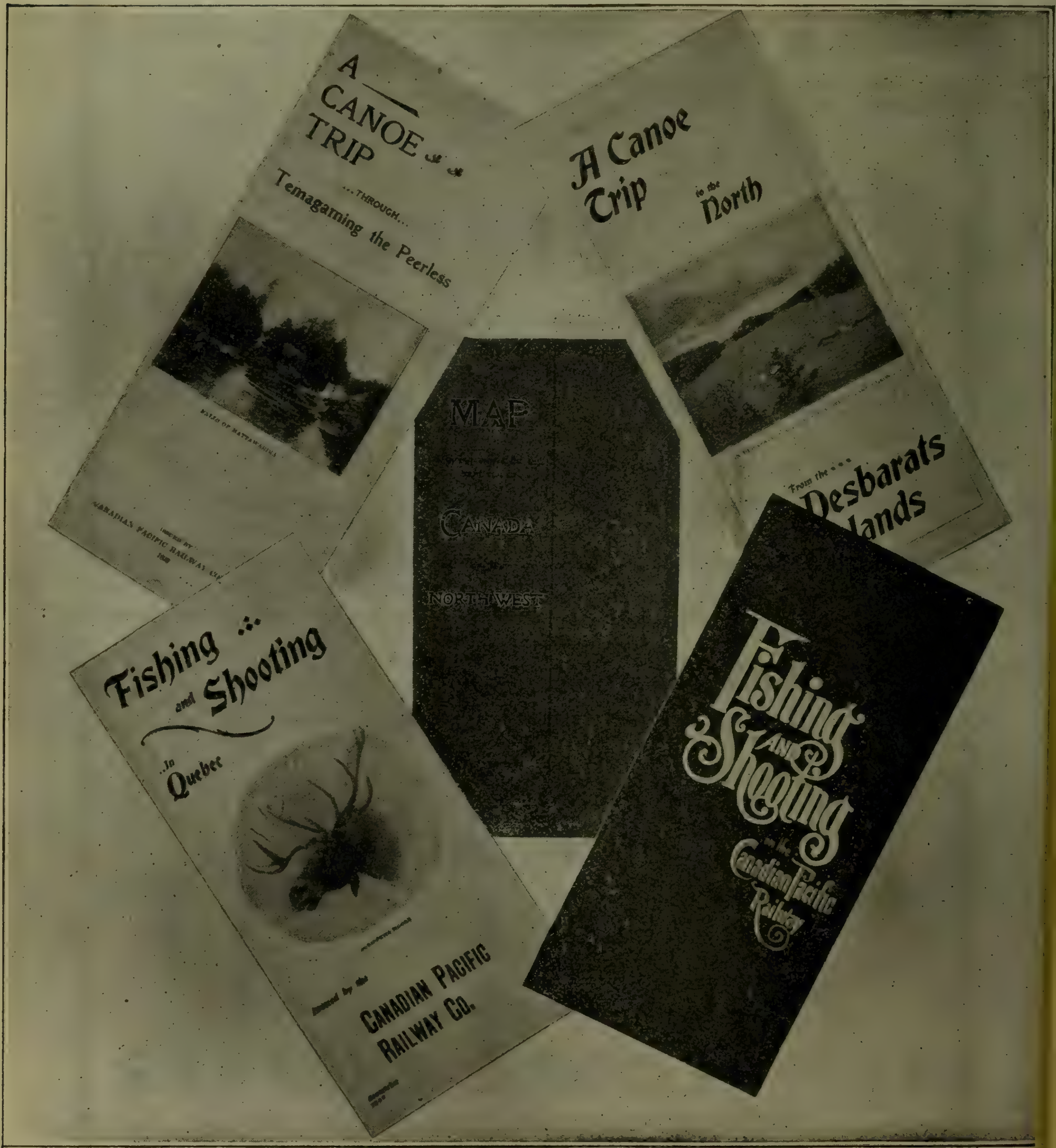
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VOLUME XIII.
NUMBER 3

SEPTEMBER 1900

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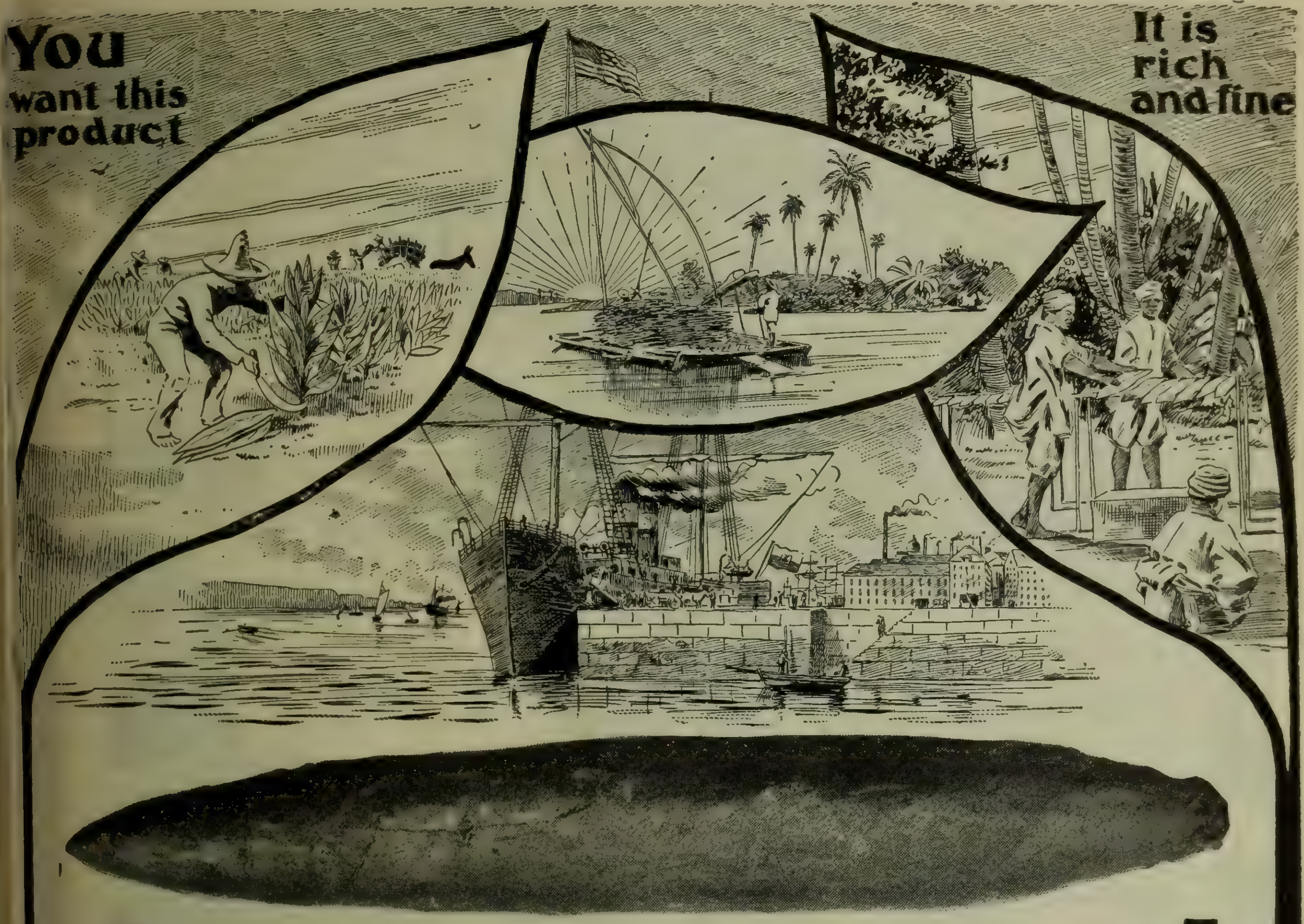

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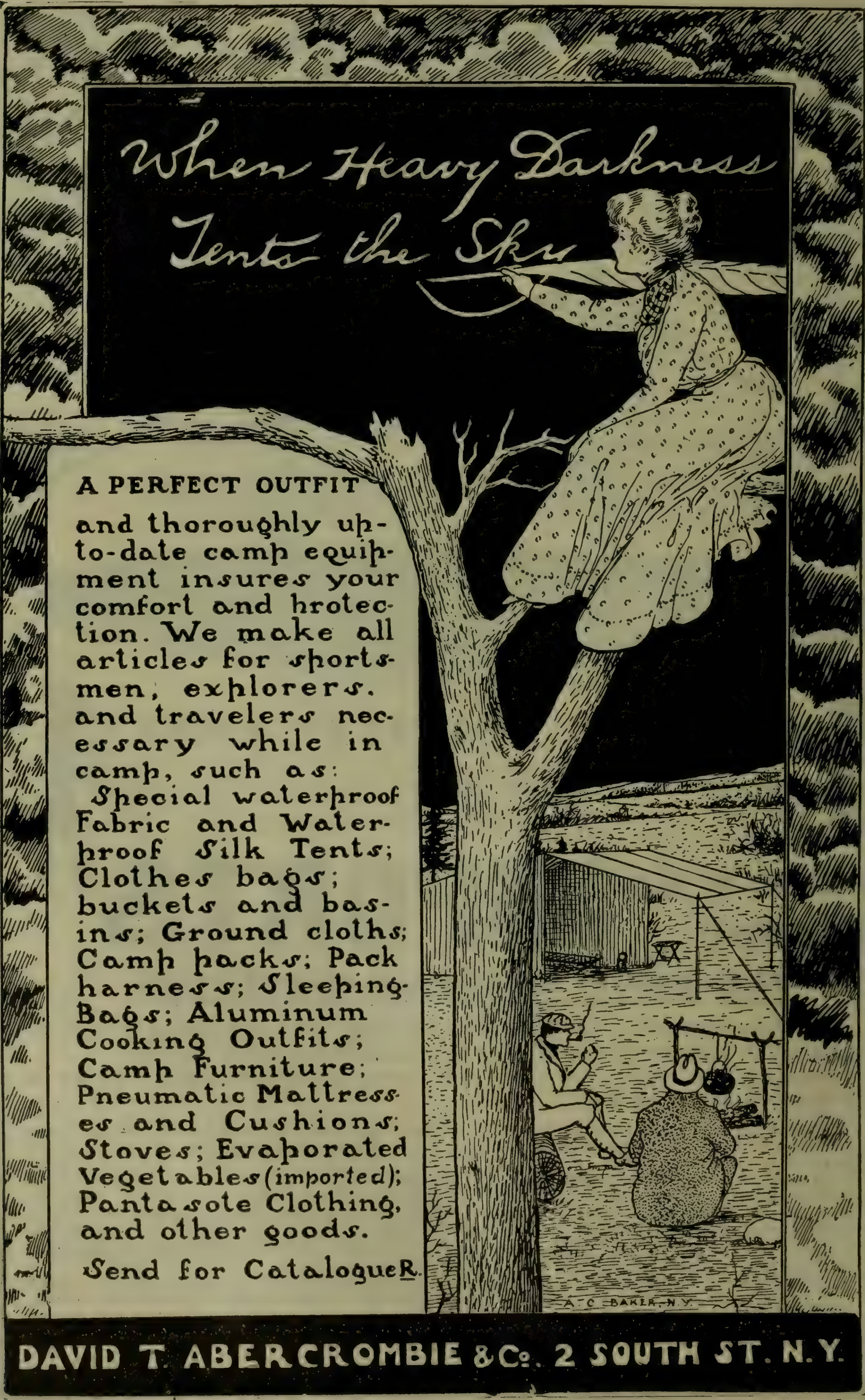
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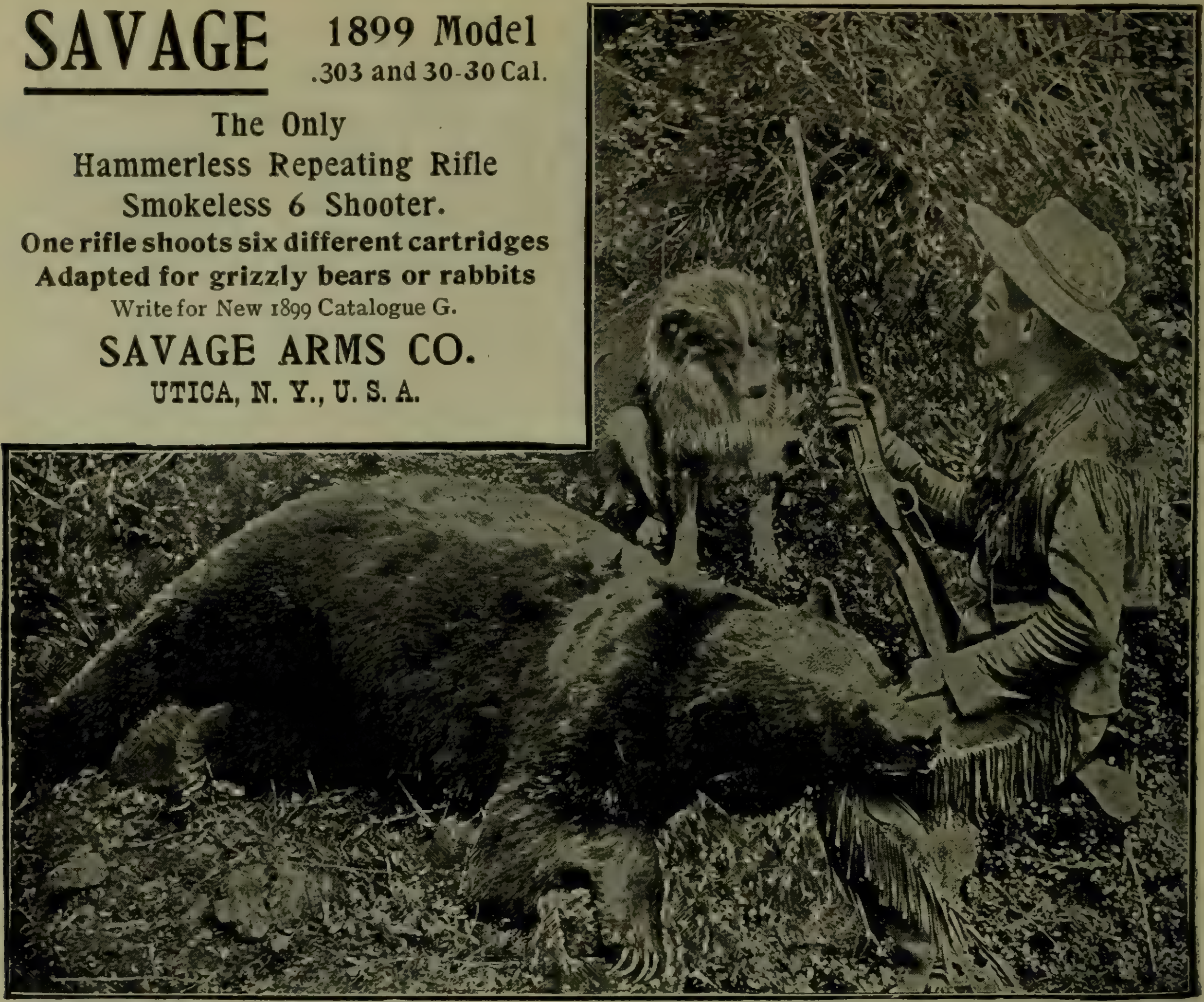

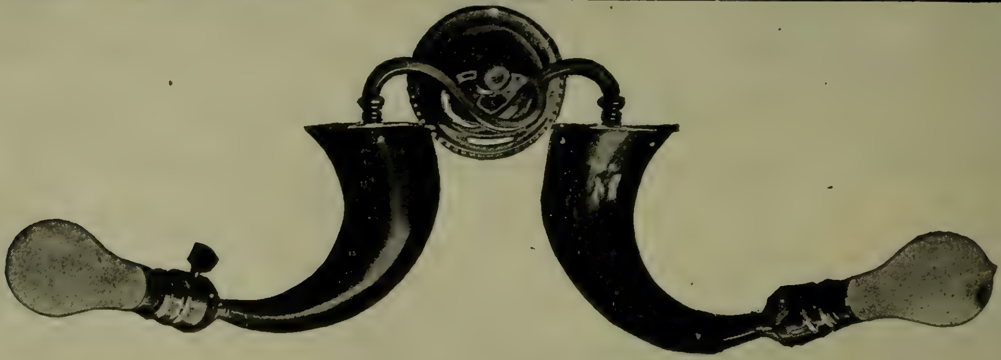

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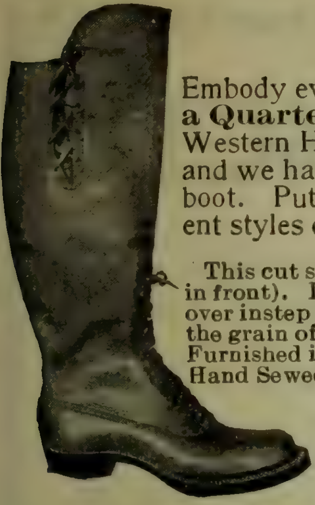

Embody everything that is practical in Sportsmen's Footwear. For nearly **a Quarter of a Century** Putman Boots have been the standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors and Ranchmen (who demand the very best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are Water Proof. Send for catalogue of over 20 different styles of boots. Also Indian Tanned Moose Hide Moccasins.

This cut shows our **No. 681** Knee Boot (17 inches high at the back, 19½ inches high in front). Bellows Tongue. Made on any style toe desired. Can be perfectly adjusted over instep and calf of leg. Uppers are special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on (our special tannage) making the leather **Water Proof.** Furnished in Black, Brown or Straw Color. Medium or Heavy Sole. The sole is genuine Hand Sewed, making it soft and easy. Sole is of best Water Proofed Oak Sole Leather. Made to your measure and delivered to any part of the U. S. for **$10.00** Send for our blank showing how to measure your foot.

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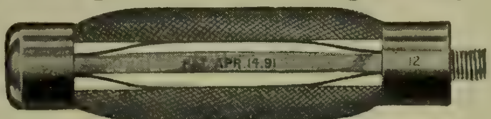
If you own a Shot Gun

you must realize the importance of the care of it. We have the **only** tool needed to keep your gun in perfect condition. Our past 9 years of success prove this **positively.** Nothing will stop a gun from leading if you use it, as the friction on the barrel leaves a small deposit of lead. You can not stop this, but you can remove it by using a **Tomlinson** cleaner, and with a small amount of work. We (and thousands of others) claim **it will** remove all lead, rust or any foreign matter. **It will** not injure the barrel, as its 4 square inches of brass wire gauze are softer than the steel. **It will** last a life time, as its only wearing part can be replaced when worn (it will clean a gun a great many times for 10c per pair. **Tomlinson** gives you an extra pair of sides with each tool. **Remember** neglected lead and rust cause "pitts" and that means expense. We make them in gauges 8 to 20—fit any rod. All dealers sell them. Price, $1.00. Send for a booklet of information and testimonials, and have your dealer show you the **Tomlinson,** or, we will send direct. You can use them in your "pump" gun the same as in a breech-loader.



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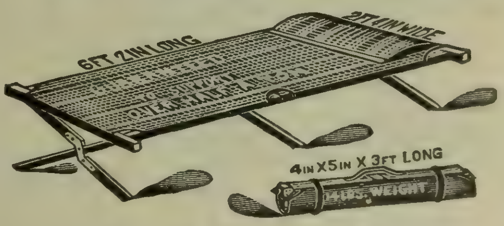
GUARANTEED all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, binds nowhere, warm, comfortable, and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc. but suitable for all outdoor purposes, if warmth and other qualities are a consideration.

For sale by sporting goods and clothing dealers generally. If your dealer does not handle it and will not order a jacket for you, send us $4.00 and your size and we will make one to your measure. Dead grass color used when not otherwise ordered. We deliver to any address in the United States by express, charges paid.

GEO. F. WEBBER,

47 Milwaukee Ave., West, Detroit, Mich.

GOLD MEDAL CAMP BED



This Camp Bed has been twice adopted over all other competitors as the Standard Army Cot for the United States. In 1899 the government ordered 75,000 cots; on December 18th, 1899, 40,000 more.

Our goods give universal satisfaction. We manufacture Camp Beds, Cots, Stools, Chairs, in great variety, Tables, Settees, etc., also

PORTABLE FOLDING

BATH TUBS

all of which fold compactly. Write us for free catalog. When you know the merits of our Gold Medal line, you will buy no other.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Manufacturing Co.

RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.

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Takes great pleasure in inviting her patrons and the public generally to inspect her fine display of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE . . . .

at **prices lower** than ever offered before. We have made a universal cut in our prices for the summer months, and it would be well for visitors to the city to make a note of the fact.

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We do not live

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Fifth Avenue rents. We live in a modest street, and do a modest business.

That's why

we can do the Fifth Avenue style of work at modest prices. Give us a trial and we will convince you of the truth of these statements.

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Recreation

WATER-PROOF

Match Box

For 2 yearly subscriptions to

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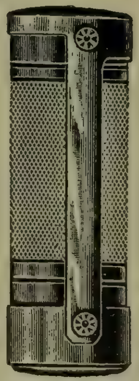
at $1 each.



It's a brass match box, nickel plated. It's about as big around as a 10 gauge shot shell and a trifle longer.

It holds enough matches to keep a hunter in smokes and fires a week.

To crown all, it's water-proof. Soak it in a pail of water over night and the matches are as dry as tinder.

You can get the 2 subscriptions in 10 minutes and then you'll get a water-proof match box that will last you the rest of your life.

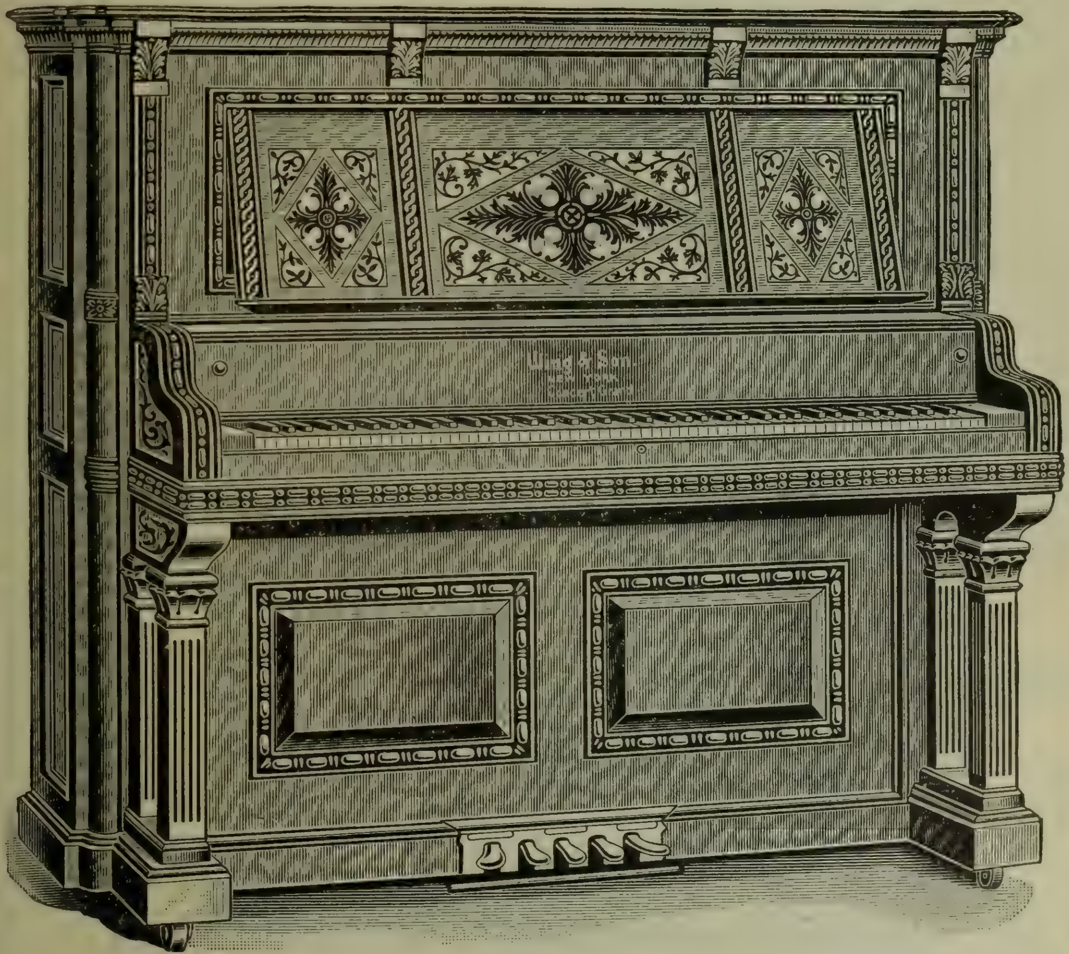
The Wing Piano

STYLE 29
Concert Grand Upright
No other piano made equals this in style and design of case.

The usual way to buy a piano is from a retail agent or dealer. We do not sell our pianos in this way, but supply our pianos direct from our factory to retail purchasers. There are a great many advantages in buying direct from the factory. The most important is the saving in price. We do not employ a single salesman or agent, and we have no salesroom except our factory. We transact all of our business and ship all pianos direct from our factory and our expenses are small, and as we sell a much larger number of pianos than any dealer or retail firm, a very small profit pays us.

No matter how far away you live, our improved system of doing business makes it actually more convenient and more satisfactory to buy a piano from us than to buy one from a local dealer in your own town or city. Write us and receive full particulars.

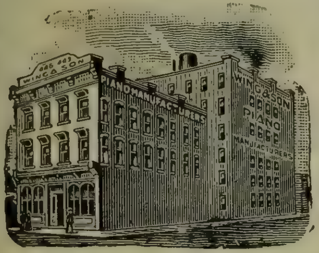
We sell the Wing Piano on easy terms of payments and take old instruments in exchange.



We aim to make the best piano possible and to sell it at the lowest price possible. If you wish to buy a fine piano at a low price, write us.

SENT ON TRIAL FREIGHT PREPAID. We will send this piano or your choice of 23 other Wing Pianos on trial, to any part of the United States, all freights paid by us. We will allow ample time for a thorough examination and trial in the home, and if the piano is not entirely satisfactory in every respect we will take it back at our own expense. There is no risk or expense to the person ordering the piano. No money is sent to us in advance, we pay all freights.

THE INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT imitates perfectly the tones of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a parlor orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.



Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for twelve (12) years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

Everyone who intends to purchase a piano should have our complete catalogue. **We send it free on request.**

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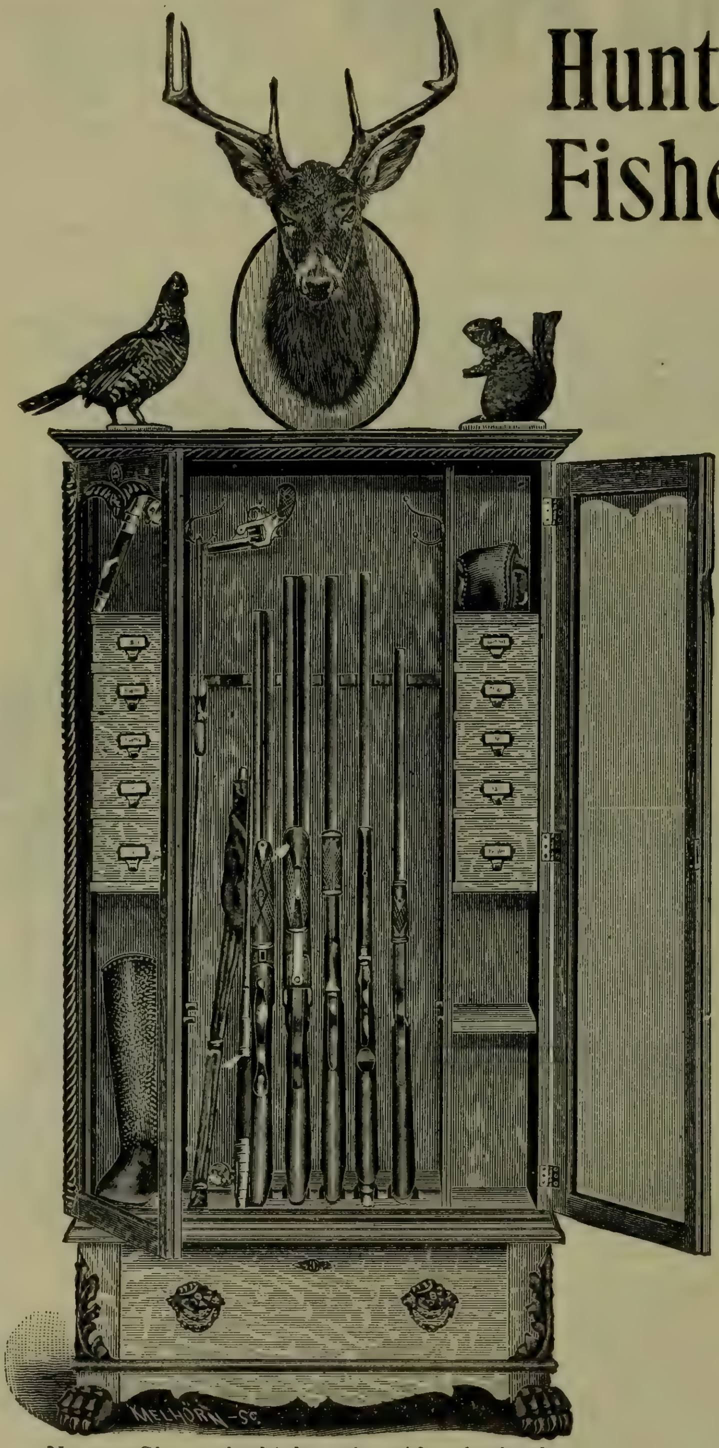
1868—32nd Year—1900.



Hunters, Fishermen:

If you are inclined to hunt and fish some, you need a **Sportsman's Cabinet**, a place in which to keep everything from the rifle to the fish hook. Hunting and fishing is growing in popularity among gentlemen, and is it any wonder? but to get a full measure of enjoyment, you need a

SPORTSMEN'S CABINET,

something you can set in the best room in your house and be an ornament to the room. In one of our cabinets you have your sporting outfit all in plain sight, yet under lock and key if you like. It might save your life, as many a man has accidentally shot himself by pulling a gun out of a corner or closet and accidentally discharging it.

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Polished Finish
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Large enough for 8 Guns

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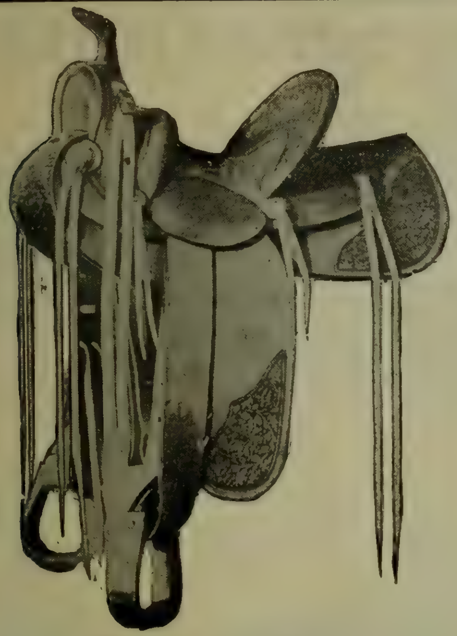
...Manufacturer of..
Fine Stock Saddles and Harness



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Hand Carved Leather Goods
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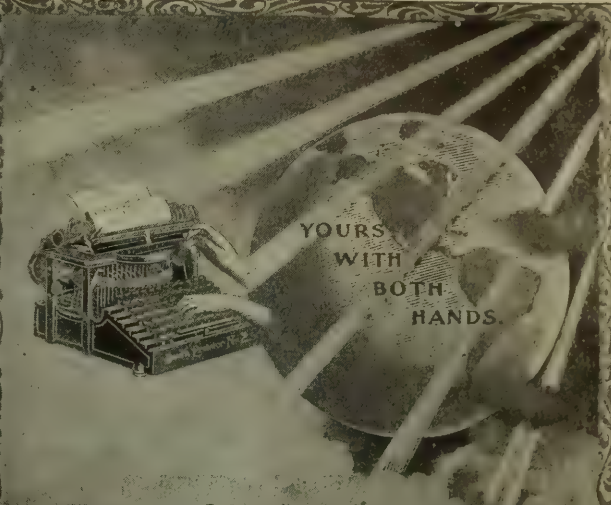
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SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.
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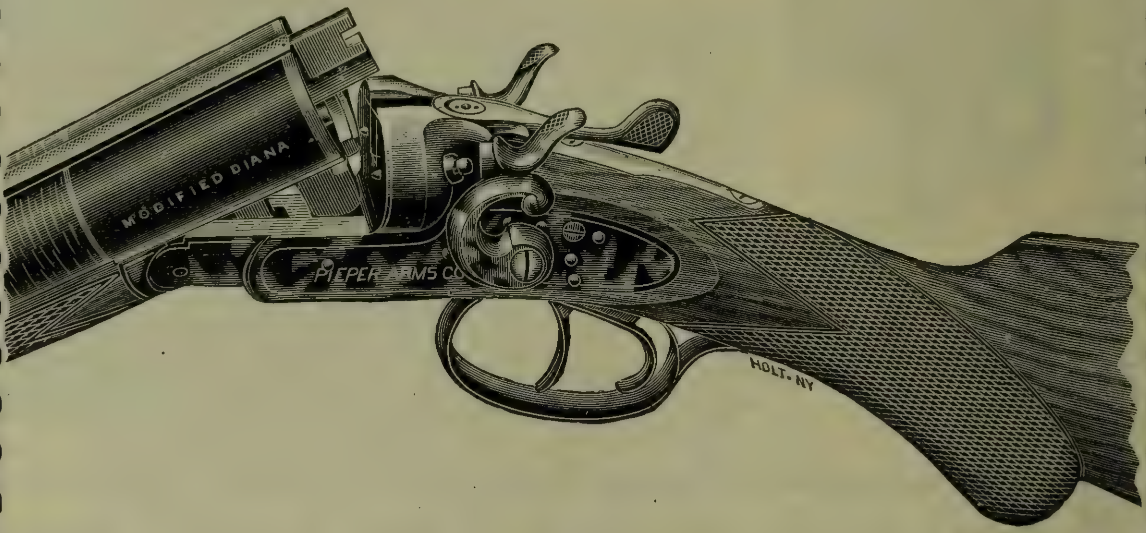
Made by **H. PEIPER,** we purpose giving such readers of RECREATION as are **quick to catch on,**

A Big Bargain

The following is an accurate illustration and description of these guns except that they do not have the modified Diana reinforced breech. These guns are the **best value we have ever known.**



Very fine quality twist barrels, left full choked, right modified choke bored, bar rebounding, steel locks, treble bolt, Deeley and Edge patent fore-end, walnut stock, checkered pistol grip, rubber butt plate, gauge 12, length 30 inch, weight from 7½ to 8½ lbs. Boxed ready for shipping.

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20th Century Electro-Vapor Launch, as shown above, is an ideal gentleman's outfit; 16ft. long, will seat comfortably eight persons and speed 6 miles per hour. Elegantly finished in Solid Oak and Walnut with polished brass trimmings. Steel watertight bulkheads, all screw fastened. Safe, seaworthy, reliable, free from complications and care, over 700 in actual service. Just the outfit for a summer home. Guaranteed for one year or money refunded.

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20th CENTURY
(Open Launches)

16	ft.	1	H. P.	$200.
18	"	2	"	300.
21	"	3	"	450.
25	"	4	"	650.
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Sail Yachts, $150 and up
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Steam and Sail
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Steel, Wood, Aluminum
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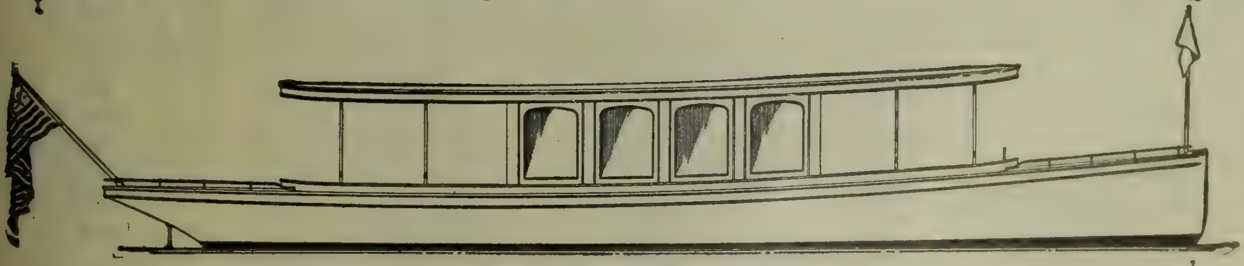
Light draught Launches and Steamers

A large stock always on hand for prompt delivery



35 foot Cabin Launch

We are building the finest line of Cabin Launches ever placed on the market and carry them in stock for prompt delivery. Good accommodations. Safe and reliable.

30 foot Cabin Launch, as shown above, beautifully finished $1,250.
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Our large 76 page illustrated catalogue, describing Steam Yachts, Sail Yachts, Launches, Row Boats, Canoes, etc., in detail, will be mailed you upon receipt of 10c. to cover mailing charges. Address all letters to

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO. (Riverside), RACINE, WIS.

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Never Causes Biliousness

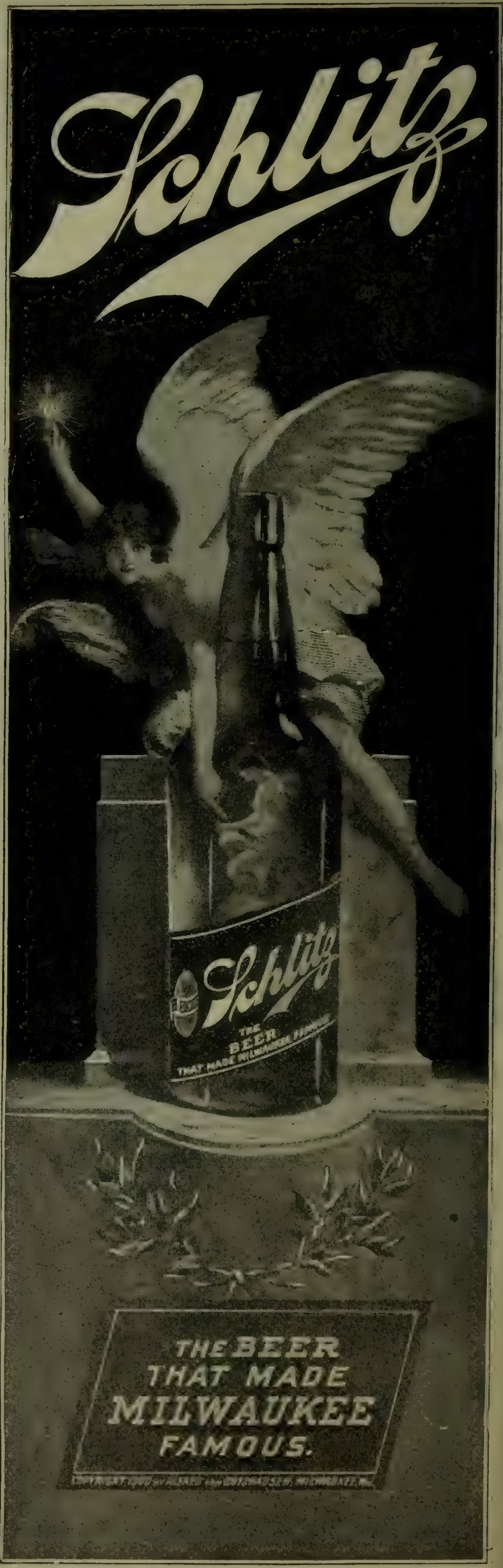
You have drunk beer that caused a bilious headache. Perhaps you think that all beer does.

The cause of biliousness is lack of age — too much haste to get the beer on the market. To ferment beer thoroughly requires a process of months. Without it, the fermentation takes place in your stomach. That is the cause of biliousness.

Hurried beer is unhealthful.

Schlitz beer is kept for months in refrigerating rooms with a capacity of 265,000 barrels — kept almost at freezing point until it is well fermented.

Schlitz beer is never marketed until thoroughly aged.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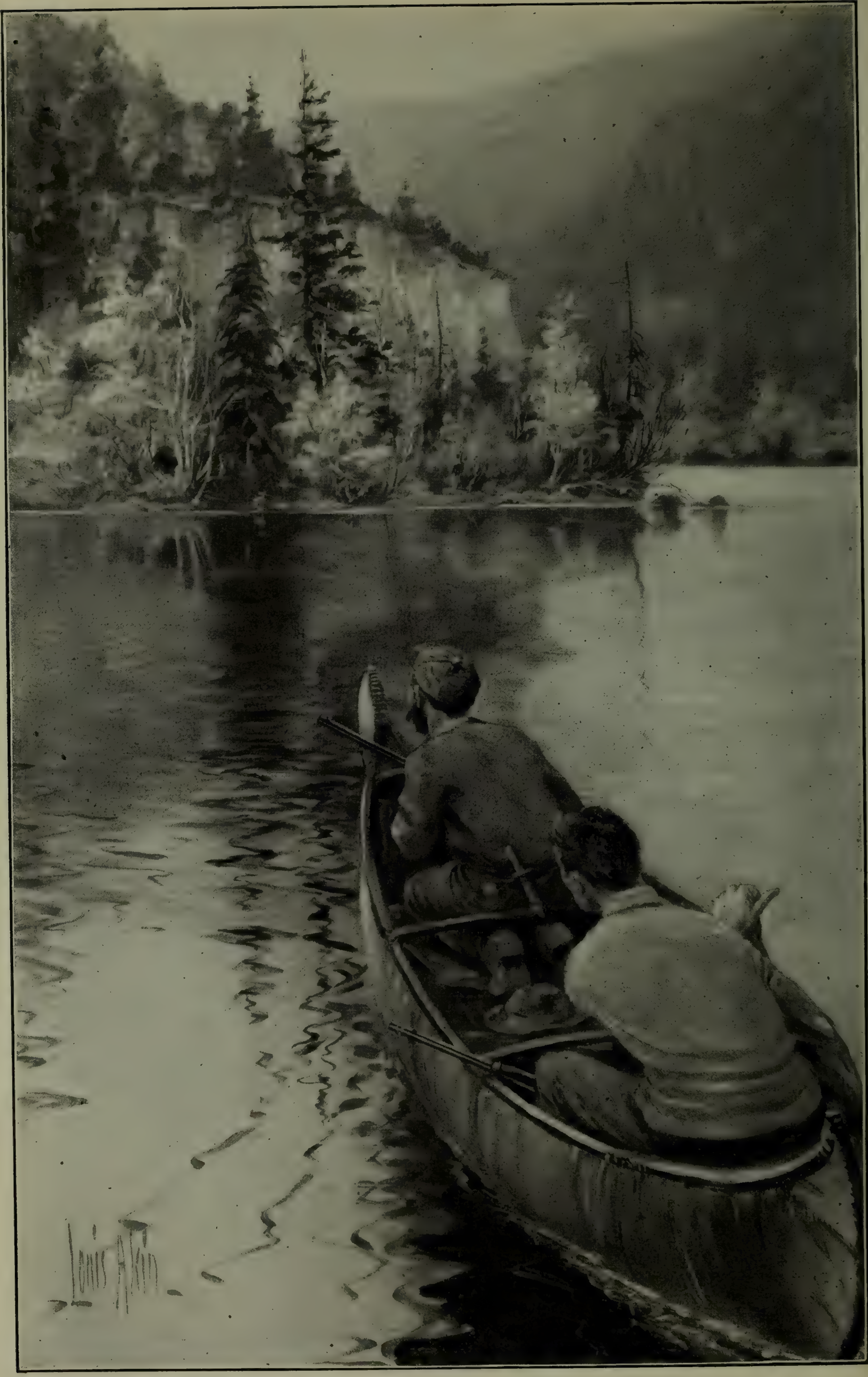
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.



WE KEPT TO THE RIGHT AND PADDLED DOWN TO LEEWARD.

RECREATION

Volume XIII. SEPTEMBER, 1900. Number 3.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

IN THE MAINE WOODS.

REV. H. E. FROHOCK.

The sunbeams glanced through the swaying branches whose leaves were still wet from last night's shower. Each drop flashed, diamond-like, pendant from its green background, until, shaken free by the breeze, it glittered through the air to strike with gentle spat on stone or log, brake, bush or tent beneath. Stirring the coals and putting together the ends of what were last night large, green logs, we soon had broiled venison, toasted bread and hot coffee with which to satisfy our hunger. After breakfast, the little 3-quart kettle received its fill of condiments and hardtack, all covered by a tin plate, and we paddled away to the West shore of the lake to find Pratt brook.

For a mile we skirted the shores of the lake, passing 7 points and one island before entering the brook. It seemed to be an arm from the lake, reaching back through meadow land, but we soon came to quick water rushing through the rocks, where we must use the setting pole. For another mile we worked our way up this stream until Cooper river was reached, of which Pratt brook is one of the outlets. The Cooper was there about 25 yards wide. After ascending it half a mile we discovered a narrow, dead water reaching toward the North, and exclaimed, "That must be Mud Pond brook! Let's go up!"

"Easy now! Deer often feed in places like this early in the morning."

We moved so noiselessly that Ben looked back to see if I was paddling. Away through the fringe of bushes that bordered the stream, at the farther edge of the logan I saw a buck and a doe. They went away. I do not know where the shot went. A moving canoe, intervening brush and a moving deer make a combination hard to beat with a rifle. Tremendous horns, though.

The padde resumed soon took us around a point to the left. Away ahead a dark face showed above the grass, with a pair of ears big enough for a Kentucky mule. Ben permitted it to pass with the remark,

"No horns there."

The current and rocks combined to make navigation difficult. Ben took the shore, I the setting pole.

Have you ever tried to pole a canoe up a stream not over deep and much over rocky? It would have been easier to carry most of the way, but thick brush and no path prevented; so twist around, worm over and squeeze through describes how I progressed. Arriving at the dam, I had a hard lift to get the canoe over and was glad to be afloat.

Mud pond consists of water 6 inches to 2 feet deep, over mud of unknown depth, stretching out just South of a beautiful ridge. Hard and soft wood blended about and above, bewildering frost tints adding charm to all, that October morning.

We moved up the lake, keeping in the shadow of the East shore with an eye to the West as well.

"This is the very essence of wildness, is it not?"

To which Ben replied by pointing to a moving patch among the bushes on the West shore, 200 yards away. It takes a hunter's instinct and trained sight to distinguish a deer at such a distance when neither end is in sight.

We watched a moment, then backed water and edged to the other side, only to find that the game had fed back out of sight; but quietly watching, we saw her soon feeding back to the shore. She owed her life to her sex.

Tired of paddling, and being near an old lumber road, we tried the shore. I circled while Ben watched the road. Coming back toward the starting point, ahead, just out of sight, something sprang away. It proved to be a little buck whose slumber I had disturbed. Ben was 6 rods up the road. Hearing the noise he turned just in time to see the deer and canoe in line and he delayed shooting until intervening brush caused a miss.

It is surprising how quickly one gets tired of swamps, logs and blowdowns when clear water is at hand. We crossed to the other side.

"Pardner, it is one o'clock."

"All right! Here is a good chance for luncheon."

"And only 5 hardtacks."

"Well," said Ben, "you build the fire and make tea. I'll get a grouse if possible."

There is no place where a fire can be more easily built than in a dry cedar swamp. The little axe finds everything handy. Soon a little flame shot up, over which I adjusted the black kettle, hung on a pole of green wood, propped over a log. That done, I took my rifle toward the other side of the hammock from where I last saw Ben. He was returning without game.

"There is nothing here. We must make hardtack do."

"The kettle will not boil for 5 minutes," I replied, "time enough to get something yet."

Ben had not reached the fire when I saw a movement, a leg, a patch of body color, and judging the deer's position, I dropped him in his tracks. How quickly I had help you can imagine.

The heart and liver we rinsed cold. A tin plate, held in a bend of withewood, served as frying-pan. Butter, salt and pepper were at hand, and we did not go hungry.

Coming down the lake that afternoon we saw another animated picture that will linger long in memory. Far ahead to the left, visions of a deer appearing and disappearing, feeding along the shore. We kept to the right and paddled down to leeward, then headed directly toward the spot.

When we were yet 200 yards away, the deer saw us.

"Ben, I believe I can put you as near again."

But no paddle must flash, no lateral motion be seen. Deer are not good judges of straight away distances unless they detect side movements. Our garments were of woodsy tints; the canoe, green; the paddles, not bright, and Ben, in the bow, is a big fellow, so behind him I made all needful strokes.

We glided nearer and nearer. The deer became more and more curious. She came to the water's edge, raised her head, lowered it, moved it sideways, peered, peeked, stared. We were about 30 yards away. Not a twig hid the beautiful animal from us. Large, fat, and where Ben's keen eye and steady hand could center her forehead with the rifle ball; but what could we do with so much meat? A buck would not be missed in next fall's count; this doe would count 2 or 3 then.

We shot many a glance at her, however, for she was exquisitely beautiful. Framed between a cedar and a pine, the fir thicket for a background, a cliff towering just behind and above, water rippling in front, shadows tinged with scarlet and yellow trembling in reflection about and between us and the deer—the Columbian Exposition had nothing to compare with it. Miss Beauty turned away at last, not frightened at all, and we lifted over the dam a few minutes later, on our way to camp.

A short way down the brook is a sluice, constructed by blasting and digging out the rock and piling it on each side. I could reach out my hands and touch both sides at once, yet the water was deep enough and clear of obstructions. I laughed as I entered this, standing in the canoe. That laugh was 25 rods long, though it did not last long. No toboggan slide could equal it. That slipping, sliding, gliding flashing, almost falling through space sensation, could only be experienced in a canoe.

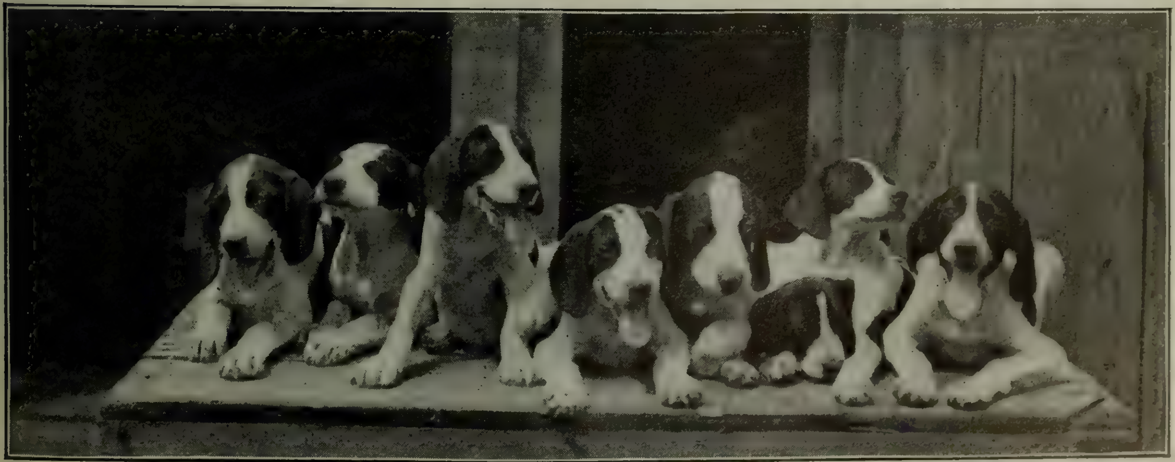
Are days short in October?

The sun of that one had set when I took Ben aboard. The current bore us slowly forward. Shadows deepened. The silence was broken by a rush, a crash of brush and a splash just behind us. Only a quick catch saved the canoe from upsetting as we both twisted around in time to see a deer making his second spring in the brook and to the bank, instantly to be lost to view.

He had struck the water just behind us, less than a rod in fact. No doubt he had scented us, and not located properly. It must have been a surprise to him as well as to us.

We were 3 miles from camp. The edges of the stream were already black with shadows. Only a gleaming reflection of light, soft, wavering, uncertain, to guide us along the midstream; yet we cleared every rock and log, started 2 stampedes in the bushes as we passed, ran the rapids without accident, raced down the lake before the increasing Northwest gale, and reached camp at half past nine.

For a half hour the axes were swung by torch light; a hot supper was eaten and we slept, covered by our good blankets and by a grateful wave of heat, thrown back from the green birch fire into the Baker tent and reflected full upon us from the sloping roof.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. J. DICK

FUTURE WINNERS.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. E. CLARK.

SIZING THEM UP.
Scene on Two Ocean Creek, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. E. MOULTROP.

GOOD FELLOW!

A RECORD SMALL-MOUTH.

REV. T. H. BARAGWANATH.

We had been waiting a long time for a favorable opportunity to go bass fishing. My comrade was a Mr. B., principal of the public school. Like myself, the Professor was a lover of the gentle art of angling and was in every way companionable. Not only are anglers superior beings, because by the purling brook and on the breeze-swept surface of the lake they get near to nature's breast; but there is a bond of sympathy between them, stronger than that of any fraternal organization.

It was past the middle of September and was the beginning of the golden autumn. Our starting point was one of the loveliest towns on the banks of the lordly Hudson. It was afternoon as we drove East some 7 or 8 miles over a road we traveled in search of sport, and by the time we reached the small but lovely lake the sun was sinking back of the purple Catskills.

Late as it was we could not rest that night without a few trials; but though we toiled faithfully, until long after the moon had flung her silvery light over lake and forest, we caught only a few small fry for breakfast. We felt sure the morrow would bring us joy; so with large hopes, such as a true angler always has on hand, we sought shelter in the hut amid the white birches, where, after a frugal meal we lay down to pleasant dreams with horse blankets as our couch.

No angler can sleep late in the morning, at such a time. Long before dawn we were up, and had the fire going. Soon the tent was filled with the delicious odor of coffee, while some of last night's catch were frizzling in the pan. What a famous breakfast that was! Better by far than any ever evolved by a hotel *chef*.

Then we waited for daylight. There is an indescribable charm in the dawning of day, especially when watched from amid the wilderness, "far from the madding crowd." The grey half tones give place to tints of warmer grey, followed by the blush of morn, which o'erspreads the Eastern sky and lights up the trees and waters. The awakened birds rise through the slowly rolling mists and hang on the wing in the upper radiance, or pour forth a flood of melody from amid the mass of foliage whose every leaf that catches the sunlight flashes with pearls of dew.

So dawned this golden autumn day that was to prove so memorable to us.

Our tackle was all ready, and we pushed out into the lake. Two precious hours passed with little luck, save for a few pickerel and yellow perch. Ever hopeful we changed from one ground to another. On the Southwest side of the lake a point juts out, from which a bar stretches some distance. There we anchored, the Professor fishing for his favorites, the greedy pickerel, while he joked about those bass that came not.

I put on 2 fat crickets, and threw them out 20 feet, the bait striking the water lightly and then sinking slowly. Twice this was repeated, when there was a vigorous strike. With a turn of the wrist the hook was set, and then the reel sang its sweetest song. The fish turned, I felt the strain, and knew I had a monster.

"Clear the deck, Professor, I've got a big one."

"Look, Dominie, he is in the air!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it's the biggest I have ever seen," I answered. The fish came for the boat and there was danger, but when he received the butt he turned to sea again.

"You'd better pull in him, Dominie."

"Not I; my Bristol rod is most reliable, and my leader and line are tested, but if I attempt to pull him in he would smash the gear in a twinkle."

Ten minutes the fight went on, and he showed no signs of flagging, but my friend showed signs of impatience, fearing I would lose my prize. I, myself, was fearful, but while inwardly agitated I was outwardly cool. Eight times he took to the air in spite of all my efforts, and shook himself like a mad bull, but he was still linked to me by that vibrating silken thread. After a quarter of an hour he showed signs of weariness.

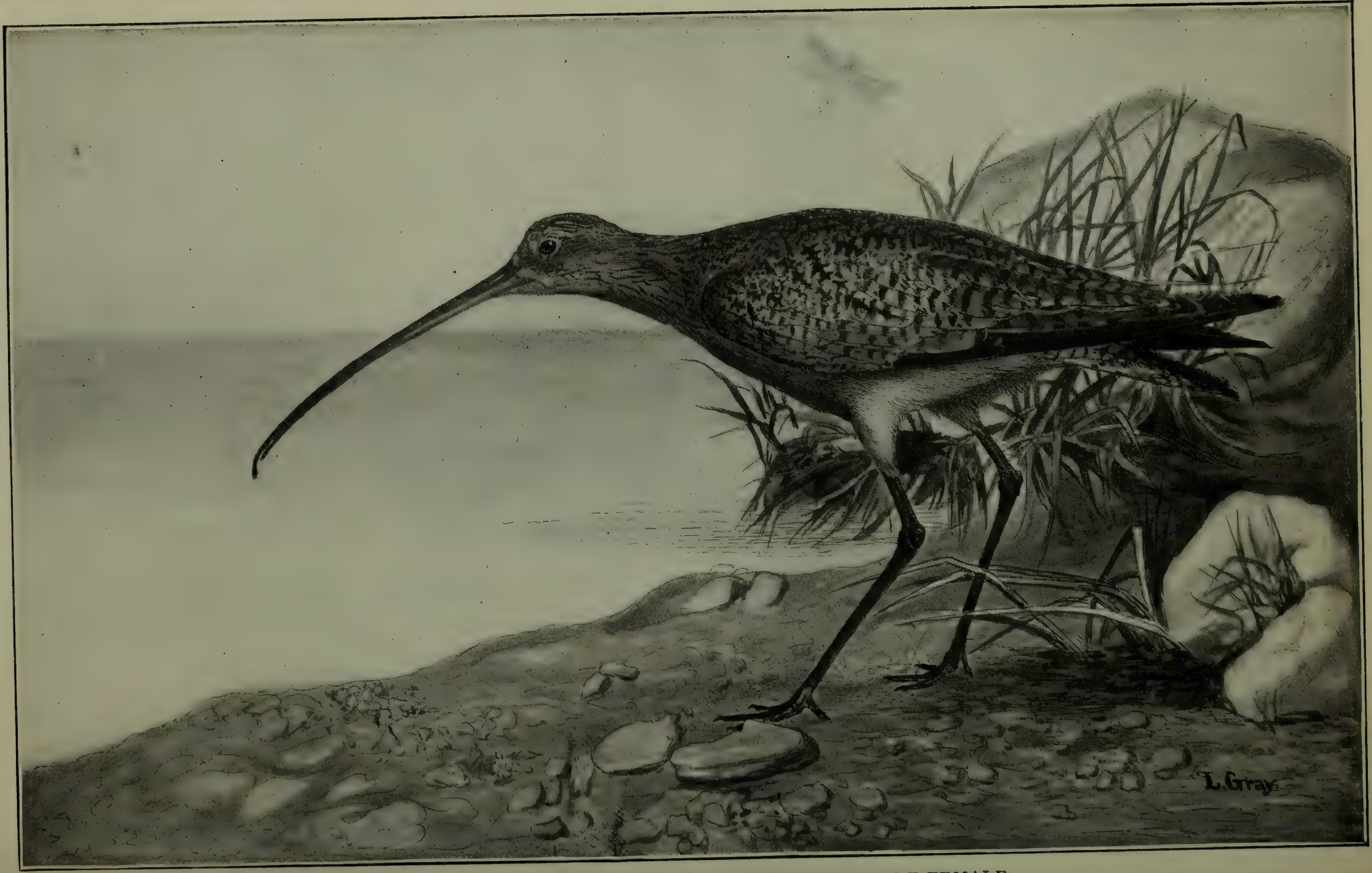
"Get the net, Professor."

"Where is it?"

Horrors! I had left it home, and without it how was I to secure my beauty? Just then I hailed a boat out for bait. A scaup net was lowered, but my fish was gamy yet, and made a dash of 50 feet. How he cut the water! Again I led him gently to the boat, and that time over the net.

"Now!" And the big fellow came in out of the wet. He tipped the scales at 5¾ pounds 3 hours after he was caught.

Another 2 hours and 2 other bass lay by the side of the noble old Roman. It was indeed a red letter day and the Professor and I were tired of telling how we beat the record on small mouth bass.



LONG BILLED CURLEW, *NUMENIUS LONGIROSTUS.* ADULT FEMALE.

AFTER RUFFED GROUSE.

BY E. J. MYERS.

"A sportsman after my own heart," said you, Coquina, in speaking of Allan Brooks, and so say I. His spirit pours through his fingers into the pictures that adorn RECREATION, and his words are no less graphic than the crayon or the pigments that portray the game fowl his soul delights in. Many reminiscences are awakened by the picture on page 176 of March RECREATION.

There's a proud, strutful, vainglorious bird whose names are as varied as the game qualities which have endeared him to the sportsman whenever and wherever the echo of his call has been heard.

From the temperate zone to the Arctic circle, in both hemispheres, he has his habitat. Be it amid the White Barrens, than which in midwinter no bleaker, drearier nor more terrible storm-wrecked stretch exists, or from the scrub oak reaches and dales of the Alleghanies to beyond the limitless prairies and mountain ranges of the far West, he manifests alike the qualities that make the sportsman place him above any feathered thing that makes a game bag complete though it have but a single bird. Well and wisely has he been chosen as the sign manual of the L. A. S.

A bird or 2 that makes adequate compensation for a long, hard day's hunt that otherwise were spent with fatigue and disappointment. A something that rises like a rocket somewhere from ground or bough or branch, a wraith flitting spectrally through the trees, ever an elusive thing, out of the dusky shadows across the sunbeam, beating its way through aisles of bough and branch and thence into the dimmest leafy byways, mocking and deriding hurtling shot, then vanishing. That is the ruffed grouse!

Form and speed Nature hath given with no parsimonious hand, and plumage and color which that great Mother changes with the habitat, so that the environment of the grouse yieldeth him refuge save when he himself forgetteth caution. On the barrens and the moors where lichen, shrub and moss, alike with the weather beaten rocks and boulders, bear the gray and dun garb which the rugged winter and brief and scarce-smiling spring and summer spread, a something of motley blend of gray, brown, red and black, indistinguishable as it crouches, takes movement, rises with a drum and b-r-r-r and is gone. That was the ptarmigan in the far North, the moorfowl farther Southward ,the ruffed grouse in the Middle States, pinnated grouse in the West, cock of the plains, "cock o' the woods" and so on!

In the winter its color will change into the perfect whiteness of unsullied snows that lie from October to April, and that is the garb of safety that Nature giveth the ptarmigan. In the Middle States and on the great prairies the colors are mottled brown black, white and gray with splotches of red. If you take a handful of oak, birch, maple, sycamore and chestnut leaves with sere straw, moss and bark, all weather stained, and heap them together, the ruffed grouse will lie hidden there, lost in the commingle of autumn tints that blend to perfect tone with the plumage of the bird. The keenest eye oft fails, for the bird will lie motionless and only experience teaches how the grouse betrays itself amid the great seas of heather, gorse or barren. Time was when the pinnated grouse, more familiarly called prairie chicken, was so abundant that save for a keen sense of sport in the character and quality of the shot, it was neither sport nor hunting to find and kill. As in "Ole Kentuck," it was left to the children to drive them away or kill them with sticks.

On Scottish highlands and on English moors, in Norwegian forests or amid the Selkirk ranges the *tetranine* family may be found. Whatever be the name, for they are legion, grouse, partridge, ptarmigan, moorfowl, capercailzie, what you will, the qualities conjure with a magic that leaves a sense of pain, of utter loss, of weird longing that may follow days when no more you will pursue the grouse into the hillside thickets, ravines and gulches, or on isolated plateaus amid mountain ranges.

Have you dropped to the ground while hunting when you heard the booming or love signal of the ruffed grouse, with all farther thought of shot utterly gone, and wormed your way to see this Romeo of the Woods call the Juliet from the umbrageous recesses to keep tryst with him upon some open knoll where Titania might dance, or upon some fallen moss grown monarch of the forest where his shape and plumage would be seen to fullest favor and not a detail lost? The vain Adonis-of-the-Heath spread his tail a-fan, ruffle his neck feathers and puff his glands, drop his wing and strut up and down while he lures and entices by the tenderest ravishing notes the hens to emerge, admire and worship!

Well, Allan Brooks, do you know this picture, though I have not the gift to paint, that makes me admire no less than Coquina? Hast shot the ruffed grouse? Not on the broad prairies, nor on the moors or barrens, where the long flight gives opportunity to the veriest tyro to shoot and kill, but where hill rises upon hill or where, more rugged still, mountain piles on mountain and ravine and gulch rive the peaks asunder, and shadow and forest mazes hide the fleeing birds. There it is sport for kings; aye, for kings among sportsmen. No; not on heather where it may be merely a rout of birds that wealth may drive into the net of death!

You whose home is in the great metropolis, do you know you can kill the ruffed grouse within an afternoon's easy travel of New York. I do not speak now of the great prairies nor of the great Northwest ranges of loftiest peaks reaching from Teton basin to the Selkirks, nor of Canadian forests nor Maine woods. No, I said an afternoon's travel. Then follow these footsteps and mark if there be blood so sluggish it will not leap, or pulse so dull it will not quicken if you have trod the ways, though your shot shall not have touched a feather of that fleeting phantom. You shall have had your chance; nay, I will give you the shot. I can not give you the skill. Come into the heart of Nature.

"Lovest thou through autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath flow'r wither'd on the hill;
To listen to the woods' expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shining on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountains stain."

The D., L. & W. train that leaves Barclay street at 4 p. m. climbs the Poconoke mountains and leaves you at Cresco at 7 p. m., where your carryall is waiting. Thence a 3 hours' ride far away from the roar and smoke drift of the train into the heart of the mountains, always climbing up and never downward until through the darkness gleam the lights of the farmhouse where your coming is awaited. You are tired less by the ride than by the cool mountain air, for the October night is cold and frosty, and you will be glad to eat and sleep. So tired you can not be tempted to stay and talk, for you can only nod assent to "Early start" and then good-night. Anticipations of the morrow will fill the dreams that haunt the slumbrous night wherein you bring back a bag of 3 or 4 cocks. No; not at all tired, though it was far to go and hard to travel. Then you awake, for a voice is calling you for the early start.

It is indeed early and dark! Sim, the boy who will accompany me, stands in the door with Lance, my dog, shells and lunch. As I step outside I break the gun and slip in the shells for no loaded gun stays in the house. Down the road we go and then we leave it for a path that leads up the mountain. We are going to shoot down into the valley and finish the day's hunt where the stream runs through the marsh at the bottom of the gulch. Through the gulches and ravines and across the plateaus where the scrub oaks thicken and where the sage, wintergreen and huckleberries abound, must we be when the sun breaks through the tree tops on the mountain summits. There and then while the grouse feed and the day is young we hope to flush our first birds. Then we shall have to follow them into their fastnesses and hunt them long and hard if we are to have a bag of 4. Then we shall be most envied, and many will say "lucky" and none will credit us for the hard work. Upward we climb for Sim professes to know where he can put his very hand on a cock or 2, and I have promised him his choice of a reward, an extra quarter for each bird, besides his day's pay, or my old hunting jacket, a leather affair with red flannel lining, which he has longed for with a desire past portrayal, a desire that is bated and hot with eagerness!

Sim is eagerly telling me he has kept as a preserve sacred for me a plateau full of sage, huckles and wintergreen with plenty of chestnuts and acorns, and that coat will be his this blessed day as he rubs his hands over it in covetous anticipation! Did he not see the scratching place, that arena of display and duello? Did he not see 2 great cocks fighting there, and did he not see the hens there last week? And has he not kept everybody away from there? What wouldst thou have more? I had never before met anyone who had seen with his own eyes, as I had never seen, a scratching place!

Listen to the disgust and even angry disapproval when I express my disbelief that any grouse are still there! I chuckle almost audibly when Sim, in an indignant though innocent manner, gives me to understand that the coat does not depend on my skill, nor on my killing the birds! I do not answer that imputation, but secretly determine that if I get 4 fair shots, no matter whether I bag the birds or not, Sim gets the coveted coat and the quarters, too.

Never did the brethren envy Benjamin as Sim did me, but he faithfully worked, for he is all earnestness, and is moving fast. Not so fast but that Lance is fairly pulling him off his feet. The autumn skies are illumined with cardinal and gold, the sun is just poking through the tree tops, the far off peaks are irradiated with the golden splendor, and then—my first shot is lost! Sim looks at me and I look at Sim, but that sound will not repeat itself, and the beauty of the sunrise cost me a ruffed grouse, perhaps. That contents me, though I am afraid to look at Sim.

This is not easy work, going through these scrub oaks and the underbrush. I order Lance on and keep Sim close behind while we keep the dog in sight. There he points a scrub oak and somewhere behind that thicket he knows the bird is. Now where is it, cock or hen? Up rises the grouse, quarters to the nearest grove and Sim is crying in agonized tones,

"Shoot! shoot!"

I wait until the bird nears that bar of sunlight streaming through the trees, and then the snap of the first barrel, the flying of feathers torn from the bird by the shot, the dog rustling through the brush and branches, and back comes Lance with the first ruffed grouse, a cock at that! He growls when Sim tries to take him, for when did Lance yield save to me! I hand the bird to Sim, whose face has a beaming "I told you so" upon it, and we move on.

Lance stops and points high up in the tree tops. There perch 2 grouse. I decline the shot and break Sim's heart. He almost openly rebels, for is not his coat at stake! In his judgment I must shoot, since I have not all to say, and I believe Lance is of the same mind; but I answer not, nor do I shoot. It is a long tramp before we decide that we are hungry and then take a bite. I begin to question my wisdom and judgment for I could easily have killed both of the birds on the boughs. However, Sim starts for the place where he saw the fight and I call the dog so we follow him closely.

The sun is getting too high for sport, and we climb the hill, when Sim calls my attention to the dog, who is evidently in trouble. I move quickly and the hill is alive with birds. That is the way with grouse. They separate in all directions, with a booming that is distraction itself. The first barrel goes off, and the second follows. The second is better, and I am sure of it. Lance is sent on to find. I have marked the second, and Sims says he knows where the first should be if I got it. I said,

"Never mind the first. Of the second I am sure." Lance is gone some time and comes back from the direction of the first shot with the bird; but the second was a miss, for the dog could not find, although Sim was confident it was the second barrel that killed, and not the first. Likewise was I, but the dog knew better.

Up the mountain side we took, after the birds, but they were wild, and we could not get near them. Though we tried our best it was high noon when we took our lunch, with only 2 birds in the bag.

Down in the bottom, Sim decided, and as it was my judgment also down we went, because the birds were wild in the high noon sun and stillness of the day. The scrub oak was sharp and cutting and the thickets full of tangles and briars! Every now and then we heard the drum and b-r-r-r of the grouse, going farther away from us! It was all I could do to keep the dog in sight. In that sort of thicket and underbrush he was worthless, for we were making so much noise we scared the birds before we could see whether the dog pointed them or not.

"The heather was blooming, the meadows were maun,
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen;
At length they discover a bonnie moor hen.

They hunted the valley; they hunted the hill;
The best o' our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then whirr she was over, a mile at a flight."

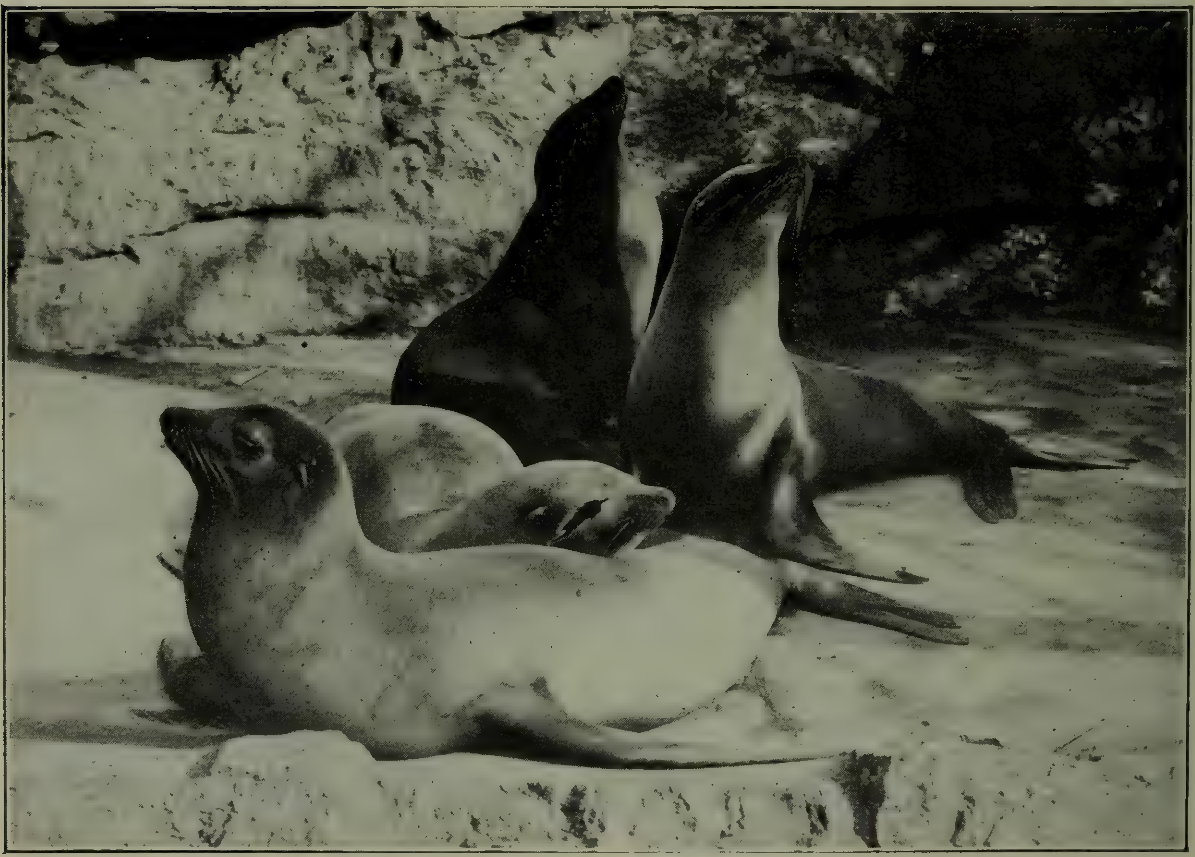
It was all against us that I would get another bird, and it was time to be turning our way homeward. Sim did not like the looks of things and was for trying the valley from the other side. When I declined he saw that coat going back to New York.

"We will try the old wheat field," said Sim, in a tone that left no alternative. I assented. Some centuries past, there might have been wheat there, but now it was naught but scrub oaks and sage bushes, with wintergreen and berry brambles all over, and chestnuts, beeches and oaks forming a perfect ring around it. It was on the homeward way and when we reached its edge and entered it the wind was dead against us. It was an ideal place for a double and I could follow Sim ready for the shot to come. Cautiously, slowly and quietly we worked our way through the underbrush toward the center where the intervals rose to a knoll. Then I saw Lance on the point and Sim pointed too. Both dog and boy had utterly forgotten me, for there in the center, on a veritable scratching place, strutted a cock o' th' mountain, with the peculiar knicking of the feathers on toe and spur, booming his love song in triumphant strains! There were the hens, picking berry and bud, and there was the never to be forgotten picture!

From the distance came another sound. A rival was coming to enter the contest. There was to be a tournament and the 2 Sir Knights, cocks o' th' mountain, would battle for the fair ladies! Mark the cock o' th' mountain, how he turns to confront his rival, the coming antagonist. See how he ruffles and makes his neck feathers bristle! See how it swells and puffs in anger! The wings drag on the ground, then rise and close tightly to the body. Hear his tones as the other cock o' th' mountain comes out. They are going to fight a battle royal. They pit themselves without fear, and game to heart's core; and then Sim must have been rudely inquisitive and lost his balance, for he fell and the birds were gone.

I did not shoot. I did not try. I was not disappointed. We went back to the farm house without getting another chance. What more should I have had? What more would you have? Sim got the coat and 4 quarters and his strut was painfully exquisite. I had 2 cock ruffed grouse and had enjoyed my holiday to its full. A new page in my experience of the woods had been bound in the Tome of Memories whose reading would never dull, long though my summers and winters might be.

> "Yet still in memory's magic glass,
> Those blissful scenes unfading pass,
> Nor may they fade as fades the past,
> Till life is rendered up at last."



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CALIFORNIA SEA LIONS.

There was a vacant seat in the car. Little Willie allowed the strange lady to take it, although he looked very tired.

"Thank you, my little gentleman," said she. "Why didn't you take the seat yourself? You look quite weary."

"So'd you be weary, lady, if yer father found out yer went fishin', like mine did."—Philadelphia Press.

CALLING.

A. L. VERMILYA.

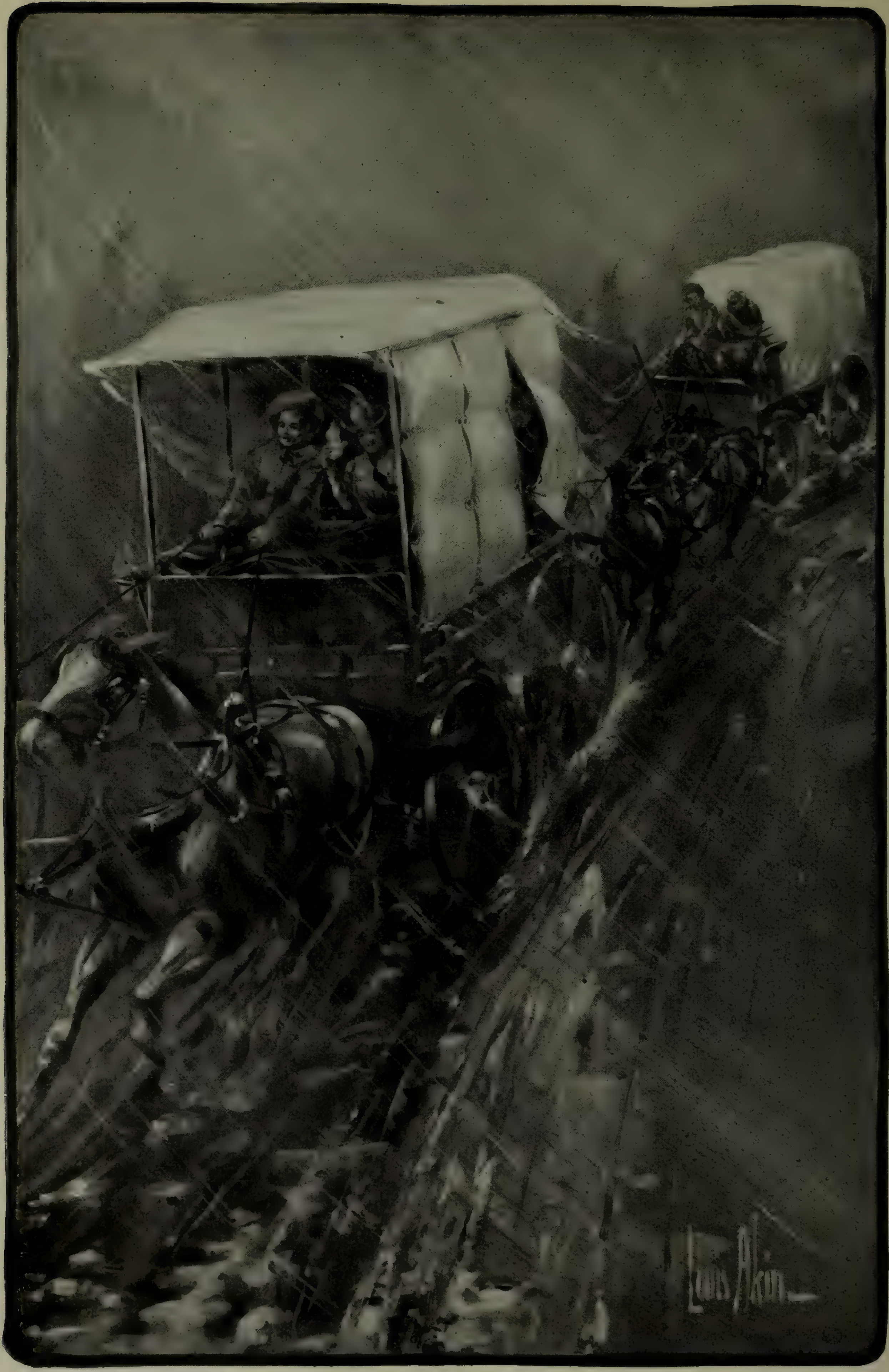
When the corn is turning yellow on the hillside,
And the autumn breeze sweeps soft o'er hill and dale;
When the sun looks red and hazy in the distance,
And there sounds the cheerful whistle of the quail;
Then I think of pleasant valleys in the wildwood
Where the ruffed grouse drums, and rabbits leap and play;
While my gun upon the wall
Seems to beckon, nod, and call,
Saying, "Take me, man of toil, and hie away."

And my thoughts turn back to scenes of sunny childhood;
To the river's shallows where I loved to wade,
To the woods where with my ashen bow I hunted,
Or the fleeing squirrel followed through the glade.
Then my dim lit office suddenly grows hateful,
All the old, familiar objects seem to change,
As there fall upon my ear
Voices faint, though pure and clear,
From the tree-clad hills where once I used to range.
And I hear no more the city's roar and rumble,
See no longer miles of pavement stretch away;
O'er the fields and through the thickets now I'm roaming,
Where the song of birds makes merry all the day.
In its case my pliant fishing rod is standing,
And its voice comes like the echoes of a dream—
"In the woods where waters wide
O'er the rocks and sandbars glide,
Yellow leaves are softly falling in the stream."

Yes, the woods and streams are calling, calling, calling,
Their seductive voices I can not withstand;
I will leave my dingy office in the city;
I will live awhile with Nature pure and grand;
For when autumn spreads its glories o'er the landscape,
And the Indian summer comes, with zephyrs cool,
It is good to leave the town
For the woods and meadows brown,
And review our fading lore in Nature's school.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY PAUL W. GARDNER.

SUSQUEHANNA FISHERMEN.
Taken with Manhattan Gem Camera.



TWO CANVAS-TOPPED CAMP WAGONS SPED BY US.

RECREATION IN THE ROCKIES.

H. A. CRAFTS.

Dayton's invitation was so cordial that to have declined it would have been to commit a serious breach of etiquette. The offer of a conveyance, fishing tackle and a sociable companion as driver, was not an every day occurrence. And the proffered freedom of a well stocked preserve was a still higher courtesy, in no way to be disregarded. The morning drive over the Colorado hills was another rare treat. The wind was fresh from the distant snow clad peaks, richly perfumed, however, by the odor of pine boughs and of wild flowers that grew in the shaded dells. It was like a draught from the fountain of youth. There were broad views of hill and valley overhung by cloudless skies, and charming scenery along the mountain road as it wound through a maze of rugged country.

The grand canyon of the Cache la Poudre is a deep gorge, 50 miles in length, leading from Chambers lake, under the shadow of Clark's peak at the Southern extremity of the Medicine Bow range, to the plains on the East. For the most part it is neither narrow nor tortuous, but winds in graceful curves between pine clad hills rising 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the bed of the canyon. Through it pours the Cache la Poudre river, whose clear and never failing waters are fed by the melting snows of the higher ranges and by countless crystal springs. For miles it is bordered by narrow bottom or tablelands, from the outer edge of which rise the mountains. Yet at certain points it thunders through narrow defiles overhung by beetling cliffs. In the open valleys the stream is fringed with groves of pines, cottonwoods and quaking asps. Its waters, flowing over beds of many colored pebbles and shining sand, are thickly peopled with beautiful trout. Thanks to wise State laws, fish increase and multiply far beyond the annual losses wrought by the sportsman. Each spring, thousands of small fry are transplanted from the Colorado State fish hatchery to these waters.

Our first glimpse of the canyon was from the top of Pingree hill. The lower valley was not reached until we plunged 1,200 feet down a winding gorge, the descent being accomplished by 2 miles of travel. It was a breakneck journey, but safely made by careful driving. As we drew near the bottom of the canyon we could hear the brawl of the river. This increased as we descended, until it became a steady volume of sound, pitched in a minor key. From a distance it seemed monotone, but a closer acquaintance revealed an infinite variety of tones.

The fishing was good and as we had miles of fruitful fishing ground it was not far past noon before our creels were filled. In the meantime clouds had gathered overhead and thunder muttered ominously far back in the mountains. Some distance up the canyon rain was already falling, marching across the valley in column. Above us the clouds gathered hurriedly, like the rush of an army to attack. Soon there was a warning patter of rain drops, and we prepared to hasten homeward. Just as we reached the foot of Pingree hill the floods descended. Slow and toilsome was the journey upward. There was no shelter at hand, however, and we pressed onward, absorbing moisture by the bucketful. Far above us could be seen the white drifts of storm clouds gathering more densely; and the thunder pealed with redoubled violence among the crags and peaks. Suddenly from the mist appeared 2 large white objects descending upon us like devouring beasts. We had just time to turn aside from the path as 2 canvas topped camping wagons sped by us. From their white folds peered well known faces and came cheerful familiar voices. They were city acquaintances out for 2 weeks' recreation. In a moment they were gone, and the rain came down with redoubled fury.

Drenched to the skin, and chilled to the bone, we alighted from our conveyance and plodded laboriously up the steep pathways, which then ran deep with water. The storm continued unabated; floods poured out of each gulch and spread over the hill sides. As we neared the top of the hill the rain slackened, and we saw misty clouds chasing each other across the space of the mountains. The ascent at last accomplished, the rain ceased, but below us the storm still raged magnificently. The air was chill and the breezes brisk in this higher altitude; and visions of pneumonia haunted us.

When we reached camp we found it in a sorry condition indeed; materfamilias surrounded by a brood of bedraggled little ones. The storm had nearly overwhelmed them. In spite of frantic efforts to prevent it, the flood swept through the tent, wetting bag and baggage. There was a moment of blank despair. Then we went bravely at work to improve the situation. The tent site was drained, a cheery fire set blazing in the camp stove, and wet garments changed for dry ones. Our spirits began to rise, and the trials of the day were forgotten.

RESTING FOR A HARD PULL.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHAS. H. LONGLEY.

IN THE STUBBLE.

Taken with Eastman Kodet.

AN EARLY TROUT.

JAMES D. ERMSTON.

We had been going to Carp Lake, Mich., for a number of years. We fished the lake and had such success that any desire to try the river for trout was quelled by the delight we experienced with the bass. Besides, the thought of fighting our way through the forest, down the river, over logs, through brush and muck, was a further damper on such a desire.

It was not until 1887 that we were aroused to the fact that the gamiest fish, for its inches, that swims, was within a few miles of our hotel. One day, Mrs. Russ, of San Antonio, Texas, came in late after a hard day's battle through the brush, over the logs and in the muck, with half a dozen trout that weighed one to 1½ pounds each. She had taken them on a Parmacheene Belle. Our admiration for her skill was great. We decided to go trouting the next day, to an old beaver dam, which had been built years ago, and which was yet inhabited by a few descendants of the original owners.

Such a digging of worms, which are especially hard to get in sandy Michigan; such catching of grasshoppers and solicitude for the proper fly to be used by ye fly fishermen; such testing of lines, jointing and unjointing of rods, oiling of reels and selecting of hooks and leaders, was never before known in the old house.

The sun did not rise earlier that day than any of the party whose ambition was to enjoy the beauty of a perfect day and to excel the catch of the lady whose success was honestly envied by us all. Taking the line of the old mail route between Petosky and Mackinaw, we struck off through the woods. The pathway, beneath towering pines and giant hemlocks, was lined on either side with beautiful ferns, and running hemlock, robbed by us of its red, red berries, and was carpeted with leaves, pine needles and evergreen.

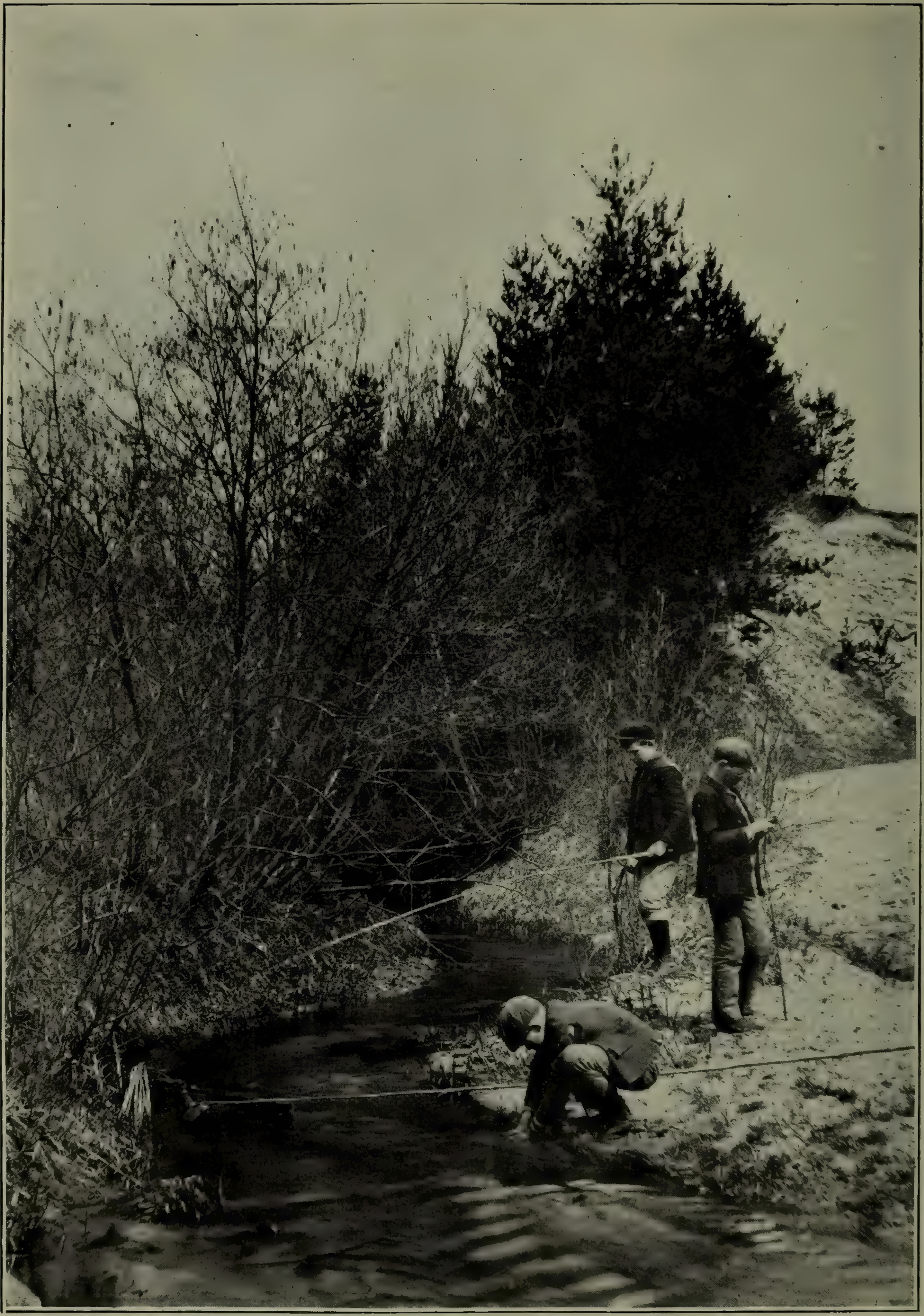
We were all well winded when we reached the stream. As we passed down the hill, we were rewarded by the sight of a noble buck plunging through the water to the opposite bank, and startled by the flight of a covey of grouse that had been feeding on the raspberries which grew in profusion on the hillside. The golden rod nodded majestically in the light breeze. The white maples swung their slender bodies gracefully back and forth, and high above use the eagle of Carp lake lay in the air on motionless wing.

Picking our way through sand and brush and briars, we separately selected the best spots within, above and below the dam for our casts. It was not long until a succession of shrieks from the women and hurrahs from the men, with here and there a grunt of disgust at a failure to land, indicated their varied success. Standing on a log below the dam, with a fair sweep for the swing of the line, I made my first cast, with a coachman, toward a swirling pool of water that washed around the end of a huge pine log and sucked beneath some laurel bushes and under the bank. As the fly gently tipped the water at the head of the pool there was a splash, and, shooting out of the water with the fly in its mouth, came the largest trout that had ever been taken from the stream.

As the sunlight fell on the body of the royal fellow, the colors of the rainbow faded into insignificance. Feeling the hook, he rushed up the stream with a speed that prevented my fully recovering the line, although I was using a quadruple multiplier. Seeing me, he turned, and his incredible speed burned my thumb on the reel as I sought to check him gently in his headlong course to his refuge. Suddenly I brought him to a turn as he started under the bank; and around and through and out of the clear water he spun and threshed and pumped until, with a sight of despair he capitulated, and I, brought him to my boot leg. By that time I was in the water, having slipped off the log. He turned over, lay quietly on his side, and permitted me to lift him out of the water without further struggle.

What a beauty he was! He measured 16¼ inches in length and weighed 2¼ pounds. Built like a racehorse from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, he was a perfect specimen of the genuine brook trout, *Salmo fontanalis.* His red spots were numerous and irregularly placed, his side lines well defined, his eyes expressive, his jaws powerful, and there was no blemish on him to mar his beauty. Do not blame me for exulting at this late day over my good luck in taking him. Miss Russ, who was an artist, took his dimensions and his markings, and afterward painted and presented me with a faithful oil likeness of his majesty of the brook.

We were all in luck that day and a happy, tired party gathered around the supper table. I have fished that stream every year since then and have taken many a trout from its clear, cold waters, but none so brave as my first.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. M. ROGERS.

A POOR DAY FOR FISHING.

ON THE PLATTE,

BY C. T. ALBOT.

Love of hunting and adventure was the main cause of my going to California in 1849. I had a farm of 325 acres in central New York, 50 cows and a beautiful home surrounded by groves, walks, rustic bridges and a fish pond. The inoffensive rabbit, the woodcock and the ruffed grouse lived in my shrubberies. I did not owe a dollar. Kind and happy friends surrounded me; loving messages came to me from over the sea. I bade all goodbye and gave my gallant thoroughbred and my faithful dog a parting caress. "Was ever any madness equal to this?" I often asked myself later, as I ran the gauntlet of cholera, of hostile Indians and of accidents.

After much preparation at Independence, Missouri, I rolled out from the settlements, with the plains, the antelopes, the buffalo and mountain sublimity in anticipation. My outfit was 2 covered wagons, 6 yoke of oxen, a cow and a gray mare. Near us, though not in our company, journeyed Captain Gray and his Texas Rangers. At the crossing of the Kansas river 3 men claimed my cattle. They said they had been stolen. Captain Gray, with a quick eye to the comfort and safety of those around him, took in my unfortunate situation at a glance and came to my assistance. He told the claimants the cattle should have been rescued in Missouri, not on the plains, and threatening anyone with violence who attempted to touch the oxen, gave orders to the drivers of the trains to move on.

Captain Gray was a stalwart Western man, over 6 feet tall and well proportioned. He said he had been through the Mexican war and the cholera, and that he was not afraid of cholera. He died of it later and was buried on the banks of the Platte. Hearing he was sick, I went to see him and at once realized that his case was hopeless. We had already lost 14 of our company by cholera. This dire scourge pursued the overland emigrants from the Mississippi to the top of the Rocky mountains.

On account of the captain's critical condition, orders were given that our train should lie over. Thereupon Lige Hurd, who was a Kentuckian, a doctor from Virginia, a Senator from Tennessee and I started to cross the Platte in search of buffalo. We were near Fort Kearney, a mud fort on a bare plain. At that place the Platte expands its waters over the valley like an inland sea, and in the river are many islands. It had been raining almost incessantly and many of the islands were half under water. Lige was a good horseman, a good shot and a good swimmer. We started many deer by the splashing of the water, but by carelessness we failed to kill one.

At one place above high water we came to a deserted camp, which the Indians had evidently used a number of winters. There were the remains of fires and many bones of different kinds of animals. Tied in some low bushes were charms and scalps. The charms appeared to be the seeds of weeds tied in small pieces of buckskin. We were soon out of our depth in the immense body of water and every horse was swimming. The roaring flood carried us a mile down stream. My rifle, when on my shoulder, made me top heavy; when placed across my saddle before me the water struck one end or the other of it, endangering my equilibrium. Being the leader, I was the first to land on what we supposed to be the North bank of the Platte. However, we soon discovered that we were on another large island, and after riding to the lower end of it we determined to cross back again to camp. That was not an easy thing to do. A little lower down the stream was a small island which made a bar from its upper point. That bar, stretching up stream, was covered with about 3 feet of water. Lige and I sat on our horses looking on, while our companions swam their horses in comparatively still water until they reached the bar. Passing it, the angry torrent rolled them over, men and horses going under water completely out of sight. Lige and I plunged our horses into the water, reached the island, dismounted, dragged the doctor out by the hair of his head and his mule by the bridle. The doctor lost his rifle and it is at this moment at the bottom of the Platte. The Senator landed lower down and saved his rifle, but how I never could imagine.

Having neither matches nor anything to eat, we turned our horses loose on the island, and taking our saddles for pillows, we slept on the bare ground. The next morning we awoke early and secured our horses. The Doctor's and Senator's powder was wet and one rifle was lost. Nevertheless, we all agreed to keep on after buffalo. We rode a few miles to the North and came on 8 buffalo. The doctor and the Senator stayed behind. Lige and I went in pursuit. Lige was completely reckless and was first up to the buffalo. He fired one or 2 shots and then I sent my mare toward the bunch, riding abreast and within 6 feet of one of them. My rifle was new and had a set trigger, so that when I threw the reins on the mare's neck to cock and set it, I was awkwardly situated. I held my rifle behind the buffalo's shoulder and pulled the trigger. He rolled over, but got up again and went off.

We pulled up our horses to load our rifles and decided to take the buffalo on a still hunt, lest we should use up our powder and our horses, too. Presently we came on 3 buffaloes lying down. Having a knoll between us and our game, we commenced the approach on our hands and knees. When we peeped over the brow of the knoll we were within 10 rods of the buffaloes, which had risen to their feet. We pulled our triggers at the same instant. I heard my ball strike a buffalo. Lige's rifle missed fire. The buffaloes ran but a short distance and turned around to look at us. Lige put on another cap. His ball struck one of the old fellows in the spine and down came its hind parts. Without being able to get away, it still stood on its fore feet. It was a noble specimen.

For 14 days I did not see my company. When I met them at Fort Laramie, Captain Gray was dead and buried.

CHAMPION RUBY D, III 42,707.
Winner of 22 Consecutive First Prizes. Owned by J. E. Borden, Lansdowne, Pa.

THE TRUANT.

LETTIE C. BUCK.

Sunrise—June skies,
  Boy threshing Pa's streams.
Sun sets, boy frets;
  Pa threshes, boy screams.

The fool who just for fun
  Points a weapon at your throat
Has now a rival fool—
  The fool who rocks the boat.
—Chicago News.

TO THE BIRD ON MY HAT.

A. C. WEBB.

Poor silent bird!
Till late I had not thought of thee
As animated once with life
And singing carols to the morn.
These ghastly holes now filled with beads
Once held bright eyes that softly gazed
With love light on thy helpless brood;
While hushed forever is the voice
That once poured out from tree top high,
A flood of melody more sweet
Than notes of lute or lyre.

These shattered wings,
Now lifeless poised upon my hat
In mockery of what they were
E're claimed by Fashion's cruel whim,
Once bore thee lightly o'er the earth,
A messenger from other lands,
A visitor from alien shores.

Where was thy home?
Was it in shady forest cool,
On rugged mountain side, where falls
The sunlight scant on moss-grown log,
And lightly gleams on leaf and fern?
Didst thou roam o'er the ocean vast
Until some rocky, barren isle
Gave thee a mate, an home where thou
Didst rear thy downy young, and soar
And sing in joy 'mid wind and storm?
Or didst thou nest near home of man,
And that protection claim from him
Which he too oft denies?

When thou wast slain
By hand of cruel man, for me,
Thy nestlings cried for warmth and food
Till, worn with cold, and hunger's pangs,
They perished in the nest.

Wake, songster, wake!
Canst thou not sing thy songs again,
Thy blithesome carols, sweet and clear?
Ah, no! thy silv'ry notes are gone,
Thy tuneful voice forever stilled.
My heart is sore at that sad fate
Which I have brought to thee and thine;
And could I bring thee back to life,
I'd give thee to thy native home
To wake again the echoes sweet,
Till Nature, mother of us all,
Removed thee from her placid scenes
To slumber on her breast.

I put thee by,
Poor cover of a once glad life,
To mind me of the crimes oft wrought
In Fashion's name, against thy kind.
And nevermore shall death-bought plume
By me be worn. But this I pray:
May He who notes the sparrow's fall
Forgive the wrong which took thy life,
As sacred as my own.

SALMI OF DUCK.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN H. WHEELER

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. A. BEASLEY.

FEEDING THE SQUIRREL.

THE GAME HOG.

Ryland Benford.

The game hog, he of the outlaw name,
Dines at ease on his slaughtered game.
He never thought, by the brookside cool,
To put small trout back into the pool,
But left them there on the bank to spoil—
Oh, this makes the blood of a sportsman boil!
But what, indeed, does the glutton care?
He never knows when he has his share.
To him the woods with their odors sweet
Mean but a place to secure some meat.
When after deer this destroyer goes,
He shoots at all the fawns and does;
For he's such a hog that he does not wish
To spare a deer, or squirrel, or fish.
Through winter's snow or 'neath summer's sun
He prowls about with his dog and gun,
And tries to slay all the fish and game,
To make a bag and a poacher's name.
But no honest sportsman will call him "pard,"
And Recreation will soak him hard.
He must turn about; he must mend his ways,
Or be shunned by men all his future days.

"What does this nation need?" shouted the impassioned orator. "What does this nation require, if she steps proudly across the Pacific—if she strides boldy across the mighty ocean in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?"

"Rubber boots," suggested the grossly materialistic person in a rear seat.—Baltimore American.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY ADAM AIRTH.

ON THE CROW RESERVATION.

SOME NEW LEAGUE MEMBERS.

Ex-Gov. Levi P. Morton has recently become a life member of the League, on the invitation of Vice-President Hornaday. Thus we are strengthening our lines day by day. The Governor is President of the New York Zoological Society, and is at the head of one of the most important banking institutions in this city. He has been invited several times in the past to become a member of the League, but has refrained from endorsing it, because he seemed to doubt its permanency. As soon as we showed our strength by securing the passage of the Lacey bill the Governor said he had no further doubt as to the staying qualities of the men comprising the League, and so sent in his check for $25, for a life membership

Until recently the sportsmen of Iowa have been slow to recognize the League as a valuable factor in the saving of game, but now they are waking up. An Iowa division has recently been formed, with D. E. Stuart, of Council Bluffs, as chief warden. He is a brilliant young lawyer and a thorough sportsman. He does not believe that the only way to have fun in the fields or in the woods is to be constantly killing game. He realizes that there is more pleasure in allowing an occasional bird to escape than there is in killing all of them. He appreciates the songs of the birds, the odor of flowers and the rustle of the leaves quite as much as the smell of gunpowder. In other words, he is one of the modern type of sportsmen, and he invites all others who believe as he does and who are anxious to see the game of the Great Prairie State protected, to join the League.

D. E. STUART,
Chief Warden Iowa Div.

Iowa is pre-eminently the home of the prairie chicken. Furthermore, it is the home of John F. Lacey, the greatest friend the birds ever had. On these accounts, the Iowa division of the League should have 1,000 members, and I trust it soon may have.

Oregon is another of the Western States that has recently become awakened to the importance of the work of this League. R. F. Kelley, of The Dalles, is the chief warden of that division, and is a hard worker. He has also organized a local chapter of the League at that point, and an L. A. S. Gun Club. He thoroughly appreciates the prestige and the fitness of the League badge, and is making it familiar to lawbreakers as well as to sportsmen in all parts of the Big Red Apple State.

R. F. KELLEY,
Chief Warden Oregon Div.

Michigan is another great game State, but the army of hunters that live there and that go there every year from other States has rapidly swept away the game. There are a few progressive sportsmen in that State, however, and it was the first in the Union to pass a law abolishing spring shooting of wild fowl. J. Elmer Pratt, of Grand Rapids, the chief warden of the Michigan division was one of the prime movers in securing the passage of this law. A year ago the market hunters and game butchers overwhelmed the progressive men and repealed this anti-spring shooting law; but their victory is only temporary. The right will again prevail. and Mr. Pratt and the many other members of the League in Michigan will soon fence out the spring shooters again.

J. ELMER PRATT,
Chief Warden Mich. Div.

It is noticeable that nearly all the men who come into the League are from the ranks of thinkers and workers. For instance, Dr. Nicholas Senn, of Chicago, one of the greatest surgeons in the world, one of the ripest scholars and one of the most humane and progressive of physicians, has recently sent in his application.

DR. NICHOLAS SENN.

At the outbreak of the Spanish war Dr. Senn forfeited a practice in Chicago that was worth $50,000 a year to him in order to minister to the suffering soldiers. President McKinley, recognizing the value of the man, promptly commissioned him as chief surgeon of volunteers with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Dr. Senn went to Cuba with one of the first transports of troops, and from that day until the close of the war worked incessantly. Many a soldier who is living to-day owes his life to the skill of the great humanitarian, and now the Colonel has shown his appreciation of the great work the League is doing for humanity by becoming a member of it.

Z. W. BLISS,
Chief Warden Rhode Island Div.

The League's emblem is traveling East as well as West. Among the new divisions lately organized is that of Rhode Island. Zenas W. Bliss, of Providence, is the chief warden. A glance at his portrait will convince anyone that he is a brainy man and a gentleman. It should be a pleasure to every sportsman in Rhode Island to join hands with such a man as Bliss and to help him in saving the few remaining birds in that State from destruction.

The Honorable John H. Small, of North Carolina, is another member of Congress who has correct ideas on the subject of game protection. He voted for the Lacey bill and has now joined the League. By this action he has shown that he appreciates the importance of united action and that he values the good work this magazine is doing.

HON. JOHN. H. SMALL.

HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Two other Congressmen have joined the League. These are Amos J. Cummings and George W. Ray, both of New York. Mr. Ray refers to Dr. J. D. Bryant, of this city, and to the Hon. D. C. Lamont and Speaker Henderson, of the House.

HON. GEO. W. RAY,

Hon. L. P. W. Quimby, chief fish, game and forestry warden, of Oregon, has also sent in his application for membership.

C. E. Lambert, G. P. A. of the West Shore Railroad, is a member of the League, and his number is 2973. He is a very conservative man, and does not endorse any proposition until he knows it is good. He does not cast his lot with shadows; but when he finds that a body of men are doing substantial work for the public good he is ready to assist; and so he has joined the League.

We stood by the open grave of the great man.

"Sic transit gloria!" I exclaimed, with emotion.

"Underground transit, too!" muttered my companion, in a hollow voice.

I now regarded the fellow more narrowly and discovered that he seemed to be an inhabitant of Greater New York and somewhat demented.—Puck.

DUCK DECOYS IN PIKE COUNTY.

E. E. HICKOCK.

We had been telling hunting and fishing stories and it was the Major's turn. After refilling his glass he said: It was away back yonder when some 30,000 of us were retreating South after having captured Mulligan's brigade at Lexington, Missouri. It had been raining all day and brigades, regiments and companies were all mixed up. About night the wagon train of our regiment, which had stuck together during the day, came to the crossing of a river and one of the wagons stuck fast, despite the efforts of the teamsters. About 25 of us, wet and draggled, were working to get it loose. The air was getting dark, but it had a tinge of blue from the cursing of the teamsters and the men. We were near giving up, and were about to leave the old wagon where it was, when there came dashing down into the stream a company of mounted infantry, seemingly as fresh and sprightly as if it was morning of a bright day. One of them, in a strong, cheery voice set up the song,

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The pride of Missouri am a comin',
An' we'll never mind the wedder,
But get ober double trouble,
For we're bound for the happy land of Ca-ni-ann."

The verse ended as the singer came abreast of our wagon and he seemed to speak to his captain, who gave an order for a dozen or so to tumble off and help us out, which they did in a few minutes. We made the best time we could for a few miles, where we were lucky enough to find the rest of our company in camp. A thousand camp fires built of fence rails made a pretty sight in the falling rain, but there was nothing to eat, and no feed for the horses. All we had had since morning was what cold corn bread we had then put in our pockets. I skirmished around in the commissary wagon, and was fortunate in finding a piece of bacon as big as my 2 hands, which we speedily sliced and toasted over the fire. By the time it was fairly hot, a sudden dash of rain nearly quenched all the camp fires. Just then from a company camped near, there came the song,

My name it is Joe Bowers,
I have a brother Ike,
I came from old Missouree,
All the way from Pike.

And the singer came to us with a big pone of corn bread. Each of us had a chunk and a mouthful of bacon, which tasted mighty good, although the next morning Cap, the Commissary, told me he had thrown away that piece of bacon, as it was full of worms. After eating, we went to sleep at once, wet as we were.

Long before daylight the man at my back gave me a punch in the ribs to waken me. The rain and wind had ceased, and the dead silence which comes just before dawn was being broken by a strain of music from away off somewhere. Headquarters brass band, we afterwards learned; and they were playing "Home, Sweet Home." I much doubt if ever the old melody had more appreciative listeners, for we were nearly all young strips of fellows, many never away from home before. We knew our army was retreating, and the fatigue of the day before, with the surety that many of us would never see our homes again, was so depressing that tears were in the eyes of our whole outfit. Suddenly the music stopped, as if some one had knocked the players over the head, and they ought to have been for selecting that tune at that time. There was silence for a minute and then came,

"My name it is Joe Bowers,
I have a brother Ike."

The transition was instantaneous. A cheer and a yell went up, spreading from company to regiment, and to brigade, until 5,000 throats made the morning ring. We were once more ourselves, ready for anything that might come.

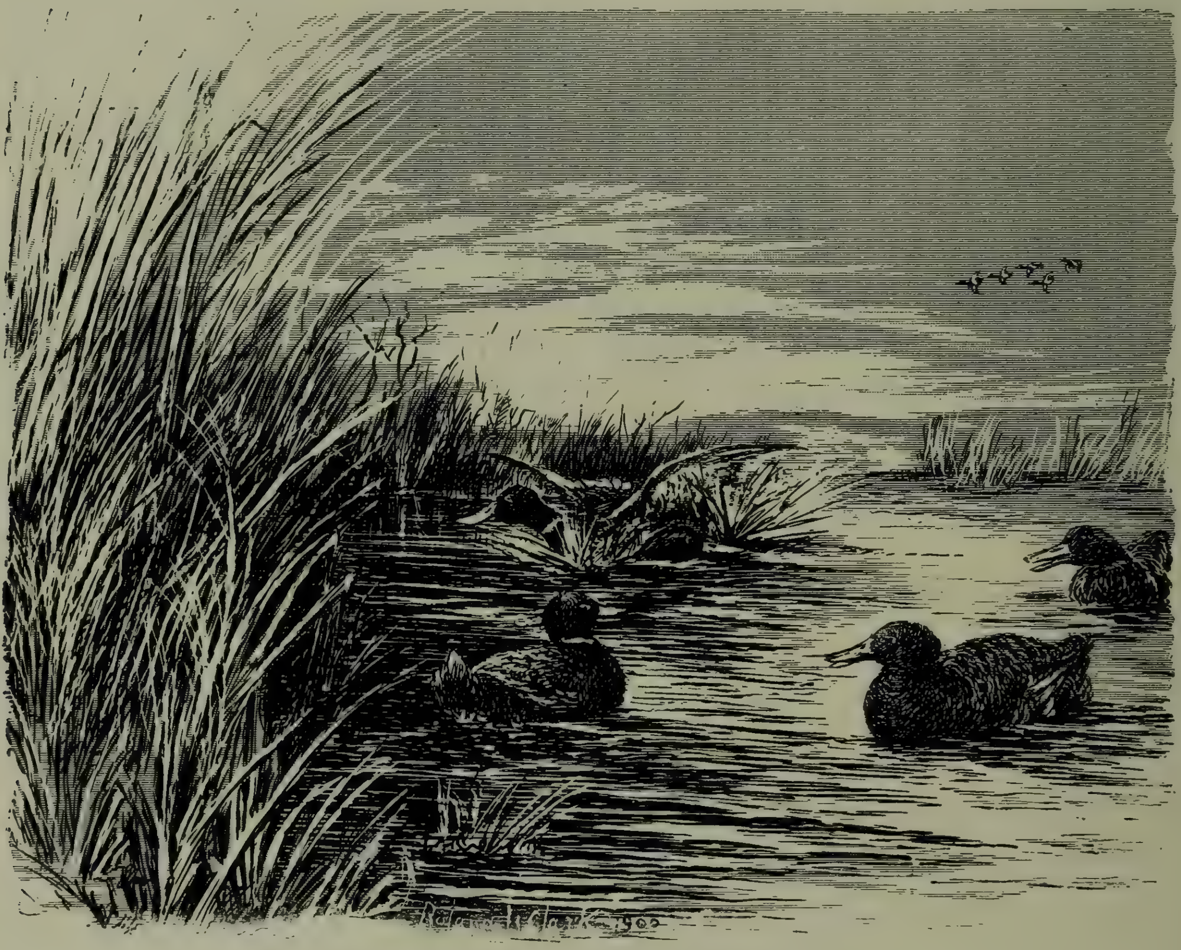
It's too long a story to follow Joe all through the war, but in that time I knew him well and liked him. He liked me, also, and after our return home I saw him at intervals. He prospered and now owns a large farm partly on the Mississippi bluffs and partly in the bottoms. There are thousands of lakes and ponds in that region, which form the regular highway of all kinds of water fowl in their annual migration from South to North in the spring and back in the fall. Joe is a true sportsman. He only kills what he can use, and, like me, he'd rather catch one 6 ounce sunfish with a fly rod and a horse hair fly than 100 crappies on a chalk line and a live minnow.

Some years ago Joe decided to tame a wild duck. He got a setting of mallard eggs, and had them hatched under a tame duck which the children had raised as a pet. The little ducklings were also petted, but their wild nature would assert itself, and in the fall they would have flown away had not Joe taken the precaution to clip the tip feathers of each left wing. The next season another brood was raised from the eggs of the yearling captives, and so on until last year. When I saw them they seemed perfectly domesticated.

While I was there Joe took me out one morning to show me how he had trained these tame wild ducks to act as decoys. The evening before, we went out in the yard, and Joe took down a box or coop, having a sliding door, placed it on the ground and gave a peculiar whistle. The whole flock of ducks came waddling over to him and they all wanted to go in the box. Joe said the rascals all knew what was coming, and that the ones that went in the box would be allowed to go on the lake with him in the morning, hunting the wild ducks, which they considered a great treat. He selected 10 of them to go in the box and closed the door, sending the rest off about their business.

During the evening the box was sent down to the landing and put in the boat, a flat bottomed scow, 3 feet wide and 14 long. The sides were of slabs with the bark on and along the gunwale were holes to receive the stems of bushes which completed the blind.

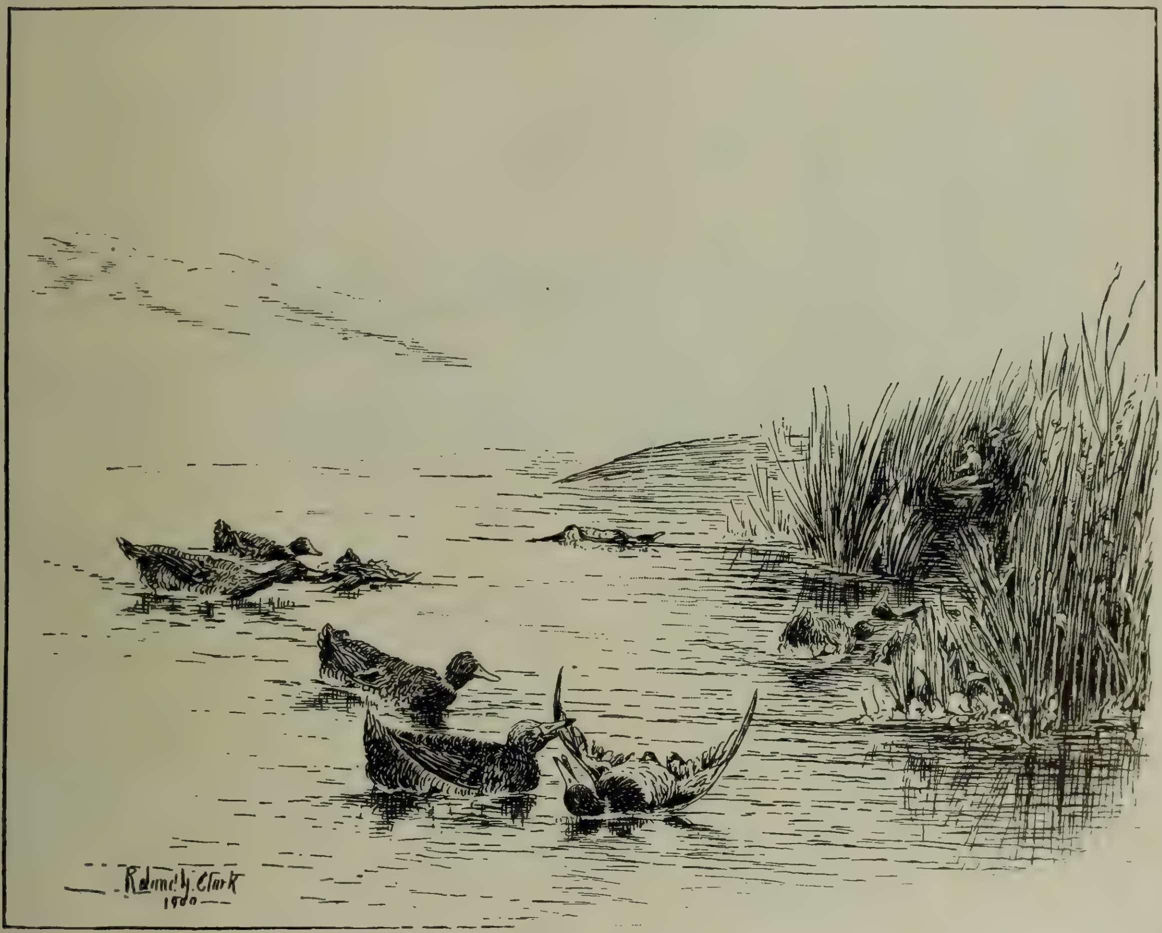
The stars were still shining when Joe wakened me, and, after a cup of coffee, we reached the boat landing just as the first slight tint of color appeared over the bluffs across the river. A half mile pull brought us to the narrows, where we moored the boat, stem and stern, with poles, as the water was only about 5 feet deep. It was a lovely November morning, with just enough crispness in the air to let one know winter was coming. The lake was like glass, a low lying mist gently rising from the water, and the silence was absolute, save the low boom of a gun 2 or 3 miles down the lake.



THEY BEGAN A SERIES OF ANTICS.

Joe opened the door of the box, and as the ducks came out he gently patted each one on the back and lifted it over into the water. When all were out, he gave a low whistle. They all swam away about 40 yards, and began a series of antics, which I can best describe by calling it a duck circus. They swam around in a circle as fast as they could go, one after the other, as if having a race. Then they had other performances, one of which was that a duck would dive, swim under the water, come up under another duck and tip him over. Then there would be a tremendous quacking by all the rest, although all the time they were making a good deal of a racket.

"Keep a good eye on them," said Joe. Presently away in the distance I heard a quack. Instantly our ducks were at attention, showing they had also heard it. A duck's ears are small, but they can hear the slightest sound.



PUSHING THEM ALONG TO THE BOAT.

They began moving around as if they were just ordinarily feeding, but at a second signal from the coming flock some of them made answer by saying,

"There's lots of good feed here; come and join us." The flock came down, but before they reached the water Joe had let go with both barrels and so had I. Four ducks fell.

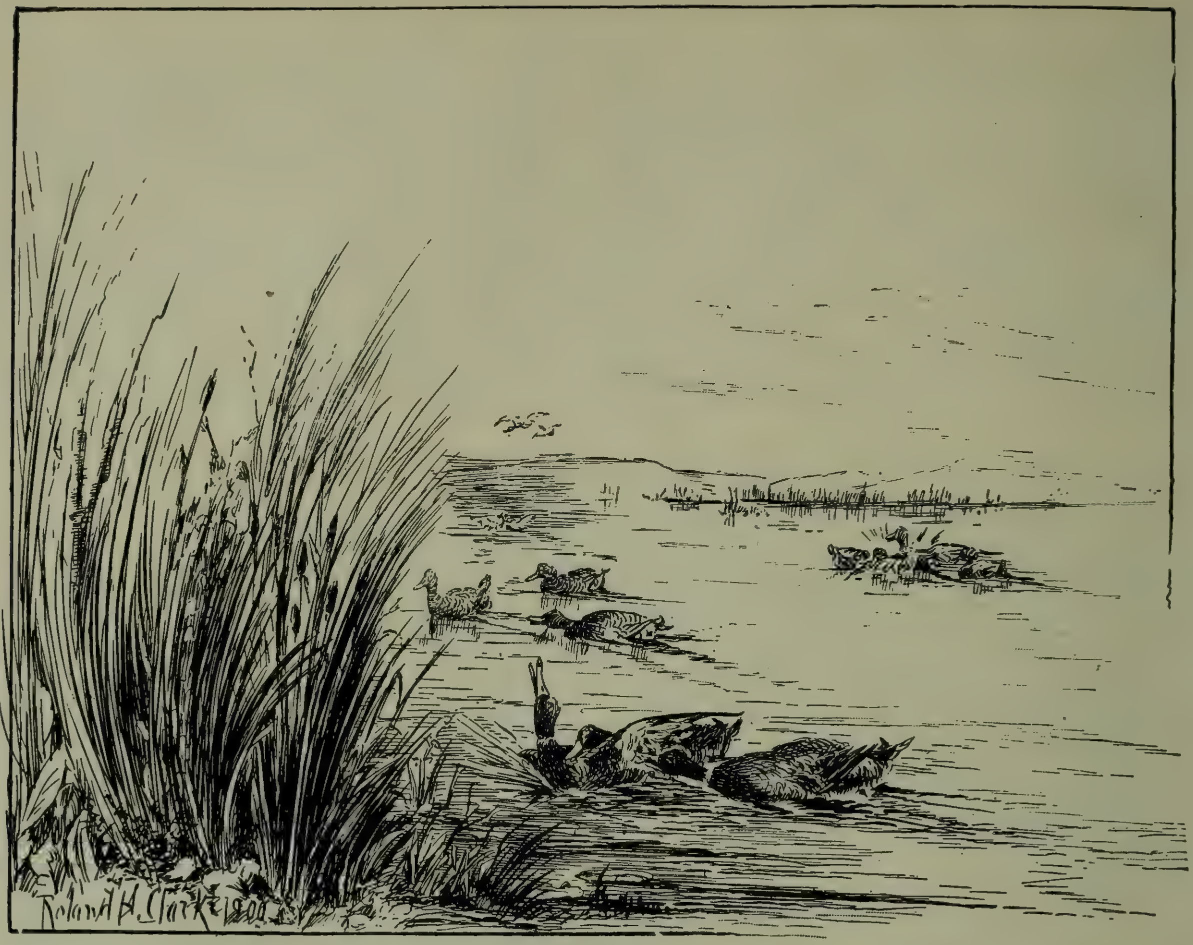
"Joe," said I, "it's a shame to take advantage of an unsuspecting traveler like that."

"Well," said Joe, "I think so too, and we won't shoot any more, but I just wanted you to see how it was done."

I glanced out at our ducks to see how they took it. They had divided out, 2 of them going to each of the ducks we had killed, and actually pushing them along to the boat, racing as to which should reach us first. The successful ones were patted on the back, the game put in the boat, Joe gave the signal and all our decoys swam away again. I said,

"I thought you were not going to shoot any more."

"All right," said Joe. "Put away your gun, but the show isn't over yet." We sat awhile in silence, when another distant signal was heard and another flock came near. The same performance was gone through by the decoys, but that time the wild birds lighted on the water and our birds began with what might be "How de do," and "how's all the folks," and "where you been;" a kind of a general handshaking all round, as it were. I kept a close watch on them, for I was much interested, and tried to follow the movements of our birds. It was difficult as they were so much like the wild ones. I made out, though, that our crowd seemed to be swimming by 2's



POUNCED ON THE BIRD NEAREST THEM.

that is, 2 of our ducks would go up to a wild one and after salutation go on to another. Joe was also watching and I saw him pucker his lips for a whistle. With a motion of his hand to me to look, he gave the whistle and instantly the 5 pairs of our birds each pounced on the bird nearest them and made him captive. The others flew away, but our birds held on like grim death, seizing their prey at the butt of the wing on either side and holding them until we poled the boat along and took them in. As Joe wrung the neck of the last one, he said,

"That's what you might call benevolent assimilation."

He then took in the decoys, and we went home to breakfast, leaving the game and the box to be brought up by the wagon. Joe told me of the time it had taken and the patience required to train the ducks as he had, but he had certainly succeeded. I should have as much expected to make a hunting dog of a pet sheep as of a wild duck, but ocular demonstration convinced me it could be done.

They seated themselves on a grassy little
mound,
And they passed their picnic provender
around.
"Yes, it's queer," they chuckled, "but what
is the odds?"
We're eating devilled ham in the Garden
of the Gods."
—Chicago Tribune.

THE TROUT I MISSED.

DON CAMERON.

Vague rumors of mammoth trout in Southwest creek reached me in my sanctum, and immediately I caught the fever and had it bad. All my thoughts were fishy. My ink-well seemed to enlarge to a great, black pool wherein 6-pounders lay; my penholder lengthened into a whiplike rod; and the early flies that buzzed about my head were Professors and Parmachene Belles.

Next morning found me on the stream. I had succeeded so far in getting a dozen big snarls and 3 small trout. I was becoming discouraged, when I espied a perfect trout paradise ahead—a slash filled with logs and the swift stream curving through it. If there was a trout in the whole creek it was there. I changed my flies and cautiously approached the pool. The hot sun poured on my bare head and blistered my neck, but I heeded it not. With a little flutter my flies settled on the quickly moving surface and were carried down and across into deep water. Not a bite, not a stir. Again I tried, with no better luck. With trembling fingers I changed the flies and cast again in the deepest and blackest part of the pool. There was a tremendous splash and I struck and missed.

For the next hour I slashed and cut the pool, the stream, the bank, the logs and the woods. Losing my temper, I made derogatory remarks concerning trout and idiots who tried to catch them. After the atmosphere cleared sufficiently I advanced and looked over the pool. Not a sign of life. I glanced into the swift running water, and there lay the biggest trout in the creek, slowly switching his broad tail to maintain his position and paying not the slightest heed to me. My rod dropped with a clatter to the stones, but he didn't budge. For fully 5 minutes I watched him pump huge mouthfuls of water through his gills and wag his tail. I picked up my rod and tried to lure him with the choicest of bait, but he would have none of it. Slowly I waded out toward him; he looked at me, but didn't move. I drew nearer, until I stood almost over him; he gulped and waved unconcernedly. Truly, this was a wonderful fish.

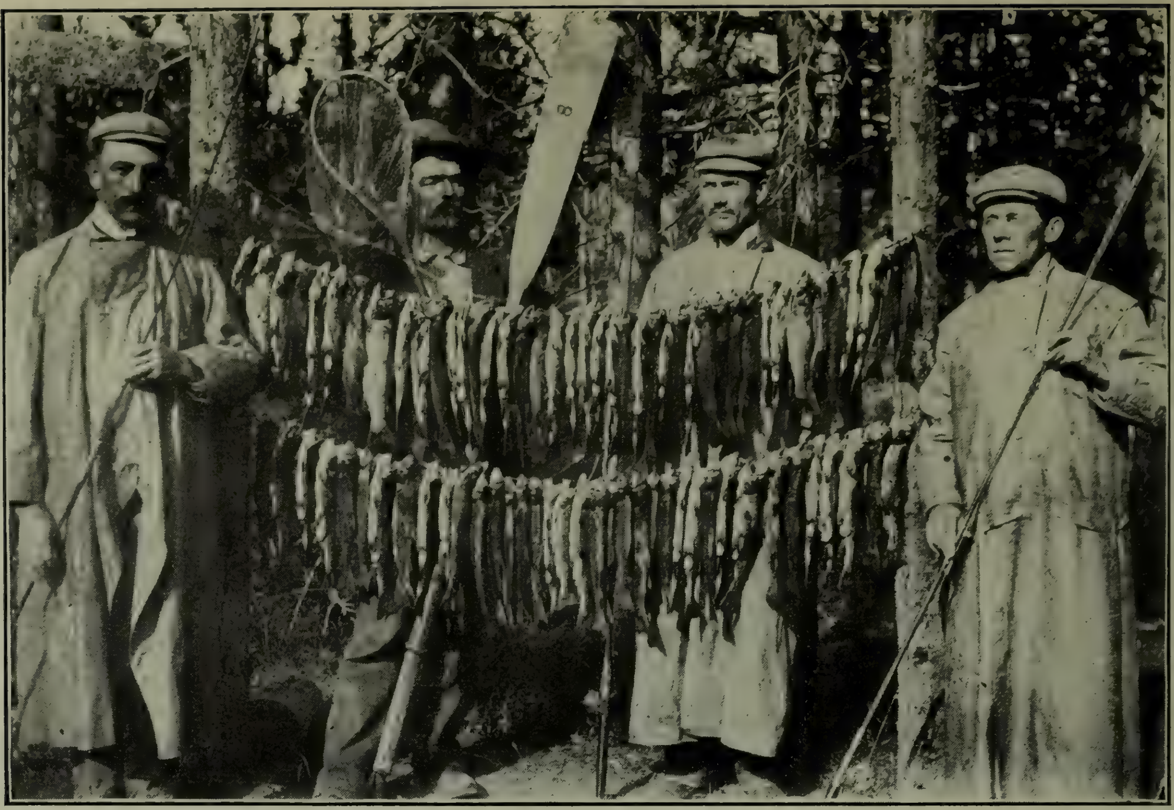
His pink body lay not a foot from my toes. What to do I didn't know. At last a happy thought struck me. I would lay down my rod, roll up my sleeves, grab him just behind the gills and throw him clear out on the pebbly shore. Everything went well until my hands almost touched his mottled back, and I felt as sure of him as if he were already cooked. After a last look at my hands to see if they were exactly right I grabbed.

The water flew up and engulfed me. The bottom slipped from under my feet. I felt a slippery, slimy body wiggle for an instant in my arms, and—all was over. Slowly I regained my feet, untied my arms and fingers, picked up my tackle and sneaked back home.

Moral: Never catch big trout in your hands; it's against the law.

After William Tell had shot the apple from the head of Tell, Jr., he was urged to do so on subsequent occasions for the pleasure of those who missed the first performance. But he declined, saying,

"What's the use? They won't book me in the continuous vaudeville, and it is too early to start a Wild West show."—Baltimore American.



A JUDGE IN BAD COMPANY.

Dear Sir: Yours of 9th received, and in reply will say that I and 2 friends did catch 90 very fine trout in one day. We had a picture taken of the catch. It is now in Pittsburg. I expect to go there to-morrow, and if I can get it will forward it to you.
Yours truly,
R. E. Umbel, Uniontown, Pa.

And from the letter it appears that Mr. Umbel is a judge of the District Court. Who can guess which man in the group is the judge? And how can any man of such prominence so utterly forget his dignity as to allow himself to be shown in such a distasteful attitude.—EDITOR.

THE LAST RABBIT.

E. R. WILLIS.

The last rabbit on earth, sat sad and forlorn,
Awaiting the call from the game-hog's horn.
Not a bunnie was left all through this great world,
And soon into space his soul would be whirled.
He'd been bit by a ferret, shot through the back,
Dug out from the wall and doubled the track.
But to be the last one of his tribe, to remain,
Set his nerves all astir by the terrible strain.
But someone had heard there was yet one more rabbit.
They search all the woods and they surely would have it.
They caught him and killed him, with hearts full of mirth.
They're satisfied now, 'twas the last one on earth.

A GOUTY MAN'S RECOURSE.

"Mamma, does money make the man?"

"I am sorry to say it does sometimes, Tommy."

"Money will make a man go anywhere, won't it?"

"I suppose so."

"If it was down in Cuba would money make a man go to raising mangoes?"

"Don't bother me."

"Do monkeys eat mangoes, mamma?"

"I presume so. I wish you wouldn't talk so much."

"Then if money makes the man go to raising mangoes, and monkeys eat mangoes, don't the monkeys make the mango go——"

Whack! Whack!

"Ouch!"—Chicago Tribune.

The sporting editor of a San Francisco newspaper had among his notes an item which said,

"The young salmon are beginning to run." The next morning the statement was printed on the page that "The young salmon are beginning to swim." When the editor asked how it happened the proofreader said cheerily,

"That's all right, Billy. You had that mixed up with your turf stuff and I straightened it out for you."

"But why didn't you let it go as I wrote it?" persisted the editor.

"I couldn't," was the reply; "who ever heard of fish running?"

A CALIFORNIA PRIZE.

Enclosed find negative showing Pacific buck killed August, 1899, by Henry S. Wicker over my hounds. This was an unusually large deer, weighing 167 pounds dressed, 24 hours after killing. It was killed within 15 miles of San Francisco on what is known as the San Pedro ranch. The usual weight of this class of deer is 100 to 120 pounds, dressed, though one was killed in 1898, over same dogs, weighing 164 pounds. Am pleased to see you continue your fight against the game hogs, of which we have a large supply in California.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. A. GREEN

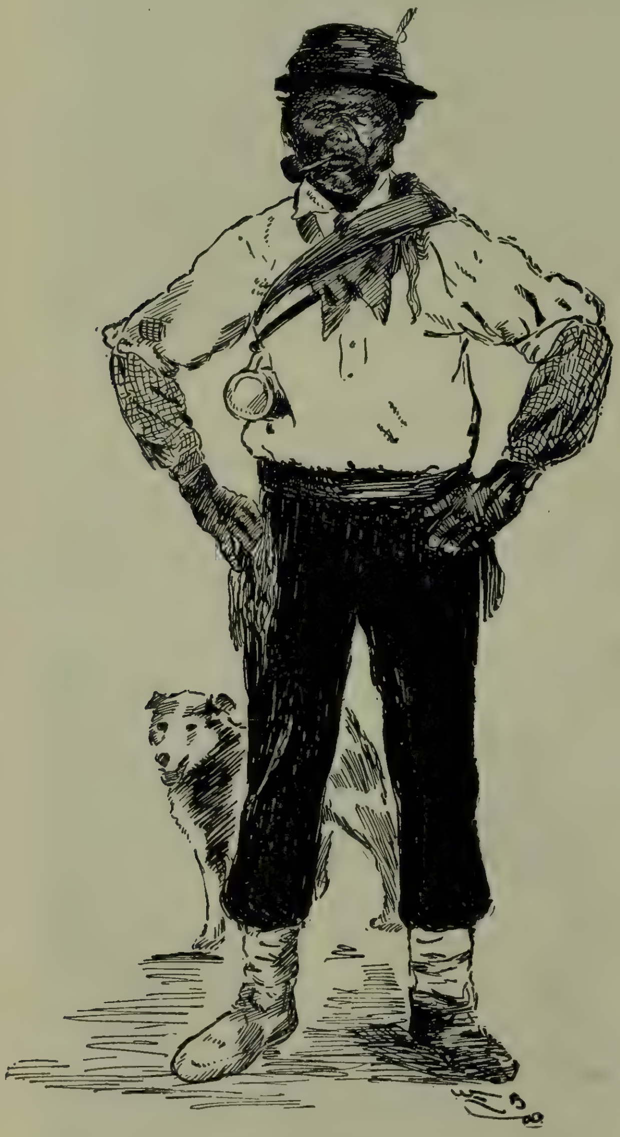
TAKING HIM HOME.

E. A. Green, San Francisco, Cal.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Chee-kee-wah, or Indian Pete, whose pen picture accompanies this sketch, is one of the famous landmarks of Northern Wisconsin. The oldest inhabitant can not remember when Indian Pete was anything but an old man. At least a hundred years have passed over his head, and if questioned on the subject, he will say, "Me hundred twenty-five."

Pete is a chief of the Chippewas and lives in his tepee a few miles from Tomahawk. He is a frequent visitor in the town and usually walks in the middle of the road, tall and straight, with a step as light as when, in his younger days, he led his warriors in the fight. His faithful dog always follows him, and generally Pete carries over his shoulder a bag of venison or other commodities to trade for whatever he can get. His customary salutation, be it May or December, to those he meets is, "Merry Christmas, ten cents."



INDIAN PETE.

Unlike most of his race, Indian Pete has succeeded in overcoming the native superstition and repugnance to having his picture made, and any enthusiastic amateur may take a snap shot, providing he crosses the wily old Indian's palm with silver. Pete knows the difference between 10 cents and 25, too, and nothing less than the latter will tempt him into posing for his portrait.

The passing away of this tall denizen of the pine forests, when he goes to join his warriors in the happy hunting grounds of the hereafter, will leave a vacancy and a feeling of sadness among many a pale face in Northern Wisconsin.

Harold T. Webster, Tomahawk, Wis.

GOLDEN EAGLE KILLED AT REELFOOT LAKE, TENNESSEE.

"Yes, he started a hotel and he's made a hit, too. You know the old established place across the street advertised itself as 'a hotel with all the comforts of home.'"

"Yes."

"Well, he advertised his place as 'a hotel without the discomforts of home.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Nowitt: I've got a United States dollar of 1827 I'd like to dispose of. What's it worth?

Numismatist: Nothing.

"That so? I thought there was a premium on it."

"No. There are lots of them in circulation. However, seeing it is you, I'll give you 50 cents for it."

"All right; I'll take it."—Standard and Times.

Hojack—I understand that you skated into an airhole the other day?

Tomdik—That's what they called it, but I found it was full of water.—Detroit Free Press.

AN APPEAL FOR THE BUFFALO.

The Committee on Public Lands, to whom was referred the Lacey bill for the preservation and perpetuation of the buffalo, submits the following report:

A GOOD REPORT ON A GOOD BILL.

Charles Mair, of the Royal Canadian Society, in May, 1890, made the following statement:

There is, perhaps, no fact in the natural history of America which brings such reproach on civilized man as the reckless and almost total destruction of the bison. * * * At this time there are in all probability not 500 of these animals alive on the continent.

When America was discovered the American Indians, measured by their flocks and herds, were as opulent as any people on the globe. The bison was the common property of all. He took care of himself both winter and summer, and furnished a never failing supply of food and raiment for the aborigines. Through inconceivable ages this animal had become adapted to the soil, climate, and surroundings. The bison is the most typically American of all of the indigenous beasts on the continent.

In 1832 the last of the bison was killed East of the Mississippi river. Before the development of the railroads vast herds of these animals avoided the destructive effects of the white settlements by emigration to the Far West, and down to as late as 1870 they still numbered many millions. The building of the Pacific Railroad was the signal for the destruction of these vast herds. They were slaughtered without mercy, for sport and for profit.

The most pitiful story in the history of all animal life is Prof. William T. Hornaday's report on the extinction of the American bison. The mania for slaughter seems to have affected every one. The English lord, the miner, the cowboy, and the emigrant slew right and left, dotting the plains with thousands upon thousands of tons of bleaching bones that have since been gathered up and transported to the sugar refineries on the Atlantic coast. These herds, that could have readily been converted into domestic animals and preserved as a permanent source of wealth, have been literally swept from the face of the earth.

The cattle which have taken their place are unable to withstand the rigors and severity of the changeable climate. Where the bison turned his head to the storm and fought it out with the blizzard, the American cattle of to-day turn tail to the wind and drift to destruction. The bison was clothed expressly to resist the severity of the climate in which he was living. Prehistoric man, in his long warfare against the mammoth, left not one to tell the tale. Necessity for food, no doubt, was his excuse, and the slow breeding of these gigantic beasts made the extermination comparatively easy. When America was discovered the bison was the king of American beasts. By ages of gradual modification and natural selection an animal was developed fitted in the most admirable way for a life in the vast region from Hudson's bay and Great Slave lake to the Gulf of Mexico.

The United States Government has tardily attempted to preserve some of the wonders of nature on the continent. The word "extinction" does not quite literally apply to the bison, but we have arrived at a point where nothing but heroic treatment will prevent this animal from joining the dodo, the great auk, and the mammoth.

Professor Hornaday thinks there are at present 400 living buffalo in the whole world. The herd of the Flathead Indians, the "Buffalo Jones" herd, the Goodnight herd, the Corbin herd, a few specimens here and there in zoological parks, remnants still of perhaps 20 in the Yellowstone National Park, and a few scattered wood buffalo West of Hudson's bay embrace all that are left of the countless millions of a generation ago.

Col. C. J. Jones was engaged with others in the general slaughter which nearly exterminated the buffalo. He realized that soon there would not be a living specimen of this wonderful animal, and he attempted to preserve at least a small herd from destruction. He accordingly went systematically about the capturing of calves, driving with him milch cows to preserve the little captives, and he has at present about 100, the descendants of these captured calves. It is gratifying to find that his humane experiment was not unprofitable. The Government tried to save 400 of these animals in Yellowstone Park, but in that high altitude, with its rigorous weather and the relentless destruction of the animals when they wandered beyond the limits of the park, it is not probable there are more than 20 still alive. The climate of the Yellowstone Park, the high altitude, and the heavy snows there have all proved great barriers to the preservation or propagation of these animals.

In a more favorable climate, with adequate protection and opportunity for ranging, breeding may be successfully carried on. Experience has shown that in close confinement most of the calves are males, but on the open range, under more natural conditions, the birthrate of the 2 sexes is about equal. If no one were now willing and able to try the experiment of restoring a sufficient number of these animals to insure them from total extinction, it would be the duty of a great Government like ours, regardless of expense, to do whatever could reasonably be done to that end. Thousands of dollars have been spent in vain in the mistaken effort at the Yellowstone. Colonel Jones called attention to the dangers of that experiment, and offered to round up and save them from destruction; but the offer was rejected, and head-hunters, wolves, and the failure to breed have almost annihilated that herd.

Practically all the animals with which to try this experiment of domesticating the buffalo are under the control of Colonel Jones. We recognize the fact that the buffalo, like the Indian, must be domesticated or disappear; but it is also true that an adequate home must be found for the few remaining, or else they can not be protected and preserved. After a few generations of domestication their breeding can no doubt be carried on without the broad range that now seems necessary. To turn these animals out on the plains of any of the Western States or Territories to take their chances with domestic cattle would result in their destruction. A range sufficiently large and at the same time fenced in should be provided for that purpose. The owner of this herd is willing to bear all the expense of this experiment and asks no Government aid. He can not turn these animals out on the open range without danger of their entire loss.

In New Mexico the buffalo finds his natural home, both summer and winter. There remain vast areas of unoccupied public lands where the buffalo formerly roamed and bred with much fruitfulness. Out of the 600,000,000 acres remaining of the public lands it is proposed by this bill to set apart a tract of 20,000 acres; not free of charge, as the sheep and cattle men now use that land, but subject to a nominal rental of 1 cent an acre; also 2 buffalo in kind which are to be delivered to the Government each year for the use of the public parks.

Owing to a misunderstanding of the boundaries the original bill provided for an unnecessarily large area, and the hostility of the sheep and cattle men was at once aroused. The committee, in reporting back this bill, has cut the extent down to such dimensions that we believe the bill would meet the approval of even those interested parties. The addition of this herd of buffalo, instead of being an injury to New Mexico, will be of positive advantage, because it will add an additional industry, or, rather, will restore one which has been destroyed. The lease is a temporary one, and runs for but 20 years. If it is found that the animals sufficiently increase under this arrangement the lease could be renewed; otherwise there would be no harm done in terminating it.

I visited the Yellowstone last summer, and from the best information I could get there were not to exceed 23 buffaloes still alive. At $10 a head the 10,000,000 of these animals that existed only a few years ago would be worth $100,000,000.

In 1873 Congress passed a law to protect the buffalo, but the President of the United States failed to sign it and it did not become a law. The failure to sign this bill might be called another "crime of '73." Action then would have been in time. The failure to act now in this matter will be fatal. We believe the Government should make this experiment. It ought to be made, even if it had to be made entirely at public expense, but under the plan proposed by this bill the Government will not expend a single dollar. The land to be used for the purpose is public land. It belongs to the people. The whole people of the United States are concerned in saving our nation from the reproach of allowing the entire extinction of the American bison. Our children's children would curse us, and they ought to, if we do not prevent this reproach on the American people from being consummated.

There is another important feature connected with this experiment. Domestic cows can be placed on this range and crossed with the buffalo bulls. That is no longer an experiment. The product of this cross is an animal with a coat heavy enough to resist the severest Western winter storm. This, however, is only an incident to the real purpose of the plan, as there would be no attempt made to breed from the female buffalo anything but the pure blooded bison. The addition would be made by breeding pure blooded cows, and so the production of the pure bloods would not be in this manner decreased.

Your committee earnestly recommends the prompt passage of the substitute for the bill.

* * *

Yet, strangely enough, in spite of this masterly argument, the bill was not passed. And so we must wait another year.

EDITOR.

Some male hairdressers dye old maids;
and female hairdressers die old maids.

ANIMAL AND BIRD PESTS.

JOEL BENTON.

Although the fact is quite familiar everywhere that various countries have suffered much from the well meant importation of certain animals and birds that have become destructive nuisances, few appreciate the extent and variety of their depredations. The instances that will occur first to the reader are without doubt the English sparrow, more strictly called the house sparrow, which was introduced nearly 50 years ago from England to Brooklyn, and many years later to different New England towns, from all of which centers it has spread nearly everywhere; and the Australian rabbit, also brought to its new home from England.

The efforts to extinguish these when it was found that instead of becoming friends of the farmer and the inhabitants generally they became their enemies are too well known to need repetition here. The sparrow possesses the Western Hemisphere almost completely, from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle, together with the isles of the sea; while rabbit-proof fences, bounties, butcheries, and other devices have scarcely thinned out perceptibly the rabbit in Australia.

In an interesting and well illustrated article of great length and detail Dr. T. S. Palmer, chief of the Biological Survey, has contributed to the last Year Book of the Department of Agriculture a large number of facts concerning unfortunate animal and bird transportation. These relate not only to our own country, but to other countries all over the world. Our weed pests, for the most part, it seems, come to us by accident, but chicory, wild garlic and the water hyacinth of Florida are exceptions to this statement. They were brought here for ornamentation, but their conquering prolificacy has made them troublesome weeds. On the other hand, animals and birds have been usually made emigrants by forced assistance. Rats, mice, tarantulas and certain pests known to be pests, that came here by accident and not by invitation, are, of course, the exceptions to this rule.

The story told on this subject by Dr. Palmer is much too long to bear putting down briefly, but a few selected points from it are worth general attention. He says that in 1892 a report was current that the Department of Agriculture was about to introduce the mongoose into this country to bring extermination on the gophers of the West; but it was a false report. Its circulation, however, elicited the fact that the importation of that animal into Jamaica and Hawaii for the purpose of killing rats was practically a failure. It did kill rats, but it also destroyed pigs, poultry, lambs, valuable birds that nested low, eggs and various fruits, so that it was 10 times more of a pest than the one it was expected to remove. In Hawaii it destroyed valuable native birds, among them the Hawaiian goose and the Hawaiian duck which is a peculiar species. Now these introducing countries are doing what they can to destroy the once welcomed destroyer.

The mongoose is a native of India. It looks like a blend of the weasel and ferret with the fox, and, judging from the picture given of it, must be heavier and much larger than a woodchuck. Our government has been careful, since its complete character is now known, to keep it off the mainland, although for the present we must submit to its residence in Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

A single specimen of the flying fox, which is really a mammoth bat, and a native of Australia, was brought in 1893 to San Francisco. The quarantine officer killed it and meted out the same fate to four more that arrived there a little later. There was good reason for this, for the animal is a fruit eater, and can fly long distances. It is prolific, and rather too cunning to be artistically trapped or destroyed. The largest species is the one known as the Malay fruit bat, which measures more than 5 feet across the wings. As it is a tropical animal the Northern portion of our country could not suffer from it, but the Southern portion might, and Hawaii needs to prohibit its arrival. In the Philippines we doubtless possess it.

It is said that New Zealand, about a dozen years ago, in order to decrease the myriads of rabbits, introduced stoats, weasels and ferrets. So many were let loose—22,000 ferrets at one time—that the rabbits suffered a marked decrease. These various animals, however, desiring a mixed dietary, began soon to kill game birds and other valuable native birds. This destruction, which was not wanted, has been so complete that it has been suggested to set aside an island along the New Zealand coast where the more interesting indigenous species of birds can be kept from complete destruction.

Of the starling, introduced here a number of times from England, but not with rapid success, Mr. Palmer says nothing favorable. It changes its habits, as many other birds do, on reaching a new environment, and will not perform the work it was imported to do. In New Zealand and Australia it was hoped it would exterminate the hurtful insects. But it has left these for fruit and many other things that these countries do not wish exposed to predatory assaults. The American Acclimatization Society has made the most successful attempt to make the starling live here. It let loose 60 birds of this species in Central Park in 1890. Many of their descendants are still to be seen, and flocks of them have been noticed in Brooklyn and Sing Sing. Some years ago 35 pairs of starlings were liberated in Portland, Oregon, and the species still exists there.

The mina, or myuah, is a bird native to India that was brought to Honolulu in the 70's. Its looks and habits are somewhat like those of our grackle, or crow blackbird, but it has proved itself a pest. It drives away pigeons and fowls, and its voice is far from being musical. It also destroys nests and eggs.

The kohlmouse, or great titmouse, has been praised as a killer of the moths that are the enemies of fruit. In 1897, Dr. Palmer says, an article appeared in a paper in Idaho, advocating its importation. But the case against it is that it is known to destroy fruit much more than moths, and it kills other birds. It does this by splitting open their skulls with its beak to get at their brains, which is one of its articles of diet. This bird was brought to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1874, but its naturalization, fortunately, failed.

It is disappointing and not pleasant to hear that the skylark and the Grecian linnet are depredators. So also is the black thrush. All 3 are natives of Europe. On the English skylark, particularly, much sentiment and time have been expended to secure for it naturalization here. All 3 of these birds have been introduced in Oregon, and the skylark several times in the State of New York. Nothing important has come from the skylark, though a few exist in our country as an effect of these importations. I was told a year ago that the skylark could be heard not far from Flushing, Long Island, and it exists near Portland, Oregon, and possibly in New Jersey. In spite of the good singing of the thrush, and his generally good character at home, it is said that here they play the role of the prodigal son in part; they appropriate articles of value to the fruit grower and spend them in riotous living.

The gypsy moth was imported by a citizen of Massachusets to forward a supposed profitable silk-worm industry. The result was not only a failure of purpose, but a precipitation of disaster quite appalling. The escape of the moth shows its marvellous prolificacy and its pestiferous character. It has cost the State where it was introduced an enormous sum to hold it in check, with faint hope of its ultimate extinguishment.

The moral to be heeded in consideration of all these facts is what New Zealand and Australia are taking to heart, and what one or 2 men who have investigated the subject in this country do not hesitate to urge. That is that some legislation should be enacted by Congress to prevent anybody and everybody from bringing into the country winged and four legged emigrants of all sorts that seem good to them, without any knowledge of what will happen from this unimpeded privilege. Dr. Palmer says there is no Federal statute whatever on this subject, and only California has given it attention. A former Chief of the Biological Survey of the United States thought the Secretary of Agriculture should have power to grant or withhold permits for bird and animal immigration; giving, as a matter of course, to certain song and cage birds and those to go in menageries and museums the right of entrance.*

But let us hope the skylark can be reformed so as to secure both entrance and liberty, since it is turnip seed chiefly on which he makes his unlawful assault. Surely one song of the skylark ought to be worth an acre of turnips.

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*The Lacey bill, passed since the bulletin was printed covers the ground completely.—EDITOR.

"Can you spell your name, Tommy?"
"Yes'm. T, o, m, j, e—Tommy."
"What do you spell it that way for?"
"'Cause I'm a Boer sympathizer."
—Chicago Tribune.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

BEWARE OF GEORGE WINEGAR.

He lives at St. Anthony, Idaho, and poses as a guide. In fact, he was, some years ago, a good guide, but it appears he is no longer fit to be trusted in that or any other capacity. Read the following letters:

My dear Mr. Shields—I ask your help in the following matter:

About 2 years ago I was offered by Geo. Winegar, of St. Anthony, Idaho, a number of specimens, amounting to $400. Winegar asked me to send him $250 in advance, so he could buy the goods. I sent him a check for $200. The next day I became uneasy about my check and stopped payment on it by wire. The bank of St. Anthony claimed they did not receive the dispatch in time, and the money was paid to Winegar before my dispatch arrived. The goods Winegar should have sent never arrived. The bank of St. Anthony then asked me for evidence to get Winegar arrested. I furnished them such evidence. I had some correspondence about the matter with the bank, and they finally reported they could not get anything from Winegar; that he had spent the money in the saloon there, etc. I heard nothing further from the bank. About Christmas time, 1899, that check of $200 was suddenly presented here to me for payment and a suit was filed against me. Judgment was obtained against me, and the whole will cost me over $275.

I therefore ask you to take Winegar's name off your list of guides, and warn inquirers to have no dealings with him.

Please find letters enclosed from the Bank of St. Anthony in re case of Winegar.

Gus. Stainsky, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Mr. Gus Stainsky:

Dear Sir—We received a check of yours, on El Paso County Bank, in favor of Geo. Winegar, for $200, dated August 13, which has been returned to us,"Payment stopped." We beg to inquire on what grounds, and if there be any chance of its being paid. We took 2 of those checks on collection previously and they were promptly paid. On this one we did not exercise the caution used in the other cases, but took it on deposit and allowed him to check it out in a few days.

Any information you can give us will be thankfully received and any help given us in the collection of this check will be highly appreciated. A. M. Slatery,
Cashier Bank of St. Anthony.

Mr. Gus Stainsky.

Dear Sir—We have seen Mr. Winegar and he showed us your letter of 19th inst. in regard to check on El Paso County Bank. We got a sight draft from him upon you, which we will hold until advised of shipment of goods.

He states there is a balance due him from you of $35 or $39. I did not see in his letters where such amount was due, but if you make any remittance to him you would confer a great favor on us by sending them through this bank until we get even with him. A. M. Slatery,
Cashier Bank of St. Anthony.

Filed in the County Court, of El Paso County, Colo., March 14, 1900. D. A. Thomas, Clerk.

Mr. Gus Stainsky.

Dear Sir—Yours of 10th inst. to hand, and contents noted. We have made careful inquiry in regard to George Winegar and feel convinced that he has not those goods and never had.

We believe the goods are in existence, owned by another party, and that Winegar could have got them with the money.

Instead of that he is around the saloons here every day, and will do nothing as long as the money lasts. He never could have got the check cashed here, but that others of yours were paid after being taken on collection, and we never for one moment doubted the check was in payment of goods delivered.

The only way we can get anything out of him is by getting some evidence of shipments that would give us a leverage to make him get those goods to market or do time. We are confident he could ship those goods within a week if he were so disposed, but he has his money now and that is all he cares.

A. M. Slatery,
Cashier Bank of St. Anthony.

Mr. Gus Stainsky.

Dear Sir—Your favor of 25th inst. to hand. Mr. Winegar is absolutely no good. We had a talk with him and he acknowledged he can not get those goods. He pretends now that he is trying to get the money in order to return it.

A. M. Slatery, Cashier.

Prof. Gus Stainsky.

Dear Sir—We have been able to do nothing as yet. Winegar still promises to make good the $200. If he does not do something soon we will try what the law will do in the case. I fear it will be a complete loss, as he has nothing; but we will try to put him where he belongs.

Bank of St. Anthony.

St. Anthony, Idaho, May 22, 1900.
Editor RECREATION:

Dear Sir—Yours of 14th inst. in regard to George Winegar received. The statement of Mr. Stainsky is correct so far as we know. Mr. Stainsky sent George Winegar a check for $200 in payment of some goods he was to deliver. On the failure of Winegar to deliver the goods Stainsky stopped payment of check and Winegar would not return the money nor deliver the goods. We entered suit against Mr. Stainsky, and have just collected the money. We believe Mr. Winegar never made the least effort to fulfill his part of the agreement after he got the money, though we used all the persuasion possible, short of criminal prosecution, to have him do so. A. M. Slatery,
Cashier Bank of St. Anthony.

Drummond, Mont.

I wrote Winegar several months ago that this case had been placed in my hands, and asked what he had to say in explanation. He replied as follows:

G. O. Shields.

Sir—In answer to your letter: If Stainsky has been beaten out of any money he has beat himself out of it. If you want to brand me as a swindler on account of doing business with Gus Stainsky, all right.

George Winegar.

I am satisfied, however, that he has become a drunken, worthless vagabond, and this is printed as a warning to sportsmen not to employ him, or to entrust money or property to him on any occasion.—EDITOR.

THE KANSAS METHOD OF HUNTING RABBITS.

Conway Springs, Kan.
Editor RECREATION:

So numerous have rabbits become in this locality that many large fields of wheat are destroyed yearly by them. In the winter, when other food is scarce, they eat the tender wheat as fast as it appears above ground, and so close to the germ that a sudden freeze kills it. Many counties in the State pay a bounty of 3 cents for each rabbit killed, and most farmers own guns and spend their leisure killing rabbits. Organized hunts are conducted and new methods of slaughter are in vain devised to offset bunny's progenitiveness.

Nowhere are rabbits more plentiful than in Sumner county, which is about the middle of the Southern border of the State. This county paid in 1897 over $5,000 for rabbit scalps. In no other place in the State has the manner of hunting become so systematized as at Conway Springs, a thriving town in Sumner county. There it has for years been the custom to have an annual rabbit hunt.

The hunters, 9 or 10 on each side, are selected by 2 captains chosen at a meeting called for the purpose, and the losing team is expected to provide a dinner for all concerned. Citizens of the town who do not enjoy hunting, or who, for various reasons, can not take part in the chase, pair off and agree to stand by the fortunes of the respective sides. Thus the whole town becomes interested and the gathering in at the banquet is limited only by the size of the dining hall. For days before these hunts interest is at fever heat, and everyone is speculating on the outcome. The rival leaders display great generalship in planning the campaign, sending scouts to locate the enemy and contriving new ways for his annihilation.

At first the hunters went out as they pleased at dawn and returned when it was too dark to shoot, often going in 2s and 4s from the same or opposing sides. Then each team hunted in a body, under command of its captain. Last of all was evolved the great "wire hunt" of 1898. Each captain had 8 men and exactly 55 pounds (about 60 rods) of No. 9 smooth fence wire. The wire is securely fastened at each end to the rear axle of a farm wagon, and the wagons are driven as far apart as the wire will permit. The hunters, stationed at regular distances, follow behind the wire. Back of the hunters come the "pickers," usually boys, with a horse and wagon to carry the game. Having shot a rabbit the hunter leaves it for the pickers, reloads his gun and follows the wire, which is being drawn slowly over the ground, flushing everything in the cover.

In an 1898 hunt the 2 parties left the main street in Conway Springs at 9 a. m. Captain Beal's men killed 352 rabbits, and Captain Clapp's 276, making a total of 628. Of that number about 450 were jack rabbits, and the remainder cottontails. They weighed almost 2 tons; were shipped to Chicago and brought about $60.

This seems a big kill, and was so considered at the time, but many of the hunters were selected because they wanted to go and not because of their marksmanship.

To see what could be done by picked men another hunt was arranged for December 27th. On that day Drs. Beal and McIlheny and Messrs. Talbot, Myers, Adair, Beetz, Bowen, J. P. Clapp and I left town at 10.30 a. m. We took with us teams to draw the wire, and boys to gather the rabbits; and were followed by many buggies loaded with sightseers. We hunted behind the wire from 11 until noon and from 1.30 p. m. until 4—less than 3½ hours—and returned with 386 rabbits. In one field, about 40 rods wide and 160 rods long, 135 rabbits were gotten; and many that were certainly killed could not be found in the thick cover. Guns became so hot they could not be held in the hand, and several times 2 rabbits were killed at one shot.

In one month more than 1,700 rabbits were killed by wire hunting within 7 miles of this town; to say nothing of those killed by farmers and solitary hunters. Of course, hunting with a wire is possible only in a country of large, treeless stretches and where there are few fences.

Alva Clapp.

AN OFFICIAL GAME LAW VIOLATOR.

Maurice Thompson, well known as a writer on archery and other subjects, publishes an article in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly entitled "An Archer on the Kankakee," to which I have called the attention of the Indiana State game warden. The trip to the Kankakee is stated, on page 767, to have been made in May. On page 769 Mr. Thompson says, "I made a fine shot at a woodcock—out of season, but precious good to eat—and bagged it for a broil."

On page 772, speaking of his arrival at a certain club house (in Indiana) Mr. Thompson says, "Reached here at 4 o'clock. Chickens (grouse) on a dry swell of wild prairie Southward. Went after them—a hungry man regards not the game law of Indiana—and had a breezy time shooting. They were not very wild; or possibly the stiff, piercing, East wind numbed them. I tramped around after them and shot perhaps 50 times; but the wind caught my arrows with rough hands and tossed them up, down, sidewise. It was almost impossible to foretell the drift of a shot in extent or direction, and the wily birds somehow would manage not to be down the wind much of the time. I killed but one, and that in a remarkable way."

Mr. Thompson says elsewhere in his article that he is an officer of the State. Everybody knows him as a well-informed and popular writer, and the spectacle of such a man shooting woodcock and prairie chickens in May—in direct violation of the laws of his State—is one to be deplored. That he should then write of his exploits, and that a standard magazine like the Atlantic Monthly should publish his story for the mis-education of young and old, is astounding. I have written the State game warden of Indiana, calling his attention to this infraction of the law, and I sincerely hope he may discharge his duty in the matter.

My letter to the Fish and Game Commissioner was as follows:

I enclose herewith copy of an editorial I have prepared, to which I invite your careful attention. I suggest that you get a copy of the June number of the Atlantic Monthly and read the article in question carefully. This is a case that should not be allowed to go unpunished a day longer than necessary. Mr. Thompson should be proceeded against much more severely than the ignorant farmer's boy or the ignorant working man of the city who unwittingly breaks the law.

I should be glad to be advised of your action in the matter. Yours truly,

G. O. Shields, Prest. L. A. S.

Following is his reply:

Columbus, Ind., July 4th, 1900.

Mr. G. O. Shields, President League of American Sportsmen, New York.

My dear Sir: The article by Mr. Maurice Thompson, in the Atlantic Monthly, seems to have been written when he was in connection with the State Geological Department. By looking at an official register of Indiana, I find that Mr. Thompson's connection with that department ceased in December, 1888. He was therefore writing of a transaction that occurred 12 years ago. All such misdemeanors are barred by the statute of limitations after 2 years, and it is therefore impossible to make a case against him.

Regretting I can not make an example of the gentleman, and thanking you for your promptness in notifying me, I am,

Very truly,
Z. T. Sweeney,
Com'r. of F. & G., Indiana.

The statute of limitations may save Mr. Thompson from deserved punishment, but it does not save him from the shame of having broken a State law while a State officer and of having boasted of it.—EDITOR.

HUNTERS WHO SHOULD BE HUNTED.

Selma, Ohio.

Editor RECREATION:

I read in your magazine of many hunters being shot in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin last fall. Of course these killings are called accidental, and probably a large majority are; but not all. The hunting ground in Northern Michigan that I used to be familiar with is on the headwaters of the Rifle river in Ogema county. A number of lakes are there, all fine bodies of water. The Rifle lake covers about 500 acres. George's lake, about 80 rods South of the Rifle, covers nearly 300. Henderson lake is about the size of the last named, and is 4 miles South of it.

Sage's lake is 4 miles East of Henderson's, and is the prettiest of all. It is about a mile wide and some 15 miles long. The fall feeding grounds of the deer are North of these lakes, and the later feeding grounds are some 20 miles South of Sage's lake, down on what are called the plains.

The deer make this journey every fall, and it makes good hunting all the way, if hunters only do what is right by others.

This country has considerable of a settlement along the deer trail, and the settlers are good people. They will feed and treat sportsmen well for about a dollar a day; but if you camp out and keep a pack of hounds you are courting trouble. The last time I was there we camped in a lumber shanty, on George's lake. When we first landed there was fine hunting, but soon there came a party of hunters, from Western New York, with hounds, and in 2 days there was not a deer within 5 miles of our camp. I was told by one of the settlers then that non-residents did that same thing every year.

Do you wonder there are accidents in the woods? It is not so bad for us who go there for recreation, and to still hunt, as it is for the settlers, who, as soon as the season opens, want to lay in a supply of meat. If anyone kills a deer that is being chased by a dog the dog's owner will take it away from him, and will not even give him a mess. That is frequently done. The old law of the woods is first blood takes the hide and half the meat. That does not work with the gentlemen with the hounds. They want everything, and as a rule succeed in getting it. The settlers are afraid the non-resident hunters will do them some injury; but the man who wrongs some of those settlers would better hunt for home, or there will be an accident in that vicinity soon.

One afternoon I was watching on a runway on the East side of Rifle lake when a duck alighted and I shot it. There were 2 of those hound hunters also watching, farther up the lake, about 50 yards from me, but I did not know they were there until I had fired. Such a tirade of abuse as I got would be impossible to put on paper. They were in a boat, and pulled directly for me, uttering 10 cuss words to every stroke of the oar. I retreated into the woods and went away. Some men would not have done that. It was not more than 2 hours until a dog trailed a deer right to the place where that happened and he was murdered by those 2 men; in the water, too, notwithstanding the law to the contrary. There are lots of men who ought to be shot that never will be.

I advise all gentlemen who want a good hunt to go to Arkansas, on the headwaters of White river, in Clay county, or down the St. Louis and Iron Mountain railroad as far as Knoble. They will find most excellent shooting of all kinds, and fishing to suit a Walton. Hounding or jacking is not allowed, and the party who attempts either will soon find himself in more kinds of trouble than he wants.

N. H. Wright.

REPORT FROM MINNESOTA.

Recreation is great and is fully abreast of the times. You are to be highly commended for the stand you are taking against the despicable game hog. Most of the sportsmen hereabouts are satisfied with moderate bags of game.

The hunting season, which closed on all Minnesota game the 30th of November, was not all that could have been desired. Prairie chickens were scarce. That was probably due to the wet spring in Minnesota, which undoubtedly destroyed many nests. On the 1st of last September I went up in Wright county, 120 miles from St. Paul, with Mr. Hugh White, of this city. We put in 4 days and brought back 50 birds. That was not a great number to shoot in that length of time, yet we were satisfied. The ducks seemed to have given St. Paul and Minneapolis sportsmen the ha ha! Small bags were the rule. On October 19th Mr. Hugh White, Guy White, of Indiana, Mr. McKay, of St. Paul, and I went to Lake Johanna, where a famous duck pass is located. We camped in 2 tents. The weather turned warm and high Southerly winds prevailed for almost a week. Ducks were not flying. We bagged only about 60, yet we felt satisfied. All enjoyed the trip, fine outing, and the camp life.

The deer season in Minnesota was disappointing in the extreme on account of no snow. Many parties came back empty handed. There is excellent deer hunting all through the Northern part of the State, within 200 miles of the Twin Cities. I am a firm believer that the law allowing 5 deer to a hunter is entirely too liberal. Three should be enough for any genuine sportsman.

One of the finest duck passes in Minnesota is owned by Hon. Uri L. Lamprey, 4 miles from Forest lake, 34 miles from St. Paul, on the St. Paul and Duluth road. Mr. Lamprey is one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen in Minnesota, one of St. Paul's leading lawyers and a public spirited citizen. Shooting commences at Mr. Lamprey's pass the first part of September. It was my good fortune to be invited out the first part of October last, with a party of 4 other gentlemen. We spent an evening and the next day on the pass and bagged 55 blue wing teal. All agreed they had never had finer shooting. Mr. Lamprey's preserves cover nearly 3,000 acres. The pass is between Mud and Howard lakes, both of which afford feeding grounds for the ducks. For the reception of the tired sportsman as he comes in from the pass there is a large clubhouse with 7 beds and an immense fireplace. Nearby stands the farm house, where meals are served *ad libitum* for the hungry hunter. Mr. Lamprey has on his farm an artesian well, the water of which is becoming famed for its medicinal properties. Some marvelous cures have been effected by it.

J. E. F., St. Paul, Minn.

CUBA A PARADISE FOR SPORTSMEN.

Trinidad, Cuba.

Editor RECREATION:

Lovers of rod and gun and of nature in her wildest state will find Cuba a sportsmen's paradise. Her mild climate, luxuriant vegetation and beautiful scenery are a perpetual delight. Game and fish are abundant. The wild boar is plentiful, and sometimes, if cornered, dangerous, especially the old leader of the herd. He will tear a dog to pieces if it gets within his reach. The boar weighs 200 to 300 pounds and often his tusks are 6 inches long. A small deer is abundant in the mountainous districts and out-of-the-way valleys.

The jutia, peculiar to Cuba, looks like a cross between an opossum and a rat. It feeds on leaves and nuts, and is much relished by the natives. Two species are found, the conga and the carabali. The flesh of these animals was the principal food of the insurgents during the recent war. Fowls are found in great numbers. Wild guinea hens abound in flocks of 20 to 100. The flutter of the pheasant and "perdiz" and the whistle of the quail are heard all over the rural regions. Great flocks of ducks come from Florida late in the fall and remain with us until spring.

Wild pigeons, somewhat larger than the domestic bird, afford the greatest sport imaginable. It is not unusual for 4 persons to obtain in a few hours several hundred. Tojosas, guanaros and rabiches are found in the thick woods. Thousands of birds, songsters of brilliant plumage, flit from tree to tree. There are 45 species of birds which so far have been found only in Cuba.

Poey, the naturalist, says there are 600 distinct species of fish in Cuban waters. Among those that delight the sportsman are the sierra, red snapper, gallego, manta, cubera and ronco. Delicious oysters, clams, shrimps lobsters and crabs abound. The lobsters weigh 7 to 12 pounds, and have no claws. They are caught at night in shallow water along a sandy beach; a torch, harpoon and net being the necessary outfit. In some rivers are alligators of enormous size. No poisonous reptiles exist in Cuba. Of snakes, the chicken boa, also called Cuban boa, is the largest, some measuring 15 feet. It is perfectly harmless.

The climate of the island during the winter months is deliciously cool. Here in Trinidad the temperature from November until March seldom rises above 80°, and is sometimes as low as 50°. The nights are cool. During the summer cases of sunstroke are exceedingly rare. The sun is hot, but a fresh breeze is continually blowing. The town of Trinidad is 3 miles from the coast at an elevation of 136 feet, and is one of the healthfulest places on the island.

O. A. Fischer.

WE QUIT WITH TWO EACH.

Hancock, Wis.

Editor RECREATION:

On October 28th, '98, 5 members of the Hancock Club took the North bound train for Ashland county, Wis. At Plainfield we were joined by an old friend, who, years ago, hunted deer through what is now the potato belt of Central Wisconsin. We reached Agnew Siding at 9.30 the following morning, having been joined at Marengo by a local sportsman.

As Tuesday, November 1, was the opening day of the hunting season we spent Monday in trying to locate game. Those of the party who had hunted the ground before did not derive much encouragement from the signs: fresh tracks were not numerous, and no game was seen.

On the morning of the 1st we divided our force; one party going West of the track, and the other East, to cover as much territory as possible. We, the Western division, after hard work in climbing through a heavy windfall, came to an opening at about 1.30 p. m. Here one of the boys started a doe and another killed her. The other party killed a fawn in sight of camp. The next day we hunted a thicket about a mile from camp. We started 2 deer, but they escaped on the opposite side of the cover. While returning to camp one of us shot a big buck with good antlers.

The third day we spent following trails, crossing ravines and threshing through thickets. We saw 3 deer and missed them. Just before sundown the president of our club shot a doe and her fawn. A day or 2 later we jumped a buck and 3 does. They separated, and we succeeded in getting 2 of the does.

After shipping 4 deer to our friends on Monday morning we crossed the railroad to the West, and within 1½ hours killed 3 deer out of 4 that we saw. Then, for 2 days we hunted without seeing game, but on the third day we were more successful, killing one and wounding 2. Not being willing to leave the wounded to be devoured by wolves, we followed the bloody trails from 11 a. m. until dark. On account of the bare, dry surface tracking was difficult, but we gave up only when daylight failed.

The next morning some of the boys started a buck, which they shot at but failed to secure. At about the same time one of us saw a large buck standing in the shelter of a small spruce. One shot from a .30-30 Winchester brought him down.

Though there were 9 days remaining of the open season we had 2 deer each and broke camp on the following morning.

Ed. O'Connor.

A GOOD ELK HEAD.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." This is especially true when there is associated with the object memories of keen delight connected with its acquisition. No class is more appreciative of this fact than sportsmen; and as game grows more scarce trophies of the hunt become more highly prized.

In Western Manitoba, about Pilot Mound, is a large area covered with timber and scrub, interspersed with meadow and prairie, and an abundant supply of water in lake and stream. The land furnishes an ideal range for game; seclusion, shelter, food and water being all supplied in abundance. Around the shores of the lakes tracks of moose, elk, deer, bear, etc., could be seen in great number. That was enough to kindle my ambition to procure something that would astonish the old folks! It is unnecessary to say that when the 1,100 pound elk was secured Manitoba seemed altogether too small for me.

The 14 point head now in my possession is not a "world beater" in size, yet for beauty and symmetry of outline it has few equals. Each antler seems an exact counterpart of the other. The dimensions are as follows:

	Inches.
Length of each beam	58
Circumference at base of beam	9
" " burr	11
Length of 1st prong	19
" 2d "	18
" 3d "	13
" 4th "	18
" 5th "	11
" 6th "	5
Spread of beams at widest part	48
" " tips of 1st prongs	14½
" " " 2d "	31½
" " " 3d "	50
" " " 4th "	46
" " " 5th "	39
" " " 6th "	38
" " " 7th "	31
From base of antlers to tips	47

J. Grassick, Buxton, N. Dak.

Why do you say "the 1,100 pound elk?" Did you weigh him? If he really did weigh that much he was certainly a record breaker. I doubt if any elk ever lived that would weigh 900 pounds. Can you give any facts on this point? If so, let us have affidavits. Not that I doubt your own statements, but that the world may have positive proof.—Editor.

NEED OF UNIFORM GAME LAWS.

Nebraska City, Neb.

Editor Recreation:

A case recently came to my notice which impressed on me the necessity of a harmonious relation in the game laws of States with a common boundary.

About December 1st Deputy Game Warden Ed. Brown, of Iowa, charged Metzger and Louie, of Council Bluffs, Ia., with violating the law by having in possession 94 quails. The law of Iowa makes the open season on quails November 1st to January 1st, and especially provides that no person shall have in possession more than 25 birds at one time. It is evident from these facts, which were acknowledged by the defendants, that they were guilty to the extent of 69 quails and subject to the prescribed penalty.

When the case was called it was shown that the 69 birds in question were not shot in Iowa, but were bought in Omaha, Neb., a city just across the Missouri river from Council Bluffs and connected with it by street cars. The defense argued the law was not framed for the protection of Nebraska quails, but to prevent undue slaughter of quails in Iowa. Though the prosecution contended the law should be construed to protect all quails, whether native or otherwise, the jury, after 5 minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of not guilty and the defendants were discharged.

Here is something radically wrong. Although Nebraska and Iowa are separated from each other by a great river, yet they have interests in common, and nothing should excite their friendly co-operation more than the effort for the preservation of game.

And how unjust is the decision in the case above related! It establishes a precedent which hereafter will undoubtedly be followed at the cost of many hundreds of Nebraska quails. It seems as if more harmonious legislation should be and could be accomplished to avoid just such happenings.

H. E. Hershey.

BUTCHERS IN MISSOURI.

I feel an interest in the good work you are accomplishing through Recreation, the best true sportsmen's journal published. I regret that even in this day and age, in this place and the surrounding vicinity, there still exist some of the old stock game hogs. We have a few who make a business, as soon as the bird season opens, of hunting for the home market. I do not accuse them of unlawfully shipping, but of unlawful bagging. They seem to have no limit to the bag. It is all they can get, and the more they get the better they are pleased. We should have a good game warden, who would see that this kind of slaughter is stopped. He should not be so wrapped up in political affairs that he will be afraid of losing a vote should he prosecute some one. L. S., C. H. and a few others around here should stop their evil doings before it is too late. It is a shame the way game is disappearing throughout this section of the country. This letter is aimed at the entire outfit of game hogs in this region. Give them their dues. Reader, Chillicothe, Mo.

ANSWER.

If you will give me the names and addresses of the men you refer to who are violating the laws, or who are slaughtering in excess of reasonable numbers, I will look after them; but there is no use wasting time and space in talking about men whose full names and addresses can not be stated. The best way to stop this butchering is to induce all the real sportsmen in your city and vicinity to join the L. A. S. It is only by spreading the membership of this League everywhere that we can hope to create such a public sentiment as will stop this work. As soon as we can enroll 8 more members in your State, then we can organize a division there and begin the work of appointing local wardens. This will have a great influence for good; but the first thing is to make every friend of game protection a member.—EDITOR.

SECRETARY HART TO SPORTSMEN.

Mr. M. D. Hart, Secretary-Treasurer of the Virginia Division, L. A. S., sends the Richmond Dispatch the following communication of special interest to sportsmen the State over:

From all the counties around Richmond it is reported that there are more quails than we have had in Virginia for years. The exceptionally dry spring has enabled the young broods to grow up quickly, and it would take almost a flood to have any serious effect on them now. Thus the bird hunters have every prospect of a fine fall's shooting without going to North Carolina. In giving thanks for these blessings, I hope the sportsmen will not forget that the Richmond market was closed up tight January 20th, 5 days being given for the game dealers and others to close out their stock. January 15th Mr. W. J. Lynham, deputy warden, League of American Sportsmen, took the Code of Virginia and read the game law to our Cary street commission merchants, game dealers, and marketmen. Our citizens have all complied with the law cheerfully. This is the first time in the history of this city that the game laws have been enforced, and Virginia sportsmen can estimate the number of birds thus saved. Eight thousand to 10,000 is a conservative estimate, I think. The markets are the chief cause of the decrease in our game, especially quail. New York city was closed this year, the first time in the history of that city. This is the largest market in the United States, and now, brother sportsmen, don't you think if the League of American Sportsmen can do this kind of work it is worthy of your support?

A WISE MAN.

The editor of the West Virginia Farm Review knows a good thing when he finds it. Here is what he says of the L. A. S.:

> We publish in this issue extracts of the Lacey Bird Bill, with comments by G. O. Shields, President of the League of American Sportsmen, and editor of RECREATION. What the League of American Wheelmen has done for the cause of good roads throughout the country, the League of American Sportsmen is doing for the protection of our noble song birds, fish and game. These are 2 questions of paramont importance to the farmers of every State in the Union, and they in particular owe a debt of everlasting gratitude to these organizations.
>
> Especially do we commend to the farmers the good work that is being done by the League of American Sportsmen in its efforts to protect the song birds that are not only a joy to the husbandman, but are the least expensive and most effectual destroyers of insect pests that farmers and fruit growers can employ. It is much easier to protect the birds than it is to use artificial means to destroy injurious insects. The League of American Sportsmen is an organization composed of the best law-abiding citizens in the several States, and is heartily supported by the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., Governors, Congressmen, farmers, and all lovers of law and the beautiful and useful in nature. No selfish motives can be attributed to its aim and object. Its name might be misleading to many not familiar with the principles it inculcates and the good work it is doing. The article mentioned should be read and carefully considered; it explains sufficiently the aim of the organization, and the influence it has wielded in behalf of the Lacey Bird Bill, that was recently passed by Congress.
>
> We have a game law that if properly enforced would go a long way toward obtaining the desired result. We hear of willful violations of this law in almost every county, and if there has been a successful prosecution since the present law has been in force we have not heard of it. Who is to blame? There should be local wardens in every county at least, but as no such provision has yet been made it lies with the law-abiding citizens and county officers to see that the law is respected; and no citizen should be so indifferent or weak kneed as to allow violators to go unpunished.

It is a pity the editors of all other agricultural journals are not yet awake to the great work the League is doing for the farmers. Perhaps they will be in time.—EDITOR.

ANOTHER MISSOURI HERD.

In reply to yours of the 5th, will say that my brother and I killed 207 ducks March 20th, 1900. We had hunted only 8 days and had killed 618 ducks, or an average of 76 each day. We have, however, during the season killed and sold over 800 ducks. We make a business of hunting during the hunting season. We own one of the best hunting resorts in the State. We killed our ducks at what is known as Jobes lake. We shoot from iron boxes sunk in the lake, and use 40 live decoy ducks.

G. K. Laughlin, Mendon, Mo.

It is a burning shame that any State should have failed thus far to enact and enforce laws to prohibit such brutal slaughter as this. It is such men as you and your brother who have destroyed the great flights of migratory water fowl that years ago swept over the country, from North to South and from South to North. There are whole States where 20 years ago ducks were abundant that are now scarcely visited by them at all, and you and your kind are responsible for the change. If you have any spark of decency left in your natures, you and your brother will stop this butchery at once, and hereafter kill only 10 or 20 birds in any one day, at most, and this number only a few days in each season. No decent man can afford to kill game for market. There are plenty of ways of earning a living without destroying your neighbors' property. Every citizen of the United States has as much right to the migratory game in this country as you have. Therefore when you slaughter ducks you destroy your neighbors' property as well as your own.—Ed.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

In looking for something to read I recently found a book entitled "A Description of a Great Variety of Animals and Vegetables." This book was printed in 1761 and contains a number of amusing pictures and descriptions of different animals and plants. Among others is a long article on the Bears of North America, which is followed by a short sketch on the Elk, as follows:

"The Elk is harder to be taken and muft be run down in the woods, which takes up two or three days. It is pursued by the track on the snow, being naturally a flothful that will fit or lie in a place as long as it has anything to feed on, or till it is disturbed by the hunters; but once roused it will run night and day till it drops down and the Savages never ceafe to purfue till the beast is fpent when they eafily kill it. And it is one of the best sorts of game, for the flefh is extraordinary good, either frefh or dried, and will keep all the year. The Tongue and snout of it are very delicate. This creature, though very large and having great horns, makes no defence againft the Hunters."

The printers of this book must have run out of "s's," as the letter "f" is used; also the long "s."

I have been a reader of Recreation 3 years, and I like the way you score the game hogs.

F. H. Atkinson, Homestead, Pa.

REFORM NEEDED IN OREGON.

Grouse season opened August 1st, but shooting had already begun with some of the hogs. It takes a large pen to hold them all. I hope we will get some scalded this side of the Cascades before the year is out. We have too many of the damn-the-law kind here.

The L. A. S. should wrestle with the ranchers of Oregon. A great many of them shoot out of season. Then the town boys say, "They shoot; why should we wait?" I have talked with many men about this matter. They all say, in effect, "I will obey the law if others will. But while others shoot I will not wait and be cheated out of my share of the game." I told them some one had to make a start to move the rest; that I put my gun away last winter at the close of the duck season and there it would stay until the season opened for grouse. I was brought up in Michigan almost with a gun in my hand, but I can stop shooting when it is time to do so. Now I shoot for recreation, as I use my camera, for I need something to sandwich in with the steady drill for bread.

C. B. Cushing, The Dalles, Ore.

ANOTHER PECULIAR SHOT.

Reading the story, "Two Cases of Rifle Shooting," in April Recreation, reminds me of an odd shot made by my friend, Mr. L. C. Nye, of Lima, O. He was shooting quails one day near his home when his faithful dog, Bob, made a point. The birds were on the farm of a man who allowed hunting, but just over the fence to the South the farmer objected to hunting. L. C. walked around between the dog and the fence to keep the birds off forbidden ground, if possible. He made a slight noise in the leaves. Two or 3 birds went up, and he knocked one down at a distance. On looking down at his feet he was surprised to see another bird fluttering. On examination he found it to be decapitated. He could only account for it by the theory that bird No. 2 had flown at an angle and its head was between his aim and the other bird just as he pulled the trigger. Mr. Nye is a sportsman after my own heart. He knows when to quit.

S. I. Darling, Wapakoneta, Ohio.

PREFERS DOGS.

J. L. H., Williamsport, Pa., writes that birds should never be shot over dogs.

Which do you consider the true sportsman, a man who shoots without a dog and does not get the birds he wounds or kills, or one who uses a dog and does not allow wounded birds to lie? Experience has taught me that the hunter who does not use a dog generally sneaks along in the woods, catches a bird sitting on a log and pops it over. With a dog the birds are flushed and have to be shot on the wing. That gives them a chance, and if birds are wounded, good dogs will always find them. In grouse shooting, if a bird's wing is broken he will go 200 yards before a dog can find him. Then he is usually found in thick brush or under rocks. If no dog were used the bird would never be found, but would be left to die. The dog does not kill the birds. I think the true sportsman will use a dog.

Frank Harter, Renovo, Pa.

GAME NOTES.

I can't speak too highly of RECREATION. I have been hunting in the Rockies 13 years. RECREATION has done a great deal toward humanizing the hunters in this part of the country, and your humble servant is among the number. I want to join the L. A. S. and do all in my power to protect the game. I am a professional bear hunter, and I can look back over the years that have fled and see where I killed more deer and elk than I should have.

Hunting and fishing are still good in this part of the mountains. October is the best month to hunt bears in this locality.

W. R. Crandall, Parachute, Colo.

I am delighted to know you have reformed and are now in the ranks of the law abiding sportsmen and of those who kill only in moderation. Am sending you a blank application and shall be glad to have you join the L. A. S.—EDITOR.

We have open season from November 1st to February 1st on quails, chickens, turkeys, grouse and plover, with a heavy penalty for violation. It is unlawful to kill doves at any time, but the game laws are openly violated. We have an abundance of quails and doves, few chickens or turkeys. It is not uncommon to see a hog come in from the field with 6, 7 or 8 dozen quails, and I know of one hunter who bagged 9 dozen and 3 in a day. Another kind of hog is the fellow who slips up and shoots into a covey on the ground, not giving the birds a chance to save themselves. I have hunted 10 or 12 years, have handled a great many dogs in that time, and caught a great many bass; but I have yet to sell the first pound of game or fish. I am against fish and game hogs and with you in your crusade against these malicious porkers. Let the good work go on.

F. L. Kenyon, Oklahoma City, O. T.

I have been a faithful reader of RECREATION the past 3 years. Am specially interested in the still hunting talk about game birds; that is, without the assistance of a dog. Last fall I came across 3 ruffed grouse so wounded they could not fly, and in time would only die. They had evidently been shot on the wing and had flown where they could not be found. I have talked of this matter with many sportsmen and they think I am right. Seven out of 10 men in this locality shoot without the aid of a dog. I hope that at the next meeting of our legislature the L. A. S. may secure the passage of a law prohibiting the shooting of game birds without the assistance of a dog.

Wm. Palmer, Torrington, Conn.
L. A. S., No. 1,645.

Quails, doves and rabbits are plentiful here, and now and then a few snipe and woodcocks. There are no deer nor bears here, except those driven out by high water from the lowlands along the Mississippi. Quail shooting is the best sport and the country is well adapted to them, having good cover and feeding grounds. We are fortunate to have no game hogs, but negroes' dogs are bad about breaking up nests. What we need is a dog tax, which I hope soon to see passed. Two of us were out yesterday afternoon and bagged 14 quails, a dove and 8 woodcock in a short time.

Jos. Redhead, Centreville, Miss.

M. P. (Dad) Dunham wishes me to write you in regard to his being a game butcher.

I have only known him 3 or 4 years, so can not go far into the past. I have been with him on numerous trips, and have kept my eyes on his ski trails in winter, when game butchering is easy. I never saw signs of slaughter, or knew him to leave meat that was fit to eat.

He has packed out meat 40 miles over the roughest country in Montana. I would have taken only the head, for a horse is next to a dog with me, even though he tries to kill me when he is full of bunch grass.

W. W. Babcock, Galesburg, Ill.

Will you please give me a list of medicines needed for a trip that would last 4 months? RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine published, and I heartily wish it success. It would be a good idea to roast a few of the so-called sportsmen's journals, who defend game hogs, as well as the game hogs themselves. Long live RECREATION and the L. A. S.

F. B. W., Forth Worth, Texas.

ANSWER.

In "Camping and Camp Outfits" you

will find such a list, with full instructions as to how to use them. Price, $1.25. I can furnish the book.—EDITOR.

Your valuable magazine is just out of sight, and I like the way in which you roast the game hogs. I can imagine how they squeal when the hair begins to singe. I was once something of a hog myself, but since reading RECREATION I have seen where I was wrong, and I am now trying to get the other boys who go hunting with me to cease the slaughter. Before reading RECREATION 2 of us used to go out and think nothing of killing 25 or 30 ducks in a day. Now we never kill more than 10 apiece. Game is abundant throughout this State.

George Smith, Port Townsend, Wash.

I am much pleased with RECREATION. Go after the swine. You talk just right to them. What kind of a pen have you for a man who will kill a 15-point buck and leave it in the woods? That was done here. I wish you would fix it with him. I will mark the item and mail my copy to him. I am one of many here who want to preserve the game. I killed 2 bucks and 10 grouse last season, and think that plenty for one man.

.38-55, Russel, Colo.

Give me the man's name and then I will go after him. There is no use roasting anonymous game butchers.—EDITOR.

I am well pleased with RECREATION, as I find something new and interesting in every issue. All kinds of game are scarce here, but I have been lucky enough to kill 2 buck deer, which is the limit for Colorado. I shot one buck at 30 yards, standing, and the other at 350 yards, running, but as there were 4 in a bunch to aim at it was easy to hit one of them. I killed both with a .38-40 Winchester, model '92, and if any of the big gun hunters thinks a .38-40 is a pop gun he is sadly left.

A. E. Fossette, Rosita, Colo.

I take your superb magazine and wouldn't miss one single copy for 5 single dollars. I used to be a kind of nest robber, but, thanks to RECREATION, have reformed. Last summer I could easily have killed a whole brood of young pigeons hatched in a neighboring wood, but RECREATION and self respect forbade me. You are doing a great work in protecting the game and posterity shall call you blessed.

F. A. O'Brien, Alverno, Wis.

To protect the game effectively the sale of game must be stopped entirely. I do not like the idea of selling the privilege of hunting. It would prevent many men who are poor, yet who are none the less true sportsmen, from having their share of hunting.

I should like to be placed in communication with some Western ranchman who lives where wolves are numerous and troublesome.

E. G. Pettil, Marietta, Ohio.

I am well pleased with your course of treatment of the game hogs. No roast would be punishment enough for some of them. Give it to them all. You are doing a good work; it will produce good results. I am away from home most of the time, but always have RECREATION sent to me. I should like to assist in corraling some of the swine around Lake Chelan that have extirminated the game.

Ed. L. Lindsley, Seattle, Wash.

We have only one game hog here. Sometimes he goes out with a dog and ferret and brings in 25 or 30 rabbits. We have good game laws, and the wardens usually enforce them, but no one seems to pay any attention to the rabbits, perhaps because there are so many. We have ruffed grouse, gray squirrels, woodcock, foxes and white rabbits, but there must be a law put on grouse and grays or they will soon be gone.

Henry M. Britton, Hinsdale, N. H.

Two hunters, H. C. Todd and F. W. Benney, hunted 10 days between West Nyack and Haverstraw. They were looking for rabbits and could not find any. At a friend's house at West Nyack they were much disgusted at seeing a rabbit shot right at the door by Will Tilford. They had traveled 25 miles vainly looking for what they could have found at home if they had known how.

Mrs. L. A. Tilford, West Nyack, N. Y.

It is folly to have game laws that year by year make steady decrease of game by loopholes for evasion by pot hunters, at the expense of law abiding sportsmen, or because not sufficiently restrictive. We have tried all other so-called sportsmen's magazines, but have discarded the whole lot, because they all fail to take a stand like RECREATION.

John D. Collins,
Sec. Utica Fish and Game Protective Association.

Shooting was good in this part of the State last fall and winter. The foothills of the Cascade mountains on both sides are covered with dusky grouse, and when one goes there to hunt it makes him sick. At any time during the season one can go there and knock them off the low pine trees with clubs.

C. H. Wales, Seattle, Wash.

A few days ago Mr. Bennett, living near here, frightened a hawk that was feasting on a bird it had just killed. Investigation proved the bird a carrier pigeon. Around its leg was a silver band with No. N. A. 22706 engraved on it. If you will kindly print this in an early number of RECREATION we hope the owner may be found.

J. T. Maris, Sayre, Ohio.

Your papers appointing me a local warden were forwarded me here at Harbor Beach, where I received them. I have already broken up the crowd of deer hunters at Deckerville by shooting 3 of their dogs and getting after them so vigorously that they quit, for this year at least.

W. D. Young, Harbor Beach, Mich.

Last winter I had a month's hunting trip to Northern Michigan for deer and other game.

Our party of 4 got 9 deer and enough grouse and squirrels to supply our table, no more. My share of deer was 2, a large buck and a fawn.

Chas. W. Dake, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Minnesota is one of the best big game States in the Union, but its stock is being slaughtered at a great rate, and will soon be exterminated. On the range towns along our road moose meat is sold during the whole year as beef, in all the markets and hotels.

H. S. Burnham,
Proctor, St. Louis Co., Minn.

Am talking L. A. S. to my friends every chance I get. We are having an open winter in this section, which will greatly increase the quail crop next season. We had the dealers and the pot hunters on the run even before the season closed February 1st.

T. P. Kinney, Danville, Va.

In the game region of Northern Ontario, especially in the Muskoka district, ducks are plentiful, though wild, and grouse have not been so numerous in years. Deer signs are met in every district, and settlers report the animals in good condition.

L. H. Stanton, St. Catharines, Ont.

Instead of introducing contagious disease among the sparrows for their destruction, as I. S. Trostler suggests, why not try that method among the game hogs? Possibly that detestable brand of pork would soon be extinct.

Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Philadelphia.

I was shooting in Virginia, N. C., and around here last winter. I never saw so many quails. But the game hog is right after them. Two men here shot 119 in one day. It is said quails are fed to dogs. I can not say how true this is.

Dr. J. C. French, Tallahassee, Fla.

I have long been a reader of RECREATION, and I know it has done good work among the sportsmen here. Small game in the highlands has increased wonderfully during the last 2 years. I attribute much of this to the good work of RECREATION.

David Allerton, Marlboro, N. Y.

If one simply goes out to get meat or kill one deer, or to make a good shot or 2 and quit, he can't beat the single shot Remington, 40-70 preferred. I have offered many times to shoot my Remington against my friends' guns.

Tom Tuttle, Florence, Colo.

This is a bad time of year, as we are having a second dry season in Southern California. The quails did not nest last year nor this year, and if some steps are not taken to stop the shooting the coming season, there will be none afterward.

Jack Hendrickson, Fernando, Cal.

The farmers around this city report game having suffered severely last winter from the cold; the thermometer registered 26 to 30 below. They report finding whole coveys of quails in which every one was frozen.

J. J. B., Davenport, Iowa.

Every copy of RECREATION teaches many lessons in humanity, and will go a long way toward convincing the world outside of the sportsmen's class that to be a sportsman is not to be a brute, but the contrary.

W. P. MacHenry, Elmira, N. Y.

I have seen woodcock, rabbits, opossums, owls, bitterns and wild doves within 200 yards of my door, and I have heard of skunks and squirrels being seen by neighbors within the last 6 months.

O. Molatsch, Brooklyn, N. Y.

You may say that Iowa has another herd of elk, as I have the second largest herd in the State. They have come through the winter in good shape, requiring less care and attention than any other animals.

Dr. Jos. Standley, Platteville, Iowa.

You are killing off the fish and game hogs in this country at a lively rate. I used to be a hog, but this year am only going to be a shoat, and I think after one more year's reading RECREATION I shall be a real sportsman.

C. E. Pugh, Lebanon, Ore.

We had a good season on quails and rabbits last year, taking into consideration the fact that we live 6 miles from Washington, and just outside of the District of Columbia.

W. H. Miles, Chevy Chase, Md.

Big game is fast disappearing from this part of the country. There are still a few antelope scattered through the bad lands, but with the aid of smokeless powder rifles they will soon be exterminated.

W. D. Jeffcott, Lost Cabin, Wyo.

I am ashamed to say that in former years I thought a big bag of game meant a great sportsman, but in late years from my own observation I know it means a game hog. I have been one of the hog family, but am not now.

P. Simpson, St. Edward, Neb.

The first day of May, this year, my father saw 2 passenger pigeons flying toward the East. He is certain they were passenger pigeons and not the Carolina doves, which are common here.

Arthur R. Hanks, Needham, Mass.

I heard Frank Dunlap, of this city, boast that he killed 40 quails in one day. How can we ever have any game with such bristled specimens as that roaming our fields?

Warren Dilsaver, Clinton, Ind.

In our section of the country ruffed grouse and ducks have been scarce; woodcock fairly plentiful. Bags of 4 to 14 have been made by a party of 2.

John H. Pain, Henrysburg, Que.

Abundance of quails here last winter. I never saw them so plentiful, but there is no law on rabbits, and I am afraid the quails will suffer.

Elmer Breckenridge, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Deer are showing in fairly good numbers, going North, so we expect good sport as they return.

George Gillard,
Little Bay Mine, Notre Dame,
Newfoundland.

RECREATION is a great magazine. I couldn't be without it. We have a few quails, rabbits, squirels, ducks and coons.

John Ball, Canton, Mo.

This is the greatest hunting ground in these parts. Plenty of deer, moose and wolves, and in the fall and spring there are many ducks.

H. L. Gardiner, French River, Ont.

There are lots of deer in the foot hills, 8 miles from here, driven down by the snow and fires last fall.

Tom Tuttle, Florence, Colo.

Quails are plentiful here this fall. Never heard so many whistlers around as this year, especially down near the beach.

E. W. Newcomb, Stamford, Conn.

It does me good to read your roasts of those men who go into the woods just to kill harmless animals.

H. H. J., Peekskill, N. Y.

There are more quails here this year than for many years previous.

F. M. Davis, Bloomfield Iowa.

Quails are plentiful in this part of Indiana.

W. N. Fowler, M. D., Bluffton, Ind.

Any Vermont sportsman will be welcome here to shoot ruffled grouse this fall.

W. R. Collins, Morrisville, Vt.

A Commercial Visible Typewriter, listed at $50, for 50 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. This is a well made, durable and practical machine, and it does good work. You can get the subscriptions in 2 days, in any live town. Let me hear from you.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 2 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 2 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

Have you sent for one of the L. A. S. show cards? If not you should do so at once. Every member of the League should display one.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30th. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea, July to September. Baits. Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night; half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner clam. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog. April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling, pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts; Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The Surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide; Daytime not affected by tides.

SAMPLES OF THE VERMONT BREED.

A party of men—not sportsmen, but just men—including one W. J. Bigelow, of Burlington, Vt., recently fished in a private pond, near Groton, and are reported to have caught 300 trout, weighing 74 pounds.

As usual in such cases, the men reported to the editor of the Burlington Free Press, and that paper heralded the event as a great one. In fact, it seems that Bigelow is employed by the Free Press.

A number of clippings announcing the affair were sent me by indignant readers of RECREATION in Burlington and vicinity. As usual, I wrote the men asking whether the report was correct. Here is a reply from one of them:

"Dear Sir: I enclose a short account of my last fishing trip to Darling pond. The weather was as unfavorable for trout fishing as one can easily imagine, so we did not get a record-breaking catch; but think it would be called a good catch in any ordinary fishing ground. I have heard of your sending cards to others who have been fishing in this pond, and it is evident from what you said that you have had a season's catch given you as the result of one trip. Last season, a little over a ton of trout were caught out of the pond, and, as you will see by the enclosed article, 500 pounds have been caught this season. The largest single catch, up to date, was made in June of this year, when 112 pounds were taken. Respectfully yours,

"W. J. Bigelow, Burlington, Vt."

To which I replied by mail as follows:

"Mr. W. J. Bigelow, Burlington, Vt.

"Dear Sir: My object in asking for the facts regarding the fishing at Darling pond was not in order to aid you in spreading the news of your big catch. On the contrary, some 20 or 25 clippings from various newspapers (and I think some of them from yours) have been sent me by as many subscribers in your State, asking me to denounce you and your friends for your greediness and for the bad taste displayed in attempting to break records or to establish a big record for yourselves. You, as a newspaper man, certainly know that this course has become extremely distasteful to all decent anglers, and every case of it that is perpetrated anywhere in the United States is reported to me. In some cases I get hundreds of clippings from a single issue of a newspaper announcing some piece of hoggishness in either fishing or shooting, and the people sending them request and expect me to criticize the perpetrators.

"You and your friends fished in a private pond, and therefore probably had a right to take as many fish as you liked, but when you parade your big catches in print you disgust thousands of your own readers and make yourselves unpopular. I trust, therefore, you will pardon me for having talked plainly to you, and I beg to suggest that in future when you and your friends make large catches of fish, you would promote your own best interests and your popularity among the best sportsmen everywhere by keeping still about it.

Yours truly,

G. O. Shields.

Bigelow replied to this bit of advice in a letter so profane and so obscene as to be **unfit to print. Thus he shows not only his bristles but his cloven hoofs.—Editor.**

AT TOWNS' MILL.

Bloomington, Ind.

Editor Recreation:

We reached our destination, a point on the San Gabriel river below Georgetown, Texas, about 3:30 oclock on a hot morning last July, and, after half an hour spent in catching minnows, began the more exciting occupation of catching bass. From 4 until 6 o'clock the sport was all that could be desired, but after the sun crept higher from the mass of rosy tinted clouds at our backs the rises became less frequent. My companion, putting aside his rod, began preparing breakfast, while I, in the hope of catching a whopper, kept on fishing. I stood on a rock just in the edge of the stream, a little below where the tail race entered, and cast my minnow far out into the swift water. Twice I cast, but got no rise. A third time I cast and began pulling my minnow toward the shore when, just as it passed a half submerged rock, there was a tremendous splash and the line began running out in a way that was appalling. Straight across the stream he rushed, right for a patch of lily pads, against the farther bank, and I threw on the drag in the hope of stopping him before he reached the mass of tangled roots and stems toward which he was going at such a headlong dash. The strain told on him, for he stopped; then rushed up stream, whirled, and sprang clear out of the water, every fin erect and the water falling in silver drops from his bronze green sides. In the meantime, I began to get excited. How much, I wondered, of his morning exercise would my tackle stand? Half unconsciously my mind reverted to a day, some years past, when I innocently picked up a rope lying in the tall grass, only to be dragged under the fence by a calf at the other end. The present sensation was somewhat similar.

In the meantime, the fish had not been idle. On the contrary, he was activity itself, was in possession of almost all my line, and was apparently trying to get my rod as well. I had followed him down stream till the water had come above my waist, and with a sigh I saw my sack of tobacco float around a bend far below and vanish from sight.

Gradually I began recovering my line, but it was slow work, for the fish fought hard for every inch he gave. Owing to the fact that I had followed him over a jump off, the water was almost up to my arms and half the rod was submerged, but I held on, for I could feel that he was weakening and I knew the fight was almost over.

Slowly I moved toward the shore and the fish reluctantly followed. I was in shallower water then, and could handle him more easily. Back and forth he rushed, now on the surface, now down to the very bottom, but all the time coming nearer and nearer to the landing net, which my friend was holding in readiness to slip under him at the first opportunity. At last it came, when the fish lay an instant on the surface of the water. A moment later he was in the landing net, struggling, but safe. I was wet to the skin, and my friend during the excitement allowed the coffee to boil away and the bacon to be consumed; but what did minor details like those amount to? Hadn't I just landed a 5-pound bass! I leave it to any angler if that doesn't more than pay the bill.

W. M. Schultz.

THIS IS DIFFERENT.

Mr. G. O. Shields, New York.

Dear Sir:—Your card addressed to John Dewing, asking if he recently caught 90 pounds of trout, has been handed me with the request that I reply.

About 3 weeks ago, 7 of the boys of our town took a team and camp outfit, and went up into the Yellowstone National Park, by permission of the superintendent, Capt. Oscar Brown, on a fishing trip. They camped at the hot spring above Uncle John Yancey's, in order to get the benefit of the baths, and did their fishing principally in Tower Creek, below the noted falls of that beautiful stream. One of the party did no fishing, and some of the others not much. In fact, the principal sport was enjoyed by John Dewing. They were gone just one week, and brought back about 500 pounds of as beautiful trout as I ever saw, averaging 2 pounds to the fish. They smoked about 50 pounds. Not one fish was allowed to spoil, nor was one sold. Every one was eaten by the party and their friends. You people who do not realize how our streams in this section are overstocked with trout, will say hog, every letter a capital, too; but any of the United States Fish Commissions who have visited this wonderland, will tell you there are actually too many trout in some places for the good of the fish.

The party saw many thousands of elk, and hundreds of deer and antelope. Our winter has been exceptionally warm and open and game of all kinds has done unusually well. I estimate the number of calves from the elk this spring, within and near the border of the park, will be 7,000 to 10,000. Captain Brown has his soldiers so placed that there has been little if any poaching.

E. C. Culver, Gardiner, Mont.

Well I must confess this is different. Here appears to be one case where a number of men may take a large number of trout without making hogs of themselves. I wish we could induce the United States Fish Commission to net a few carloads of the surplus trout in the National Park waters, bring them East and plant them in some of the streams of New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Possibly we may be able to accomplish this in time. The L. A. S. has done more difficult things already. The Lacey bill for instance.—Editor.

CLAIMS HE DID NOT.

Your excellent magazine for June has reached me. Among its articles is one written by S. C. T., "Hunting the White Caribou." This very readable article also refers briefly to salmon fishing in Newfoundland, and, speaking of me, makes the astonishing statement that I killed over 300 in one week while fishing there. I would have passed this by as a joke, but as other fishermen are also named as killing incredible numbers of salmon in the same short time I must conclude the writer is in earnest. I therefore write this to notify him and his readers that he has been misinformed with respect, at any rate, to my own success, if not to that of the other gentlemen named.

I have fished many years for salmon, both in Canadian and in Newfoundland waters, but have never yet succeeded in capturing more than 8 or 10 fish in any one week. I am also acquainted with many other lovers of this sport, but none of them, so far as I know, have ever much exceeded these numbers. My general experience is all the other way. If I can average a fish a day for 2 or 3 weeks I call my luck good, and my luck is not always good. I have fished for salmon on both branches of the Humber, but although the salmon appeared to be there in abundance none would rise to my fly. I was much more successful on the Codroy river, another Newfoundland stream. If you happen to fish there in the right season with good water you mav pick up 10 or 20 fish during the run. The fish are not large, averaging perhaps 12 or 13 pounds, but they are gamy. Although I was not successful on the Humber river I have always understood from my guides that General Dashwood caught salmon there, though how many I have never heard.

I write only to correct a misstatement, made, of course, unintentionally, but which not only seems to reflect on me, but might also have the effect of misleading other sportsmen.

John Y. Payzant, Halifax, N. S.

ANSWER.

S. C. T. tells me his authority for the statement is George Nichols, who claims to have guided you.—Editor.

RAINBOW IN THE EAST.

Can California or rainbow trout be raised successfully in Eastern waters? Can brooks be stocked with them the same as with speckled or brook trout? How large do they grow? Is there any difference between longe and togue? I am more than pleased to see you roast the game hogs. They deserve it all.

U. B. G., Worcester, Mass.

ANSWER.

The rainbow trout has been successfully introduced into various Eastern waters, particularly in Michigan, Arkansas, Missouri and throughout the Alleghany mountains. It is also well established in some parts of the Adirondacks, in Colorado, Nevada and in many other places. It will do well in almost any stream in which the Eastern brook trout thrives. It is a fish of the running streams and does not do so well in lakes.

As in all other trout, the size of the rainbow trout depends largely on its surroundings; those living in large streams and having abundant food attaining a very large size. In small brooks mature fish are often taken weighing only a few ounces. In the Ozark region of Missouri they reach 5 to 10 pounds, and in the Au Sable, of Michigan, they reach nearly the same size. In California the average probably does not exceed 2 pounds, though much larger examples are often caught.

No, there is no difference between a longe and a togue. Those are simply 2 of the several names by which the lake trout is known. "Longe" is used in Vermont and "togue" in Maine. Other common names for the same fish are great lake trout, Mackinaw trout, Lake Superior trout, namaycush and masamacush. Its scientific name is *Cristivomer namaycush.*

B. W. E.

A FISH HOG WHO BOASTS OF IT.

The largest fish catch so far made is that of J. H. Woodstock of this place and J. C. Hartough of Chicago. They went out Tuesday morning and returned Wednesday night with 302 fairlv good fish for their trouble during the two days. They bagged 169 the

first day out and the remaining 133 on the second.—Clear Lake, (Ia.) paper.

I asked Hartough if the above statement was correct, and here is his answer:

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION:

May 15th Mr. J. H. Woodstock, leading jeweler of Clear Lake, and I went to the head of the lake, some 2 miles distant, to secure more bait if possible, and cook dinner. At the Clear Lake gun club's shack at 3 p. m. indications pointed to rainy weather, so sent yacht back to town with instructions to call for us in the morning with more bait. Mr. Woodstock and I spent about an hour in rowboat near camp, catching a total of 169 fish.

The next day we took 133, a total for both days of 302. Total fishing time during both days did not exceed 9 hours.

As nearly as I can remember we caught pickerel weighing 2 to 3 pounds each; 6 perch, about ½ pound each; 4 black bass, about 2 to 2½ each; 4 rock bass, small; one large crappie; 2 catfish; and the others were pike, of almost uniform size of 1½ pounds.

We ate our meals of fish at camp, gave away 6 messes, and sold the remainder to a buyer in Clear Lake.

J. C. Hartough.

ANSWER.

If you were a decent man you would be ashamed of it, instead of feeling proud, as appears from your story. I trust you may reform, now that you see how disgusting you look in print.—EDITOR.

QUEER SPORT.

I have just finished reading my June number of RECREATION, and, as always, have had a great deal of pleasure out of it. The fishing department gave me the notion to tell you of a part of the country where everybody goes fishing and yet where the sport is purely imaginary. That region is right here in Georgia. Every day people go about in groups, with cane poles, but never by any chance does anyone get any fish, because there are none. This town is located on what is known as the Savannah river, which is really a stream of liquid mud, rather too thin to make good walking, but too thick for anything to swim in. I am told there are some carp in it and that they are sometimes caught and used by the darkies; but I'd hate to class them as fish, and certainly no white man would use them as food. Two instances came directly under my own notice during the past week, where imagination played the greater part. One was an old auntie, sitting on a ditch bank, with a line overboard, the farther end of which was under the mud. When asked if she had caught anything she held up a specimen about an inch long that in the course of time might have become a catfish, with the remark, "Got enough fer brekfus'." The other was a small coon with a string on a stick, fishing through the grating of a sewer at a street corner. What he expected to catch I don't know, but at least his sport did not entail much walking. I thought I liked fishing myself, but this is too many for me.

Fred. W. Porter, Augusta, Ga.

GAME WARDEN VS. ALDERMEN.

Enclosed you will find an account of a raid made in Wisconsin by some Chicago fish hogs, led by Alderman John Powers. Please tell him a few things about fish hogs. Too bad he did not get to eat the fish. Being a hog, he might have got a few bones in his throat. Game Warden C. L. Tracey is O. K.

A. C. F., Chicago.

The clipping enclosed was as follows:

Milwaukee, Wis.,—Alderman John Powers, of Chicago, spent a few days fishing in Northern Wisconsin, and was this morning returning with enough fish to satisfy the appetites of most of his constituents of the Nineteenth Ward, when he ran into a game warden. As a consequence the Chicago friends who were calculating on a fish dinner will go without.

When the 7:05 train of the Ashland division arrived here Game Warden E. L. Tracey made his inspection, finding one lot which did not seem to come within the requirements of the law. It proved to be many pounds overweight. Every box bore a tag on which was written in big letters,

ALD. JOHN POWERS, CHICAGO, ILL.

That did not make any difference to the warden. The fish were held and were sold at auction.

Game Warden Tracey is indeed O. K. An officer should be the last person to break a law, and Powers deserved a worse punishment than he received.—EDITOR.

BAD REPUTATIONS.

During last year's shooting season in the vicinity of the Parry Sound district I asked a number of the settlers about the fishing. They told me that at certain points it was good; that at others it had been, but there were no fish left. A little surprised at replies of this nature, I asked the cause, and almost invariably the answer was, "Yankee hogs." An explanation was asked, and I found that many Americans had visited that part of Northern Ontario for years past. The fishing had been particularly good, but, unfortunately, some of those visitors had left their mark. The tremendous catches of fish which they were unable to use, they would dump on the shores to rot; and they have left certain parts of the rivers and the lakes almost entirely without fish.

S., Walkerville, Ont.

GUT THAT KEEPS.

I saw an article in RECREATION as to gut cracking. I believe, as does Prescott Dudley, that good gut will not crack. I enclose 3 trout flies made in 1863 or '64, by McBride, of Caledonia, N. Y., for my grandfather, Wm. H. Hanford. I tested all 3 of these flies to-day, dry, up to 3 pounds, and they stood it without a break. You may keep them, as I have hundreds more.

Walter Hanford, Indianapolis, Ind.

ANSWER.

Your letter and enclosures are exceedingly interesting. The flies and leaders are certainly genuine curiosities, in the light of the experience of many anglers of to-day. I wish some manufacturer would make as good an article of gut now as that which you enclose. These 27-year-old samples appear as good as they could have been the day they left the factory.—EDITOR.

WISCONSIN FISHING.

All kinds of fish are biting now. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Reed caught 2 muskalonge and 7 large pike at Lake Thompson one day last week. Charles Brown and wife caught one muskalonge and 6 pike of good size June 17th in the same lake. Alex. McRae and I caught in 2 hours Saturday 14 pike and one bass. The lot weighed 46 pounds, all taken in Lake Thompson.

Tom Wood and B. Sawtelle caught a fine string of bass and pike in North Pelican waters. Harry Ashton and party of 4 caught, at Tomahawk lake, Sunday, June 17th, 72 black bass, weighing an average of 2½ pounds apiece. Caught most of them casting with flies.

E. F. N., Rhinelander, Wis.

NIBBLES.

People along Squaw creek, Boise County, Idaho, pick fish as they would strawberries. The creek is alive with fish, and hundreds of them get into the irrigating ditches. Whenever a housewife wants a mess of fish she takes her basket out and picks them. The fish for the most part are young salmon, there being few mountain trout in this stream. In the fall thousands of fish too small for use are killed by being run out from the ditches on the meadow land, which is irrigated at that time of the year for early pasturage in the spring.

More fish are killed in that way in one year than the law saves in 10. There are plenty of trout in the stream, and game will be abundant this season.

J. W. Konrad, Boise, Idaho.

Last year the U. S. Fish Commission began a careful physical and biological survey of Lake Maxinkuckee, and the work, which is under the direction of Dr. B. W. Evermann, is being continued this season. The time this year is being devoted chiefly to the vegetation of the lake and the relation it sustains to the fishes.

Lake Maxinkuckee is typical of the multitude of small glacial lakes in the upper Mississippi valley, but has in it more species of fishes than any other that has yet been studied.

The results of the study of this lake, when published, will prove most interesting and valuable.

Striped bass are more plentiful along this part of the coast than they have been for years. The average weight is about 14 pounds, although they range from 4 pounds to 48½. Mr. George W. Savage landed the 48½ pound one this morning.

The large numbers of sea clams account for the numerous bass here, although there does not seem to be much difference between clams and shedder crabs for bait. The fish put up a great fight and keep a man guessing until they are safe on the beach.

We have the meanest kind of hogs down here, the kind who want no one to fish in God's ocean but themselves.

Lester G. Miller, Asbury Park, N. J.

I like RECREATION better than any other sportsmen's periodical. I hope its circulation will increase rapidly, and that it will be the means of reforming the 10 000 fish and game hogs, more or not much less, that live in and around Elmira. The fish and game protectors, if there are any here, are very slack in enforcing laws. Thousands of black bass are killed here every year in the Chemung river, any length from 3 inches to 10 inches; not many over, as the small ones are killed before they grow.

Fred Scott, Elmira, N. Y.

Some one put giant powder into Stony lake, killing all the trout. Longabough said it was a pitiful sight to see the large Mackinaw trout rotting on the shore, 5 and 6 pounders, which the fiends did not find. Longabough suspects the killing of grouse last year due to the same fellows. He has bargained for 50,000 trout for restocking Stony lake. It is a small lake below Price's lake, where W. Day always used to catch so many.

Dr. W. H. Cavell, Carson City, Nev.

The season for striped bass was opened on Memorial Day by William Rollins landing a 38½ pound striped bass from the beach with rod and reel. This is one of the largest ever taken along this shore. Since then there have been several others taken, ranging from 8 to 20 pounds. Rollins holds the record, and it is the opinion

of the fishing fraternity that he will get the hand-made rod offered by Segar for the largest bass taken on one of his rods.
Fr. L. Wilcox, Asbury Park, N. J.

Fishing has been fair at this point during the past week. Several large strings of fish have been caught. Mr. Brown, of Rhinelander, caught 30 trout; Van Galder and Long, of Jeffris, succeeded in getting 40 nice ½ to 1½ pound trout; Mr. Shepard, of this place, got a trout which weighed 2 1-3 pounds. Several good catches of bass have been made. Anglers say Bass lake and Two Mile lake are full of bass, which are biting well.
T. A. P., Parrish, Wis.

Replying to your letter in regard to the clipping from a local paper which says I caught a rainbow trout measuring 26 inches: It is correct. The trout was seen by more than 1,000 persons. It was photographed by one of our local photographers and was sent to Chicago to be mounted. It weighed 8 pounds. It was caught with a 9-ounce Bristol steel rod and the best quality enameled line.
Geo. Raff, Jr., Grand Traverse, Mich.

The fishes of this country are channel, yellow and blue cat, and a species of bass. I do not know the scientific name, but they are called pond bass. We often hear of catches, made with hook and line, of fish weighing 10 pounds. There is a good deal of seining and dynamiting here, but we are trying to get a deputy game and fish warden, and if we do, such work will be stopped.
W. P. Cochran, Leon, Iowa.

F. L. Sanford, of Chicago, caught in 3 days' fishing 30 black bass weighing 2 to 5 pounds each. F. A. Cody, of Ashland, caught in one day's fishing 2 black bass, weighing 2 and 6 pounds. Mrs. Woodsicka caught one 8½ pound muskalonge. Frank Flood and H. J. Sparks, 2 guides, caught 5 muskalonge weighing 10 to 15 pounds apiece.
R. W., Tomahawk Lake, Wis.

You can not say too much against game and fish hogs. Before I ever saw RECREATION I killed all the fish I could, and as I am expert at this sport the catches of trout I made were shameful. All that time I was deploring the rapidly reduced number and size, but acted on the principle of "getting my share." Thanks to you, I now see and do differently.
Robert Ives, Antrim, Pa.

Mrs. Neville, of our city, recently caught a 30 pound muskalonge. Mr. McKenzie, banker here, caught one this week weighing 32 pounds. Anglers are simply getting all the fish they want, of different kinds, such as black bass and pike.
M. C. E., Eagle River, Wis.

Fly fishing is good at Cut-Off lake, several large catches having been made in this manner there within the last month, but I do not approve of spring fishing for bass. It leaves so little seed and spoils the next year's fishing.
W. H. Sloane, South Omaha, Neb.

My father has a camp in New Brunswick and I spend a few weeks there every year. Last year I caught a trout weighing 4½ pounds. It was the largest trout I ever caught. I had another one at the same time, but lost it.
Irving Archibald, Methuen, Mass.

Several large catches of muskalonge have recently been made in Tomahawk lake. The water in the lake is low and fishing is good.
D. M. W., Tomahawk, Wis.

Ciscos have been running some time, but no large catches have been made so far. Other fishing has been good all this season, many black bass being caught.
N. A., Lake Geneva, Wis.

Mr. Powers and Mr. Leuck, of Milwaukee, while fishing at Big lake reserve, 6 miles from here, 2 days, made a fine catch of pike and pickerel.
G. R. A., Three Lakes, Wis.

The set of Convertible Ampliscopes, made by U. Nehring, and offered as premiums for 5 subscriptions, would delight any amateur photographer. Send for a catalogue and see what they are. Then get up a club and obtain a set. Mention RECREATION.

The Ithaca gun received from you as premium is O. K. in appearance, marksmanship and shooting qualities. It can't be beaten with same grade and price of gun.
A. T. Percival, Rutland, Vt.

The Abercrombie tent you sent me for club of subscribers has been received. It is elegant and is greatly appreciated.
C. J. Scribner, Denver, Colo.

The Stevens rifle is one of the best shooting rifles I have ever had an opportunity to use, and I thank you sincerely for it. Geo. Aull, Sycamore, Ill.

RECREATION is the best magazine out.
J. J. McCormick, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WINCHESTER AND SAVAGE AHEAD.

W. S. Ripley, Jr., of Wakefield, has for several years past taken an annual hunting trip for small game down to my old home in Maine. One year he took a new .25-20 Marlin repeater. I had a .32-40 Winchester, '94 model. We used a good many cartridges, shooting at targets and squirrels. One day, when we had been out hunting for grays, Mr. Ripley said his rifle had worn out. I could not believe it, but on examination we found the little racker that racks the carrier had worn out, and he had to use the rifle as a single loader until he could get new parts from the factory. The rifle had been fired about 800 times. When he returned home he went to the firm and complained because his gun had worn out. The dealer told him he would not warrant a Marlin rifle; that their action was not positive; but he would warrant all the Winchesters sold. I wish I could give the name of the man who sold Mr. Ripley the rifle. If I did he would be recognized by riflemen as one of the best gunmakers in the United States.

I have owned 5 Winchesters and fired thousands of shots from them. I have never had an accident with them, have never broken or worn out a part, or had the rifle fail to extract the empty shell, as the Marlin often does. One rifle in particular, a .22 caliber, '90 model, Winchester special, I used a number of years, then sold it to my brother who has it now. Probably it has had 15,000 shots fired from it. It has never had a cent laid out on it and it is still in fine shape.

I notice one of the so called improvements of the Marlin is the solid top and side ejector. If any one wants a side ejector let him get a Savage. The Marlin isn't in it with the Savage, and the solid top is a bother if you want to load as a single loader. In regard to rain or snow, I have never rusted out any Winchesters and I have used them in all kinds of weather. A large number of people who write about the superiority of the Marlin are young hunters, who fire them a few times and then write to tell how much better they are than the Winchester. Such a test is not fair. When a man has fired his rifle 1,500 to 2,500 times, as fast as he could take sight in snap shooting, he can then say he has a good gun provided he has not had to buy a new action in the meantime and provided the rifle does not fail to extract the shells. I have nothing against the Marlin myself, but I would not dare to take one into the woods with me as I should be afraid it would go back on me. Mr. Ripley is no greenhorn. He has used rifles for years, and has won all the medals up to that of Distinguished Marksman. I could name others of my acquaintance who have had experience with Marlins, and you could not get them to take one into the woods. There is room for great improvement in the Marlin action.

Percy J. Bowker, Wakefield, Mass.

A BALL THAT GLANCED.

"I doubt if any ball fired from a modern rifle, and propelled by a full charge of powder, ever glanced from a bear's skull."

The above quotation, found on page 121 of February RECREATION, vividly recalls to mind an episode in which I was one party and a large black bear the other. In November, 1877, I was camping with 2 friends near what is now known as Fawn lake, in Todd county, Minnesota. One evening Rod came in and reported that he had just killed a deer which had run into the brush, but that owing to the darkness he was unable to find it. Early the next morning Bob and I started out with him to search for his dead deer. I took one direction, alone, and soon came to 2 down trees, which apparently had grown in close proximity and blown over with their roots projecting in one mass. I stepped up on one of the logs and stood a moment, looking around me. Then I stepped down between them to pass on and my left foot landed on the edge of a large hole, the opening to which I had not seen. My full weight crushed it through and I landed in the mouth of the hole, squarely in front of a large black bear, standing on his haunches about 3 feet back in the hole, viciously showing his tusks and growling a warning at me to get out. I quickly raised my rifle and took aim at his eye, which was within 2 feet of the muzzle of my gun. At the crack of the gun the bear fell back in the hole with a loud roar. At that moment I decided it would be no sign of a coward to stand a little farther back, so I quickly climbed out of the hole, over the log and back into the brush. As I did so a hazel brush entangled the lever of the gun, and in the excitement I was unable to throw another cartridge into the gun. While I was trying, the bear came out, took to the brush and escaped. I trailed him and captured him the next day with dogs.

On examination we found that the ball had struck the skull about ½ inch above the orifice of the eye, passed along the skull 2 inches, had come out and re-entered the shoulder, passed through it, then down the leg under the skin and lodged in the bottom of the foot. The gun used was a 44 Winchester with prepared ammunition and black powder.

I have lived in the Northwest 60 years, have known many famous hunters of large game, and know many of them claim that a bear's skull will glance a ball.

I have also heard it said that Ericsson, the inventor of the ironclad monitors, took his cue for the invention from the theory that the shape of a bear's skull was such as to glance a ball.

B. F. H., Walker, Minn.

A LONG RIFLE.

Several articles which have appeared in recent issues of RECREATION have described special examples of the archaic weapons of our forefathers. Suffer me to add one to the list.

In the scrimmage at Gallatin, Tenn., in 1862, one of our boys captured, from a house, a rifle which was a revelation to us. It was over 6 feet long and weighed 37 pounds. The stock was curly maple, and near the muzzle was a square place left, to which was screwed a brass plate which turned down at its upper edge at right angles to the remainder. This must have been to rest the weapon on when firing.

The lock was a delicate and shapely flint pattern, with double triggers. The caliber must have been at least 45.

One of the boys being soon after discharged, carried the weapon home with him. Years after the war ended I found the old weapon in the show window of a gunsmith's establishment in our county town. It had been altered some; cut down to half-stock, the barrel shortened 18 inches, and a percussion lock had taken the place of the old flint arrangement.

Believing I had recognized an old friend I entered the shop, and inquired of the proprietor. Yes, it was the same old gun. He had heard of it, and at last had bought it, cut it down, as I say, and used it at the target in the club. He remarked that it got "over all of 'em yet."

If the smith be yet alive I doubt not he still holds it. He was a Mr. Hammersly, Hamilton, Ohio. Any skeptical or curious sportsman or collector may, I believe, find it there still.

W. H. Nelson, Washington, D. C.

PETERS' CARTRIDGES SUCCESSFUL.

I have taken special pains during the past year to thoroughly investigate the Peters Cartridge Co. ammunition, and have found it thoroughly satisfactory in every respect. I first bought 500 22 Longs and during a week's camp hunt in the mountains, I fired nearly 400 of them. Not one shell failed to fire perfectly. Those shells were loaded with the new semi-smokeless powder. While in camp my brother and I did considerable snap shooting. My brother exploded the primer in a 12 gauge shot shell at 15 yards, and shot away 6 empty shells same size at twice the distance. These shots were fired in rapid succession, and the bullets struck fairly in the heads of each shell. On another occasion he burst 5 small apples, which I pitched in the air, without a miss. After shooting 100 shots without cleaning, the gun seemed not to have been shot more than 10 times. I have also given the Ideal shot shells a thorough test, and found them superior to any I have ever used. With 2 ¾ drams King's smokeless and 1 ⅛ ounce No. 7 ½ chilled shot, I killed a jack rabbit, running, at 53 yards, another at 48 and a third at 55. While shooting doves in Pucaipe valley not long since I fired 27 shots and killed 25 birds.

There are several shooters in this town who use Peters cartridges, and they find no fault with them. Any one who does not wish to use smokeless, yet would like to dispense with the dirt, recoil, unpleasant odor, etc., of the old black powder, can find nothing that will equal King's semi-smokeless.

W. C. Whittemore, Redlands, Cal.

THINKS BLACK POWDER OUT OF DATE.

I have been a reader of your magazine a long time and don't intend to be without it for a long time to come, but there are one or 2 little matters which receive too much attention for an up-to-date magazine. In your February issue you give space to several articles written by antiquated mossbacks who even claim superiority for the old black powder guns over the new smokeless small calibers. A man who claims that the killing and shooting qualities of the 32-40 or the 38-55 are equal to those of the 303 Savage or the 30-40 Winchester shows himself a back number. I fear RECREATION will fall a little behind the times if you allow such controversies to occupy valuable space. The large gun manufacturers spent millions in testing the small bore in every way, and we all know the result. Uncle Sam has decided the old 45-70 is no longer of any use. Our navy, of which every American is proud, did not use smooth bores nor black powder. The flintlock, smooth bore, muzzle loader and black powder guns, including the 38-55, have seen their day, and I for one hope you will relegate the black powder crank to the waste basket as unworthy of consideration.

Another thing is that word game hog. The man who kills game contrary to the laws should be severely punished. He is not a good citizen; but this excessive use of the word game hog is not elevating in connection with true sportsmanship and is a slur at the hog family.

S. T. Stevens, Rifle, Colo.

SOME GOOD LOADS.

I am now in my second year as reader of your interesting magazine. I am something of a rifle crank and enjoy your Gun and Ammunition department. Have found many items and hints therein that have proved valuable to me. I use a .32-40 special smokeless, with steel barrel, and think I have the best rifle. I have Ideal loading tools and a Perfection mould, with which I can make bullets of 105 to 210 grains. For squirrels and other small game I use 105 grain bullet and 8 grains of King's semi-smokeless powder. When I can not hit their heads I let them go. This load is just perfection up to, say, 50 to 75 yards. From that up to 150 yards I use 20 grains same powder and 150 grain bullets, 1 part tin to 40 lead. For longer range and woodchucks, foxes, etc., I use 40 grain powder and 195 grain bullet, which, with a split point, is all right for larger game. I do not crimp any of my shells, as they work all right in my rifle without, and, I think, improve the shooting. I noticed in one issue of RECREATION Mr. J. H. Porter condemns the .38-55 because he could not hit a deer at less than 100 yards when he estimated it at 200. He ought to learn to guess closer than that before trying to shoot deer, for fear he might guess it was a deer and it might prove to be a man. I use Lyman Combination front and rear sights, nearly always using the ivory part. They have wonderfully improved my shooting. Am glad to see you give the hogs their due.

D. C. Read, Chaumont, N. Y.

WANTS A NEW SHELL.

I have been a reader of your magazine since it was first published and have always been much interested in the Gun and Ammunition department, especially the articles in regard to the .30-30. None of your readers seem satisfied with a lead bullet and a small charge of powder. On account of the shell being bottlenecked in shape it is necessary to seat the bullet at the muzzle of the shell. With a small charge of powder for small game or for target work a space is left between the powder and the bullet. Some of your readers say use cotton to fill that space. Others say paper, and another says air. I have had in mind for some time a new shell to be used in .30-30 rifles, which I think would be an improvement. It would allow small charges of powder and would seat the bullet in the powder as it should be. I am trying to get some of these shells made, and if they do as well as I think they will I shall buy me one of Charles Daly's 3-barrel hammerless guns with .30-30 rifle barrel. This new shell will be made 1-16 of an inch larger at the base than the regular shell is, which will make the inside of the shell the same diameter throughout the entire length, using 5 grains or 25 grains of powder as desired. That would be an ideal shell for the paper patched bullet. Such shells, of course, could not be worked through the magazine.

W. E. Corlin, Portland, Me.

FAVORS THE .30-40.

I never leave an article in your valuable journal unread. The most interesting department to me is Guns and Ammunition, especially the discussion as to relative power of small and large bore rifles. I agree with many that the .30-30 has been greatly overestimated, yet I think many who favor the large bores never used, and in many cases, probably never saw a small caliber high power rifle used on game. They simply talk to hear themselves talk, not realizing how ridiculous some of their assertions sound to sportsmen who know something about rifles of different calibers. I for one have tried about everything in the rifle line that has been made so far, from .22 caliber to .50 caliber, and my choice of a rifle for hunting purposes would depend largely on the class of game I intended to hunt. My present arm, and, by the way, the best I ever owned, is a .30-40 box magazine Winchester. It is far superior for big and dangerous game to the large black powder rifles, and is as accurate as any .22 caliber I ever used. My last 3 shots with it last fall, on the Upper Peninsula, took the heads off 3 ruffed grouse, and all of them were 30 to 40 yards away. I agree with Mr. Brewer, of Saratoga, Wyo., that no backwoodsman need suggest to the Winchester Co. how to make rifles. They lead the world in the manufacture of modern rifles.

M. M. Conlon, Traverse City, Mich.

SHORT BARREL ACCURATE.

Would a 32-40 c. f. rifle with a 20 inch barrel compare favorably in range and accuracy with one having a 26 inch barrel? Would the shorter barrel be as effective for small game at comparatively short ranges?

I have been told that graphite is good

for cleaning a rifle barrel. Could there be any harm in using regular flake graphite?

C. B. Pope, Glens Falls, N. Y.

ANSWER.

Reducing the length of a 32-40, center fire, barrel from 26 inches to 20 inches would not affect the accuracy to any appreciable degree; certainly not enough to be noticeable in the finest off-hand shooting. In rest shooting there would probably be a slight deterioration in the accuracy, as for example, instead of shooting 10 shots in a 4 inch circle at 200 yards, it might only shoot 10 shots in a 5 inch circle at the same distance. For small game shooting at compartively short ranges there would be practically no difference in the accuracy.

Have never heard of graphite being used in rifle barrels, and would not recommend its use until it is better known. Possibly it may be used as an ingredient in some of the oils and greases that are manufactured as rust preventives.—EDITOR.

WOULD LIKE OTHER CALIBERS.

Last summer for the first time I saw the Savage rifle and the '95 model Winchester and was highly pleased with the actions of both. I have often thought, however, that if these companies would manufacture those particular models in a few other standard calibers they would please the sporting fraternity, and would sell a great many such rifles. Frank Brewer, of Saratoga, Wyo., is right in saying no back countryman need think he can tell the Winchester Co. how to make guns. I am not attempting it. I simply wish there were rifles on the market with those actions in .32-40, .38-55, .38-40 or 44. Also a few smaller sizes, such as .22, .25rf, .25-20cf or .25-25. Stevens would be desirable. No doubt they are both wicked shooting, but many do not like the .303 or .30-40, while the .40-72 is too large for ordinary use and the .38-72 contains too much powder. The era of improved rifle magazines is here. The old straight tube magazine is not the best for either safety or balance. Let all sportsmen make a plea for a few such highly desirable weapons.

G. W. McKay, Floodwood, Minn.

RELOADING OF SAVAGE CARTRIDGES.

In answer to Ned Cady's question in March RECREATION: Good results, ideal tools. Write for them to Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y. I have a Savage rifle and complete tools. I bought the latter because I wanted to be independent. The Savage is the best rifle in the American market. Talks about the inaccuracy of small caliber rifles with smokeless powder are nonsense. They are as accurate as any old fogies. It all depends on the shooter. Hand the best rifle to a poor shooter, say a Spaniard, and he will do poor work. You say you never raise your sights for shooting up to 600 yards. I have an inclination to believe you either never shoot up to 600 yards or your yards are smaller in California than ours are. From 200 yards up you have to make an allowance for the gravity of the bullet. Are you not too enthusiastic and did your enthusiasm not carry you too far? Don't be offended. We 2 shoot the same rifle and we are friends.

Dr. C. Engel, Council Bluffs, Ia.

ENDORSES LYMAN SIGHTS.

Answering .25-20, Alexandria, La., would say I have used Lyman sights the past 3 or 4 years, and would not have any other sight on my rifle now at any price. Any front sight can be used with the Lyman rear sight, but I prefer one with ivory bead. A cup disc is not necessary, as the aperture is too small for all around shooting. The factory rear sight should be removed and replaced with a blank piece or leaf sight. The bead should be held in the center of the aperture in rear sight. The Lyman sight is adjustable to all ranges within the limit of the rifle's range. For further information would advise you to get a Lyman catalogue, which can be had for the asking. Address W. Lyman, Middlefield, Conn. Much better shooting can be done with both eyes open and not noticing the rear sight.

A. U. Hildebrand, Preston, Conn.

ANOTHER CHAMPION FOR THE .45-70.

Mr. Frank Hoyt, speaking, in February RECREATION, of the Savage 303, has good reason to feel pleased with his gun after his experience with the grizzly. But have we any proof that the 45-70 Winchester would not have done as well? Mr. Hoyt mentions 2 instances wherein his gun did good work; but could he not also tell of cases where it did not prove so efficient?

I have hunted all kinds of big game, and have used Sharps, Ballard, Burgess, Springfield, Winchester and other rifles. The best gun I ever owned was made from an old Sharps 40-110. I sent the barrel to the Winchester Co., and had it rebored to 45-70 and equipped with the '88 model, Winchester breech-block and magazine. That gun never failed to put a ball where I held it.

SMALL SHOT.

Is it safe to load shells made for black powder with nitro powder?

Query, Honesdale, Pa.

ANSWER.

Black powder shells may be loaded with nitro powder with safety, when light charges are used, but the manufacturers of ammunition and powders do not advocate anyone's doing so. The black powder primers will not ignite nitro powders, however, without a little priming of black powder, say, ¼ to ½ grain of fine fff black powder. It is always best to use nitro shells made for nitro powders. Satisfactory results can not be guaranteed from any other grades of shells.—EDITOR.

I like your magazine very much, and always read the Gun and Ammunition department. I enjoy the way you publish the different opinions regarding different makes. I have an odd rifle in a '90 model Winchester repeater, .22 caliber, with a small pin that works with the lever of slide. I have it so arranged that I can put BB, short, long and extra long in the magazine at the same time without any setting or adjusting. It works perfectly excepting with the BB. They hang between the carrier and the barrel. I never use them. I only mention them because they can be inserted.

C. C., Huntsville, Ala.

Where are Mauser rifles sold in this country and what primer is used in the shells.

L. A. R., Los Angeles, Cal.

ANSWER.

The Mauser cartridge uses the No. 2 ½ W. primer. These rifles can be bought of Clabrough, Golcher & Co., Dieckman & Co., Dunham, Carrigan Hardware Co., San Francisco, Cal; Harper & Reynolds Co., Tufts-Lyons Arms Co., Los Angeles, who will obtain them for you if they do not happen to have them in stock.

If you will send me your name and address and repeat your second question I will answer it direct.—EDITOR.

I should like to hear from some of the readers of RECREATION, who can speak from experience, as to the merits and demerits of the following named single barrel shot guns as trap guns on inanimate targets; Davenport, Forehand, Remington and Stevens. I have fired my last shot at live birds thrown from a trap. While others find sport in that kind of shooting I have made up my mind it is not the right thing; therefore, I have no use for a double gun for trap purposes. Again I do not like the balance of any of the so-called pump guns. They seem awkward to me.

J. A. Gallup, Pomona, Cal.

I will appreciate it very much if readers of RECREATION who have used the .45-90 rifle will write me regarding that arm. I am much interested in it, and should like to learn the bad as well as the good points about it. When writing give make of rifle, length of barrel and kind of sights used. Also distances shot and state whether cartridges used were factory loaded or not.

I should be glad to hear from the gentleman who claimed in March number of RECREATION that "the .45-90 shoots like a bell muzzled gun"; also from others who agree with him.

Robert A. Morrisette, Richmond, Va.

There are times when 3 things are absolutely necessary for a man's life. These are a rifle, a bag of salt, and a match. Matches are useless unless dry. There is only one sure way to keep them dry on a hunting trip. That is by carrying them in one of Marble's Waterproof Match Boxes. Do you want such a life preserver? Send me 2 yearly subscriptions. You can get them in 2 minutes, and they will earn you one of these waterproof match boxes, which may often save you much suffering.

I hope no one thinks women do not read RECREATION. I read it all, and the ads, too. Rabbits, squirrels, ruffed grouse and foxes are plentiful here, and most of the sportsmen are gentlemen, not game hogs. Mrs. R. M. Smith, Greene, N. Y.

The premium can of Laflin & Rand smokeless powder was received O. K. It is strong and quick, but what surprised me most is how clean it leaves the gun barrels. Please accept my thanks for it.

R. J. Foster, Ithaca, N. Y.

The Ithaca gun you sent me as premium for club of subscribers to RECREATION is at hand, and is satisfactory in every respect. It is beautiful in design and perfect in workmanship.

Chas. B. Finkle, Gloversville, N. Y.

I received the Hawkeye camera, and it is a beauty. I thank you for such a beautiful premium.

Edw. J. Barkdoll, Garrison, Ia.

The Primus stove which you sent me as premium is a little beauty.

O. O. Moore, Augusta, Me.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine published.

R. N. Sherman, Jamestown, N. Y.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS IN INDIANA.

Raleigh, Ind.

Editor RECREATION:

One day in December, 1898, my friend, C. H. Burr, and I, were hunting. We had covered the ground in every direction within a radius of 5 miles of Middletown, and my Llewellyn setter, Daisy, had worked fast and ranged wide, but she had not even a scent of feather. While we were resting on a rail fence we fell to discussing the condition of affairs and wondering why our State game warden didn't stock the country with game as he did the streams with fish. Then came the subject of Mongolian pheasants. The idea occurred to us that at least our part of the country could be profitably stocked with them. As the day was well on we renewed our tramp through corn and stubble, with nothing in sight but an occasional farmer to call out, "Hey there, you town fellers! Get right off this farm. We don't 'low for you town fellers to kill all our game."

Our only answer was that we were getting off as fast as we could. Being disgusted with our luck, however, and to be yelled at by the farmers, we finally took the road for home.

We tried our luck again in a few days with only a few scattered birds in a place. We then decided that if we were ever to have any shooting we must take it in our own hands to propagate the game. As we had heard the Mongolian pheasant was a hardy and prolific bird we wrote the Editor of RECREATION, asking where they could be had. In a few days he answered, giving us the address of a breeder in New York State. I also wrote the publisher of another sportsmen's periodical asking the same question. He replied that for a consideration of $5 for an ad. in his journal our wants could be supplied—not the information RECREATION was willing to give gratuitously. We wrote the New York breeder, also one in Ohio, and one in Wisconsin, of whom we had heard. Their answers were that pheasants were worth $6 a pair.

This blow came near paralyzing the pheasant business. However, our last Legislature had passed a bill protecting Mongolian pheasants in Indiana for 6 years. That was in our favor, and gave us courage to continue the good work. We had thought of several plans to interest everyone, but none seemed as plausible as to solicit subscriptions. A paper was prepared stating our purpose was to arrange for the propagation of Mongolian pheasants, to be liberated on farms within 2 miles of Middletown. Heading the list with $5 each we went to all our sportsmen friends first, and in every case we got $1 to $3. We were much elated to find on adding our subscriptions, after 2 hours' work, that we had $45. This seemed smooth sailing.

We soon found, however, that we had exhausted the list of those willing to give liberally. There were many obstacles in the way, and it would be no easy task to get the amount we had started out to raise. We kept right at it, soliciting every man and boy in town and the farmers and their boys in the country. By that time the subscriptions had become much smaller. Twenty-five to 50 cents was the limit. Many farmers, when we would ask them to subscribe, would say they did not care to give money for the town hunters' benefit. We put the facts of the case in the best possible manner, told the farmers it would be to their benefit to have these birds on their farms, as they were great bug destroyers and the State law protected them for 6 years. Sometimes we would get 25 cents and more times we would get nothing.

We commenced in December and finished our canvass in March, '99. We had by that time thoroughly called on every man in our locality and every one of the arms companies and powder and shot companies. We did not get a cent from any of them. Our total collection was $81. That would buy 13 pairs of pheasants and pay the express charges on them. A New York draft was sent, and the birds came, nicely crated. They were all good, strong ones, and everyone was delighted to see such beautiful birds. We were congratulated as much as the birds were admired.

The next day after they arrived we gave them to the farmers that we knew would protect and feed them and no town hunters were allowed. The pheasants were liberated in thickets where there was plenty of water. Every hen has raised 12 to 20 chicks, and all grew to maturity. They are now the pride of the farmers and woe unto the man who molests them, as the fine is not less than $50. Figure the increase in 1905 and try our plan in your locality. We can testify you will have an abundance of the hardiest and most prolific game ever known.

W. V. Loder.

WHY HAVE THE GEESE CHANGED THEIR FLIGHT?

West Liberty, Ohio.

Editor RECREATION:

From my earliest recollection up to 10 years ago this particular section of Mad River valley was the feeding and loafing ground of thousands of wild geese. During the early spring and fall thousands at a time could be seen feeding among the big herds of cattle or out in the middle of the big grain fields, meadows or wet prairie lands, where they could not be reached by the hunters and were seldom disturbed. I have known the young birds, in the fall, to squat on the ground in immense flocks within 50 yards of the pike while teams were passing, and pay no apparent attention to them, so little were they shot at. That was always in the fields where there were cattle and shooting was not allowed, a fact which they seemed to know, as they always assembled in the middle of every other field, and always chose the largest, containing 50 to 100 acres.

There are a number of small lakes and a reservoir of 16,000 acres of water and marsh a few miles Northwest of here, where they always went in the evening, returning in the early morning, their flight lasting for hours. As I have said, not more than a dozen in a season were killed here, as their flight was high to and from the feeding grounds and not accessible while there.

The same grounds and lakes are here yet, unchanged, but the old familiar squawk and wedge-shaped flocks are scarcely known now. I miss them; their flight was directly over my house, and although I knew I could not shoot one in 2 shots if I were up there, when a kid I have stood in the yard and fired kegs of powder and bags of shot, slugs and gravel stones from my old musket without disturbing the birds in the least.

Where have they gone? Why did they forsake a feeding ground yhich they had habitually used 50 years? Only a few remain, which were winged or captured in nets and which are now associated with other barnyard fowls and kept by the farmers as a curiosity, having become thoroughly domesticated. However, I do not know of such breeding.

H. M. Evans.

ANSWER.

The reason the geese have quit coming is that most of them have been killed. Many large areas where they formerly halted and fed are now deserted for the same reason. The few geese that now remain follow the Mississippi and Missouri rivers and the Pacific coast in their migrations. Unless game laws are enforced and bags limited there will not be a wild goose anywhere in 5 years.—EDITOR.

DO THE SAME BIRDS RETURN?

The bobolink is one of the most beautiful birds we find in our fields in summer. He is the only one that sings on the wing. We also have the sea gull here. He is shot for trimmings for women's hats and just for practice by parties along Lake Erie. This is an outrage. The gull does more good than all of our sanitary police. I have seen gulls eat at least 10 or 15 tons of dead fish. If the gulls had not eaten them the lake shore would have been covered with decayed fish and our drinking water poisoned.

It has been questioned whether the same birds return to us in the spring that left the previous fall. I have been in the fields 40 years with gun and dog and have taken particular notice of the birds. I am sure the same ones do return.

A friend of mine put a box in a chestnut tree for some bluebirds. The male bird had some white feathers on one wing, and that bird and his mate had their nest in that box for years, until a boy one day shot the female. The male never came back after that. Some 3 years ago I went to a house and ordered the parties to liberate a robin they were keeping confined. They called me everything that was bad, but I had them let the bird go. They said the bird would not live, and made all kinds of excuses. The bird was put up in a pear tree in the yard, and in a few days was flying all over the place. The old gentleman fed him all that summer out in the yard from the cup in his cage. In the fall the bird was missing, and they thought something had happened to him; but in the spring he came back, and with him came a mate. The old gentleman fed them all that summer. They had a nest in the pear tree and had young ones. Old Dick, as they called him, had not forgotten his home. He and his mate went away that fall, and the first fine sunny morning last spring the old lady called the family early to tell them Dick and his mate had come back home. The old people are now glad Dick is happy and free.

A. W. Hitch, Fish and Game Warden,
Cleveland, O.

WHAT WE MUST DO TO SAVE THE BIRDS.

In a recent article on the destruction of birds in America Mr. W. T. Hornaday says:

"As a result of careful consideration of the subject and of the information that has come to me, I am of the opinion that the following restrictive measures should be put into effect:

"1. Prohibit all egg collecting, except under license from State Game Commissioners and the payment of a license fee.

"2. Provide for the extermination of the English sparrow.

"3. Prohibit the sale of dead game at all seasons.

"4. Prohibit the killing or capture of wild birds, and of quadrupeds, other than fur bearing animals, for commercial purposes of any kind. (This will stop the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes.)

"5. Prohibit all spring shooting.

"6. Prohibit the carrying or using of a gun without a license.

"7. For 3 years prohibit the killing or capture of any birds, except such birds of prey as may be declared by the United States Biological Survey to be sufficiently noxious to merit destruction. The only exception should be made in favor of persons desiring to collect for scientific purposes, in moderation, and then only when properly vouched for by some scientific institution, and duly licensed by the State Game Commissioners.

"8. At the end of 3 years, restrict by legal enactment the number of game birds that may be killed or taken in one day, or in any given period, by a single individual.

"A law embodying these features and rigidly enforced would be worth millions of dollars to our farmers and gardeners, and would bring tens of millions' worth of pleasure and enjoyment to all classes of citizens."

A BLUEBIRD'S NEST.

In a fence post near my house a pair of bluebirds, *Sialia sialis,* built their nest and reared a family of 5 young ones. When I first saw the nest the young were quite small. At my second visit they were feathered. Again I went to the spot, but they had flown, possibly that very day, as one who had peeped in the day before found them still in the nest.

On my second visit I tried to take out the young ones, to see them more closely, but the aperture was too small to admit my hand, and the nest too deep to permit my fingers to draw out the young birds.

How the bluebirds came by this dwelling I do not know. The aperture and cavity, a young lad informed me, were made by a woodpecker; possibly the downy or the hairy woodpecker, as the entrance hole was too small for either the golden winged or the red headed species.

Did the bluebirds dispossess the lawful occupants, or did the woodpeckers build it for sport, as they are said sometimes to do? Or it may be that after digging out the cavity the carpenter birds discovered it was too near the dwellings of men. The bluebird being less shy and more confiding in the human species, thus legitimately came into possession of the abandoned house.

Though the boy who gave me the information concerning the woodpecker's work insisted the bird had fashioned the opening, I took the liberty to doubt that the under side was its unaided work. It is horizontal, while their method is to make a circular aperture. In my opinion the under side was made by a human carpenter and finished by the bird artisan. There is no doubt, however, that the woodpecker had the largest share in the whole work.

F. D. New, New Brunswick, N. J.

SPECIES OF BLACK DUCKS.

I notice in a recent number of RECREATION that one contributor says we have 2 species of black ducks. I do not agree with him, yet I have noticed the different sizes of this species. I have seen some black ducks that were half again as large as others that were killed the same day. In the spring of '98 my father killed a black duck, along the Cuyahoga river, before the ice was off the lakes, that was so small my father's companion declared it to be a teal. Last fall I killed another, along the river, that was almost as black as coal, without any of the brownish markings usually found. He was as large as a tame duck. He was only wing tipped and he crawled out on the bank. I had to trail him through the snow about 100 yards back through the swamp before I found him. The black duck comes here even after the lakes are frozen, and I have often found them in small streams. In Huron county, Ohio, I have seen black ducks alight in cornfields in flocks of 6 to 100 and feed on corn that had been scattered on the ground. They are not quite so large as mallards generally, and not nearly so shy; but they are one of the finest table ducks we have. With the exception of the golden-eye and the American merganser the black duck is the first arrival along the river, before the lakes are open, although it shows a preference for the lakes as soon as the ice breaks up.

W. B. Haynes, Akron, Ohio.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

In reading articles on pheasants I notice nearly every one has the impression that the little pheasants are hard to raise. Such has not been my experience. If given the same chance as any choice fowl, kept clean and free from lice and properly fed, there will be no trouble in raising them. I scarcely ever lose any chick pheasants except through accidents.

I hope the day is not far distant when these beautiful and lordly birds will be planted in all the swamps and waste land in Michigan. Forty below zero has no terrors for them. They will eat roots, bark from soft trees, buds, all kinds of green vegetation, and all kinds of grain. They are extremely hardy and prolific when grown, and far surpass our native game birds in many respects.

I have just seen Mr. Prindle, with whom I made the exchange of pheasant eggs for grouse eggs, that Chief Pokagon writes of in August RECREATION. Mr. Prindle said the pheasant eggs all hatched. He had seen the young birds, and they were exceedingly lively.

C. F. Dey, Lawton, Mich.

My attention was recently called to a crow that sat on a fence post devouring something. On investigation it proved to be a toad which had just been killed. Part of the head had been eaten, and no doubt the crow would have finished the rest if I had not scared him. Have any of your readers ever seen anything similar?

That same day my dog came to a stand on a road which is used every day, and out flew a ruffed grouse. By her actions I knew there was a nest, which I looked for and found to contain 5 young ones and 8 eggs that had not released their occupants.

There are a few quails left, but the hawks are continually killing them. I saw a hawk catch one, and found the remains of another the hawks had killed. I believe they catch more than the hunters shoot, as they do not live in the cover, but are always to be found in the fields or on the islands or along some stump fence.

John A. Dyer, Binghamton, N. Y.

There was, until a few months ago, a female cat in the City Hall here which had, among other peculiarities, a way of going up and down through the building in the elevators. She was known and welcomed everywhere, and did much visiting. Whenever she had a young family to care for it took much and careful watching to find the nest. She never made friends with, nor feared, any dog, however large, but made a saddle horse of one whenever opportunity offered. Pussy was given away, and soon became domesticated and satisfied in the home of the gentleman who took her. A fox terrier, unfortunately, came across her one day at her new home and received a thorough whipping at her hands, or claws. Something like a week afterward the same dog, accompanied by another terrier, called on her, and the 2 were too much for pussy; they killed her. How did the terrier tell his friend what he wanted him to do?

C. C. H., Chicago.

A few weeks ago, while looking at my traps, I found a large bird caught in one of them. The trap was set for muskrats. This bird measured 48 inches from the tip of each wing and 26 inches long. It had a white neck and breast, was green on its head and back, had slate blue wings, yellow legs, black beak and red eyes. Can you tell me what this bird is?

Keep up your good work against the hogs and they will soon be exterminated. Game is scarce around here on account of being killed and trapped whenever seen.

W. R. F., Franklin, Mass.

ANSWER.

The bird is probably a young loon, but I can not tell positively, as you say nothing about webbed feet or size or shape of bill.—EDITOR.

I am much interested in the Natural History department of RECREATION, and "A Plea for the Birds," in the March number especially enlisted my sympathy. Some 8 weeks ago I presented this same subject to a literary club for a topic of discussion. It has been kept before the club members, in some form, ever since. At our next meeting resolutions will be signed pledging the members not to wear birds, and to use their influence to the same end among their friends. I thank you for the work your articles of the last 3 months in RECREATION have accomplished here, and I hope you will continue bags limited there will not be a wild goose to publish similar ones in the future.

Pauline Martius, Butte, Mont.

What is the difference between the greater scaup duck and the lesser scaup?

Fred Barker, Parker's Prairie, Minn.

ANSWER.

The distinction between the greater scaup duck and the lesser scaup is in the size of the bill; this, of course, being larger in the former than in the latter. There is also a difference in the vermiculations on flank feathers.—EDITOR.

We have named our new boat Recreation, for the magazine of which we are devoted admirers. We bought a second hand whaleboat, built a deck and cabin on her, and doubt very much if her former owner would now recognize her. I mention this to show the readers of RECREATION that a little capital and some labor will provide a good sail boat, somewhat unique, but O. K.

George C. Snitzer, Newport, R. I.

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HE SHAKES UP THE STATE WARDEN.

Chicago.

Editor Recreation :—

In April Recreation, page 287, is a letter headed "Loveday Replies to Bortree." This communication bears a wrong title. The January number of Recreation contains on page 55, a letter from me, headed, "Each Member Should Work." It was addressed to members of our League. In it I said, "Mr. Loveday has never called a meeting of members here, and we are not doing the work we should do." Mr. Loveday has been our chief warden about a year. In the April number, however, Mr. Loveday publishes a savage attack on me. He makes no reference to anything I said. It is, therefore, no answer. My letter does not need any answer. It is simply a statement of facts.

I have no desire to get into any discussion with Mr. Loveday. His letter, however, contains hardly a truth.

First: I have been in this city nearly 43 years; was in business on S. Water St. here, among the game dealers, from 1864 to 1882; and for more than 30 years have been trying to save the game of the West in many ways. In 1885 I outlined a game warden law. Mr. F. S. Baird, of this city, was in the legislature then. He perfected the bill, and it passed both houses, becoming the first game warden law in the West. It stood until July 1st, 1899, when it was amended.

This is the law which Mr. Loveday says he has been enforcing. The facts will appear farther on.

The first law provided for 3 State wardens only; one for Chicago; one for Quincy; and one for Peoria, to be appointed by the Governor. There was no provision for appointing deputies. All illegal game found had to be taken on a warrant by a constable, taken before a Justice of the Peace, and by him ordered sold by the constable at public auction; the proceeds of the sale turned over to the Justice, who deducted the costs, and paid ½ the balance to the warden or informer. The other ½ was paid into the county school fund. All game law violators must be prosecuted before the Justice and fines disposed of in the same manner; and there was no other money legally paid to the warden for services.

In August, 1891, I was appointed by Gov. Fifer game warden for Chicago. I proceeded at once to enforce vigorously the game law as it had never been enforced before nor has it ever been since. This I can prove by records such as Mr. Loveday can not produce in contradiction. I swore out search warrants at different times for the places of business of nearly all the game dealers in the city. I also searched butcher shops, groceries, the Chicago club, on Monroe street, and several of our largest restaurants. I prosecuted the Richelieu Hotel and the Union League Club. Any place or person reported violating the game law I went after promptly. I can prove by scores of persons here that there was as much obedience to the law during my term of office as there has ever been here since the law was made. During my term of office I never received directly from any person or firm one dollar of money. I never took any game from anyone except in strict compliance with the letter of the law. I prosecuted friends and others without any discrimination. Nearly all prosecutions were before Justice Randall H. White, No. 125 S. Clark street, Chicago, whose dockets show the full proceedings in each case. There was more money paid into the school fund from my enforcement of the game laws than by all game wardens before or after me.

In 1896 there emerged from obscurity this man Loveday, candidate for game warden. When he first began a canvass for help to obtain the appointment there was objection made to him by prominent sportsmen here, on the ground that he had been written up years before as a violator of the game laws. I did not assist or actively oppose him. I finally met him, and had an interview. He did not impress me as being a good man for the place; but he said if he was appointed he would enforce the game law strictly and perform his duties faithfully. After he got his commission, I went many times to his place of business and offered to assist him in any way I could. I gave him suggestions about who were the violators of the law, and how to proceed against them. I called his attention especially to the cold storage houses here, yet they have never been molested by him as far as the public knows. He says he has been enforcing the game law that was in effect when Mr. Bortree was game warden. Where is the record? Before what court has he brought his cases? Who has the money obtained from fines and sales of our confiscated game? Why does not Mr. Loveday clear himself from this suspicion which rests on him? I am informed that the school fund of this county has not received $1 from his prosecutions. The school superintendent has been trying for more than a year past to find out how Mr. Loveday has been doing things. The fact is he has been disregarding the game warden law.

Loveday says, "the smallest express company in Illinois" has rendered him more assistance than I have. The reader may not understand why a "small express company" has been more valuable to Mr. Loveday than I have been. He means the express company brings in the dead game which he seizes and puts in cold storage, or sells, puts the money in his pocket, and then watches for more. This is what should be called a newly discovered "Loveday" method of game protection. As a dead game protector he is a success.

Mr. Preston, manager of a weekly paper published here, last year began an investigation of Mr. Loveday's methods. From weekly columns of exposures and strange doings charged against Mr. Loveday I copy a few items. The issue of March 25, 1899, says,

"Bortree has the interest of game protection at heart. Justice White says he has paid the money in his hands from game warden prosecutions into the school fund." Mr. White says,

"I have noticed that since Mr. Bortree went out of office there has been little or no prosecution of game cases in any of the Justice Courts." Mr. O. T. Bright, Superintendent of Schools, was seen. He said no fines had been turned over to him for any game cases since Mr. Bortree was in office.

"It seems that Mr. Bortree followed the law to the letter and made vigorous prosecutions, and it has not been done since."

April 1, 1899, this paper says, "Gridley & Co. had a box of game seized at the depot February 1st. What became of that game? Before what Justice did Loveday swear out the warrant to search for that game? Where did the sale take place? Why didn't Loveday prosecute the express company for carrying this game out of season instead of paying its charges? When this is answered we have a number of other seizures to ask about."

This paper, quoting from the Evening

Post, says, "Game seized during the last 2 years by Game Warden H. W. Loveday has not been accounted for as required by law, according to attorney Daniel J. McMahon of the Board of Education." Loveday explains as follows: "I am now making an investigation to ascertain whether or not anything has been done contrary to law. Quantities of game were seized during the season, a large part of which was totally unfit for food and which was condemned and destroyed. I still have in cold storage many birds, the product of seizures, which will be disposed of at public vendue when it is lawful under the statutes for the same to be sold, at which the sale will be made as usual under an order from the court after due notice and advertisement." The law requires all illegal game to be sold within 24 hours from time of seizure.

The Review of April 15, 1899, contains the following: "We are always to be found in our office, and we just hanker after an opportunity to prove what we say about Loveday in open court. Where did you get so much money since you were appointed game warden, if not from fines, hold-ups or prosecutions, that you have enough to live on in royal style at Springfield and give champagne suppers? Don't you think it your duty to tell the various school boards of this State where this money was procured so they can get the school's share? When you have answered these we have more for you."

In view of the facts readers may judge whether or not Mr. Loveday has taken game from persons unlawfully; whether or not he has taken money from persons without a trial before a court; whether or not he has kept any money he has received from the sale of game which he has seized, which by law belongs to the school fund; and whether or not he has violated the law he swore he would enforce.

M. R. Bortree.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LACEY WATCH FUNDS SINCE LAST REPORT.

J. S. Fasoldt,
W. N. Birdsall,
Dr. S. T. Davis,
J. W. Brock,
E. W. Applegate,
Phil. Richards,
M. H. Clark & Bro.,
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St. Thomas Hunting and Fishing Club,
Gus Eckhardt,
N. H. White,
H. M. Ogden,
Col. Gracey Childers,
Maj. P. Henry,
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N. Prehn,
R M. Newlin,
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L. Watier,
T. N. Williamson,
D. Batiste,
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F. W. Goulden,
C. C. Haskins,
H. Williams,
A. V. Huyler,
J. B. Lozier,
T. Treadwell,
F. A. Lucas,
D. E. Stuart,
A. Gropper,
Irving I. Rushworth,
Lucas Barger,
Dr. E. B. Reed.

The fund now amounts to $82. Let us make it at least $200. Have you done your part? If not, let me have your 25 cents at once.

ANOTHER LEAGUE VICTORY.

The League has accomplished another important piece of work. It has finally secured the release of James L. Tooker, who was sentenced to 8 years' imprisonment for killing an Italian who was shooting song birds in violation of the New Jersey law. Now the Vermont crank who refused to renew his membership in the League because it had not procured Tooker's pardon will come back if he was sincere in offering that as an excuse.

LEAGUE NOTES.

We have created a junior class membership in the League of American Sportsmen and have fixed the membership fee for boys under 15 years of age at 25 cents. Everybody who reads Recreation should join the League at once and wear its badge. Every boy who likes a gun or a fishing rod should be a game protector. If you do not aid us now there will be no game a few years hence.

Have you one of the L. A. S. show cards in your office? Have you distributed any of the L. A. S. muslin posters, announcing that the League is looking for game law breakers? If not, you should attend to both matters at once. The show cards and the posters are distributed free of charge, and every member should help us in putting them before the people.

Have you sent in your contribution to the Lacey watch fund? If not, you should do so at once.

FORESTRY

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford, of same institution.

A NATIONAL PARK IN THE EAST.

The creation of a great national forestry and game reserve in Northern Minnesota, embracing 7,000,000 acres around the headwaters of the Mississippi river, with many lakes of rare beauty, well stocked with fish, is being actively advocated in Congress by prominent citizens of Chicago and Minnesota. The promoters of the plan are not likely to experience much difficulty in interesting Congress. The game and the virgin forests of the United States are disappearing so rapidly that it is exceedingly important measures be taken, before it is too late, to save some of the great wooded areas of the continent.

It is one of the marked features of the legislative and popular indifference to their best interests common to those regions that such enterprises as this never originate in our Southern States. Yet there, it would seem, we have the most promising, most adaptable and most accessible regions for such purposes to be found anywhere within our national limits. Nearly all of the forestry reserves that have been established up to the present time are in the far Northwest. The chief of them, the Yellowstone National Park, is inaccessible to the great majority of the people. Nothing of national scope is to be found East of the Mississippi river.

Within about a day's travel of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and most of the Atlantic seaboard, and quite as accessible to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis, there are vast stretches of virgin forests, along the line of the Great Smoky mountains, on the border between Tennessee and North Carolina, that are thoroughly suited to the purposes of a great game and forest preserve. Going up from the lowlands at Walhalla, S. C., to the high plateau surrounding Highlands, N. C., a stage trip of about 30 miles, the late Professor Gray, the eminent botanist of Harvard, tells us he encountered a greater number of species of indigenous trees than could be observed in a trip from Turkey to England, through Europe, or from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountain plateau. The region surrounding that described by Professor Gray, especially to the West, with the headwaters of the Tennessee, the French Broad and the Savannah rivers, all within a few miles of one another, with fertile valleys and mountain elevations of 5,000 feet or more, and a density of verdure unapproached elsewhere, is an ideal spot for a preserve, where every sort of North American animal or fish would thrive and where almost every tree or plant found within our borders from the Atlantic to the Pacific would grow uncared for. The land in that region is still purchasable for a song, certainly at as little as or even less than that obtaining in the Northwest. The climate, while sufficiently severe in the winter to suit the more Northern species of animal life, is never sufficiently so to kill great quantities of game, either by freezing or through lack of winter food, as is not uncommon in the Northwest woods.

Added to the climatic and the varied physical characteristics of that region, which especially fit it for the purposes in view, there is no like region obtainable where the varied and picturesque scenery so admirably adds to the desirability of the location. While the headwaters are singularly devoid of lakes, there are ample streams running through deep valleys and gorges which render the production of artificial lakes and reservoirs a matter of detail and of slight expenditure. Cascades and even waterfalls of very considerable dimensions abound on every hand, vast stretches of virgin forests, with an evergreen undergrowth of laurel, kalmia, rhododendron, etc., afford ample shelter and browsing for the winter, while the steep mountain sides, largely covered with boulders and rocky ledges, from every cranny of which dense vegetation springs forth, furnish safe homes for all varieties of our smaller mammals.

A park that would take in the region along the Smoky mountains around Clingman's Dome, or the Southern slopes around where North and South Carolina and Georgia meet, in the middle of the headwaters of the Savannah river, or where Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia meet, would not be misplaced. The timber and mineral wealth of the regions mentioned are such that it can only be a question of a few decades when the mountain slopes will be denuded and when the people of the vast valleys that depend on those watersheds for their water supply will suffer from the blindness of a generation that could not foresee the otherwise inevitable and combine its prevention with the benefits of an enduring national park in the populous East.—Scientific American.

SECOND GROWTH CHERRY.

A few years ago I had the wood cut from about 9 acres of forest land in this vicinity. It consisted of white birch, beech, oak, red maple and a few trees of some other deciduous species, without, as nearly as I can recollect, a single conifer. It was not the original forest, of which there were traces in stumps and logs, supposed to be pine. The trees cut were 6 to 10 inches in diameter, none, I should say, as large as 12 inches. Tradition had it that the original forest had been destroyed by fire some 50 years earlier. With the intention of reducing the land to cultivation I had the brush and most of the old logs burned, but abandoned my purpose, and allowed the sprouts and seedlings to grow. Among the seedlings I found there were great numbers of wild red cherry, *Prunus pennsylvanica.* I counted some of them, on limited areas, and carefully computed the number on the whole tract of 9 acres at 8,000. I could not remember seeing a tree of that species on the land before cutting, nor in the wood piles, nor have I seen any on the portion of the same lot which was spared from that cutting, though there are a great many on other lots in the neighborhood, and I think some on an adjoining lot belonging to other owners, which had been cut some years earlier than mine.

Whence, then, came the seeds from which these cherry trees grew? Were they brought on to the ground from neighboring lots by birds, squirrels and mice, or were they derived from trees that once grew on the ground where the seedlings grow? The latter theory would involve the supposition that the cherry stones would lie dormant on or in the ground for a long period, say 20 or 30 years? Is that possible? I beg to know your solution of the problem.

Chas. G. Atkins, East Orland, Me.

ANSWER.

The seeds were probably carried by the birds, especially the robin, which wanders over large areas of ground in search of worms. I do not believe cherry stones will lie dormant in the ground a great length of time; certainly not 20 years. They might retain their vitality, if they escape injury, for a period of perhaps 5 years. We are likely, however, to underrate the value of birds in this respect. The red cedar, for instance, the most widely distributed American tree, owes its wide distribution to the birds, and especially to the robin, which feeds on its fruit.—EDITOR.

THE YAPON.

The yapon, or youpon, which we have here is a tree, or shrub, I never saw in the North. During the civil war, when tea and coffee, at least in this district, were literally out of sight, many people planted yapon nurseries. I do not know how large a yapon will grow, but the largest and oldest I have seen, are about 15 feet high and 3 or 4 inches in diameter. During March, when the sap is running freely, the smaller twigs, leaves and all, are pulled off, then chopped fine with a hatchet and cured. The curing process consists in drying the twigs in a large kettle over an open fire and, I imagine, resembles tea drying in a crude way. When properly cured, a drink that is an excellent substitute for tea or coffee is made by boiling the leaves with water. To my mind this drink has great medicinal qualities also, and the old time people here believe in its health giving qualities. They say "youpon drinkers never die; they dry up and blow away." At all events, it is the most satisfying drink in a case of fever that I have ever tried. If I am going out on the Sound to stay all day, I usually drink youpon in the morning instead of coffee and am troubled no more with thirst that day. When properly cured and given regularly during fever, it will produce a heavy perspiration even when quinine will not. I am satisfied that if investigated by competent people it would be found valuable medicinally. In appearance the yapon is very handsome. It has dark green leaves, with red berries, like the holly, and a yapon nursery is always a favorite resort for birds, particularly mockers and cedar-birds, locally called yapon birds.

A. S. Doane, Waterlily, N. C.

Kindly send me a recipe for extracting the fragrance from flowers.

Wm. Hadden, Courtright, Ont.

ANSWER.

There is no simple way of extracting the perfume of flowers. The Department of Agriculture has issued a pamphlet entitled, "Can Perfumery Farming Succeed in the United States?" which can be obtained on application to the Department. It will give you all the general information available.—EDITOR.

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

Do not fail to contribute to the Lacey watch fund at once.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

EDIBLE BERRIES OF ALASKA.

Dr. W. H. Evans, who has twice visited Alaska on botanical expeditions, has described the edible berries which grow so abundantly there, and which form an important part of the diet of native and white residents. He says in effect:

"Everyone who has been fortunate enough to visit Alaska in the proper season has noticed the wonderful abundance and variety of berries. So striking a feature are they that the region has been repeatedly designated a land of berries. Many of the berries enter quite largely into the summer dietary of native and white population and to a lesser extent are preserved in various ways for winter use. Among the white population the usual methods are followed and canned fruit, jellies, jams, and cordials are prepared for future consumption. With the natives a different process is used, and the universal method of preservation is by mixing the berries with seal or other oil. The result is a mixture very repulsive to the uninitiated, but highly prized by the natives. A jar or can of such preserves is considered a present of no mean value. However, for the most part, the natives use the berries in the fresh state and generally uncooked. Berry parties among the natives are of common occurrence, and in the autumn following a good berry season special dances are celebrated.

"Among the most widely distributed species may be mentioned the salmon berries, baked apple berries, small and high bush cranberries, red and black currants, huckleberries, blueberries, elderberries, bunchberries, and crowberries. Of less common distribution, but still abundant in some regions are wild strawberries, red raspberries, dewberries, salalberries, thimble berries, bog cranberries, and bearberries. A number of others are of local and limited use, but all the above are important in their season.

"Probably of first importance in the above list is the so-called small cranberry, *Vaccinium vitis-idæa.* This is found nearly everywhere in the coast region and the interior. The bright red berries are intensely acid and of rather good flavor, although a taste for them must be cultivated. In some places large quantities are gathered for food and a not uncommon method of preserving them for winter's use is by putting them in pure water. In this way they may be kept several months.

"The true salmon berry, or 'molina,' is found abundantly along the Southeastern coast region and some of the islands. Two forms are met with, one having red and the other yellow fruits. Specimens more than an inch in diameter are common. While hardly equalling the flavor of the Eastern blackberry the red forms remind one greatly of that berry and salmon berries are valuable adjuncts to the diet of both natives and whites.

"In some regions the huckleberries, *Vaccinium uliginosum,* and blue berries, *V. ovalifolium,* are abundant and eagerly sought. The latter has, in the writer's opinion, no equal in the genus as a pie berry unless it be the beautiful scarlet berry, *V. parvifolium.* In the vicinity of Sitka both these berries are abundant. The fruit of the former is of a dark blue color, with small seeds, and averages about ½ inch in diameter. The scarlet one is about half as long and is eagerly sought by the white housewife for jellies, which are of most beautiful color and fine flavor.

"In the Cook Inlet country, as well as elsewhere, currants are abundant. In the former place red currants, *Ribes rubrum,* form an important food, and in excellence they are scarcely inferior to our ordinary garden currants. Black currants, *R. laxiflorum,* are also common, but of inferior value. *Ribes bracteosum* is abundant in many places, and the fruits are not infrequently mixed with blueberries.

"The strawberries are more or less conical, and frequently an inch or more in diameter. They ripen in July and August and are extensively gathered. Considerable quantities are sometimes brought to passing boats, and at other times are sent as marks of especial friendship to Sitka or other places. Successful attempts have been made to cultivate this wild berry at a number of places, and its possibilities as well as those of the blueberry, scarlet huckleberry, and red currant are well worth investigation.

"Limited attempts have been made to cultivate some of the improved varieties of berries at a number of places. Peculiar success has attended the efforts with strawberries, raspberries, and currants. Gooseberries have been tried, but mildew seems to be a serious drawback to successful effort with that fruit. More extensive and better directed experiments have been recently attempted and it is to be hoped success will attend the efforts."

RATIONS AT LADYSMITH DURING THE SIEGE.

One of the great hardships of the siege of Ladysmith was a shortage of food. The supplies of crackers or biscuits, canned goods, etc., were sufficient only for limited rations, and there was a great lack of green vegetables. These might have been grown to a considerable extent, it is said, if the length of the siege had been foreseen.

Horses and mules were killed and eaten. While the eating of horse flesh is not considered a hardship in many regions of Europe, the Anglo-Saxon race has never accepted it as an article of diet. At Ladysmith mule flesh is said to have been considered more palatable than horse flesh.

Dr. J. C. Dunlop, of Edinburgh, makes some interesting statements in the British Medical Journal regarding the food value of the daily ration issued at Ladysmith. This consisted of 16 ounces meat, 4 ounces biscuit (crackers), 3 ounces meal, 1 ounce sugar, ¼ ounce tea, and a pinch of condiments. According to Dr. Dunlop's calculation this ration would furnish 73.4 grams protein, 69.7 grams fat, 141.6 grams carbohydrates, and would have a fuel value of 1,527 calories. The Ladysmith ration was compared with other diets and dietary standards, the protein and energy alone being considered, since these factors represent in the simplest way the functions of any given diet, namely, to build and repair body tissue, and supply energy for heat and muscular work.

Comparison of Ladysmith Rations with Other Diets and Dietary Standards.

	Protein. grams.	Fuel Value. Calories.
Ladysmith ration	73.4	1527
Atwater's standard (moderate work)	125.0	3500
Voit's standard (moderate work)	118.0	3055
A convict's food (moderate work)	169.0	3700
A prisoner's food (light work)	134.0	3100
A poorhouse diet (no work)	83.5	1871
A poorhouse diet (work)	113.0	2381

A comparison of the Ladysmith ration with other dietaries and dietary standards Dr. Dunlop says, "Tells a sad tale of serious underfeeding, or, in other words, of partial starvation. It may be noted that the food value of the Ladysmith rations only amounts to half what the older authorities put down as the normal diet (see Voit's standard) and to only about 40 per cent. of the more modern standard (Atwater's). The comparison between Ladysmith rations with prison and poorhouse diets shows them to be of far less food value than the food of a prisoner, and of even less food value than the food of our underfed paupers.

"These figures and comparisons give some conception of one of the hardships of a siege, and if when considering them one remembers that this deplorably short feeding was combined with fairly hard work, one can only express surprise at our gallant soldiers being able to continue such a struggle, and great admiration of their success in so doing."

FOOD VALUE OF CHESTNUTS.

In Southern Europe the large Spanish or Italian chestnut is a staple article of diet. The common way of preparing the shelled nuts is to steam them, when they may be eaten either with salt or milk. Thus cooked they furnish a cheap and nutritious food. The hot nuts are sold in the streets and form the chief morning dish for a large proportion of the working classes. Large quantities of the nuts are also dried and ground to a flour, which can be kept for some time without deteriorating. This flour, mixed with water and baked in thin sheets, forms a heavy but sweet and nutritious cake. The use of chestnuts is not confined to the poor, since they are used in many forms by the well-to-do, who prepare from them many palatable dishes.

In Southern Germany the fresh and dried nuts are cooked in a variety of ways. They are, perhaps, most often used for stuffing poultry and for making a sort of meringue.

In Italy the use of the chestnut is also general. The nut is eaten fresh, boiled, and roasted, or as a substitute for corn meal in the *polenta*, a form of porridge, much used by the poorer people. A common delicacy in the Apennines is *necci*, flat cakes of chestnut flour and water, baked between hot, flat stones, with chestnut leaves between the cakes. In Korea the chestnut is said almost to take the place which the potato occupies with us, being used raw, boiled, roasted, cooked with meat, or dried whole.

In addition to the uses noted above, the following dishes, more or less well known in this country, may be mentioned: Chestnut soup, purée, chestnut stuffing for turkey and other fowls, chestnut gravy, chestnuts and spinach, and a number of desserts, including purée with cream, chestnuts cooked in a sirup and served with cream, *pain de marrons, parfait* of chestnuts (a kind of ice cream) and cakes thickly covered with a sort of chestnut icing or cream. The candied chestnuts, or *marron glace*, of the confectioners are well known. Indeed, the most common uses of chestnuts in this country are probably for making *marron glace* and the stuffing for fowls, and for roasting. Recipes for preparing various dishes from chestnuts may be found in standard books devoted to cookery.

On an average the fresh chestnut meat contains about 43 per cent water, 7 per cent protein, 6 per cent fat, 43 per cent carbohydrates, and a little ash.

Wheat flour contains about 13 per cent water, 11 per cent protein, 75 per cent carbohydrates, and a little fat and ash.

The edible portion of potatoes contains on an average over 78 per cent water, 2 per cent protein, 18 per cent carbohydrates, and a little fat and ash.

It will be seen that the most abundant nutrient in chestnuts is carbohydrates (largely starch). They also contain fairly large percentages of protein and fat. Comparing their composition with that of flour, for example, it will be found that chestnuts are relatively rich in nutritive matter. They contain more nutritive material in the same bulk than potatoes. The chestnut differs widely from other common nuts in that it contains much less oil and protein and much more carbohydrates, especially starch, which is almost wholly wanting in many nuts.

Only a few experiments have been made as to the digestibility of nuts. It is quite commonly believed that oily nuts are not easily digested. According to experiments recently made in Italy, chestnuts are quite easily digested. The subject of the experiments was a healthy man who consumed chestnuts cooked in a number of different ways for several days, taking no other food. The digestibility of the chestnuts expressed in per cent was as follows: Dry matter, 93.8; protein, 74.7; fat, 86.7; carbohydrates, 96.7. According to the Italian investigator, the chestnuts were most completely digested when they were cooked until soft.

It is stated that when chestnuts sell for 5 cents a quart, 10 cents' worth will furnish 0.62 pounds of protein, and 1,340 calories. At 6 cents a pound 10 cents' worth of beef shoulder would furnish 0.27 pound of protein, and 1,270 calories; at 2 cents a pound, 10 cents' worth of wheat flour would furnish 0.55 pound of protein and 8,225 calories; and at one cent a pound 10 cents' worth of potatoes would furnish 0.18 pound of protein and 3,200 calories.

From what has been said, it is evident that chestnuts are nutritious food of reasonable cost, which may be prepared in a number of ways. As their value becomes better known, their use will probably become more extended.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

A BIG CONVENTION.

The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association held its annual meeting at the Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, on July 9, 10 and 11. Excursion trains were run on various roads in the State which carried large numbers of visitors. Many of the members of the association took their families with them, and the attendance aggregated nearly 300 people. Among these were Governor and Mrs. Powers, Col. I. K. Stetson, Hon. LeRoy T. Carleton, Hon. C. E. Oak, and Hon. H. O. Stanley, the latter 3 constituting the State Fish and Game Commission; Hon. P. O. Vickery, President and Col. E. C. Farrington, Secretary of the Association; Gen. S. D. Leavitt, Gen. John T. Richards, Gen. Selden Connor, Hon. S. W. Carr, Hon. Wm. Engel, Hon. Byron Boyd.

On the night of the 10th a reception was tendered to Governor and Mrs. Powers, which was attended by nearly 500 of the best people in the State. After the reception the assembly was addressed by the president of the L. A. S. on "Union of Effort for the Protection of Game and Fish."

On the 11th a number of rowing and swimming contests were held which proved highly interesting and amusing. A prize of a steel trolling rod was offered for the largest fish caught, and a fine reel for the largest trout. Another rod was offered to the lady catching the largest fish, and RECREATION offered a steel fly rod as a special prize to the lady capturing the second largest trout. These were won by Capt. W. T. Pollard, of Foxcroft; Hon. W. T. Haines, of Waterville; Mrs. Byron Boyd, of Augusta, and Miss Rosamond Connor, daughter of Gen. Selden Connor, in the order named.

The officers and members of the Maine Association have reason to be proud of the remarkable success of this meeting. Few States in the Union could gather so many distinguished men and women, from such remote points, to listen to a discussion of the subject of game and fish protection. The people of Maine, however, are more thoroughly awake to the importance of this subject than those of perhaps any other State. They have the best game and fish laws of any State in the Union, all things considered, and these laws are well enforced. As a result, it is estimated that about 200,000 people go to Maine every summer and fall for the purpose of fishing and hunting, and that they leave in the

State more than $2,000,000 each year. The State appropriates only $25,000 a year for the enforcement of its laws and for the maintenance of the supply of fish and game. What industry could any corporation engage in that would show such wonderful results?

The strangest part of it all is that in spite of all the hunting and fishing being done in that State, it is clearly shown that deer and fish have been steadily increasing for 15 years past. Some well-informed guides insist that moose are also becoming more plentiful, but this can hardly be credited. There is no doubt, however, that they are holding their own, to a remarkable degree.

ANIMALS WANTED BY THE N. Y. Z. P.

The New York Zoological Park is constantly buying rare animals from persons who are unable to donate them. Owing to the deaths that occur every year in every zoological garden, there must be a steady procession of new animals going in. The following species are almost constantly in demand at our Zoological Park:

Beaver, otter, antelope, wolverine, mountain sheep, moose, caribou, Canada lynx, Kadiak brown bear, Arctic fox, swift fox, black fox, sewellel or "mountain beaver," tuft-eared squirrel (Arizona), golden-mantled and silver-sided ground squirrels (Kern Co., Cal.), and almost any squirrels; chipmunks or spermophiles taken West of the Rocky Mountains. It is impossible to state prices which will apply generally, because the value of a live animal always depends on conditions—age, sex, cost of transportation, etc. For example, it is cheaper to buy a puma in Colorado than to accept one as a gift in Mexico or Central America and pay the express charges.

The beaver is an exception. Its standard value is $25 f. o. b. at point of shipment, and any person who can catch beavers alive can always count on finding sale for them at that price. Offer them to the N. Y. Z. P., and if their colony is complete, Director Hornaday can always tell you of some one who will buy them.

Whenever you capture any of the animals named above, write to W. T. Hornaday, New York Zoological Park, state the age, sex, and condition of your specimens, and name the lowest price you would be willing to accept. The Zoological Society always pays the market value for any specimen it really needs; but it must be remembered that our country is large, distances are long, express rates are high, and, considering the number of deaths every year in every zoological garden, it is impossible to pay "fancy" prices. A prong-horned antelope, which would live 4 or 5 years, would be cheap at $200, but so long as the average life of this animal in captivity is less than one year, they are dear enough at $50 each for first cost, plus about $25 more for express charges. This applies with equal force to the mountain sheep, but on account of their greater scarcity, even a lamb is worth $100, if kept until old enough to come through alive.

RESULT OF GOOD WORK.

Dr. H. M. Beck, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes me under date of July 12th that there are more quails in that vicinity than he has ever known before. This shows the result of persistent and aggressive work in the cause of game protection. Pennsylvania has some of the best provisions in its game laws that have ever been devised. Among these is the one making every constable and every deputy sheriff in the State an ex-officio game warden. The L. A. S. has a large membership in Pennsylvania, and the members have for 2 years past been diligent in reporting all cases of game law violations that come to their knowledge. They have compelled constables and deputy sheriffs to do their duty. Hundreds of law breakers have been brought to justice, and have been fined for their evil work. The result is seen in the wonderful increase of quails, as stated by Dr. Beck. What has been done in Pennsylvania can be done in nearly every State in the Union. Why do not all sportsmen join this League and help it to protect their game?

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. W. T. Hornaday, director, and Mr. J. A. Loring, curator of mammals, of the New York Zoological Park, were recently badly chewed and mauled by a Bornean sun bear. The animal had been shipped to the park, and on its arrival the men in charge of the bear dens undertook to transfer him from the cage in which he was shipped, to the den where 2 other bears were kept. In attempting to lead the bear from the cage into the den his collar slipped over his head and he escaped. Several men attempted to recapture the bear. Ropes were thrown over his head, but his neck being larger than his head, he slipped out of them. In an effort to tighten one of the ropes about the bear's neck Mr. Hornaday and Mr. Loring were badly damaged. The beast was finally choked to death, or died of exhaustion from the long struggle. Both Mr. Hornaday and Mr. Loring were assigned to the invalid corps for a few days, but both have recovered and say they don't care to hunt bear with ropes again.

BOOK NOTICES.

A BIRD BOOK FOR THE TIMES.

Prof. D. Lange, instructor in nature study in the schools of St. Paul, has struck 12. During the last 3 years we have had bird books a-many, but this little volume is the only one which goes straight to the center of the bull's-eye of Present Necessity. It tells why birds need protection, how they can be protected, how they can be encouraged, and who the people are who are seriously striving to save them from annihilation. "Our Native Birds" is a campaign document to be proud of. To the author I make a profound salaam, and wish the book asale of a million copies every year. You have often heard of the book which "meets a long-felt want." Well, this is "It!"

The moving cause of this pretty little volume was Mr. Hornaday's report to the New York Zoological Society on "The Destruction of Our Birds and Mammals," which is liberally quoted. Prof. Lange takes up the subject of protection, and without spending time in the gathering of more statistics, he plunges at once into a consideration of the methods by which birds can be protected and encouraged. In the most practical and common-sense fashion he instructs the reader in the best methods of providing trees, vines, shrubs, flowers, drinking and bathing fountains, dust baths, gravel and lime. One of the most valuable chapters in the book is that on "Feeding Birds in Winter, and in Unfavorable Weather at Other Seasons." It is no exaggeration to say that to millions of village and country dwellers this chapter will be a complete revelation of possibilities heretofore unthought of. This chapter alone is worth the price of the whole volume.

In order that the sympathetic reader may know how to come in touch with the best organizations for the protection of birds and aggressive warfare on the destroyers, there is given a full list of the State wardens and other general officers of the League of American Sportsmen, a directory of secretaries of the various State Audubon societies, and a list of all the humane societies and societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the United States and Canada.

Any person who feels a desire to take an active part in the practical protection and encouragement of our birds can find in this book full information as to the ways and means by which he may gratify it. I welcome this book because it is of practical value to the birds, because it is so different from other bird books, because it does not waste valuable time puttering over descriptions of species while all species are being blown to bits by the annihilators. Already we have a sufficiency of bird books which merely describe species. It is time for some of our literary ornithologists to rest from writing descriptions and go to work like men and women to save the remnant of our birds from extermination. It is time for men like Robert Ridgeway, the official ornithologist of the United States National Museum, to brush the cobwebs off themselves and make a move toward protecting some of the birds they have spent their lives in writing about. It requires no flash of genius to see that to-day professional ornithologists have more serious work to do than to go on filling reams of white paper with stale descriptions of creatures that already have been described hundreds of times.

I welcome the book of Lange because it is like a refreshing spring bursting forth in a desert of words, words, words, about our unfortunate feathered friends.

This book can be obtained from the author, whose address is 937 York street, St. Paul, Minn. Price $1.

I have received a copy of the "Bird Stone Ceremonial" from its author, Prof. W. K. Moorehead, of Saranac Lake, N. Y. The book is printed on heavy plate paper, well illustrated with figures representing 53 different forms of bird or saddle-stones. Prof. Moorehead is cautious in his conclusions and while he advances several theories, he is not positive in his opinions. He quotes all the authorities. The pamphlet is 15x10 inches in size, 32 pages and has a colored plate. The price, 40 cents, is reasonable. Such publications should be encouraged and it is to be hoped other bulletins may be issued.

"The American Salad Book," by Maximilian de Loup, is a collection of 300 recipes for dainty, appetizing salads, with full instructions for making dressings and for serving. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price $1.

Patrice—Gertie had a tumble off her wheel, yesterday.

Patience—Turning her head to see what another wheelwoman had on, I suppose?

Patrice—No; she was trying to see what the wheelwoman had off.—Yonker's Statesman.

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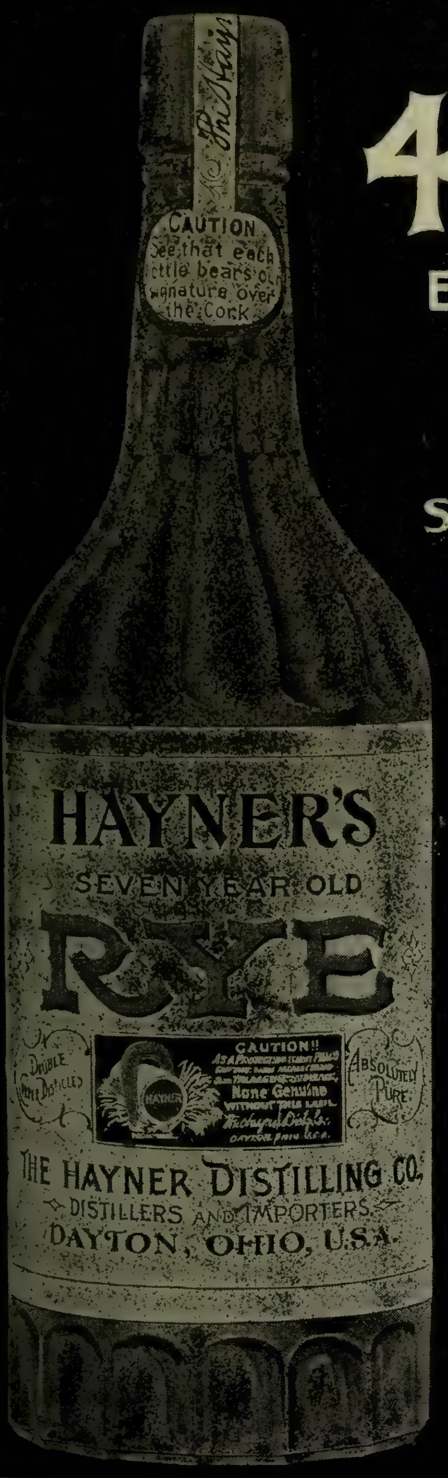
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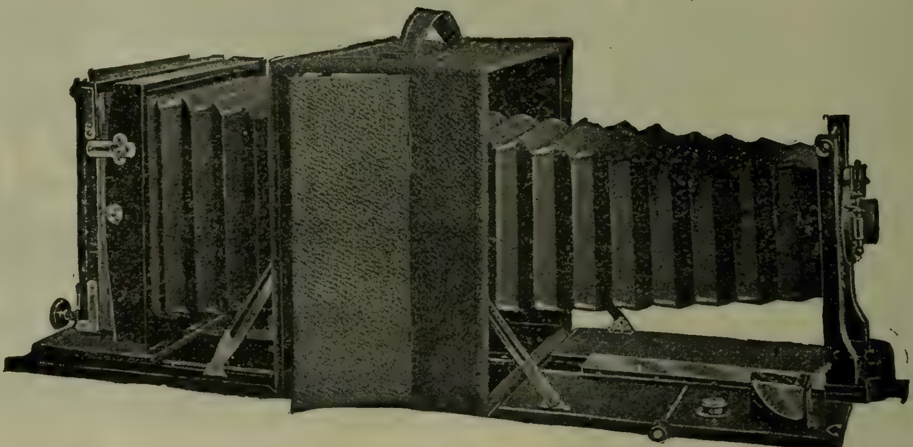

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Cresskill, N. J.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"*A Bird on the plate is worth 2 in the bag.*"

AND NOW COMES THE 5TH COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 4 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fifth will be held, which, it is believed, will be far more fruitful than any of the others. It opened April 1st, 1900, and will close September 30th, 1900.

Following is a list of prizes to be awarded:

First prize: A Long-Focus Korona Camera, 5x7, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., fitted with a Turner-Reich Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $85.

Second prize: A Reflex Camera, 4x5, made by the Reflex Camera Co., Yonkers, N. Y., fitted with a Goerz Double Anastigmat Lens, and listed at $75.

Third prize: An Al-Vista-Panoramic Camera made by the Multiscope and Film Co., Burlington, Wis., and listed at $40.

Fourth Prize: A Wizard C Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with B. & L. Iris Diaphragm and Leather Carrying Case; listed at $33.

Fifth prize: A Waterproof Wall Tent, 12x16, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., New York, and listed at $32.

Sixth prize: A Gold Hunting Case Watch, listed at $30.

Seventh Prize: A Tourist Hawkeye Camera, 4x5, made by the Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $15.

Eighth prize. A Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 8x10 Carbutt Plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 5x7 Carbutt Plates.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen 4x5 Carbutt Plates.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or other animals, representing in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Condition: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum or carbon, of each subject, which, as well as the negative, shall become the property of RECREATION.

In submitting pictures, please write simply your full name, and address on the back of each, and number such prints as you may send, 1, 2, 3, etc. Then in a letter addressed Photographic Editor, RECREATION, say for instance.

No. 1 is entitled ———.
Made with a ——— camera.
——— lens.
On a ——— plate.
Printed on ——— paper.
Length of exposure, ———.

Then add any further information you may deem of interest to the judges, or to other amateur photographers. Same as to Nos. 2, 3, etc.

This is necessary in order to save postage. In all cases where more than the name and address of the sender and serial number of picture are written on the back of prints, I am required to pay letter postage here. I have paid as high as $2.50 on a single package of a dozen pictures, in addition to that prepaid by the sender, on account of too much writing on the prints.

Any number of subjects may be submitted.

Pictures that may have been published elsewhere, or that may have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures have failed to win in the former competitions because the makers did not heed this warning.

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experiences in photography.

CAMERA NOTES.

GENE S. PORTER.

To the amateur striving to make real pictures, suitable for reproduction or to put on the market, I offer one piece of advice, that to me seems worth its weight in gold. Cultivate simplicity. If you are working on interiors don't lug all the choice vases, tables, chairs and pillows from 2 or 3 rooms and pile them in some well lighted spot. Strive for just a simple, homelike bit.

A better illustration could not be given of my meaning than the series of interiors that have been running several months in the Ladies' Home Journal. The object of these pictures seems to be to prove that it is possible to cover every foot of floor, side wall and ceiling with duffle. It gives the effect of a house furnishing shop or a fancy bazaar. There is no breadth of space or effect of homelike peace, comfort and rest about them. A practical person is led to wonder how they are swept and garnished and kept sanitary.

As an object lesson in furnishing, these pictures are distinctly bad. They are badly crowded, and the whole art loving world has laughed at the overcrowded homes of America for years as it is. Because these pictures are accepted and published by the Journal, there are thousands of its readers who, without giving the matter more thought, will suppose that is the way a home should look. They will nail up pictures, crowd in furnishings, and pile up pillows and cushions until presently we shall hear of some of them dying from suffocation on their very hearthstones.

If you are working with models and expect your pictures to be taken seriously, you must choose simple subjects, and subordinate every other object to the central idea of your picture, not even letting the drapery of your model be so conspicuous as to detract attention from the pose, face and hands. You will never make a great character study with an over dressed or unsuitably dressed model, surrounded by pictures, chairs and pillows. There are times when a suggestion of surroundings tends to intensify interest in a model. For instance, say you are attempting a Dutch interior. You carefully dress your model, with ear loops, cap, bodice, white apron, wooden shoes, set her to work on a coarse, half knit sock, with wooden needles and secure a natural pose. If you can not place your figure so that the cracks of the floor lead up to her, sand it. It will never do to let them run crosswise. Use a plain, old, wooden chair. When all this is done, if you can introduce a deep seated window, with small diamond shaped panes, the familiar jar of geranium or tulip in the window and a glimpse of a flax wheel in the background, you will find these accessories tend to help out your picture. But don't overdo it. Far better too little than too much when you are seeking artistic effect.

In the pictures that stand as masterpieces of the art world and sell for fortunes the composition is the soul of simplicity. What of "The Sower" and "The Angelus?" Think of Corot's landscapes and Angelo's stern faced old prophets. Even great animal pictures are shorn of all detail except strictly necessary surroundings. There is Landseer's "Drinking Stag." The stag is all of the picture. Of course there had to be a bit of water for him to drink, an effect of cloud and mist for a background, and a scrap of marsh for a footing; but the stag is the picture, and it is a masterpiece.

Amateurs who are working to make photography an art should study the laws of composition. Visit galleries and study the composition of the greatest paintings, their lighting and atmospheric effect, and apply it to your own work. With the beautiful platinum papers, the bi-chromate and other processes, and all the rich gradations of tone now possible, there is no reason why a photograph, if rightly composed and finished, may not be a work of art, worthy to be hung beside rare engravings.

If you have ambitions, and have not access to galleries and art displays, do not be discouraged. Back of the work of the best artists are the lessons Nature taught them. Go learn of her at first hand yourself. Study Nature. It always pays. For every hour spent searching out the secrets of dear old Mother Earth you draw compound interest. You not only learn wonders, mysteries and beauties to uplift and refine your mind, but you take home a rested body, a clearer brain, a healthier physical condition. When you really get to the root of the matter; when the leaves rustle you a welcome; when the rippling water calls you; when the sob of the wind plays on your heart chords and the voices of wild things tell you their secrets; then it is that the littleness of human nature slips from you, the greatness of Dame Nature enters your soul, and you learn how simple she really is. You will not only see, but feel, pictures, in places you never glanced at before. You will learn that Nature is often majestic, at times she is awful, but she is never crowded.

Do not try to put more into your landscapes than you find there. You will be lucky if you secure half the lights, shadows and atmospheric effect of any landscape. Once you form the habit of close observation, you will be surprised at the rare delights to which it will soon lead you. For the last 2 seasons I have made a specialty of photographing rare birds and their nests, with a purpose in view, and so fixed has become the habit of looking for birds and nests that I can see them on fences, in bushes and thickly leaved trees, as I drive along a country highway, and can find dozens in the woods, where formerly I saw none. I presume a botanist following in my footsteps would find I had passed rare plants and a mineralogist that I had trodden on treasures. What one searches this old world for with persistency, one usually finds; and no quest could be more delightful than to search for pictures. To the earnest searcher there is a sure reward, for the world is crowded with beautiful pictures, ready made.

A recent number of the Scientific American contains a complete and accurate description, accompanied by illustrations, of the Al-Vista camera now being advertised in RECREATION. I have not tested this camera, but from the cuts and descriptions I should judge it would meet a great need of travelers. Some member of every party that goes abroad, or to the interesting and beautiful places on our own continent, carries a camera. All who have tried it know justice can not be done a beautiful or historic spot by chopping up into 4x5 or 5x7 sections. Here is a camera with a swinging lens that will sweep half a circle, making a picture 4 inches wide by 12 long; or it can be stopped at any desired place short of that. The fact that the Scientific American has tested and approved the Al-Vista camera proves it is all right and all its manufacturers claim it to be. Anyone may feel perfectly safe to buy an Al-Vista.

The management of the Paris Exposition is going to be responsible for flooding the country with a lot of atrocious photos.

The edict has gone forth that tripod cameras must pay a daily fee of 25 francs, and be taken from the grounds an hour after noon. Hand cameras, no matter what size, make or style, may enter free and stay all day.

This is offering a premium on snap shots. Almost everyone, to avoid the extortionate fee, $4.75, for an hour over a half day, and in a place where all bills approximate highway robbery, will be forced to carry a hand camera. This entails the distortions of fixed focus or the monstrosities of snap shots, and in most cases, of both. It will render interior work practically impossible, and outdoor work will be the usual undertimed black and white affairs.

It is amusing to note how many photos used for illustrated magazine and newspaper articles are labeled "Copyrighted." One wonders why. What could have been the necessity for taking all that trouble?

Of course if you are putting a picture on the market and copyright it to protect it, all very well; but why copyright photos just for the pleasure of seeing the word printed with them. As each person copyrights his own pictures, it is not an indication of merit. It simply means that the producer thinks his own work good. No one would ever dream of reproducing these illustrations. One of the July magazines contains an article illustrated by copyrighted photos, and if Dr. John Nicol or Edward Newcomb were sitting in judgment on them he would pronounce the entire lot under exposed.

One of the most exacting tests to which an Eastman Kodak was ever put was recently made by Mr. Karl McFadden, of Chicago, the American manager of a London oil syndicate. Mr. McFadden carried a 4x5 extension front camera on a trip from New York to Florida and the West Indies. He exposed 27 rolls of the dozen roll film and had in the whole lot less than ½ dozen unprintable negatives. Mr. McFadden is an inventor and a master in mechanical pursuits. The Kodak did its best in his hands, but to even approximate such work would be miraculous for one less gifted along these lines. When one considers the difficulty of a photographer's work in traveling, the lack of time, the motion of boats and cars, shifting lights, tropical climate, etc., this seems surely a phenomenal record.

I have seen cameras and kodaks of all shapes and sizes, and in every conceivable condition, I had thought, yet recently I ran on to one that capped the climax. Just a peep of black strap and a buckle caught my eye. I thrust my tripod through and hauled forth from the weeds and bushes a sole leather case, some 6x8x10, simply reeking with crude oil, and it smelled to heaven. I could not touch it without soiling my fingers. It looked so like a camera case I couldn't resist the temptation. I knelt and gingerly snapped the clasp. Shade of Daguerre! It was a beautiful Korona camera, almost as oily as the case. I carefully put it back, but I'd give something to know if the lens and interior were as oily as the case and camera, and if a photograph could actually be taken with it.

If you are working in earnest, never set foot outside your door without your camera. If you do you will regret it. Make it as much of a rule to pick up your camera as to put on your hat. So fixed has the habit become with me that the Deacon is telling I started to a funeral recently and then turned back and picked up my camera. I don't recall the circumstance, but I was taught by bitter experience to take a camera, for I lost on one occasion the rarest fishing picture I ever saw. There was no reason why I should not have had it except that I didn't think I should need a camera, so I took none. On another occasion I lost a bird picture fully as rare as the first prize winner in the last Recreation contest. Now when I go the camera goes.

Broadcloth may be good for a focusing cloth, but I shall stick to my old rubber one for a time yet. It serves 50 purposes besides the original one. It is good to spread over a wet boat seat, or on a damp spot to sit while you wait to make an exposure with a set camera. It is good in a sudden rain storm to protect your shoulders as well as the camera. It is good to carry home your trophies of forest and stream in. And sometimes, when a shorn and a braided head are watching the ground glass under it, and landscapes shift to fleeting glimpses of glory, it is good to cover what happens there.

It is amusing to see the professionals painting over their skylights, drawing curtains, stopping down lenses and seeking after amateur effects. If you don't believe they do so, study the last photograph of Cissie Loftus, by Hall, and see for yourself if it has not the ear marks of amateur effects all over it.

BLUE TRANSPARENCIES FORMULAE.

Pyro Developer.—No. 1 Alkaline Solution:

Pure water	80 oz. fluid.
Sulphate of soda (crys.)...	6 oz. troy.
Carbonate of soda (crys.).	6 oz. troy.

No. 2 Pyro Solution:

Water	80 oz.
Sulphuric acid	½ drachm.
Pyro	1 oz. troy.

For use, mix No. 1 and No. 2 in equal parts.

To make the same developer with hydrometer test: Carbonate of soda, 40 oz., hydrometer test 40°; sulphite of soda, 40 oz., hydrometer test 40°.

Mix the 2 for alkaline solution and use pyro solution as above.

Increasing the pyro gives greater intensity; diminishing it, less. If the developer is used the second time the negatives become more intense and develop more slowly after the first, so that a longer exposure is required if old developer is used. The temperature of developer is of great importance. In cold weather it should be 65° to 75°; in hot weather, 60° to 65°.

Metol and Hydrochinon Developer:

Metol	¼ oz.
Hydrochinon	¼ oz.
Water	80 oz.
Sulphite of soda (crystals)	4 oz.
Carbonate of soda (crystals)	2½ oz.

Dissolve in the order given.

If above works too energetically dilute with pure water until the desired result is obtained.

Acid Fixing Bath.—No. 1:

Hypo	2 lbs.
Water	3 qts.

No. 2:

Water	1 qt.
Sulphuric acid (add slowly)	½ oz.
Sulphite of soda (crystals)	4 oz.
Chrome alum	3 oz.

After ingredients are thoroughly dissolved pour No. 2 solution into No. 1. In cold weather the sulphite of soda and chrome alum may be omited from No. 2 solution.

This bath removes all pyro stains and gives a clear film; also hardens the gelatine so there is much less danger of injury to the negative while washing.

Let negatives remain in the fixing bath at least 5 minutes after they become clear, and then wash thoroughly.

All plates should be carefully dusted with a soft camel's-hair brush before exposure to remove adhering particles of dust, thus avoiding pinholes.

LENS ADAPTER.

The use of orthochromatic plates for producing better color values in negatives, especially in the more accurate rendering of the different colors in a painting, is now quite extensive.

But it is difficult for the average amateur photographer, provided with a folding camera of popular size, like a 4 X 5 or 5 X 7, to carry additional plates and holders for obtaining such results. Nearly as good pictures may be obtained by photographing through colored screens on ordinary plates. For distant, or telephoto, views, a special additional expensive lens is usually required.

To assist the amateur in greatly varying and utilizing the lens he already possesses to the purposes above described, as well as several others, Mr. U. Nehring, of New York, has lately introduced what are termed multichromatic ampliscope lenses, arranged to be inserted adjacent to the diaphragm of the lens used. These lens adapters change the character of the focus of the regular lens, either by elongating or shortening it, thereby adapting the lens to take a view with a less or greater angle than it ordinarily would.

The front lens in the lens tube is unscrewed out and the adapter lens dropped in next to the diaphragm, after which the front lens is rescrewed in place, the change being easily made. When one is cramped for the proper distance to secure a picture, the adapter will shorten the focus sufficiently to enable the operator to obtain a picture of the right size at a wider angle. Special colored lenses are inserted in the same way, adapted to secure the best effects in photographing paintings and other colored objects. Other adapters render the lens suitable for copying at short distances, and for enlarging. In adapting a lens for telephoto work a special tube is provided which is slipped over the regular lens tube and carries a negative lens for extending the cone of rays, thereby greatly lengthening the focus and magnifying the image of the distant object.

There is also an angular disk which will cut off half the picture when thrown on the plate, so that duplicate, or so-called double, pictures can be easily made. A focusing lens is also included. In all, something like a hundred different combinations, it is said, can be made with the several lenses and tubes, and all put in a box small enough to be readily carried in one's pocket.

This collection of auxiliary lenses and adapters promises to be very serviceable to amateurs, in consequence of the varied quality of work that can be done without the need of different expensive lenses.—Scientific American.

A PORTABLE CHANGING BAG.

How often amateur photographers find themselves on a trip away from a dark room, or anything that can readily be converted into one. To carry a lantern and depend on changing plates at night is cumbersome, and at times aggravating, especially if one wishes to have the means of making a few more exposures some fine afternoon when away from all conveniences.

To obviate this, some years ago I constructed a changing bag which has accompanied me through the wilderness both by trail and water ever since; and never yet have I fogged a plate, though often using this bag during July and August with the sun at its brightest.

The bag is not cumbersome. It is made of 2 thicknesses of black silesia, which can be bought at drygoods stores for 5 cents a yard. It is usually 36 inches wide. I take 4 yards and double it evenly, which gives a piece 2 yards long. I double this again and sew up the sides, leaving the bottom open.

Then cut a round hole 6 inches in diameter (or a square one if preferred) about one-half up from the open end of the bag, and in one side of it only.

This is for the window, which is made of one thickness each of ruby and canary colored fabrics of the size mentioned, obtainable at any photo supply house for 10 cents. Insert these 2 pieces in the opening between the thicknesses of silesia and stitch them in securely.

Run a strong cord 3 yards long between the folds around the open end of the bag, so that by pulling it tight you can close the opening, and vice versa.

For use, get together your plate boxes, holders, camel's hair brush; sit down with these on your knees; place the bag over your head, the window facing to the front; lift up your vest and draw the cords tight together, tying them inside. The idea of lifting your vest, and letting it drop again after tying on the bag, is to prevent any stray ray of light entering your dark room from the bottom.

When not in actual use changing plates I use the bag to carry the boxes of plates, etc.; but if you have any other method of caring for these, the bag itself will readily go in the pocket of your coat.

Its cost will be 30 cents, plus the small work of making, which your best girl will gladly do for the sake of the art, and incidentally for yourself.

John Boyd, Sarnia, Ont.

PER CENT. SOLUTIONS.

Small weights can be conveniently made by using thin sheet brass or tea lead. Secure a square piece weighing, say, one ounce. Divide this accurately into 8 pieces, and each weighs one dram. Reserving 2 to 4 of these, divide the others up into thirds for scruples. Each of these scruple weights may be again divided so as to make weights of one, 4 or 6 grains, which will often be found extremely convenient in weighing small quantities of chemicals. If a formula is given in per cent. solutions it is handy to remember the following rule, which is quite accurate enough for photographers' purposes: Whatever per cent. of chemical is required need only be multiplied by 5; thus we wish a 10 per cent. solution of soda, $10 \times 5 = 50$ grains to each ounce of water. Or if we wish an 11 per cent. solution of hydrochloric acid, $11 \times 5 = 55$ minims to the ounce of water. Quite easy when you know how, but many of us have wished the chap who advised us to use per cent. solutions of this and that was where we could tell him something privately, just for the want of this simple rule.

To block out a sky in a negative, hold it over a candle flame and smoke the sky part. It must be done gently so as not to melt the emulsion. When smoked enough, rub off all that intrudes on the picture and spray with thin shellac.

Many photographers spoil good work by poor spotting. Even trade printers, who have no excuse for not knowing better, do it constantly.

Spotting is tedious work, requiring great patience. If one turns out many prints he can not do the spotting himself, nor even secure one person who can. A single dab of spotting ink seems to cover a multitude of sins in the eyes of some people, but it ruins the pictures and will eventually ruin business. Be patient when spotting. Match your colors, if it takes all day, and never use a full brush. The man who is great in little things is sure to win in photography, and spotting is the chief of little things to watch carefully.—E. W. Newcomb, in the Professional Photographer.

TO MAKE LANTERN SLIDES.

RECREATION has made me a camera crank of the worst description. Can you now tell me how to make and color lantern slides? I should also like to know what are the best kind of day and the best time to take snow pictures? What exposure should I give?

G. M. Lount, Jr., Barrie, Ont.

ANSWER.

"Lantern Slides; How to Make and Color," by Dwight L. Elmendorf, published by E. & H. T. Anthony Co., 591 Broadway, New York, price about $1, gives full instructions. No short description would be of any use.

The best contrasts in snow pictures are to be had on really bright days, but developing must be done in very dilute developer so the shadows may be fully brought out. There is no set rule as to length of exposure, of course, though by reason of the intense light reflected the exposure is most often a snap shot. As to the best time to take snow scenes there is opportunity for much individual taste. Some prefer them early or late, when the shadows are long; others the reverse.—Editor.

PYRO THE BEST DEVELOPER.

I agree with Gene Porter that pyro is the only developer always under control of the operator. Eighty ounces of pyro solution costs but 35 cents. I prefer Aristo Platino paper for all purposes; it prints well from all kinds of negatives, from extra thin to dense. Print in shade, and tone with Aristo gold and platinum. For toning I use a large platter. After gold toning I scald and rinse the platter, and it is then ready for the platinum solution. Some amateurs have trouble in developing film. If, before developing, they will soak the film in 2 quarts of water to which ½ ounce of glycerin has been added, it will prevent frilling and lessen curling. I should like to exchange prints of Atlantic ocean, Gulf of Mexico and Florida scenery for Rocky mountain and Wisconsin river views.

J. E. Scott, Colfax, Ind.

TIME NEARLY UP.

Only 30 days more remain in which to enter Recreation's photo competition. It closes September 30th, and there are thousands of good pictures in existence that should be entered. Read the conditions on first page of photo department. If you have not a picture on hand that is available, go out and make one.

The first prize is a long focus camera, valued at $85.

Second, a Reflex camera, valued at $75.

Third, an Al Vista, listed at $40.

Fourth, a Wizard, listed at $33.

Fifth, a wall tent, listed at $32.

Sixth, a gold watch, listed at $30.

Seventh, a Hawk Eye camera, listed at $15.

Eighth, a fishing rod, listed at $6, and so on.

Do you not need some of these things in your business? If so, send in some pictures and win a prize.

SNAP SHOTS.

Some interesting experiments in photography by incandescent light were recently made at the Waldorf-Astoria. By forcing a current of 250 volts through lamps intended to sustain only 80 a remarkably clear white light was obtained, which experts pronounced equal to the rays of the sun for purposes of photography.

There was suspended over the head of the sitter a structure resembling a large, gray umbrella. Around the inner rim of the umbrella were placed 21 incandescent lights of 100 candle power each. The light was modified by gray screens, and the resulting plates, which were subsequently shown by stereopticon, were singularly sharp in every detail. The pictures were practically the same as if they had been made in daylight.

Kindly explain what causes yellow stains on prints.

L. Goodrich, San Antonio, Texas.

ANSWER.

Your prints are imperfectly fixed. If you will take pains to submerge your batches of prints in the hypo bath and turn them frequently you will never see such stains again.—Editor.

I am interested in all outdoor sports, but most in photography, and should be glad to hear from anyone wishing to exchange photos or to correspond.

W. C. Cortright, West Pittston, Pa.

FEW HUNTING OR FISHING PARTIES GO INTO THE WOODS NOWADAYS WITHOUT A CAMERA; YET THIS IS NOT THE ONLY OCCASION ON WHICH THE CAMERA CAN BE USED TO ADVANTAGE. THERE IS RARELY A WEEK THAT YOU DO NOT HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF SOME KIND.

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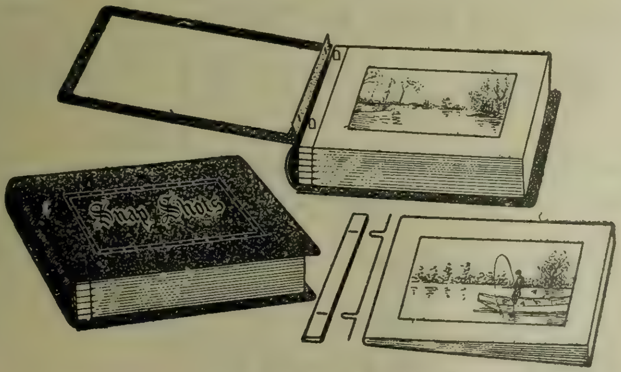

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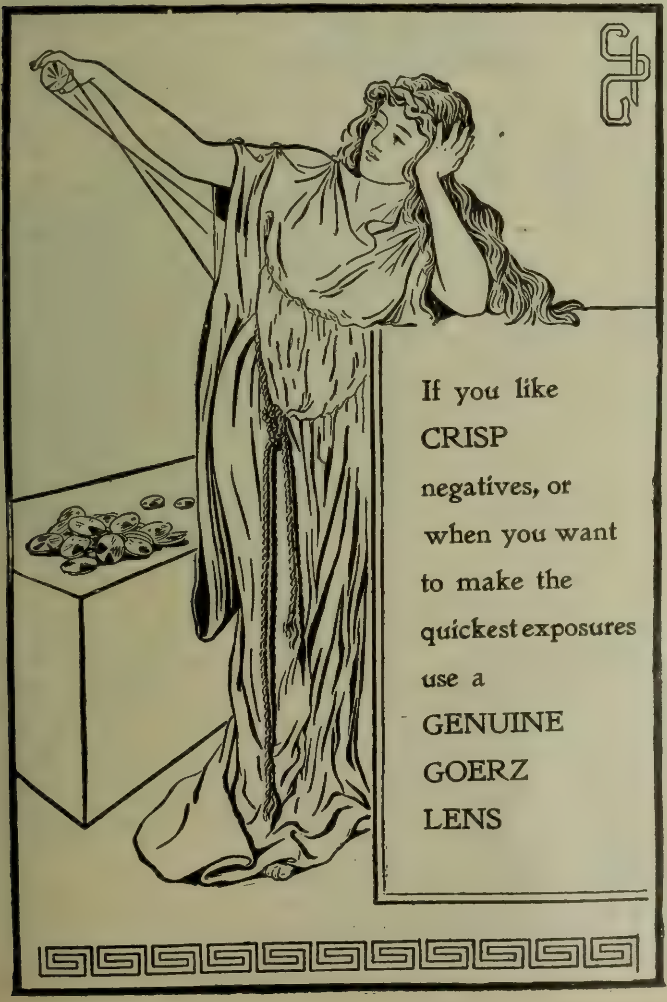

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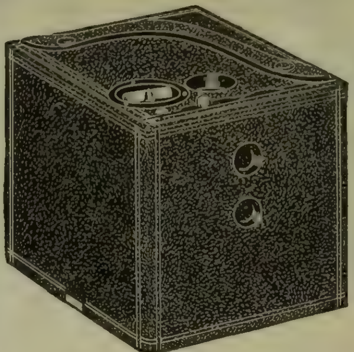

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"Right ahead of us," resumed the traveller who was narrating his experience, "yawned the mountain pass"——

"Do you know," artlessly interrupted one of the younger women in the company, "that seems very queer to me? How can a mountain yawn?"

"Did you never see Cumberland Gap, miss?" he asked.

And there were no more interruptions.

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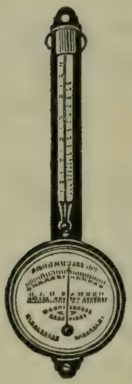
"Our charter," replied the Standard Oil Company, "permits us to make all kinds of lubricants, and money is the lubricant commonly used for political machines."

The committee was profoundly impressed by this subtlety.—Puck.



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A RARE BARGAIN.

If you have not yet ordered a set of the Hudson pictures, illustrating the poem "To My Gun," you should do so at once. Only a few sets were printed, and about half of them have already been sold. No more will be printed, as the plates were too much worn in running the November edition of RECREATION to make any more good impressions. Only $1 for the 5 full page artist's proofs. Nothing finer could be found at the price, for decorating an office, a dining-room, a parlor or a den.

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Elmer E. French, A.M., Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

P.S.—I still like to hunt and fish. Rockland Military Academy

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THE RUBBERNECK.

She listened good and hard;
  Not a sound except a car;
And she crept across the yard
  Like a lad with a cigar.

Then she hunted for a slit
  Or a knothole in the fence;
But she couldn't find a bit,
  For the grapevine grew too dense.

Then a pail was near at hand
  And she stood it on an end;
But it wasn't safe to stand,
  For the hoops began to bend.

But it rolled off like a keg
  With great hoops that wouldn't bend;
But it rolled off like an egg
  When she stood it on an end.

Then she found a ladder red
  With a slender line of blue,
And up the rounds she sped
  Till the next yard came in view.

Then she said and chuckled, too;
  "Them new neighbors ain't so grand;
Ain't a thing in their wash new,
  There's a darn to every strand."
—Chicago News.

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We also offer our **SEVEN YEAR OLD CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at $3.00** Express Prepaid

$3.00 for **four full quarts.** This is the finest **7** year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than $5.00.

We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,

Address all orders to Warehouse BO 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.

Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must callfor 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting

The Club Cocktails
The Club
Trade Mark
Manhattan Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
G. F. Heublein & Bro.

Club Cocktails

Famous the world over for purity. They never vary. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled. Be sure you have them in your camp, on the yacht, and on your outing trips wherever you go. They are ready and require no mixing. Simply pour over cracked ice.

For sale by
all dealers
and Druggists.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.
29 Broadway, N. Y.
and Hartford, Conn.

RECREATION

HAS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PREMIUM LIST EVER OFFERED BY ANY MAGAZINE.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE OFFERS:

A WIZARD CAMERA, or a NICKEL PLATED REVOLVER, or an AUTOMATIC REEL, for 5 subscriptions.

A WALL TENT, or a SPLIT BAMBOO FLY ROD, for 8 subscriptions.

A SLEEPING BAG, or a CUT GLASS SALAD BOWL, or a FISHING TACKLE CABINET, or a GUN CABINET, for 10 subscriptions.

A STEVENS RIFLE, for 15 subscriptions.

A LADIES' or GENTLEMEN'S GOLD HUNTING CASE WATCH, or a REPEATING RIFLE, or a DUCKING BOAT, for 20 subscriptions.

A GRAMOPHONE, or a CYCLE CAMERA, or a PNEUMATIC CAMP MATTRESS, for 25 subscriptions.

A SEWING MACHINE, or a DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING SHOT-GUN, for 35 subscriptions.

A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE for 50 subscriptions.

A $700 PIANO, with rosewood or light wood case, for 200 subscriptions.

Write for complete Premium List.

RECREATION, 23 West 24th St., New York.

The Royal Blue

Camp Stove

The Very Latest!

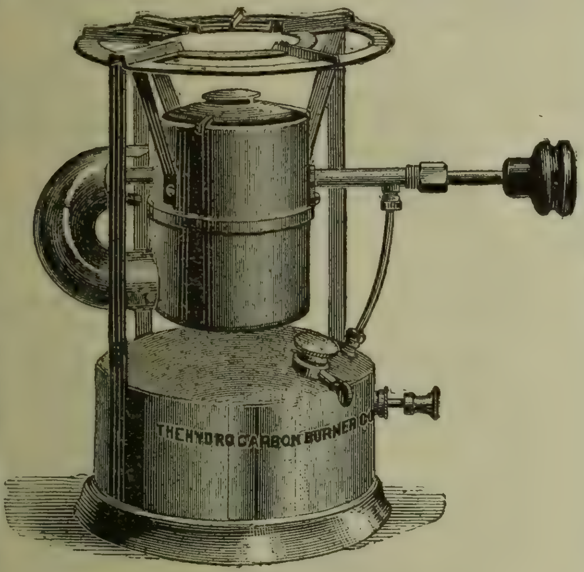
The most powerful Camp Stove in the world.

The burner is self-cleaning, no separate needle being required.

Full power gives 2,000 degrees fahrenheit.

Always under perfect control.

As light and strong as can be made.



Built to last a lifetime.

It Burns Kerosene!

The degree of heat is regulated by simply turning valve handle as you would that of a gas range.

Cooks anywhere—in camp, on yacht, at home—all the same if you have a ROYAL BLUE.

No Smoke.

No Smell.

No Wet Wood.

No Ashes.

Nothing but hot meals and solid comfort.

Send for Catalogue

The Hydrocarbon Burner Co.

197 FULTON STREET - - - - - - - - NEW YORK

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

INDEPENDENT OF THE TRUST.

The Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich., has built and now has in operation at Monessen, Pa., a complete system of furnaces, bloom, rod and wire mills. Hereafter these people will do their own galvanizing, use up their short wire in making nails and staples, and otherwise save some of the manufacturers profits. This they say does not mean that they will be able to sell fence cheaper than their competitors, but they believe their reasons for charging a little more are legitimate, and that if perfectly under-fair business proposition.

Every pour of steel from their furnaces is brought to a certain standard before it is turned into the ingot moulds—i. e., the phosphorus and sulphur are reduced to the lowest percentage and the carbon raised until the right proportions are attained to give the steel the proper tensile strength, toughness, and springiness to perfectly adapt it to use in Page Coiled Spring Woven Wire Fences.

The same special care is taken in the manufacture of billets, rods and wire. The annealing and galvanizing processes are given careful attention by experienced, skilled workmen in that particular line, and the Page Company is sparing no pains to produce, not the cheapest, but the very best wire and galvanization possible.

One other feature that makes Page Fences cost a little more than others is that every foot is part machine and part hand made, requiring skilled labor. It is often claimed by other makers that they can produce 2 rods of fencing to Page's one. This is true, because their fence is entirely machine made, but any intelligent man is willing to pay for the extra hand labor if the fence is better.

During the last year the Page people have been chasing from one mill to another trying to get their peculiar kind of wire and galvanizing, and not being able to secure it at any price, has kept them snowed under with orders for hundreds, and even thousands, of miles of fence; but now, for the first time in over a year, they are in condition to care for orders as fast as received.

THE MARBLE TRICKS.

An angler on a Northern lake,
  One drizzly, chilly day,
Caught a muskalonge that "took the cake"
  And landed it O. K.

The fish was big as a sucking calf,
  And the boat it capsized o'er;
But he grabbed it fast with a Marble Gaff
  And towed it to the shore.

Drenched was the fisherman, you bet,
  And the wind was cold and high,
But his Marble Match Box defied the wet
  And had kept his matches dry.

Soaked were the twigs and rotten chunks,
  But his Marble Pocket Axe
From a seasoned birch cleft chips and hunks
  That blazed like mineral wax.

And he warmed himself by a cheerful fire
  By the side of the dreary lake,
And he murmured, "Indeed, I much admire
  Those 'tricks' of the Marble make."

Send for booklet desciptive of Marble's Safety Pocket Axe, Marble's Automatic Gaff Hook, Marble's Recreation Waterproof Match Box and the Marble Compass and Bracket.

W. L. Marble, Gladstone, Mich.

AMERICANS VICTORIOUS BY A MARGIN OF 61 POINTS.

The great revolver match, which has attracted universal attention on both sides of the Atlantic, was shot off June 18th and 19th, the American team doing its work at Armbruster Scheutzen Park, Greenville, N. J., while the French shot at Gastine Rennettes Gallery, Paris, the results being reported both ways by cable.

Some remarkable shooting was done by both teams, and a number of the scores by the Americans were simply phenomenal. Mr. J. A. Dietz, Jr., made the great score of 263 on the French target, which excelled all other contestants. Mr. B. F. Wilder headed the list on the American target with a score of 263. Both these gentlemen used King's Smokeless powder in making their remarkable runs, and are now receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

The best scores of the Frenchmen on the French target were 247, and 253 on the American target.

The match shows a total of 4,828 to the credit of the French team, and 4,889 for the American team.

GET ONE.

If there is a reader of Recreation anywhere who has not a copy of Laflin & Rand's desk calendar, he should lose no time in sending for one. It costs nothing, and beside being made in convenient form for daily or hourly reference, it contains a reproduction of Carl Rungius' great painting of a bull elk. This is one of our typical American wild animals, and no better picture of him has ever been made than the one which Laflin & Rand have placed on their calendar. In fact Landseer never painted a greater picture than this.

Laflin & Rand have put out many valuable works of art within the past 2 years, several of which are still in print and which are furnished on request. It is always a pleasure to any sportsman to show a picture to his friends, that, in addition to having artistic merit of its own, reminds one of the excellent smokeless powders manufactured by this old reliable house.

THREE GREAT VICTORIES WON WITH L. & R. SHOTGUN SMOKELESS, BY MR. J. S. FANNING.

NEW YORK STATE SHOOT, Utica, N. Y., June 5-8, 1900. Mr. Fanning was high gun, with an average of 98 per cent.; also broke the world's records with a run of 231 straight in open competition for money.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE SHOOT, Chambersburg, Pa., May 15-18, 1900. Mr. Fanning was high gun, with an average of 95 per cent. Championship of the State was won by Mr. H. S. Smith, of Osterburg, Pa.

WEST VIRGINIA STATE SHOOT, Charlestown, W. Va., June 19-21, 1900. Mr. Fanning was high gun, with an average of 96 per cent., making a run of 122 straight. Championship of the the State was won by Mr. Harvey Allen, of Sisterville, W. Va.

DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE.

Only 30 days more remain in which to enter Recreation's photo competition. It closes September 30th, and there are thousands of good pictures in existence that should be entered. Read the conditions on first page of photo department. If you have not a picture on hand that is available, go out and make one.

The first prize is a long focus camera, valued at $85.

Second, a Reflex camera, valued at $75.

Third, an Al Vista listed at $40.

Fourth, a Wizard, listed at $33.

Fifth, a wall tent, listed at $32.

Sixth, a gold watch, listed at $30.

Seventh, a Hawk Eye camera, listed at $15.

Eighth, a fishing rod, listed at $6, and so on.

Do you not need some of these things in your business? If so, send in some pictures and win a prize.

THE PALLACHUCOLA CLUB, GARNETT, S. C.

120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
March 24, 1900.

Mr. Charles Payne,
Wichita, Kan.

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith check for $200 in payment for the quails you shipped me.

I congratulate you on the excellent showing made in this shipment. Of 52½ dozen birds shipped from Wichita, Kan., to Garnett, S. C., near Savannah, but 3 birds died. The others arrived in splendid shape. This shipment is the most remarkable I have ever known, in my extensive experience in buying quails, and I am more than pleased with your success in furnishing birds of a superior quality.

Sidney Dillon Ripley,
Treasurer.

THE MODERN METHOD.

The International Correspondence School, Scranton, Pa., has issued a book entitled "Home Endorsements," which should be in the hands of every young man who seeks to better his condition in life. It consists of a series of letters from officers of the various banks, judges of the courts, members of Congress, clergymen, editors, the Postmaster, the Mayor and other prominent business and professional men of Scranton, endorsing in unqualified terms the International Schools, and commending them to the confidence and patronage of the public. No man after reading these letters can doubt for a moment that the International Correspondence Schools are thoroughly reliable and trustworthy in every respect.

A SPORTSMEN'S MAP.

Colonel E. C. Farrington, Secretary of the Maine Sportsmen's Association, and clerk of the State Board of Railway Commissioners, has prepared and issued a map of the State which is by all odds the best I have seen. The map, indexes and other data therewith have been prepared with special reference to the wants of sportsmen, though everything a business man could desire in the way of a map is also to be found on this one. I cannot give space here to even a brief synopsis of all the good points in this map, so I can simply advise any reader who intends to go to Maine at any time to buy a copy of it. You can obtain circular giving further information by addressing Col. Farrington, at Augusta, Me.

IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR

George H. Daniels, G. P. A. of the New York Central Railway, has issued a folder on "Bronx Park and the Pilgrimage System of Teaching." The amount of actual knowledge of history, Geography, Geology, Botany, and Zoology that can be obtained in a few hours and at small cost, through short trips on the Central, is surprising, and Mr. Daniels is doing the cause of education a real service in bringing these matters before the public, as he is now doing. A copy of "Bronx Park" will be sent to any address, on receipt of a postage stamp, by Mr. Daniels. Address Grand Central Station, New York City.

Since the new show card, representing 2 moose, has been issued by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., there have been so many inquiries for the picture itself, by parties not in the trade, that the company has found it necessary to make an arrangement with the lithographers to furnish the picture, without the frame, packed securely in tubes, express or postage paid. This can be obtained by addressing the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., 313 Broadway, New York City, on remittance of $1. Please mention Recreation.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn., has lately increased its manufacturing capacity by adding more space and machinery. Mr. Barlow, the manager, says he now hopes to be able to fill orders for reloading tools more promptly than heretofore. He expects to put on the market this fall several new implements of value to shooters that are up to the times, and indications point to the good fall trade which he will be ready to meet.

"That's the best I can do for you," said the theatrical manager. "You've been idle all the season so far. Now, will you stay idle the rest of the season or take this small part?"

"I'll take it," said Lowe Comerdy. "In this case a small role is better than a whole loaf."—Standard and Times.

Are you an amateur photographer? Then you need albums for keeping your prints. I will give you a Buechner Snap Shot Album, holding 100 4x5 prints, as premium for 2 yearly subscriptions. Send them in at once and save your prints.

Every League member should send in at least 10 cents to aid in buying a watch to be presented to the Hon. John F. Lacey, as a token of our appreciation of his great work in securing the passage of the Lacey bird bill.

DO YOU NEED A NEW SHOTGUN THIS FALL? WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO HAVE A FIRST CLASS ONE WITHOUT HAVING TO PAY A CENT FOR IT? IF SO, WHY NOT SEND ME IN A CLUB AND EARN A HIGH GRADE GUN? I AM GIVING A SYRACUSE DOUBLE HAMMERLESS SHOT GUN, GRADE O, LISTED AT $30, AS PREMIUM FOR 25 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS. EVERY SPORTSMAN KNOWS THERE IS NO BETTER GUN MADE, FOR THE PRICE, THAN THE SYRACUSE.

THIS REMARKABLE OFFER WILL NOT BE OPEN LONG, SO YOU SHOULD MAKE HASTE TO AVAIL OF IT.

THE SYRACUSE GRADE O GUN IS ONE OF THE FINEST CHEAP GUNS IN THE WORLD. YOU CAN GET ONE BY SENDING IN 35 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION. I HAVE SHIPPED MORE THAN 100 OF TMEM WITHIN THE PAST 2 YEARS, AND EVERY MAN WHO HAS HAD ONE RECOMMENDS IT TO HIS FRIENDS. WHY NOT GET ONE FOR YOURSELF?

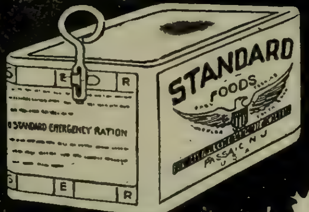
Address, RECREATION,
23 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK.

EVERY MAN WHO GOES ON A HUNTING TRIP NEEDS A SLEEPING BAG. TEN YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION WILL EARN A KENWOOD, THAN WHICH NONE IS BETTER. YOU CAN GET THESE SUBSCRIPTIONS IN A FEW MINUTES. SEND THEM TO ME. I WILL SEND YOU THE SLEEPING BAG, AND YOU WILL KNOW WHAT TRUE COMFORT IN CAMP IS.

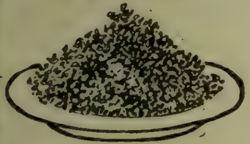
IN ORDERING CANS OF LAFLIN & RAND'S SMOKELESS POWDER AS PREMIUMS PLEASE SPECIFY WHETHER YOU WISH RIFLE SMOKELESS OR SHOT GUN SMOKELESS.

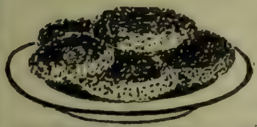
IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR.

NO MORE HUNGRY SPORTSMEN



SOUP OR PORRIDGE


FRIED HASH


HAMBURGER STEAK

TWO QUARTS OF SWEETENED TEA

The ....

Standard
Emergency
Ration

will make in five minutes by the application of water and heat these dishes:

Three hearty, delicious meals and two quarts of choice sweetened tea hermetically sealed in a pocket-fitting can.

Half a million cans of this food supplied to the American and British Armies. Always ready and never spoils.

No sportsman, miner, prospector, tourist or yachtsman should be without it. On receipt of 15c., to cover charges, we will mail a sample, knowing that you will never be without it after a trial.

"WOODCRAFT," our beautiful Sportsman's Guide, FREE.

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees:

American Compressed Food Co.

PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY.

AGENTS:

VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD, 318 Broadway, N. Y. City. WILLIAM READ & SONS, Boston.
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE, Chicago. A. J. DeLAMARE, 201 Front St., San Francisco.
FRAZER VIGER & CO., Montreal. BATE & CO., Ottawa.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle
FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Zar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Rifle or Shot Gun Powder, listed at $2; or a Nodark Tin Type Camera listed at $5; or a Snap Shot Album, holding 100 4 x 5 prints, and made by the Buechner Mfg. Co.; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $1; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75 cents.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50.; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a Hub Hawk-Eye Camera, listed at $5.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Yawman & Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a set of Nehring's Convertible Ampliscopes, listed at $5.00; or an automatic, double action, hammerless Revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson, and listed at $5.50; or a Field Glass, made by Gall & Lembke, Union Square, N. Y. and listed at $6

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7¼x7¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $6.50; or a Davenport "Brownie" Rifle listed at $8; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8; or a Hawk-Eye, Jr., Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $8; or a Bull's Eye Rifle, single shot, ejector, made by Remington Arms Co., and listed at $4.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a Wizard A Camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle No. 44, listed at $10; or a Hudson Fishing Tackle Cabinet, listed at $10; or a No. 40 Stevens New Model Pocket Rifle listed at $12.50; or a Field Glass, made by Gall & Lembke, Union Square, N. Y, and listed at $10.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Korona Camera, Model IA, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13; or a Peabody Carbine valued at $12; or a No. 5 Sidle Telescope Rifle Sight, listed at $12.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Wizard B Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co. and listed at $14; or a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a 4x5 Tourist Hawk-Eye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $15.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less; or a Viking Folding Canvas Canoe, made by Glasscock Bros., and listing at $20.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Zonophone, listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½x17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less; or an Al-Vista Camera, made by the Multiscope & Film Co., and listed at $25; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25; or a Syracuse double hammerless Shot Gun, grade O, listed at $30.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a Shattuck double hammerless Shot Gun, listing at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less; or a Hudson Gun Cabinet, No. 10, listing at $15; or an Al-Vista Camera, No. 5-B, listing at $30.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a 5x7 Korona Camera, listed at $32; or a Forehand double hammerless Shotgun, grade O, listed at $30.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a Reflex Camera, listing at $40.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Clipper or Elk Bicycle, worth $50; or a Korona Long-Focus Camera, 5x7, listed at $50.

SIXTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Lefever hammerless Shot-gun, Grade H, listed at $44; or an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, double-barrel hammerless breech loading Shotgun, listed at $40.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at $1 each, a high grade Wilkesbarre Shot Gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subcriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic ejectors ‘listed at $120.

Address,

Recreation 23 West 24th Street
New York

Diamond Condensed Soups

ARE NOT CANNED SOUPS.

They are not "concentrated soups," "soup powders" or "soup stock" and are the only soups so closely resembling soup made by a skilled cook from the best fresh materials, that an epicure can find no difference. They are scientifically prepared from only choice meats and vegetables condensed and PUT UP IN PAPER CARTONS, each making one quart of heavy or two quarts of light soup, highly nutritious, readily digestible and of uniform quality. NO CANS TO OPEN OR FEAR. NO TIN OR WATER TO PAY FOR. NO TROUBLE TO PREPARE. Keep perfectly in any climate. A package may be carried in the vest pocket. Beware of imitations.

No other soups are "just as good." Retail price 10c per package, but if your grocer does not have them send a two cent stamp and his address for a free sample making a half pint purée of any one of these varieties: Cream of Celery, Green Pea, Beef and Onion, Tomato, Bean and German Vegetable.

THE MAXIMUM OF EXCELLENCE. THE MINIMUM OF COST.

DIAMOND SOUP COMPANY, Chicago

J. Howard Jones & Son, Sole Sales Agents.

"I want Ralston

GROCERY STORE
WE SELL Ralston Breakfast Food

Breakfast Food! That's what Mamma calls for."

$1000.00 in Cash to One Thousand Children

An exceptional opportunity for bright boys and girls in every city and village to earn money easily by introducing

Ralston Breakfast Food

No money required. Cash sent to you as service is rendered. A good chance to gain a knowledge of business methods. Write for full particulars, giving your grocer's name, also the name of a minister or doctor for reference.

PURINA MILLS,
"Where Purity is Paramount"
884 Gratiot St., St. Louis, Mo.

TO ADULTS: If your grocer hasn't Ralston, send us his name for a sample, free.

Libby's

Mince Meat

has a home-made flavor. It is a deliciously wholesome product from Libby's famous hygienic kitchens, a combination of choice fruits, spices and carefully selected government-inspected beef.

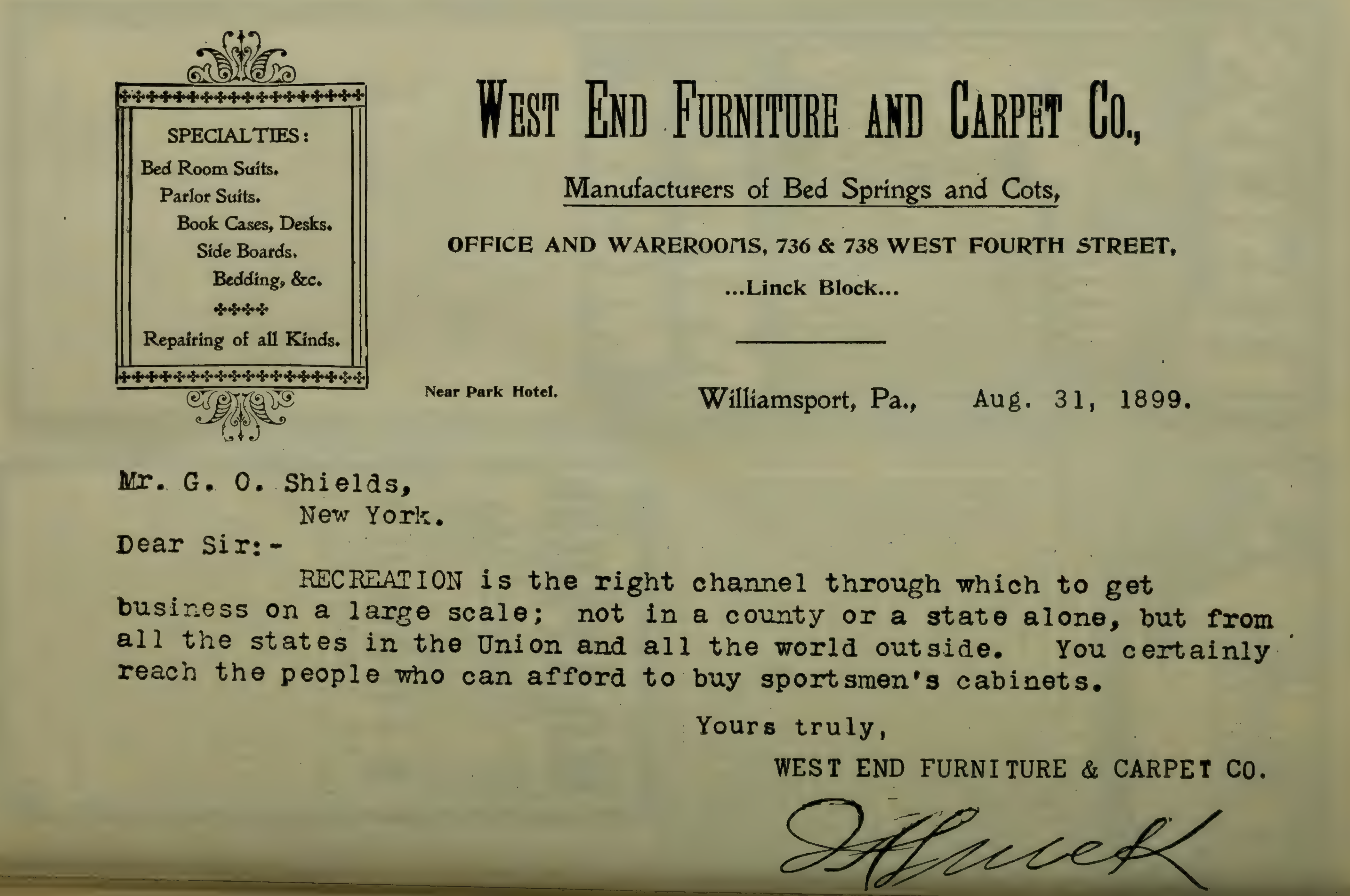
If you make mince-meat at home or have been disappointed in some odd brand, try Libby's, you'll be friends at once.

Put up in convenient packages, enough for two big pies.

Remember! There's no substitute for Libby's Mince Meat.

New edition booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," just out, sent free.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



SPECIALTIES:
Bed Room Suits.
Parlor Suits.
Book Cases, Desks.
Side Boards.
Bedding, &c.
✣✣✣✣
Repairing of all Kinds.

WEST END FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.,

Manufacturers of Bed Springs and Cots,

OFFICE AND WAREROOMS, 736 & 738 WEST FOURTH STREET,

...Linck Block...

Near Park Hotel.

Williamsport, Pa., Aug. 31, 1899.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
New York.

Dear Sir:-

RECREATION is the right channel through which to get business on a large scale; not in a county or a state alone, but from all the states in the Union and all the world outside. You certainly reach the people who can afford to buy sportsmen's cabinets.

Yours truly,

WEST END FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

ROYAL SEAL

Going Angling?

If so, you can have your

Rolled Oats

for breakfast while camping just as fresh and sweet as you have at your home if you will buy it in our **Hermetically Sealed Cans** containing two pounds COMPRESSED ROLLED OATS under our

Royal Seal Brand

Campers, as a rule, do not include Rolled Oats in their list of food products, owing to the fact that the common paper carton is not fitted for the rough usage incident to camp life.

With our new package all these difficulties are overcome. The cans are carefully packed by special machinery. The oats are fresh and crisp and the cans are hermetically sealed as soon as packed, thereby retaining the nutty flavor of fresh rolled oats for years. The can is impervious to weevil and vermin, cannot be injured by rain or climatic influences, and in fact, combines all the good features of a delightful cereal, while it eliminates the bad. Being compressed it economizes space, another feature essential to a camper's outfit. ROYAL SEAL OATS occupy but one-third the space of the regular two-pound carton. Just the thing for

Campers, Yachtsmen, and Canoeists.

Endorsed by prominent exporters for high-class trade in all countries.

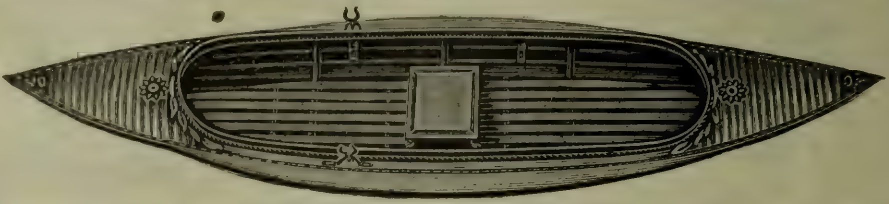
If your grocer cannot supply you, send us New York draft or Money Order for $4.00 and we will ship you a full case of thirty-six two-pound tins, securely packed. Enough for many delicious, homelike, nourishing breakfasts. We are the well-known manufacturers of MOTHER'S OATS and MOTHER'S FLOUR.

AKRON CEREAL CO., AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Mullins' Metal Boats.

"Get There" and "Bustle" Ducking Boats. Best on the Market.

Price, **$20** and up, Get one for this fall.



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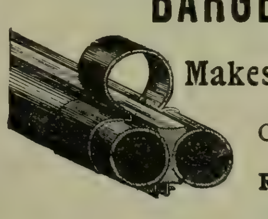

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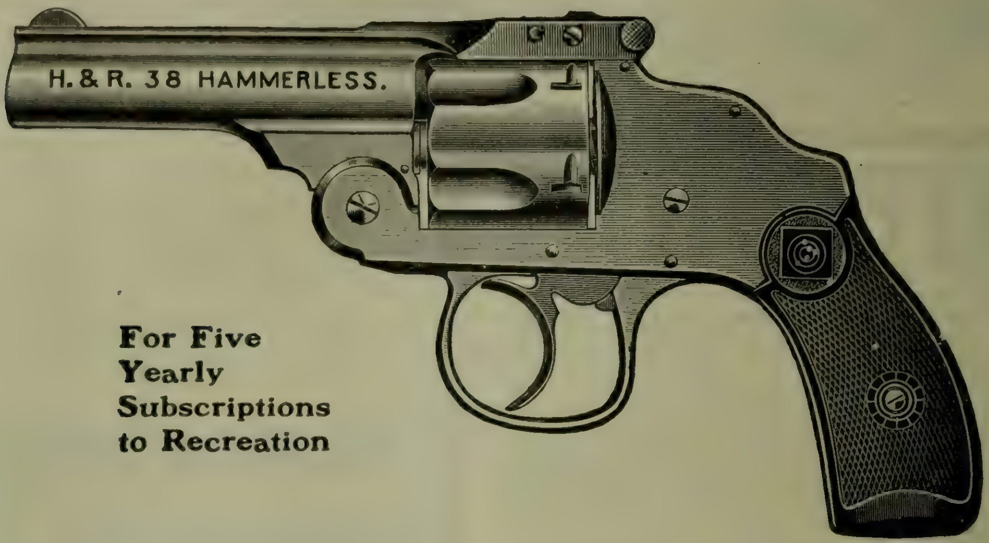
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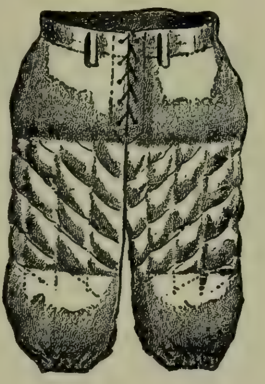

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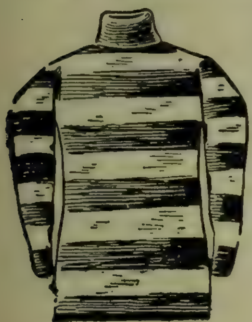

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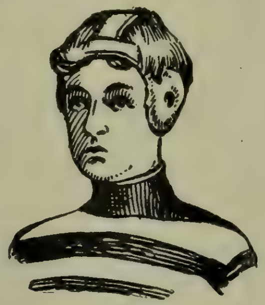

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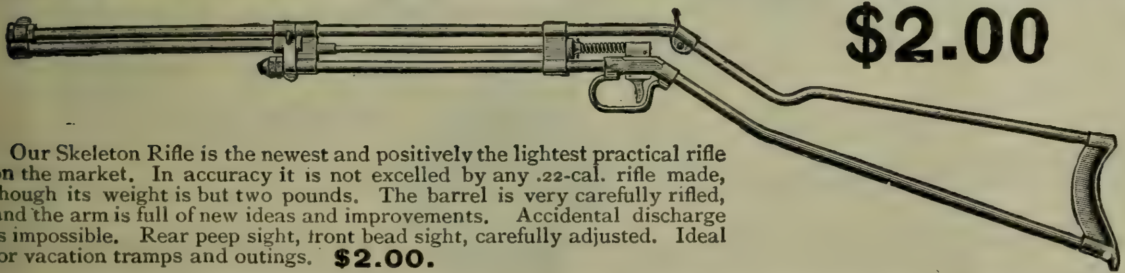

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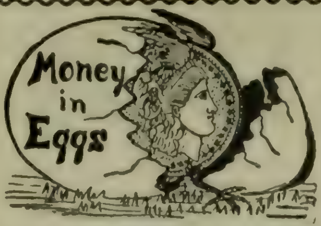

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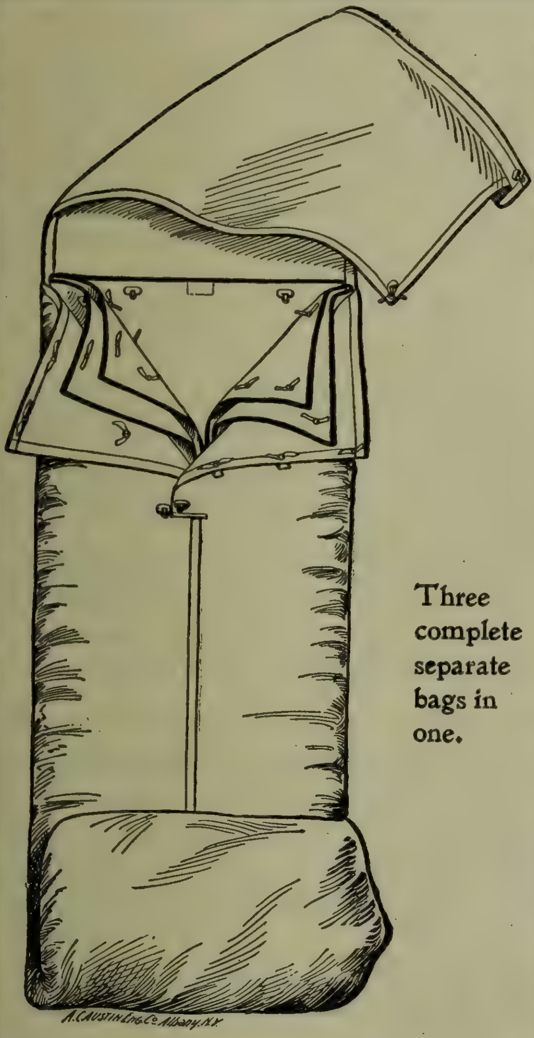
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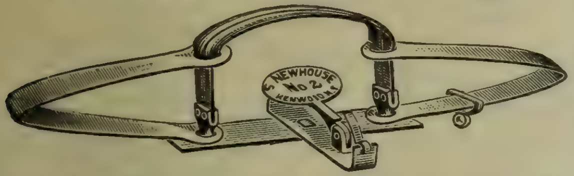

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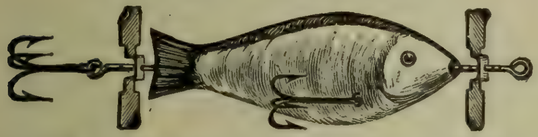

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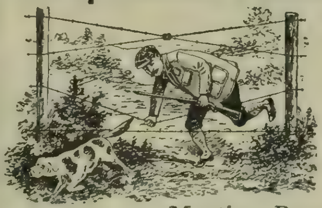

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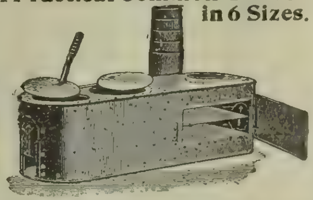

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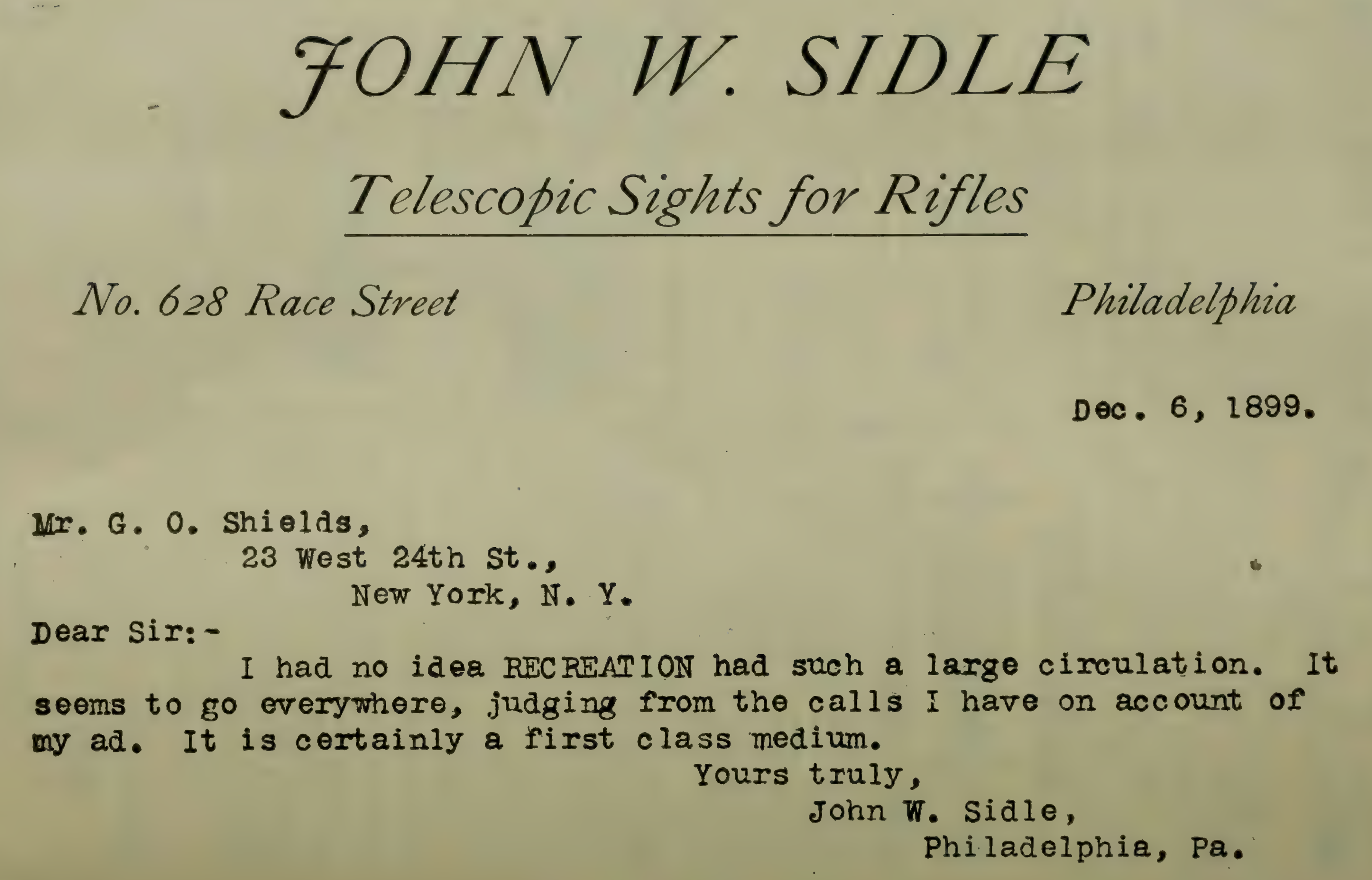

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Telescopic Sights for Rifles

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Dec. 6, 1899.

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23 West 24th St.,
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I had no idea RECREATION had such a large circulation. It seems to go everywhere, judging from the calls I have on account of my ad. It is certainly a first class medium.

Yours truly,
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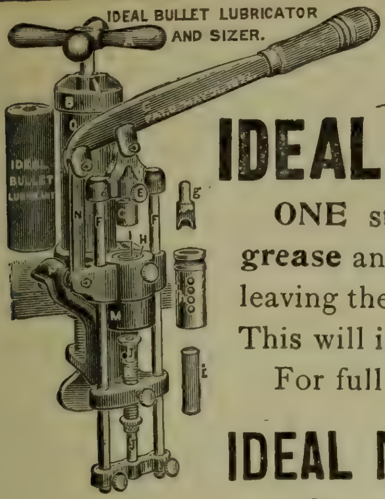
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ONE stick of our **Anti-Leading** lubricant, will **grease** and **size 500** to **2500 Bullets,** according to size, leaving them **true** and **clean, without soiling** the hands. This will interest all who **SHOOT A RIFLE** or **PISTOL.**

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Census Man: Are you married?

Happy Dad: You bet!

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Happy Dad: Yes, siree! And, say! It's awful lucky you came to-day instead of yesterday!

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For any good material that can be cut into gems or for information concerning new localities where it can be found. There is lots of valuable stuff of this sort on the top of the ground. Have you found any? Almost any clear stones of good color and free from cracks are of some value and some are of great value, even though small and very rough on the outside. Send me a sample of your find by mail and I will make you an offer. It may lead you to a fortune. Hunters be on the lookout for good things in this line and make your luck pay your hunting expenses. Address

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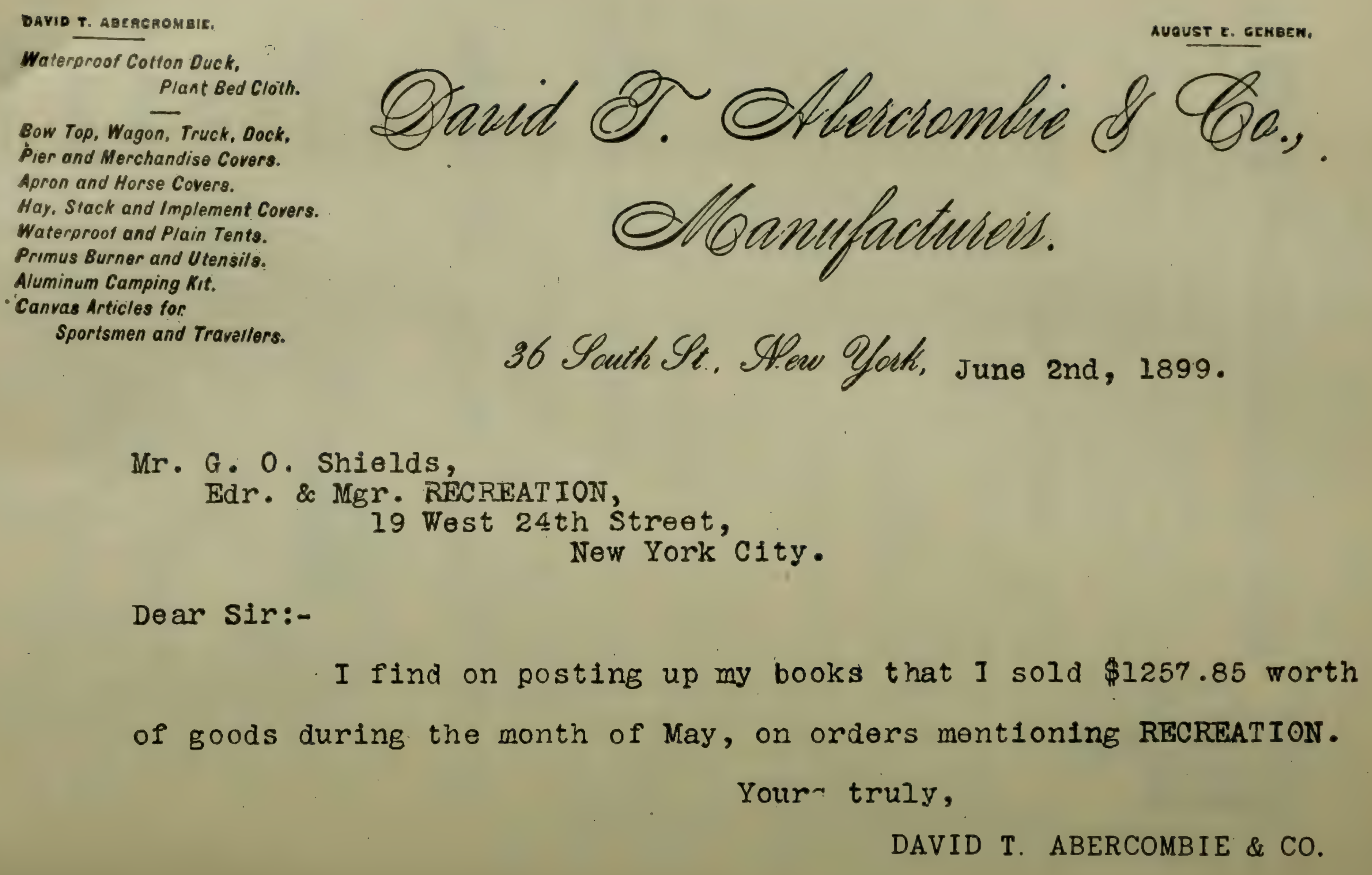

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For Sale or Exchange: 1 telephone complete; 1 incubator and brooder complete; 1 gasoline stove. 1 38 cal. H. & R. revolver; 40 bottles Humphrey's Specifics; 1 Cocker spaniel; 1 road cart; 1 Stevens Ideal rifle; 1 4 x 5 Vive camera; 1 Remington tandem, model '98. What have you got? Address,
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It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

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Sportsmen will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

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TRACTS 40 to 2500 ACRES

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There are plenty of people who don't understand the extent to which a good condition of roadbed and tracks contribute to the safety and comfort of travel.

They know simply that after a journey over some railways a something has made them tired and out of sorts.

It was the sag and lift of the train due to a poor roadbed; annoying side jolts from untrue gauging of the rails.

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The most perfect roadbed and finest track adjustment in America is found on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway.

This is a broad assertion, but one which actual conditions fully warrant.

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"Book of Trains" for the asking.

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The new repeater which 3 years ago made such a sensation among big game hunters is now on the market and I am prepared to fill a limited number of orders promptly. Made to use the 30-40 and 40-60 smokeless cartridges. Not the cheapest but the best repeating rifle in the world.

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Please send 2c stamp for circular.
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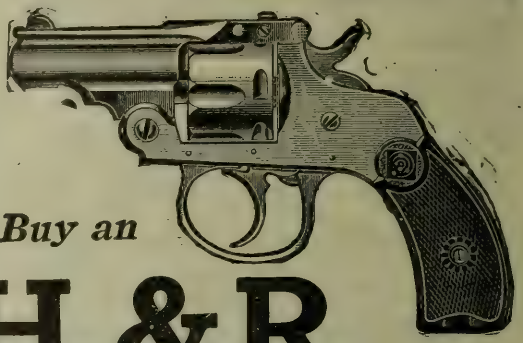
Don't Monkey With Cheap Revolvers

They're Dangerous.



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They are thoroughly well made and the *SAFE KIND.*

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ARTHUR F. RICE, Secretary L. A. S., 23 W. 24th St., New York.

DEAR SIR : Enclosed $1 for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

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Detach this, fill out and send in.

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ARE GOOD GUNS

This is a universal opinion. Ten men out of ten will acknowledge it. So patent a fact must appeal to the common sense of shooters everywhere.

Like Steinway pianos or Dunlap hats, everyone admits they are good, whether they use them or not. Greener guns have done more to demonstrate their superiority than any other gun in the world. We could fill a solid page with their actions, and actions speak louder than words.

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If you are in the market for a good gun and do not care to run any risks, buy a Greener, for all Greener guns shoot well and look well and wear well.

THE NEW MONARCH EJECTOR

Latest Model Greener, price $200.00 The Ejector mechanism is the simplest in existence, and the action is the strongest.

It is better to pay for a good name like the Greener than to pay for repairs.

We are the Sole Agents in the United States for Greener guns, and keep in stock all grades from $100.00 to $650.00.

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GOLF BALLS

Made in Scotland

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GOLF CLUBS

ONE PIECE, FORK-SPLICED and SOCKET

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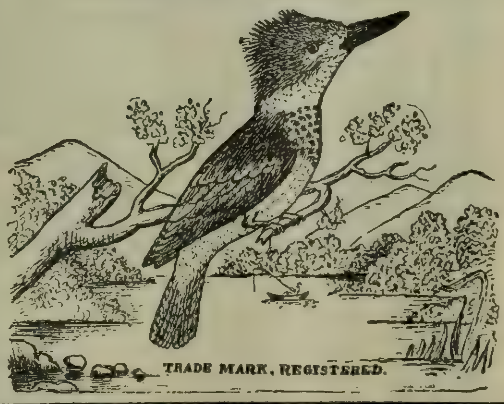
We make fish lines the best we know how. 20 years' experience. High grade silks and careful attention to braiding and finishing are our specialties.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This is our registered trademark, or the word "KINGFISHER."

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If you're not convinced of this send ten cents for sample and catalogue. Don't blindly accept a substitute.

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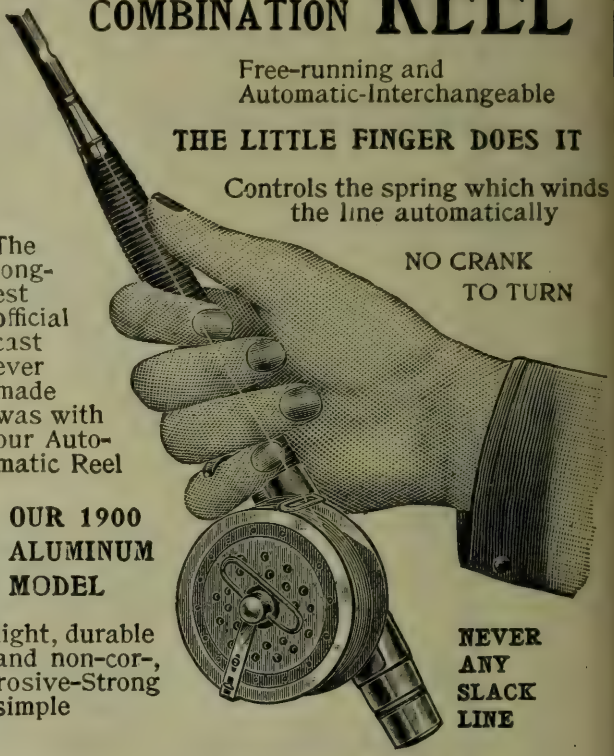
Free-running and Automatic-Interchangeable

THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT

Controls the spring which winds the line automatically

NO CRANK TO TURN



The longest official cast ever made was with our Automatic Reel

OUR 1900 ALUMINUM MODEL

light, durable and non-corrosive-Strong simple

NEVER ANY SLACK LINE

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" What's in a name ?" EVERYTHING—if that name be " Bristol," " BRISTOL."

We mean the " Bristol " Steel Fishing Rod —the fisherman's friend.

THE "BRISTOL"

Low in price, Rich in RESULTS: A veritable FISH-KILLER.

The makers of the " Bristol " are The Horton M'f'g Co., Bristol, Conn.

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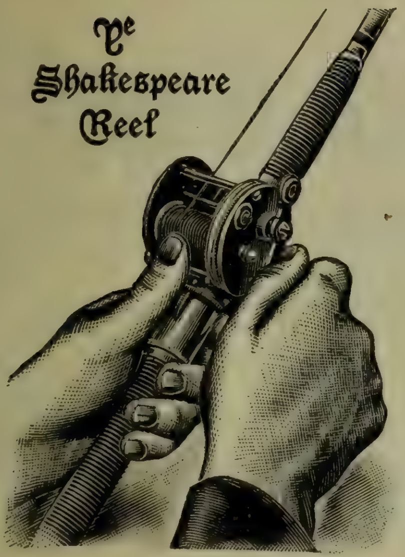


The Shakespeare Reel

is a fine hand-made reel with level-winding device for the even distribution of the line.

Is designed especially for that class of anglers who use only the finest tackle obtainable. In it are combined strength, accuracy and beauty. Every point that a perfect reel should possess is contained in the reel.

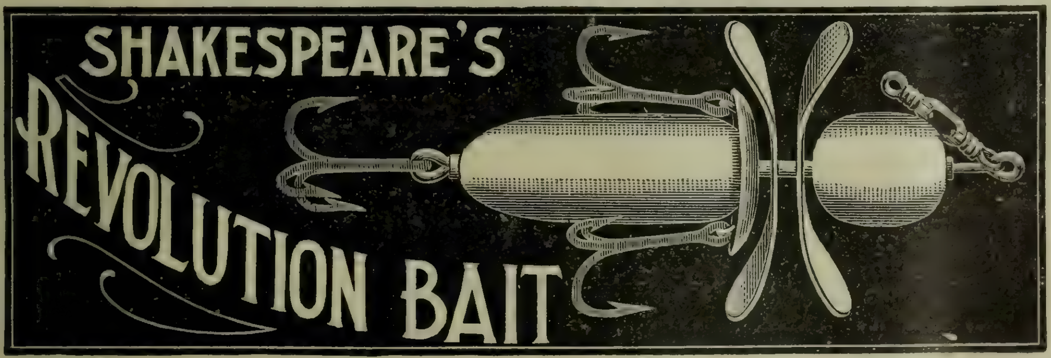
The accuracy maintained is well within the limit of 1000th of an inch, and no part deviates from the standard more than ¼ of 1-1000th.

With ordinary care one Shakespeare Reel will last a lifetime. The reel is beautifully finished in oxidized silver and packed in a fine orange leather case. Price is **$15. net.** The reel holds 65 yards of G bait casting line.

A booklet entitled "The Fine Points of a Reel" sent you for the asking.

Wm. Shakespeare, Jr.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.



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In the vicinity of Kalamazoo, Michigan, where this bait was developed, a revolution has taken place in the methods of fishing. Over 1,200 baits have been sold this season, and no other bait, either live or artificial, is used in these parts for bass, pickerel or muskalonge.

It is sold with a signed guarantee to catch more and larger fish than any other bait. **Price, 75c.** All dealers can get them for you.

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If You Want a Gun

That can always be depended on to go when you pull and to shoot as held; one that is good in all kinds of weather,

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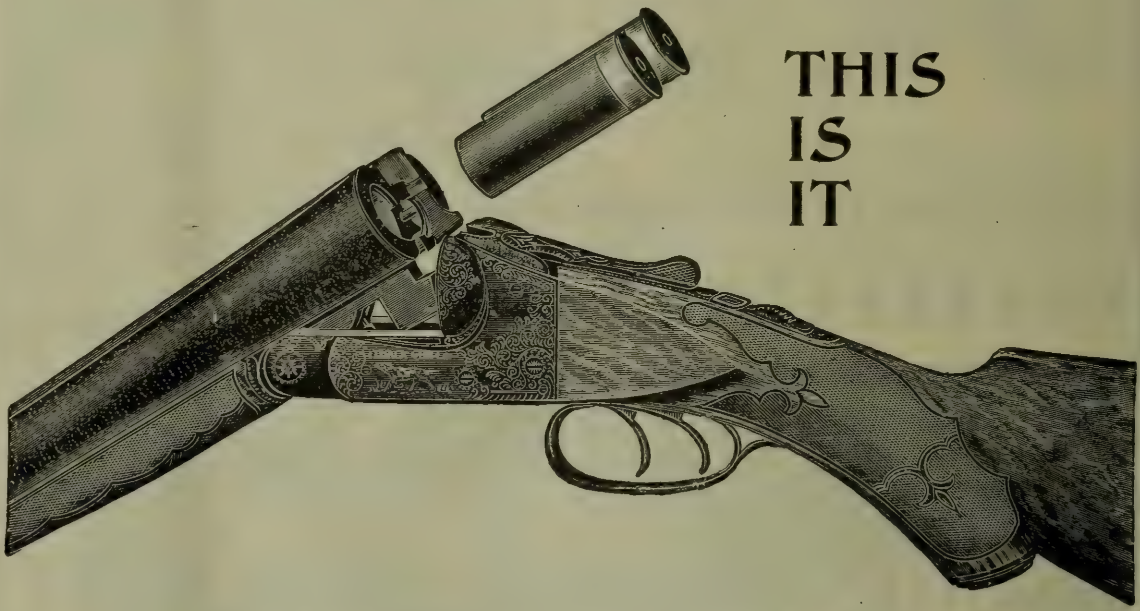
AN ITHACA

It will never disappoint you.



THIS IS IT

Here is an Ohio shooter's opinion of it:

Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Gentlemen :—

The gun you sent me is the greatest shooting gun I have ever used. I broke 97 out of 100 targets with it, and yesterday I won the C. B. Wolfe Challenge medal, breaking 47 out of 50 in the target race, and 24 out of 25 on the shoot off, a very creditable performance for a new gun.

The Wolfe trophy is emblematic of the Championship of Columbus.

Very truly yours,
R. S. Rhoads, Columbus, O.

ITHACA GUN CO.

Send for Catalogue
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New Green Walsrode Powder

We will send by express, prepaid, to anv point east of the Rocky mountains on receipt of **$1.00** the following goods:

1 lb. Can New Green Walsrode Powder; 25 Empty Shells; 25 Card Board Wads; 25 ⅜ inch Felt Wads; 1 Powder Measure; 1 Circular instructing how to load the Powder.

Please tell us whether you shoot a 10 or 12 gauge gun. Will send 12 gauge unless otherwise mentioned.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302-304 Broadway, New York

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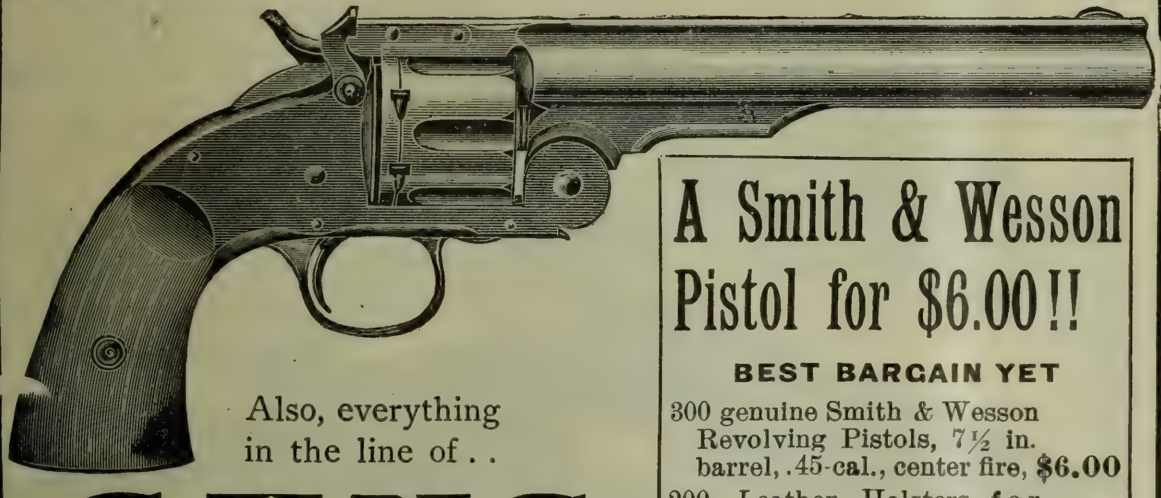

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Hammer or Hammerless.

"Scott's Monte Carlo" a specialty

☞ **Other Guns taken in trade. On hand at present time some bargains in Second-hand Guns.** ☜

A Smith & Wesson Pistol for $6.00!!

BEST BARGAIN YET

300 genuine Smith & Wesson Revolving Pistols, 7½ in. barrel, .45-cal., center fire,	**$6.00**
200 Leather Holsters for same	**.50**
Cartridges per hundred	**1.95**

Rarely has there been an opportunity in the past to obtain a real Smith & Wesson revolver at an under price. The lot above offered cost originally $15 each, and are exceptional bargains as weapons for house, for office or for target practice. Thev are from a Government arsenal, and but slightly second-hand. Have the latest style shell ejector. Orders sent by mail or by express must be accompanied by cash or post-office order.

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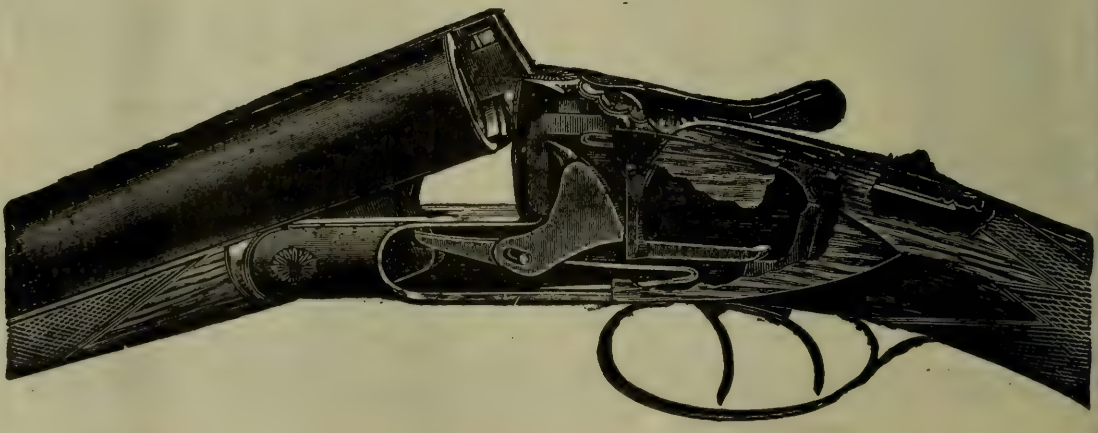
We do not say that——

Syracuse

Hammerless Guns

"Are as Good" as any gun in the market.

Their **Simplicity of Construction** and **Superiority of Finish** stamp them **Better** for practical and all-round work than any gun **in** the market. The "old, old story," but nevertheless substantiated by every man who ever drew a **SYRACUSE** to his shoulder.



SYRACUSE ARMS COMPANY

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

The "Old Reliable" Parker

once more proves its right to the title, at the GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP OF 1900

FIRST—H. D. Bates, with 59 straight kills
SECOND—J. R. Malone, with 58 " "
THIRD—Phil. Daly, Jr. with 31 " "
All used the "Old Reliable"

Also, as the offical records show,
54% of the entire purse won with Parkers,
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34.6% of all guns entered were Parkers, which proves that the Parker is unquestionably the most popular and "reliable" gun in the World.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

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WON WITH ...A Baker Hammerless

...BY...
W. R. CROSBY
MAY 20, 1899
AND AGAIN, JUNE [illegible]

BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.
Write for Quarterly BATAVIA, NEW YORK

You are not up to date unless you have seen the IMPROVED LEFEVER

Ejector and Non-Ejector
Single or Double Trigger

Our catalogue describes our
New Medium-Price Hammerless

This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER
LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

St. Paul, Minn., June 4, 1900.

The Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati. O.:

Gentlemen:—Having found your ad. in June issue of Recreation, I enclose stamp for your booklet.

I have for several years used various makes of cartridges, both for target and game shooting, and after giving yours a trial, have been convinced that they are superior to others.

My wife and I use repeating rifles, 22 cal., and we have always procured your cartridges when we could, but at the present time, I am unable to find any of them on the market here. That is, I have made numerous inquiries without success, on account of your not being in the combine.

We like the cartridges for several reasons; first; because they are more easily handled in the rifle magazine; second, they make less dirt, the rifle requiring less cleaning; third, they shoot stronger and truer than any others we have used.

Can I procure them direct from you in lots of say 500 to 1,000? I shall be pleased to have you send me prices and lists of all your cartridges. We use the 22 ex. long rifle, rim fire.

Thanking you in advance, and trusting we may continue to have success with your goods, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

107 E. 4th Street. Frederick W. Freeman.

THE SAFETY POCKET AXE

"The Handiest Tool a Sportsman Ever Carried."

Large enough to fell a tree, and small enough to sharpen a lead pencil. Our new booklet, "The Story of an Axe," lots of interesting facts about the axe and its use, free for the asking. Made in two styles. : : : : : :

PRICES—Steel and Hard Rubber Handles.

No. 1—11 inches, 18 ounces, . . .	$2.50
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Wooden Handles.	
No. 4—12 inches, 18 ounces, . .	$1.50
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W. L. MARBLE,
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Handy Here.

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The New . . .

Robin Hood Smokeless Powder

(SOLIDIFIED GAS)

IS AT THE FRONT

It won the Ohio State Championship at Columbus, Ohio.

Made the Highest Straight Score at the Big Interstate Shoot.

It also won the New Jersey State Championship.

. . . and the . . .

Individual Championship Trophy for New England and Eastern Canada.

Its **superior propelling powers** give **great velocity,** close even pattern, with low pressure and slight recoil; can be used in **Black Powder Shells** and **Cheap Guns.**

Write for full particulars to

The Robin Hood Powder Co.
SWANTON, VT.

TWO MORE VICTORIES WON

In addition to the victories previously reported, Mr. J. S. Fanning again demonstrates the superiority of L. R. SMOKELESS, at:

SWANTON, VERMONT, July 4th and 5th. General average for entire shoot 98 3-10%. **High Gun.**

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., Interstate Tournament, July 11th and 12th. General average for entire shoot 94% **High Gun.**

DO NOT FORGET THE WORLD'S RECORD, UTICA, N. Y., June 5th to 8th, **231 consecutive targets in open competition for money, without a miss.**

Mr. Fanning's continued victories should make all sportsmen stop and consider. **His load is:**

U. M. C. "ACME" or
WINCHESTER "LEADER"

(3/4 base). 2 3/4 in., 40 1 1/4–7 1/2 ch. (Factory Load).

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER COMPANY
99 Cedar Street, New York City

CHAMPIONSHIP OF
CANADA and KENTUCKY
Won with

Du Pont Smokeless

At Winnipeg, Manitoba, July 27th, 1900, Mr. Frank Simpson, shooting **DuPont Smokeless,** won the title "Champion of Canada"

Mr. H. J. Lyons, of Louisville, Ky., July 4th, repeated the performance for his State with the same reliable powder.

It always pays to use the best.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

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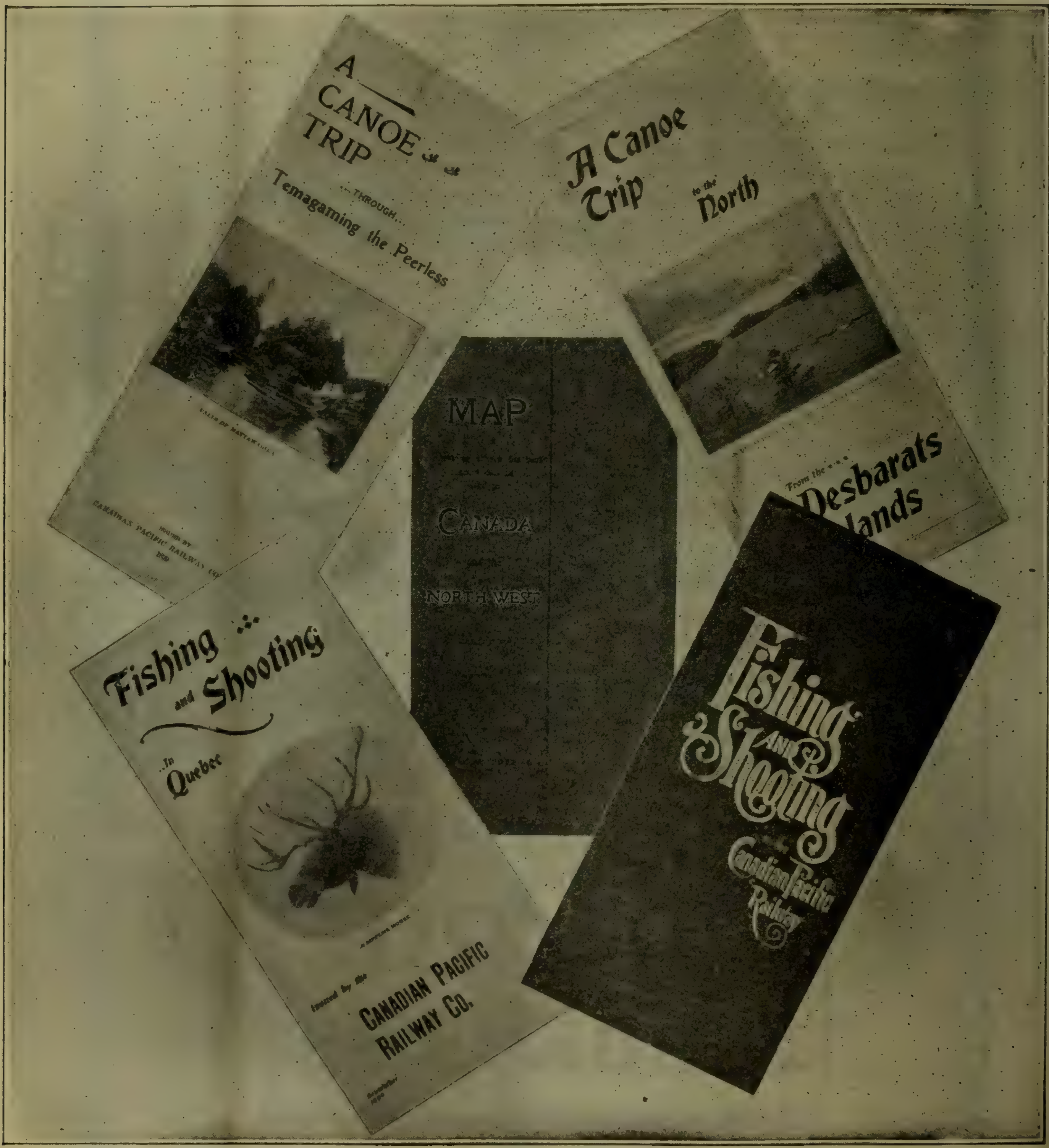
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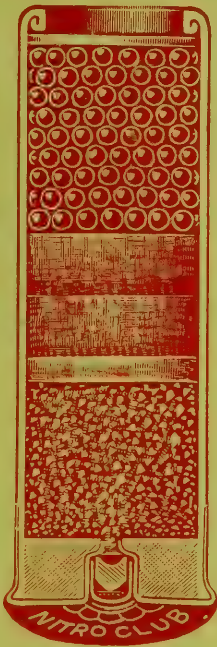

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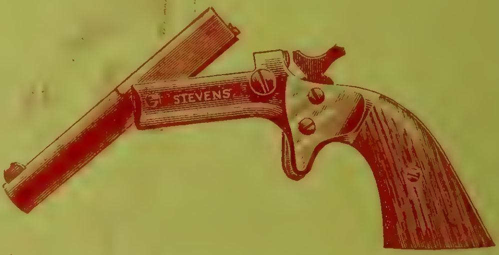

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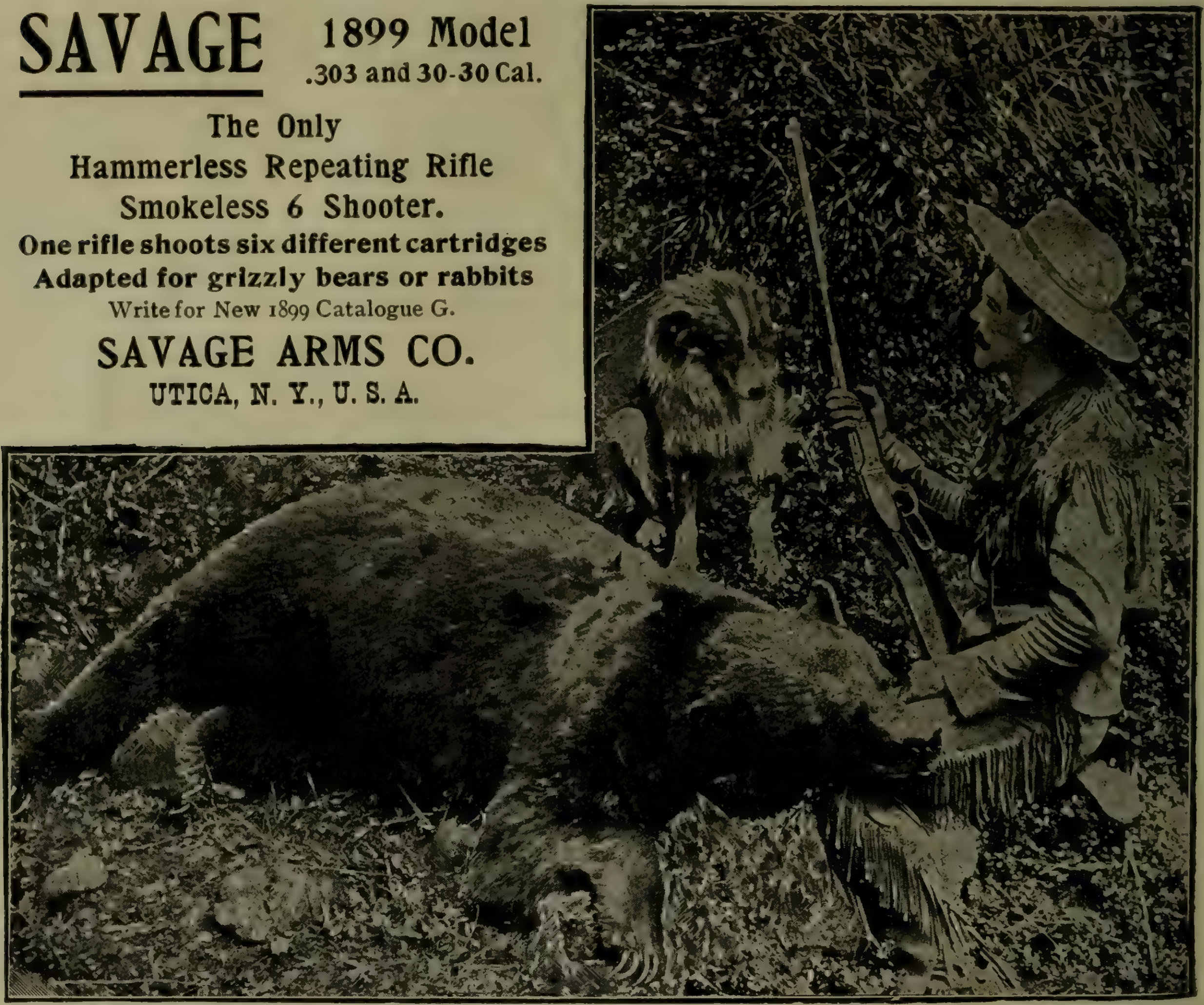

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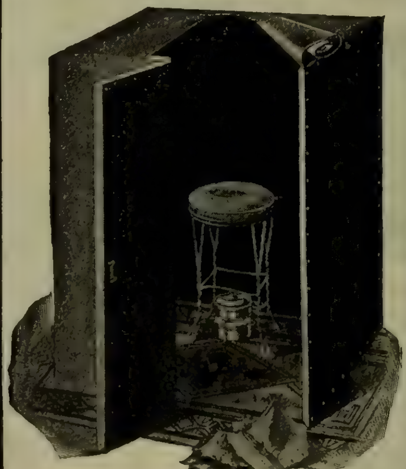

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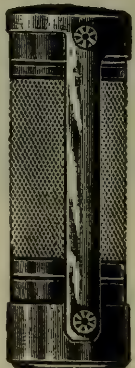

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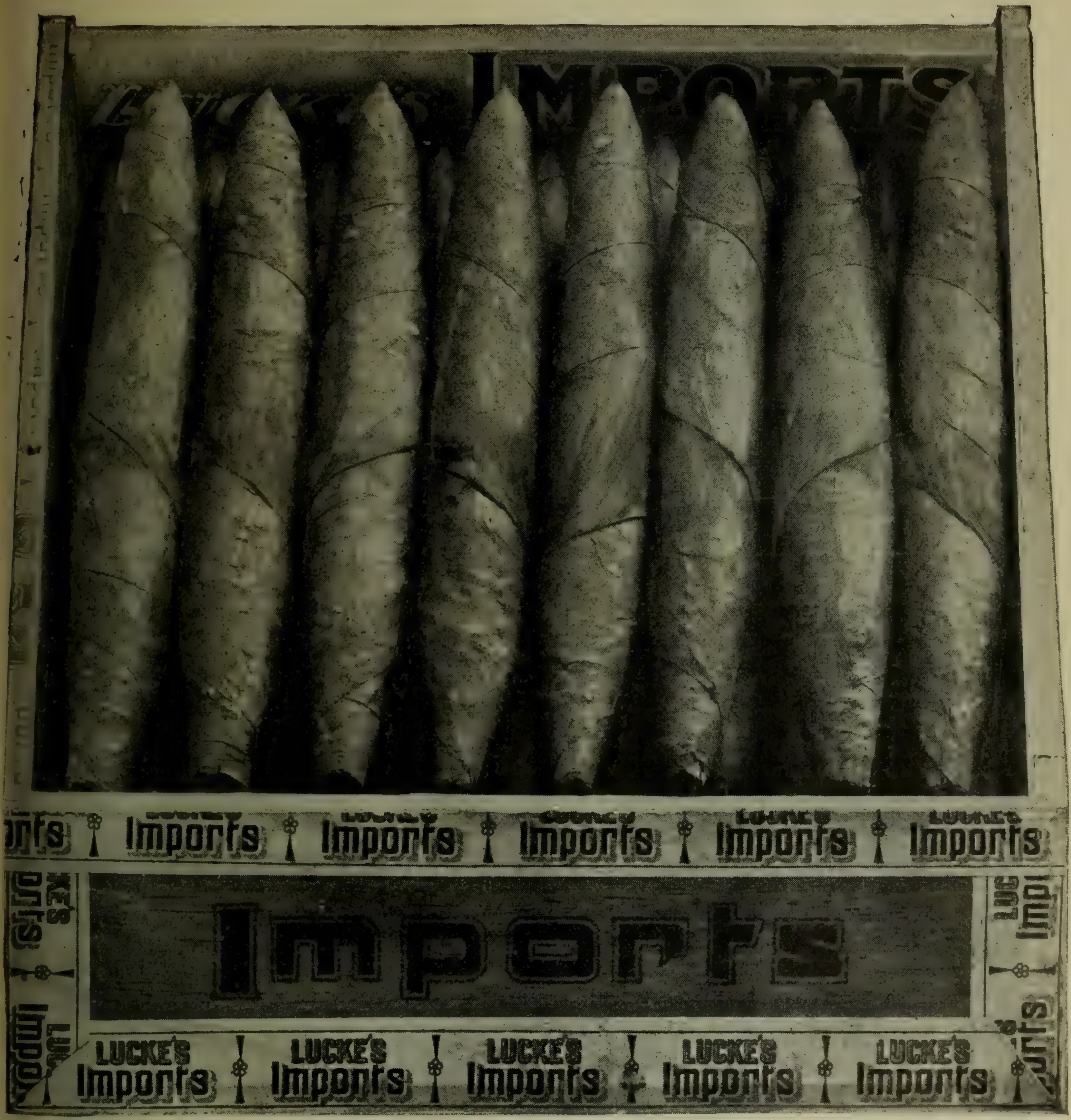

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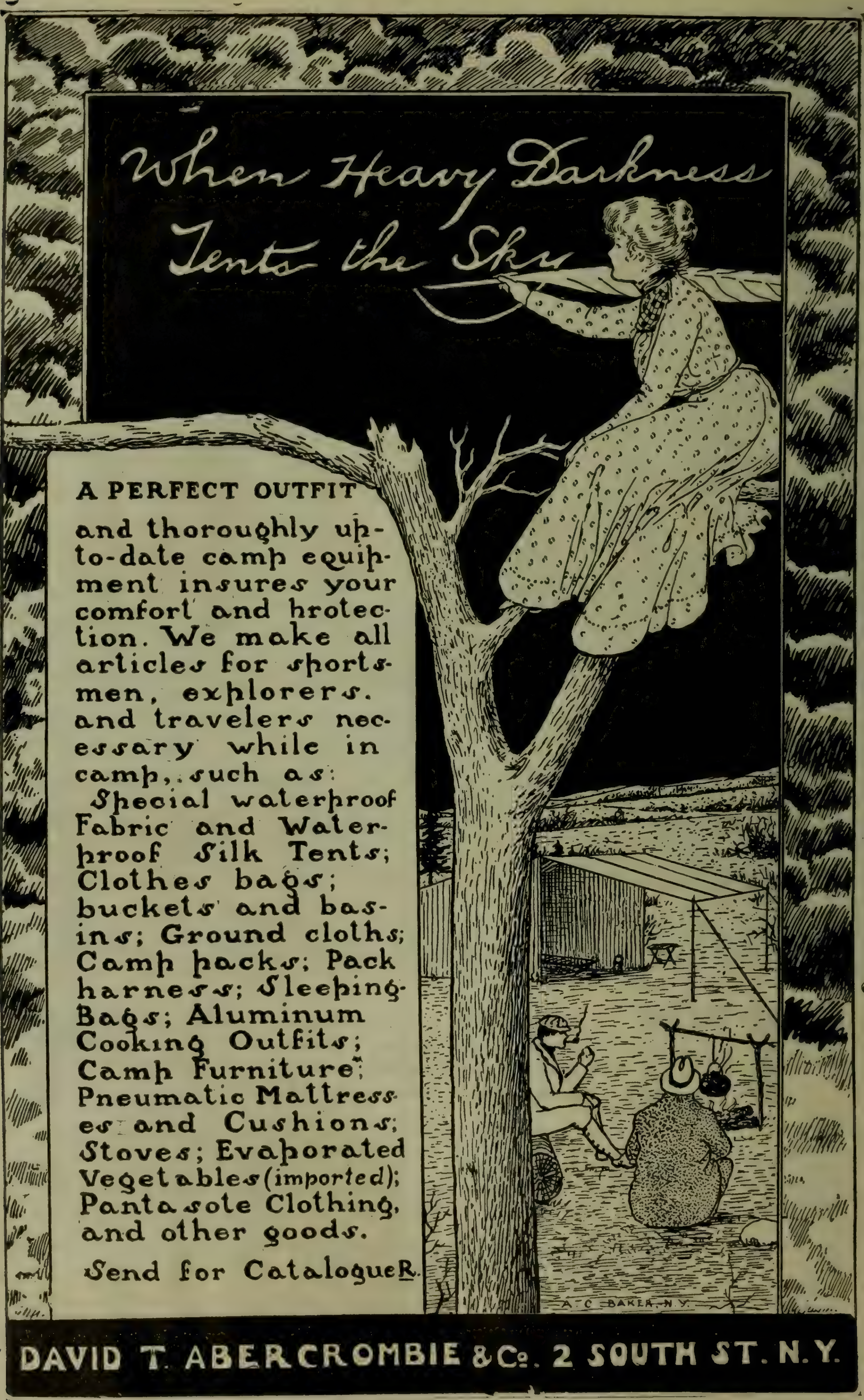
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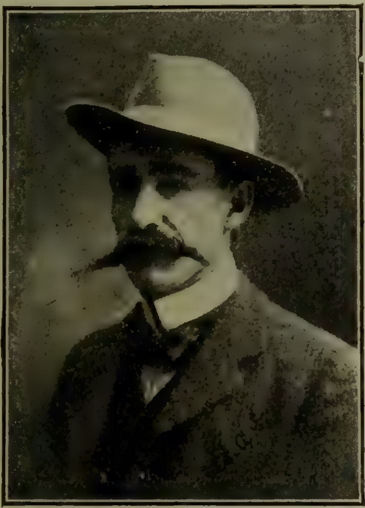

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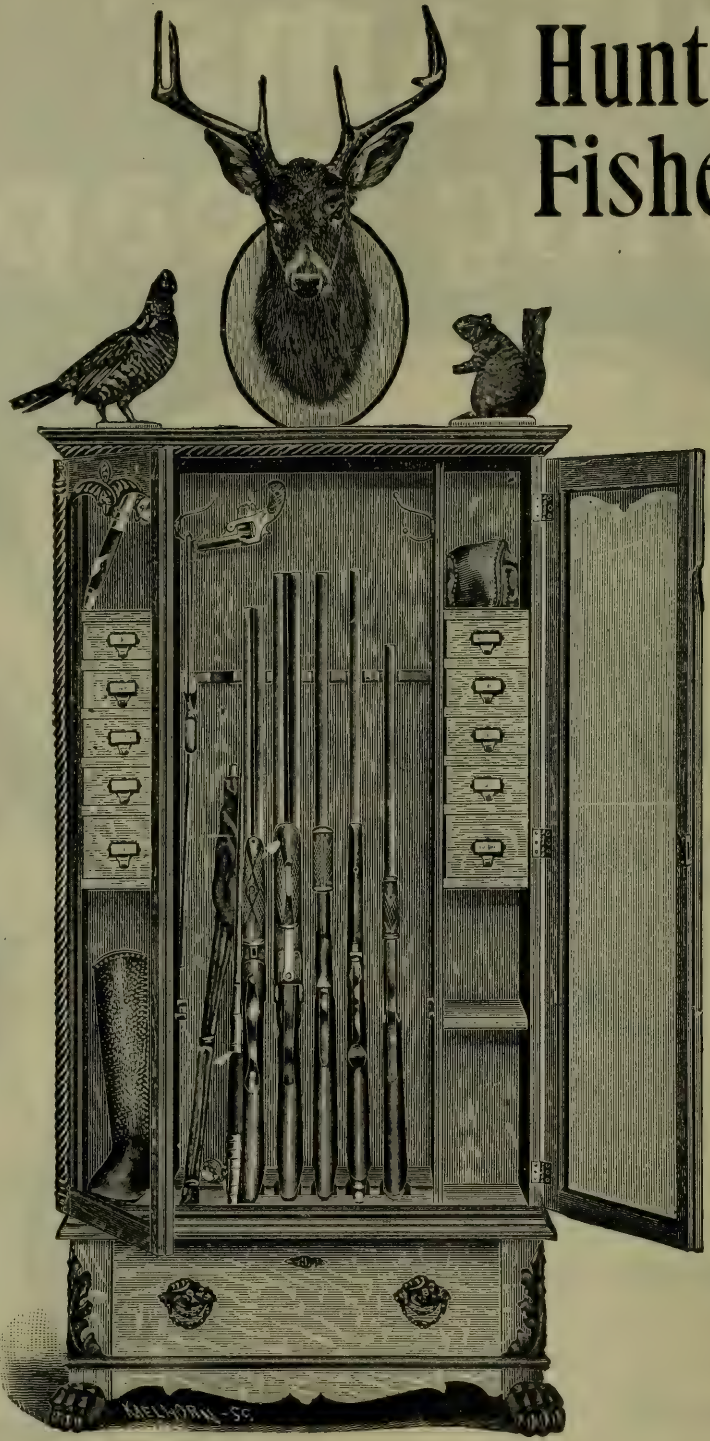

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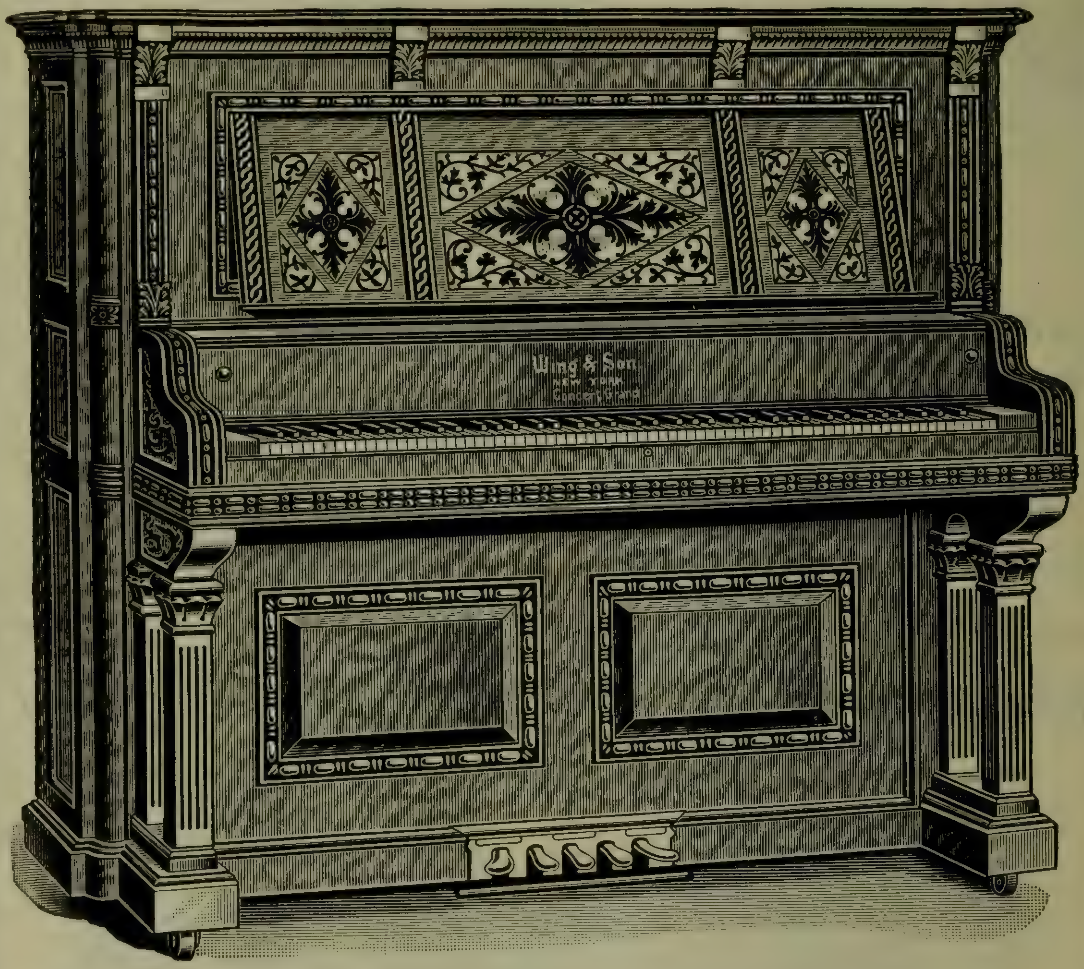

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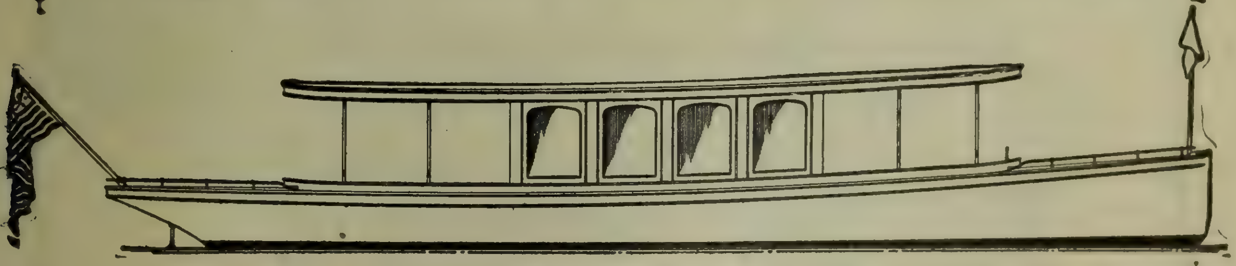

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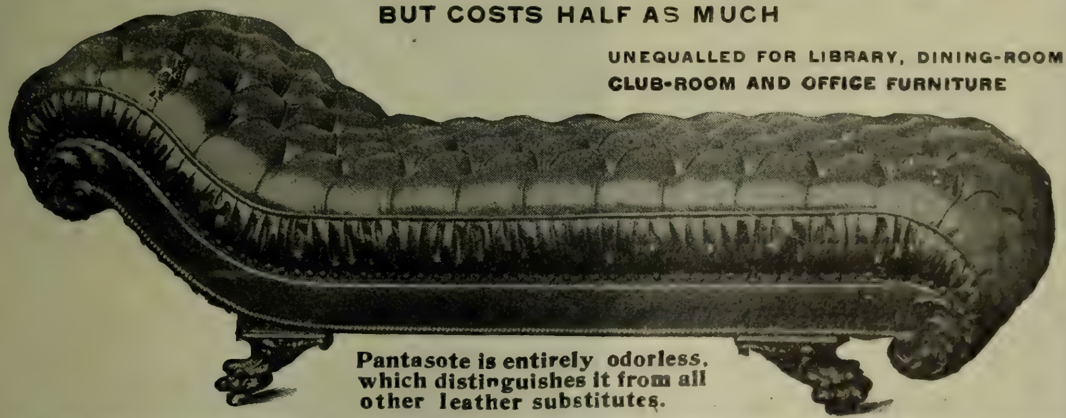

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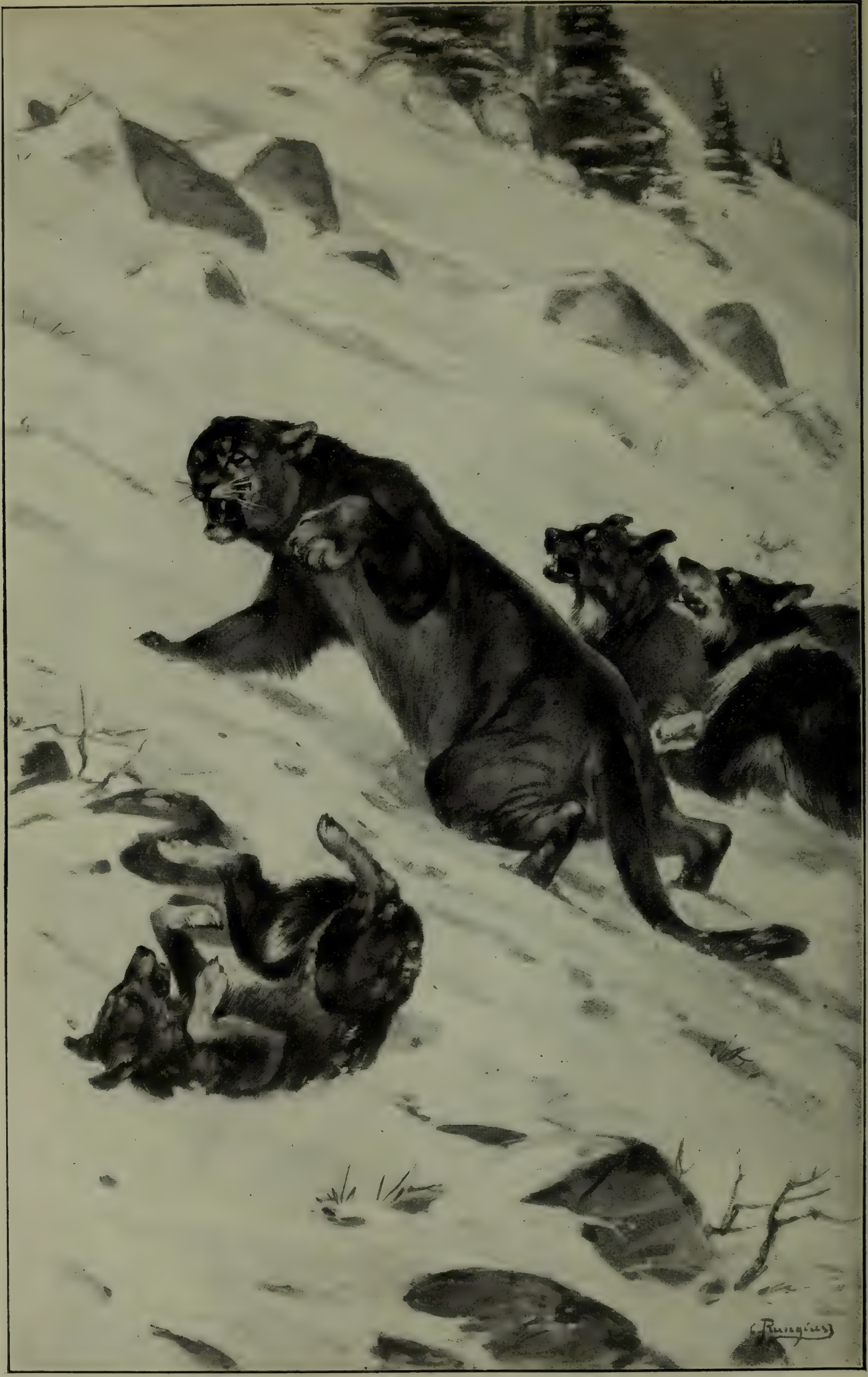


A STROKE THAT TUMBLED HIM DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

RECREATION

Volume XIII. OCTOBER, 1900. Number 4.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

DEPREDATIONS OF A MOUNTAIN LION.

G. T. MC CULLOUGH, M. D.

In a secluded canyon on the East side of the Bitter Root river, about 15 miles from Missoula, in Western Montana, are an old sheep corral and a log cabin, where sheep have been ranged for years past. On the 14th of last December the man in charge of a herd found 7 sheep had been killed in the corral during the night by some wild animal, probably a mountain lion, from the sign. Two of the carcasses were mutilated and partly eaten. The remaining 5 were not torn nor did they give evidence of much struggling. All had been caught by the back of the neck and the life had been crushed out of them. There was some snow in places, and the tracks showed the animal had come down the mountain side, walked around the cabin, gone to a small log chicken house, climbed on the dirt roof from the upper side of the hill, jumped off the lower side of the building—a spring of about 8 feet—made a bee-line from there to the corral, and played havoc with the sheep. The tracks left the corral ascending the mountain side in a different direction from whence they came.

There was much speculation and divers opinions were given by old hunters and those familiar with mountain life about the character of the beast that had made such a marauding expedition. All agreed if it was a mountain lion it would surely return. In that prediction they were correct, but it did not come back for nearly 2 weeks.

The herder had a good .38 caliber revolver, which he always kept with him, and he frequently carried a .40-82 Winchester, as he was on the lookout for the mountain lion or whatever it was. Besides, the coyotes were quite troublesome at that season, and would frequently kill a small sheep or a lamb in the daytime.

On the 27th of December, 1898, as the herder approached the corral in the early morning, for the purpose of taking out the band, he noticed many of the sheep crowding to one corner across a little gulch and seeming much frightened. He advanced toward the part of the corral where their attention seemed directed and noticed 2 sheep had been killed, badly mutilated and partly eaten. At that instant a companion ejaculated,

"Look! Look! A lynx, a lynx!"

Crouched low to the ground, close beside the fence, tail slowly waving, but 30 steps away, was the animal that had just killed and partly devoured the 2 sheep. No time to back out then or to go for his rifle; so, taking careful aim with his 6-shooter the herder fired. With a shriek and a sudden and powerful bound, the lion cleared the fence and started rapidly up the mountain side, with 3 shepherd dogs in hot pursuit. At about 60 yards' distance the oldest and most faithful dog, Dick, closed in on the lion and instantly received a violent stroke from its paw that tumbled him over and over down the mountain. He fell 40 feet and was stunned so badly he could scarcely rise. Nothing daunted, the other 2 dogs kept right at the lion, and Jack caught hold of him. The lion gathered the dog up with both fore paws, hugged him close, and in attempting to claw the dog with his hind feet lost his balance. Both lion and dog came tumbling down the steep mountain side, all the time coming nearer the herder, who by that time reached them and sent another bullet through the lion's brain before it released the dog. That bullet terminated the lion's earthly career.

The first shot struck high in the shoulders and passed entirely through the animal. The third dog, Marcus, being younger and more timid about taking hold, escaped unhurt. The other 2 entirely recovered after a few days' stiffness, and all are doing good service again. Their escape was probably due to the lion's being wounded through the shoulders, as a dog does not usually last long in an encounter with a sound lion.

This specimen of puma, or cougar, often called panther, painter, or catamount, but more scientifically speaking, *Felis concolor,* measured 7 feet 2 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail. The fur was in excellent condition and of typical color.

UNCLE REMUS' POSSUM.

A. L. VERMILYA.

Yes, dey sholy am a possum in dat tree-top,
I kin hear 'im sneakin' roun' among de leaves;
An' ole Ponto's barkin' fit to bust 'is gizzard,
Which is talk dat dis here mortal always b'lieves.
All de signs am des perzackly wid dis nigger,
An' de win' blow South by Wes' across de swales;
So I know dey's somethin' good agwine to happen,
For de luck of Uncle Remus nebber fails.

Yo' may talk erbout yo' chicken an' yo' tuhkey,
Yo' quail er rabbit bilin' in de pot,
But dey ain't no meat des ekal to er 'possum,
An' I know, bekase I's et er pow'ful lot.
W'en de win' go sofly sighin' t'rough de table,
'Mong de yellow hoe cakes off de shinin' hearth,
An' yo' mouth begin to water, yo'll be thinkin'
He's de bes' an' sweetes' mossel on de earth.

W'en de win' go sof'ly sighin' t'rough de co'n fiel's,
An de mellow autumn days am glidin' by,
Den I can't help huntin' arter dese here critters,
Not de leas'es' bit, no matter how I try.
Now I won'er how I'll git dat pesky varmint?
(Wish to goodness I was younger, so I do!)
An' I won'er if he good an' fat an' juicy,
An' big ernuff to make er Sunday stew?

But dey aint' no use er all dis speckilation;
Jawin' never shortened up de longes' walk;
So I'll shed my boots, an' do er little climbin'
W'ich is better dan er mile er so ob talk;
For I know dey am a 'possum in dat tree top,
Kase de signs am sholy all ap'intin' right;
An' de waitin' pickaninies' eyes will glisten
W'en dey see de ol' man comin' home to-night.

PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT A CAMERA.

A. K. BOYLES.

I have been amusing myself the last 2 summers by printing impressions of leaves directly on sensitized paper. I select the best subjects for printing by picking leaves and holding them up against the sunlight. This shows all the fine veining.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. K. BOYLES.

ONE OF MY FAVORITES.

Place the leaves in a book as you gather them. Wetting will not spoil them, and some print even better after being pressed, as they then lie closer to the printing paper.

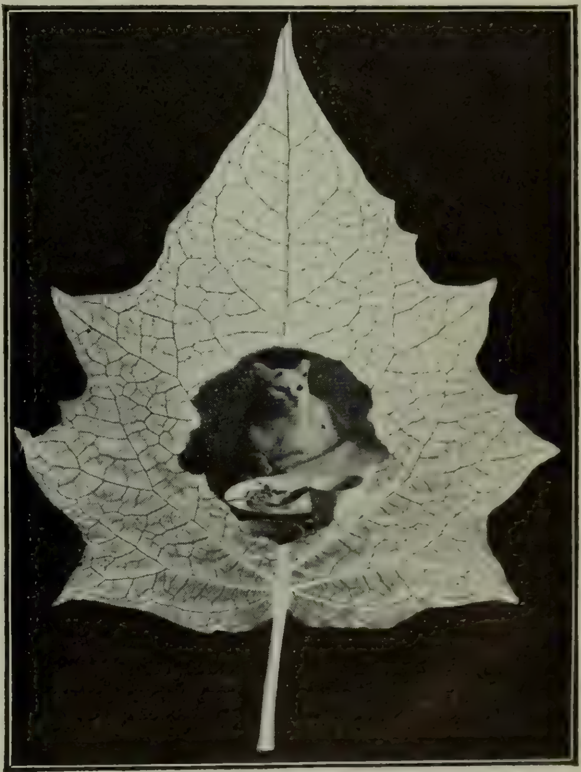
To print them place a plain glass in your printing frame, lay the leaf on the glass and the paper on the leaf. The leaf is the negative, so the paper must be in direct contact with it. If the midrib is heavy, lay cotton back of the paper beside it. Fleshy leaves may leak sap from the broken stem and spoil the paper if the frame presses too hard.

You will have to guess at the length of exposure to the sun, as few leaves can be examined in the frame without displacing them. You will soon learn by the appearance of a leaf how long it will take to print.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. K. BOYLES.

A LITTLE FELLOW.

To insert portraits in the leaf picture, place a piece of black paper the size of the picture you wish, over the leaf on the glass when printing the leaf. This will leave a blank space in the leaf. Before toning the leaf print, fit a mask of black paper over it with a hole cut out to expose the blank space. Gum the mask of black paper on the negative, opposite from film, with the hole in it over the part of the negative you wish to print from. Lay your leaf print on the negative with the blank space opposite the hole in the black paper and on the part of the negative you want printed. If this is properly done you can make some beautiful combinations. For instance, insert a portrait of each member of a family on the several lobes of a maple leaf. One of my best prints shows our old family cat looking out of a leaf.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. K. BOYLES.

THE FAMILY CAT.

These leaf prints, though positives, can be used as negatives, and will print a pure white background where the first was black. Be sure to make a large collection of these paper negatives, as I call them, for use next winter, as they are more durable than a glass negative, and dried leaves do not often print well. Be sure to lay the film sides together, the paper negatives on a plain glass, when printing from them.

This is especially interesting work for botanists, as a print can be made from a rare or an odd leaf, and thousands of copies made from the first print. When out leaf hunting do not pass any plant without examining a leaf. Some of the most despised weeds are the most delicate. The cockleburr, for instance, has an exquisite leaf, and the sagitaria looks like a bit of fine pen work. A hop vine is a treasure before the bugs eat the leaves. They are 3 to 7-lobed and beautifully veined.

Any amateur photographer who once tries this work will be buying paper by the gross and pulling leaves off from everything green. I think Gene. Porter would be enthusiastic about this phase of photography if she should try it. No camera is needed, no developing. There is nothing to do but pick off and print. My only grievance is that I can't afford paper large enough to print some of the immense yet delicate leaves I find.

On some leaves one can cut off part of the midrib, but it takes careful work.

I use solio, chloro, or any gelatine paper, though others may do as well.

A DEAFENED DOE.

H. T. GRAY.

For many years I have hunted and fished in Franklin county, N. Y., on Deer river, the Twin lakes and the Little Salmon, on the St. Regis, and on Lake Duane. I have sometimes carried trophies of the chase to the hotel and again have returned unrewarded, but never can I forget the day on Deer river when I shot my first deer.

In those days both hounding and jacking were allowed, and one evening my guide, Tom Todd, had paddled me down the windings of the St. Regis, while my jack had searched the shores for the burning twin lights. The river was, however, high, from the recent rains, and no deer could be induced to come beyond the shelter of the bushes which lined the banks. I located 2 or 3 during the night—so close I could hear them tramping the low bushes beyond the river's edge. In one instance I so angered a big buck that he pawed the ground and whistled furiously at my light; but he would not show himself from the shelter of the thick undergrowth.

The next morning dawned bright and clear. A canoe was loaded on a wagon, and Tom and I were driven from Ayers to a point on Deer river. There we took the water, while the dogs were being put out on the mountain beyond. I could hear them bay as they took the scent and followed it, lipping lustily onward. Tom paddled me up the river to a point favorable for seeing the deer making for the shore. We landed and took a position behind some low, scraggy bushes, from which we commanded a view of the slash, and, nearer, a clump of woods.

Instructing Tom to watch, I spread a rubber blanket on the bank, stretched my self on it, my rifle by my side, and began reading a book. Trusting to the watchfulness of my good guide, I speedily became interested in the story. Occasionally listening, I found there was absolute silence in the wilderness, and remarked that the deer had "gone to the Twins," 2 large ponds over the mountains. I read until noon, with no sign of a deer. I ate a little luncheon and resumed my reading, finishing my book about 3 o'clock. I then decided to watch awhile myself. I examined my rifle to see it was in readiness, crouched behind a bush, and began to eagerly scan the river's banks, the edge of the woods and the slash beyond.

Soon Tom made a slight movement, and a low whisper reached me: "Keep quiet! There's a deer coming out of the woods." Turning my eyes in that direction I saw a young doe step from the shelter of the wood and begin feeding in a little hollow. I fired, and was amazed to see the deer violently shake her ear and continue feeding. Then quickly followed 5 or 6 shots as fast as my repeating Winchester could send them. The deer quietly fed on, undisturbed by the fusilade. I had but one cartridge left in the magazine, and was desperate. Was it a spirit deer on which I was wasting my shots? Why could I neither hit her nor drive her back to cover? I arose to my feet, took steady aim, fired my last charge, and the doe fell dead.

Tom immediately went over to where she lay and brought her to my stand. When we examined her we found that the first shot had cut her ear. I could only infer that at the same time I must have deafened her. That would explain her indifference to my continued firing. My last shot had pierced her heart.

Miss Wunder—Why did the Newriches stop compiling their family tree?

Miss Gabby—The Arizona branch had too many ropes on it.—Baltimore American.

KYAKS OF THE ESQUIMO.

LIEUT. HOWARD R. HICKOCK, U. S. A.

In the frozen regions of the far North where trees can not grow, the genius of the aborigine has developed other materials for building his boats. His home, that is, the Esquimo's, is on the seaside whence come all his sustenance and material for his boats. He finds driftwood to burn and of which to make his huts or barrabkies. Sea-fowl and seals, as well as land animals, furnish him with skins for clothes which he wears indifferently in summer and winter, except that in summer the hood of his parki (a long seamless fur coat) is usually thrown back over his shoulders.

His kyak, however, is a curiosity that at once attracts the eye of the traveler. It is built usually to hold one man, and then contains only one hole, though some are built with 2 or 3 holes, for as many men. The ribs of this canoe were formerly made of whale bone, but, on account of the growing scarcity of that mammal, wood is now used instead.

The ribs, having been securely put together, are spread with well tanned seal or sea lion skin, from which the hair has been removed. The skin is kept well oiled to keep it waterproof. It can be kept in the water continuously about 24 hours without leaking; but it must then be hauled on the beach to dry and be oiled.

The native sits flat on the bottom of the kyak, with his feet to the front, and uses an ordinary canoe paddle to propel himself. His lessons in this craft he takes when very young, almost as soon as he can walk. At 10 years of age he can handle the kyak with a skill that makes us wonder. By the time he has reached manhood, his ability to manage this frail structure is marvellous.

YOUNG KYAKERS.

In a gale he is at home. His boat, with him in it, rides the wave like a cork.

It is in this that the Esquimo hunts the seal, and the morse, or walrus. He also fishes and does most of his traveling in the kyak.

The children shown in the accompanying photograph are 6 and 8 years old, respectively. They handled their kyaks and paddles in a manner that bespoke a thorough acquaintance with the water, and which was really remarkable.

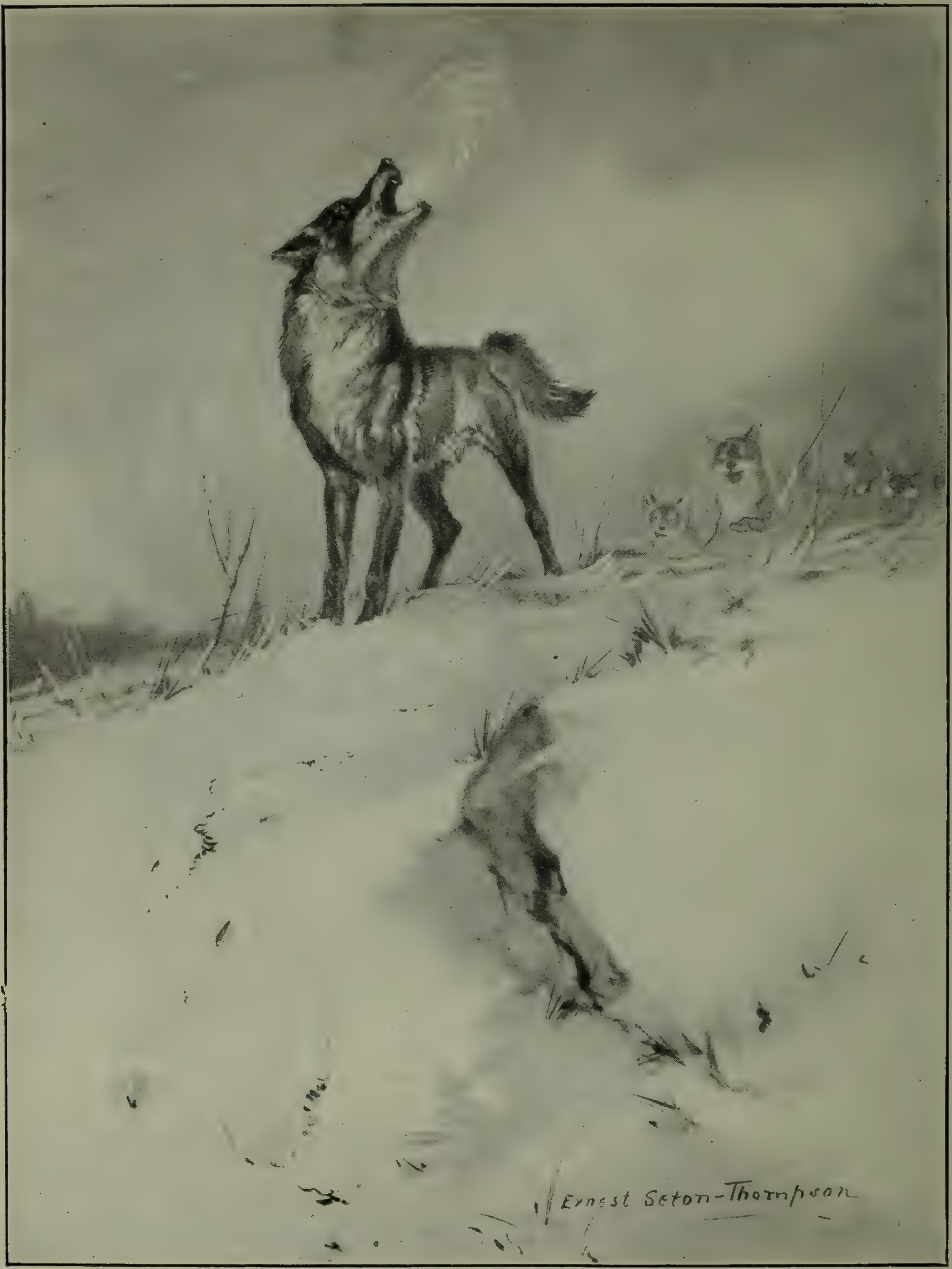
"Well," said the old man, "Bill's done graduated in Latin, Greek, an' French."

"You don't say?"

"True as gospel!"

"An' what's he a-doin' now?"

"Oh, he's a-writin' of dialect stories fer the magazines!"—Atlanta Constitution.



THE INVITATION TO THE FEAST.

The wolves having found the trail of a wounded elk have run him to his death. The leader of the pack sees him lying at the foot of the hill and is decent enough to pause and call up his followers, that they may join in the festival.

BOB WHITE.

E. J. MYERS.

I looked around the room. My shooting clothes hung on the chair and my shoes lay on the floor. There were shells and guns; 16 and 20 gauge for the quails and the 10 bore for ducks and turkeys. These latter only if I should be lucky. Turkey shooting is not much to my liking now. The early rising and cramped crouching behind logs; burying oneself in the autumn leaves; the long, dreary tramps; the wearisome vigils that excite the arch enemies, gout and rheumatism; all these check me. In fact, I am getting rather stiff; don't say old.

But quail shooting is luxurious sport, in bright, sunny weather that does not hazard life or health, but conduces to the lengthening of days; in company with a companion who does not fill the sportsman's soul with envy, be he ever so generous, but helps to point out the game and save the quarry. Down lanes and roads it leads, across open fields and through woody glades where the birds flit like phantoms or meteors, with a beat of wings, a roar and a rush of wind that shakes the nerve and tries the sight and trigger. Steady must be the hand, cool the head and accustomed to his tricks must be he who wants to bag Bob White! Now the birds scatter in singles and quarter to the 4 corners of the globe; now they go straight before you faster than gale that blows across Hatteras' sands, and then they seem to fly at your very face. They are all around you with a roar like that of a railroad train, and both barrels go off somehow or other; but you don't get a bird with either.

Over there lies old Moravian Salem, where the frost scarcely falls, to shake the last cluster of grapes shriveling on the dead and sere vine! Beyond lies High Point and nearest the old farm house is Monroeton; but all around me stretches the demesne of Bob White, *Ortyx virginianus!* High bred, shapely to perfection, beautiful of plumage, keen sighted and sharp witted, nervous and spunky.

The "Rikki tikki tavvi" of the Field!

Through the window I can see the fields of stubble and straw, the aftermath of the grain, and the long furrows with their lines of withered corn stalks to which cling the lima bean vines, dried and sere. There I know the quail love to abide. Down the furrows must the bead draw quick, fast must the shot go, or naught but shattered stems fall and tassels fly in the wind from the scattering shot. Farther on in the landscape, climbing up to the sky line, are the scrub pines; and on the slopes which they crown are sumachs, ablaze with autumnal glories.

Down stairs my welcome is warm from Lewis, who scarce has time to say, "Rose 18 coveys yesterday and marked them for you," when a boisterous and clamorous barking gives me a welcome that sends the blood tingling through my veins.

"Loose them, John;" and Prima Donna, of royal birth—none queenlier in all setterdom—and Lance, her son, are fawning on me and kissing my hand. Never, but I suppose you know it already, let a dog jump on you; especially a hunting dog. Some day it might set off a gun, and then——

"Well, Prim, shall we pay Mr. Bob White a visit? Eh, Lance, suppose we make a sort of reconnoissance on 'Rikki tikki tavvi'; a sort of ceremonious call; something of a notice that we shall move on him to-morrow in force, eh! Oh, Prim, I have travelled all the way from Gotham to Monroeton for this outing among the quails; just to have all sorts of pleasure; long walks with my dogs, forgetting work and labor and all my worries, and seeking health and vigor in tiresome tramps after the quails. Peaceful and lazy rambles through the stubble and broom where the golden grain has waved, marking where the quails made their resting and feeding places; through the long, ghostly ranks of plumed cornstalks whose broadsword blades and maize now fill the rick and bin. Along the hedges made by zigzag rails and now straightened by the underbrush; up the hills among the resinous Carolina pines; down through glades of laurel and the marshy bottoms where the thickets are densest, whither the quails take refuge when the guns bark too often. There the persimmons and acorns litter the ground, and now and then a stray woodcock will rise and flit through the woods unless you have the wit and the skill to stop him."

Yesterday in New York, and to-day afield, with all the beauties, luxuries and comforts of the Old Dominion steamers to make the trip an incident of pleasure! The sun is warm and the air is mild, for November days are naught in Carolina save the balmiest of Indian summer weather.

Yes, my friend, you are a philosopher! Every man should have a pastime, and truly, as you say, they should all be out door pastimes; for indoor sports are seldom innocent, never invigorating; while outdoor life gives plenty of air and exercise and is always manly in character and quality!

"Better to hunt in the fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for the nauseous draught."

"Come," I call to the dogs, and sally down the long verandah, but both dogs hang back.

"What does that mean?" I asked. "Well Prim! Well, Lance!"

But John N. Lewis, that veteran trainer of field trial setters, laughed and laughed; and between many a gasp he said:

"You have on your house clothes and haven't a gun. Now, did you ever think of it—for dogs."

Which of the 2, dog or man, was right? The instinct of the dog, the most loyal and faithful even unto death of all living creatures that man has ever formed a compact with, or the man, vacillating between the 2 desires? The dog, faithful and honest to his nature, responding to heredity, showing acquired knowledge and intelligence of gun and garb, only desired to hunt; to hunt to the death. While I, repressing or postponing the desire to kill, wished to walk out in the stubble and down the furrows listening to the shrill piping of the quail; to hear the melodious "Bob White! Bob White Bob White!" Wished to see the dogs at work and mark how closely I could approach ere I started, ofttimes half affrighted myself, the wild whirr and drum of the speeding covey as the birds flushed.

At every turn the maples burn
The quail is whistling free,
The old grouse whirrs and the frosted burrs
Are dropping for you and me.

It has often afforded a pleasure that has not been surpassed by the most difficult shots; and if it be only superstition or what you may, the luck of a man without a gun has ever been and will ever be marvellous! Across your path browses the caribou; down to the water edge the deer comes to drink; through the trees fly quails and grouse and perch right before you; while in the open the turkey struts with tail afan and caruncle and dewlap puffed to fiercest red. And the gun is in camp! In that mood, it is just where it should be.

But in the judgment of the dog you must be forever on the lookout, keenly vigilant, never relaxed, face turned the way the game will show, with or gainst the wind, gun poised. Yes! These must you do when your dogs range and when they point, for they expect you to shoot; aye, to shoot and to kill! The old zigzag fences, almost hidden by the underbrush, present no barrier even though now I have to climb where but a short time ago it was, put the gun through, and one, and over.

"Put the gun through" makes me think what graves had not been so untimely filled, what misery and anguish had been spared, what "might have been" left unsaid if the gun had been "put through."

I know a grave on the Belles Amour where the English primroses come every year on the First Royal Mail that goes to the North Shore. I know a grave on the marge of the White Barrens where a marble shaft makes the stray hunter pause and walk sadly away. Only a name and a date! What more and what less of life and death!

"Over, Lance;" for Prim had gone and is already coming up on the inner side. That point makes me gasp, for Lance, answering me with a leap that takes the 5 rails, straightens out as he touches the ground and turns to bronze. Not a motion, not a muscle or a hair moves. That fore foot, lifted from the ground, is rigid and the line is almost straight that runs from nose to end of flag. I stand in ecstacy, the proud owner of a dog worth having, and turn to look for Prim. She is coming down the field near the fence and little is the danger that she will spoil the point. Mark what a sight that is! She has seen the dog and is honoring the point. She wants none of it and yields all credit to Lance, and I lovingly watch her as she backs to the scent.

How long will Lance stand? Till doomsday, I believe, in my heart, if no one disturbed him or the bird. Certainly not hunger nor exposure would cause him to desert his post until the master's voice bade him. Yet Lance knows I have no gun.

"Now, Bob White, let me see where you crouch to cover; where you make stand to your enemy." Softly I move forward. Scarcely a leaf rustles or a footfall is heard as I move up the furrow. I know the quails are just behind that heap of fallen cornstalks and bean vines around which the autumn winds have gathered the leaves and straw. See the mottled reds, browns and russets of the leaves and the deadened yellow and gold of straw and stalk. Color for color they blend with the plumage of the quail. Nature's pigments are gathered around Bob White, and she hides him in a penetralia that would yield perfect refuge save for the game scent that blows down the wind, and betrays. Unkind and cruel Mother Nature, to neutralize and destroy the gift of sanctuary.

Now I know the little cock that struts and drums in his love making will be courageous and bold, and that he will gather his harem behind him. He stands in the van to defend his spouse and his native heath, as if he realized he was in his house, and everyone's house is his castle. I shall know you, "Rikki tikki tavvi"! You will betray yourself by the bright, shining eyes gleaming like diamonds, and the tiny, gamy, shapely head, swaying restlessly from side to side; the only moving thing in all that mass of motley. Then I shall see shape, form and the partly drooped wing. There they are! Three Sir Bobs all standing, and the Lady Bobs crouching. And now I jump nervously, for there is a volley of sound and they are gone.

Lance and Prim come to heel without a word and both look up at me. What is so trustful, so beautiful, as the eyes of a setter? Plainly they say, "Why did you not bring your gun?" I answer as I stroke the silky, shapely heads,

"I have seen a brave little devil stand up and defend his women and his home, and not to-day do we hunt to kill. For all that, it shall be good hunting."

Onward we tramp toward the pines, with the 2 dogs ranging wide. On the slope there are bunches of sumach that make the only brilliant autumn tints of red, scarlet, vermillion, brown, green, yellow and gold that are seen in the Old North State. I watch the dogs working backward and forward, to and fro, with mathematical precision covering the entire field, when this side of a bunch of sumach on a little hillock, as he is about to double on his tracks, Lance stops. That's curious; yet I know he has caught the scent, for it is just the place to look for the birds. Curious because the wind is striking him aslant, blowing down on his shoulder; and as his head comes round to the point he partly forms the letter L. That's grit and blood and skill; for he will not move a hair's breadth till he gets the order to move, yet that neck and head are painfully strained. The birds are just off the sumach.

"Fie, fie Prim! What are you about that Lance gets all the honors!" I confess it to myself with a little chagrin way down in my heart, for Prim is nearest and dearest. There you are, down the field where you can not even see Lance. What are you about, galloping like a common hound chasing a hare? I try to whistle and then to shout to prevent the *faux pas;* to stop her from doing that which will stain her scutcheon; but lip and voice are dumb. I know that afterward she will come shamefacedly enough and ask forgiveness; but there she goes headlong for the other side of the sumach, rounding the hillock, and she will not get the scent until she is right down on the birds. I realize that I have no gun and will not lose a shot, but I move farther to see the abasement of Prim. Now she passes out of sight on a bound that will precipitate her on the birds. Ha! No, no! She stops in mid gallop, as it were; stiffens; points; and from tip of flag to nose and thence to bird is a dead line. Marvellous work that. Prim! Involuntarily I clap my hands and the birds rise not a dozen feet from Prim. Lance has not moved!

Such elation and pride did I have I could scarce restrain myself. As I turned to retrace my steps homeward both dogs dropped back to heel. From time to time Prim stuck her cold nose in my hands, all unnecessarily to remind me of her presence. Aye, Prim! I am thinking of Rip Rap pointing the quail, with the dead bird which he had retrieved in his mouth, and at command flushing the live quail with the dead Bob White in his jaws. And that achievement of yours may justly rank with his.

It is getting dusk and across the fields comes the call, "Bob White! Bob White!" and "Bob White!" Wooing, friendly visitation; distant calls; good night and promises for the morrow. "Bob White! Bob White!" The liquid notes float melodiously through the air.

> "The quail
> Repeats his plaintive whistling note,
> And softly fall the answering cries
> That over wood and cornfield float."

Across the field, through the brown autumn flotsam and golden stubble, the harvest's aftermath, I homeward go with Prim sedately at my side; but Lance, tempted by the whistling quail, with impudent liberty breaks away and stops to point. Even then that sagacious chap knows I am not paying any attention, and comes to heel as we go home. Almost at our feet a covey rises with a b-r-r-r and a drum that fit into my pensive mood like choral music.

To-morrow Lewis will take us to the fields and glades where he marked the coveys. Then we shall flush them in the open fields with easy shots and follow them to the thickets where we can scarcely scramble, for the singles that will test to the uttermost every atom of knowledge, experience and skill! There Bob White has a chance for his life, and his speed and wit will make sad havoc and waste of your shells. No, indeed, not every shot will bring a bird to bag, and your dogs' work will give as much pleasure as the difficult killing shot. If you are late in starting and the birds should have left the feeding places, your luck will be poor. Start before the sun is up and while the dew is yet on the grass. Then the birds are in the open fields and your shooting will be easiest and afford greatest number of birds.

To-morrow, then, we will gird our loins and take the 20 gauge featherweight and smokeless shells. An incense to Diana, and swift death to Bob White shall float in the aroma of burnt powder and flying feathers that will be grateful in your nostrils, my four-footed companions! When they bring in the little dead Bob Whites, so tenderly that not a feather will be ruffled, homage to the little "Rikki tikki tavvi," their eyes and wagging tails will say in dog language, too plain to be misunderstood,

"What fools we were yesterday in wasting our time! This is sport!"

But that is just what I am not sure of. Indeed, I am not at all sure. I have more than enjoyed the afternoon. It has been most pleasant; yet I have not killed a bird. I shall not be sorry that a dozen quails do not lie dead on the verandah. I have had hunting without a gun that had its zest, nay, its exquisite pleasure, that paralleled if it did not surpass the exultant thrill that echoes the dull thud of arrested flight, following a shot which makes even the shooter marvel. No pang of regret will dull the exultant glow as the difficult double kill is recalled, one falling at the first barrel on the rise, and the other bird dropping 50 yards away, just as the bird reached the edge of the thicket, an almost impossible feat for the delicate 20 gauge.

I shall eat my supper with keen zest all the better, mayhap, for the prospect of the morrow. I shall sleep soundly, without the soreness of the march or the fatigue of the gun and the burden of shells; without chagrin over false point or bitterness of bad shooting. In dreams the beat of the wings of the flying Bob White shall roll like muffled drum beats, and the quail's piping calls from hillock to hillock, from hedge to hedge, that linger where Pan no longer blows on reed and flute, will echo with sweetest music. More than once I shall wake to reassure myself that Bob White has made for me good hunting without a gun, but always with Prim, and Lance, her son!

"The woods were made for the hunter of dreams
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of pine
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. S. BUTTERS.

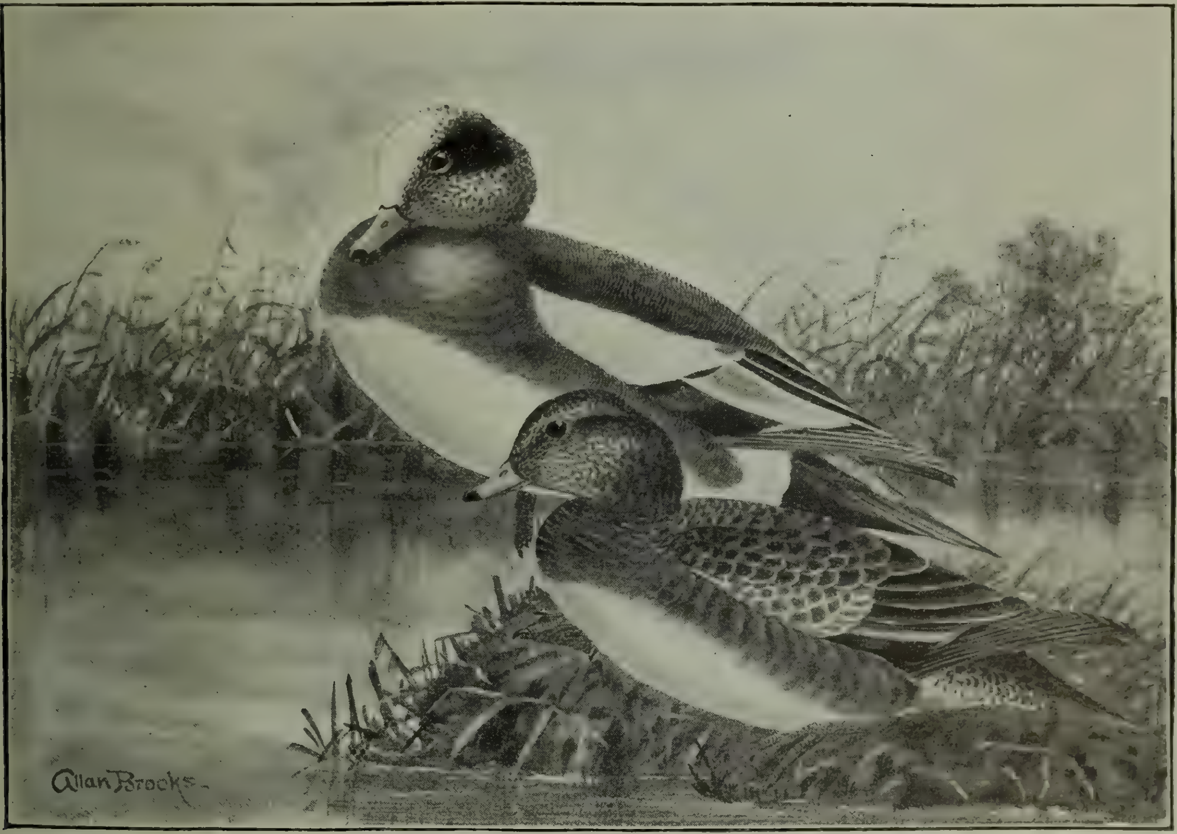
WE WILL NOT EAT YOUR CORN.

THE AMERICAN WIDGEON, OR BALDPATE, *ANAS AMERICANA.*

SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

After the mallard the American widgeon is perhaps the best known of the surface feeding ducks. It inhabits the whole of North America and has been taken occasionally in Europe. It frequents both the sea coast and inland lakes and rivers, breeding from the Northern tier of States Northward to the Arctic regions.

The American widgeon is considerably smaller than the mallard; adult males weighing about 1¾ pounds. It has, however, large wings, and when in flight appears almost as large as the last named species, although the pure white under parts of the baldpate, existing in both sexes, make it easily distinguishable. It rises with a loud flapping noise, but when once fairly on wing is a swift flyer.



AMERICAN WIDGEON, OR BALDPATE *ANAS AMERICANA.*

The feet of both male and female are dark plumbeous and the bill is a pale blue with coal black base and tip. In old males the blue becomes almost white, and with the black portions forms a striking contrast to the high cream colored forehead.

The widgeon is retiring in its habits, in the fall usually inhabiting in small flocks, secluded ponds and muddy creeks; but towards spring, when the males attain their full plumage, they collect in large flocks and frequent the sand flats of the sea shore.

There they may often be seen standing or walking on the tidal banks, uttering their soft, musical whistle. This consists of 3 distinct notes sounding like "wee-uh-vooh." This cry is uttered by the males only, the female sometimes making a harsh, croaking sound.

It is interesting to watch the actions of these ducks when in large flocks. Sometimes nearly the whole number will be feeding on the bottom, in shallow water, with their heads and half their bodies immersed, and their sharp-pointed tails turned up in a vertical position, making them appear like a cluster of sharp-pointed sticks. This position is often assumed and discontinued with a suddenness and unison that is startling.

As a game bird the American widgeon has many good qualities. It is a strong flyer, comes well to decoys and can be easily attracted by using either its own call note or that of the mallard. As a table bird it is far superior to its European congener, although perhaps scarcely so good as the mallard, the teal or the pintail.

HUNTING ELK WITH ONE LUNG.

DR. C. W. LOMBARD.

The purpose of this narrative is to show that a man with only one lung, or with other physical disability that prevents him from climbing, may yet kill anything in the mountains without great exertion or hardship. Although I am not strong, I was induced to make a trip through the Bitter Root mountains by the promises of an old hunter and guide who knew of licks where elk congregate by the hundred in May and June. He agreed to take me to the place, give me a fair shot at an elk within 100 yards and return me to our starting point within 2 weeks. Three sportsmen who, unlike me, did not require their hunting made easy, joined the party. One pack and one saddle horse were provided for each person. Our cook was a colored man, a discharged soldier. He was a crack shot and a good story teller.

The start was made from the railroad terminus in the Bitter Root valley, and was somewhat interesting, as 2 of our pack horses had never had a rope on them. The horses were driven in a corral and the wild ones lassoed, thrown and packed with bedding and tents and then turned loose. They bucked a while, vainly trying to get away from the diamond hitch, but soon became quiet. After all were loaded the gate was opened and our train headed for Lost Horse creek, 20 miles distant.

Our first day's march was through a lovely valley, shaded by tall pines. It was without incident except when one of our green pack horses would try to go between 2 trees where there was not space enough for his load. They soon understood that, however, and would calculate as well as the older ones. In fact, the new horses, being young and strong, proved the most sure footed of all. My old horse knew far more about his business than I.

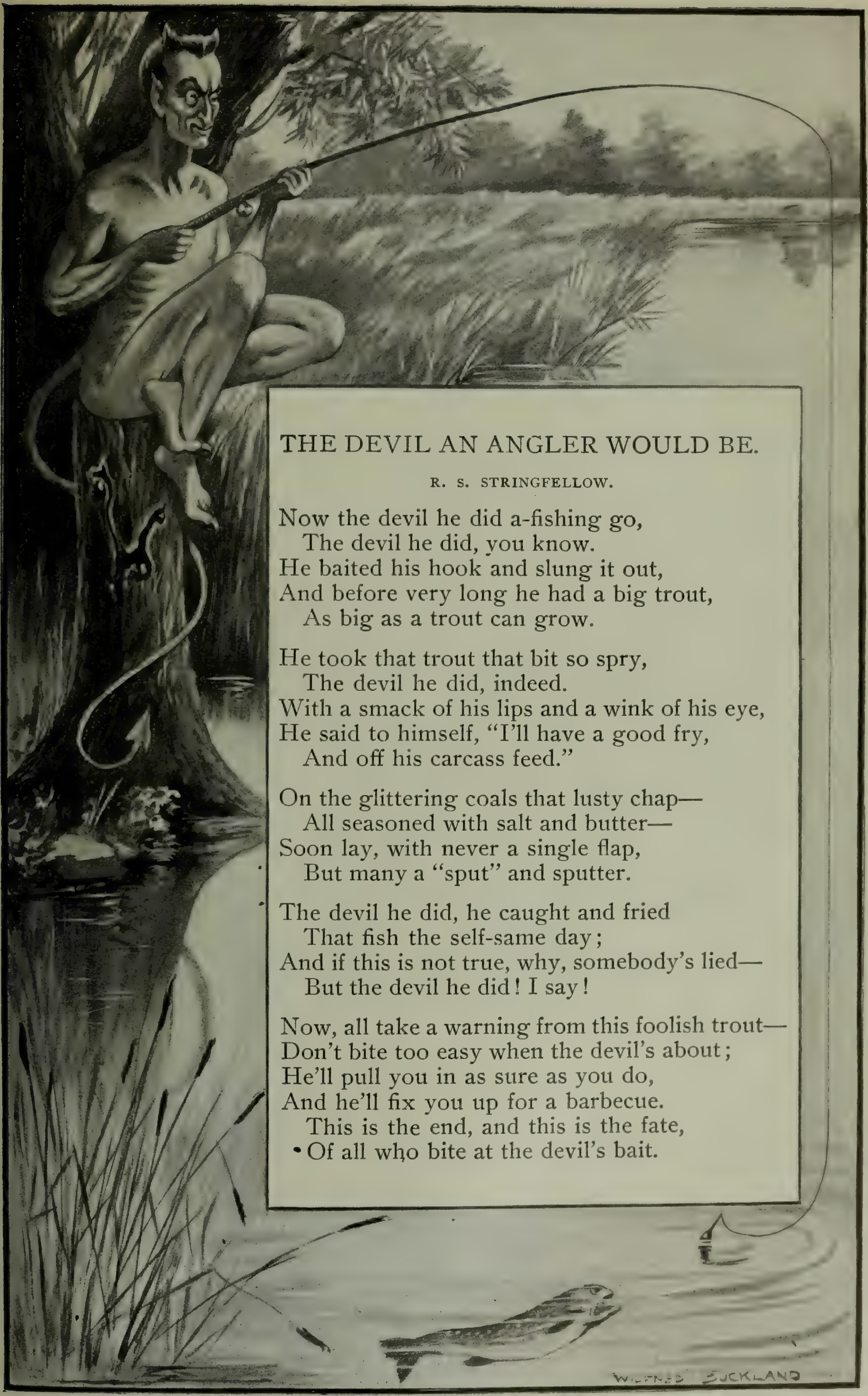
We had just reached the end of our first day's journey, and Wright had selected the camping place, when Dr. Penfield spied a brown bear on the mountainside about 200 yards distant. Having been traveling through a somewhat settled country, our guns were not loaded; but cartridges were soon found, and we made that gulch ring as though a battle was being fought. But the bear went his way unharmed.

The second day we left civilization, and a 20 mile drive up a grand canyon took us to Twin lakes, on the summit of the Bitter Root mountains. Feed being good and our young pack horses tired, we rested there 2 days. The time was employed in taking pictures and in fishing in the lakes. We enjoyed that immensely until noon of next day, when snow began falling. A rousing fire of dry wood in a 3 sided pen of green logs in front of our tent made us comfortable until morning. Then we pulled out for a warmer country.

Three days of short drives down a fork of the Clearwater took us into the cedar forest where our licks were located. After making camp. Wright piloted me to the lick, about 5 miles away. It was under a cut bank 25 yards from the river, and was a warm, brackish water, which I think contained sulphur. The sand between the lick and the river was covered with tracks.

Although I had made no provision for staying over night, I told Wright to leave me a saddle blanket and I would camp right there until I got my elk. The sun was about 3 hours high, and I sat behind an upturned root, watching until I could no longer see my sights plainly. I decided to return to camp and come down the next day better prepared. I had traveled about 2 miles when darkness came on, and I was forced to make my way to the river bank and build a fire. It was a long night without supper or shelter, but I was disturbed only once by a deer or an elk stamping on the opposite bank, perhaps 30 yards away. At the first peep of day I was on my way to camp. Soon I met 2 of the boys on horseback, who gave me a rousing drink of whiskey and a biscuit; also a slice of moose steak. The bull had been killed in sight of camp by Dr. Penfield the day before. After getting to camp and rounding out my breakfast with more meat and drink Shively and I saddled up. By noon we were back at the lick, had picketed our horses and taken our stations.

We had waited 2 hours when I saw in the woods on the opposite side of the river a cow elk with her calf headed our way. Peeping out again the cow was seen in the middle of the stream going back, which looked as though she suspected danger. Her suspicion was well grounded, for I put a .45-90 copper-patched bullet in her side, and before I had time to think Shively had the calf down on the opposite bank. My cow came out on our side and fell dead. There was a war dance and then we made for camp to get the boys' help in carrying in our game. My object accomplished, Wright piloted me back to Twin lakes. By night I was safe at the end of the track with a dead pack horse; but the contract had been fulfilled.



THE DEVIL AN ANGLER WOULD BE.

R. S. STRINGFELLOW.

Now the devil he did a-fishing go,
  The devil he did, you know.
He baited his hook and slung it out,
And before very long he had a big trout,
  As big as a trout can grow.

He took that trout that bit so spry,
  The devil he did, indeed.
With a smack of his lips and a wink of his eye,
He said to himself, "I'll have a good fry,
  And off his carcass feed."

On the glittering coals that lusty chap—
  All seasoned with salt and butter—
Soon lay, with never a single flap,
  But many a "sput" and sputter.

The devil he did, he caught and fried
  That fish the self-same day;
And if this is not true, why, somebody's lied—
  But the devil he did! I say!

Now, all take a warning from this foolish trout—
Don't bite too easy when the devil's about;
He'll pull you in as sure as you do,
And he'll fix you up for a barbecue.
  This is the end, and this is the fate,
  Of all who bite at the devil's bait.

DANIEL BOONE AND GAME PROTECTION.

MARY T. EARL.

In the course of some recent study I had occasion to consult "Daniel Boone and the Hunters of Kentucky," by W. H. Bogart, published in 1854. From it I compressed the following item, which I thing may interest readers of RECREATION:

In May, 1775, the first Legislative Assembly was held in Kentucky. It was entirely without warrant from any existing government, and was called by Colonel Henderson, one of the proprietors of the Transylvania Company, an association holding a grant of the land on which Booneborough, Harrodsburg, Boiling Spring Settlement, and St. Asaph's were built. These were the first settlements in Kentucky. Representatives from those places met in the log fort which Daniel Boone had erected at Booneborough, and proceeded to organize a colonial government. It was an assembly of backwoodsmen, but its proceedings were dignified and in due form. Boone was among the delegates, and one of his biographers says of him:

"Our great hunter was not a mere spectator of the proceedings of this Legislature. It would have been excusable had he been, and that from utter amazement; for it was but a few months since he had been the only white man in all that country, with no form of human government about him; and here he was in the midst of a formal assemblage. But he made his presence known, and, true to the practical, earnest habits of his life, doing that which he could do best, on the first day the entry is this:

"'On motion of Mr. Daniel Boone, leave was given to bring in a bill for preserving game, and a committee was appointed for that purpose, of which Mr. Boone was chairman.'

"His next bill was one for improving the breed of horses. Both of these bills passed, were signed by the proprietors and became laws."

The laws of this unauthorized Legislature did not long hold power, but when one considers how slight an impression could have been made at that time on the natural abundance of game, one realizes what wonderful foresight Boone showed in introducing a measure for preserving it.

THE MOURNING DOVE.

W. H. NELSON.

When Spring comes from her sunny home,
And the South Wind wakes the flow'rs,
And the meadow's velvet emerald shows,
Bathed in the balmy showers;
When bees sing drowsy 'round the hive,
And robins tell their love,
In the woods beyond the pasture field
I hear the mourning dove:
"Coo, Coo, Coo-oo."

Soft and sweet as the lullaby
Of a mother to her child,
Is the plaintive song of the gentle bird,
In the thicket's covert wild.
I listen and think of a far-off spring,
When my heart burned with love,
For she was by me, my sweet young bride,
While called the mourning dove:
"Coo, Coo, Coo-oo."

The swift years fled as by my side
She walked, until her feet
Turned to that couch on which my kiss
Her lips can never meet.
'Tis autumn now, the sun is low,
A memory my love;
And I but dream that in the woods
I hear the mourning dove:
"Coo, Coo, Coo-oo."

Washington, D. C., Sept. 2, 1900.

AN ACCOMMODATING BEAR.

I send you herewith 2 photos of a cinnamon bear that was killed by W. H. Hubbard, of Glenwood Springs, Colo., and dressed 850 pounds. The skin sold for $200 unmounted.

Picture number 1 was taken just before the bear clawed the tree in the foreground. In number 2 the bear saw the hunter at the same instant he was ready to shoot. The snap shot was taken about 2 seconds before pulling the trigger, showing the position of the hunter with his gun to shoulder ready to shoot.

H. N. Richmond, Bradford, Pa.

On receipt of these photos I wrote Mr. Richmond as follows:

I assume, of course, the bear shown in the photos which you kindly sent me was in a trap when the pictures were made. If this is not correct will you kindly advise and greatly oblige, Yours truly,

G. O. Shields,
Edr. and Mgr.

Mr. Richmond replied as follows:

I am unable to say whether or not the bear was in a trap when the pictures were taken, but am under the impression that it was not. I have forwarded your letter to Mr. Ewing, Glenwood Springs, asking him to advise you in the matter. Yours truly,

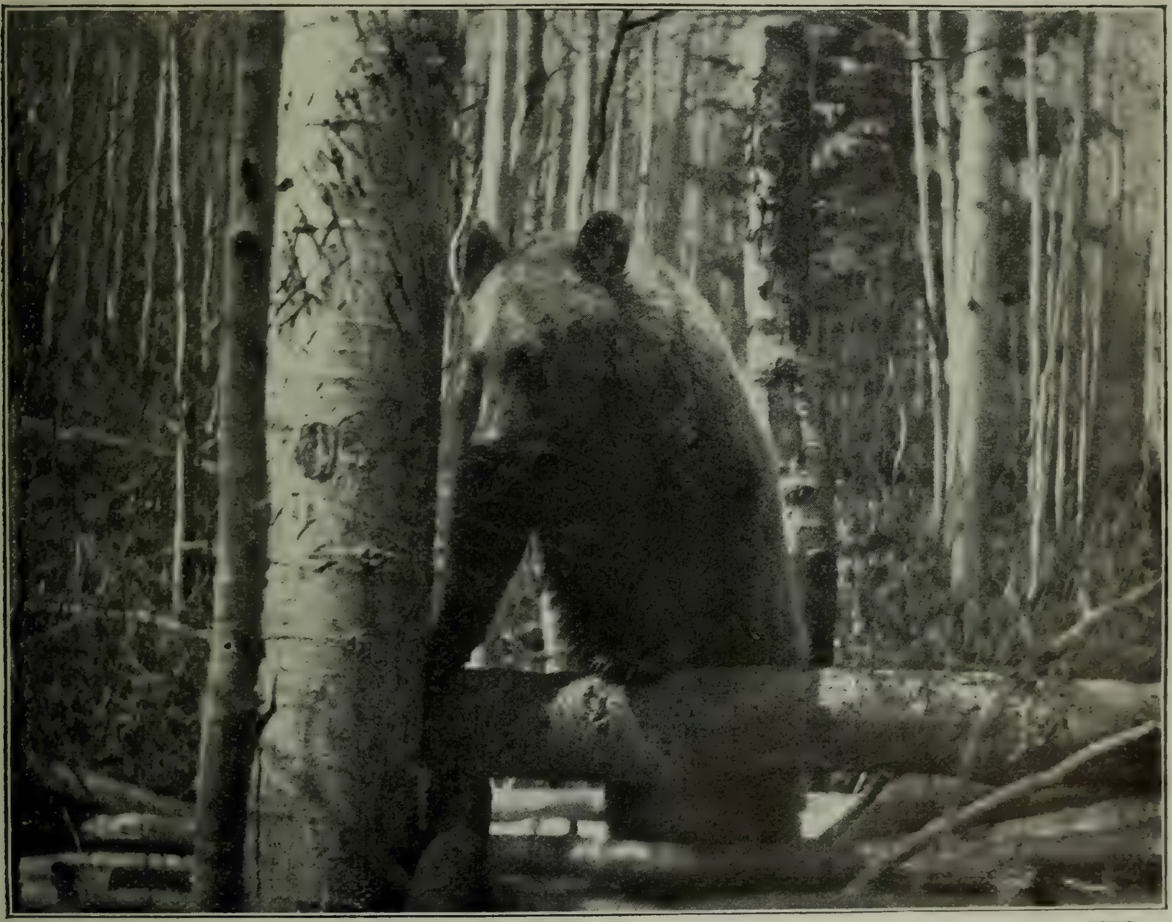
H. N. Richmond.

And in due course came this:

Mr. Richmond handed me your letter of July 11th, asking if picture was taken with bear in trap. There was no trap and the picture was taken just as you see, with no showing of any trap. It was miles away from anyone, and impossible to transport a heavy bear trap. You may rest assured the picture is bona fide, and there was no trap or anything to deceive. Yours,

F. C. Ewing,
Glenwood Springs, Col.

The highest court in this country once decided that it could not go back of the



AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. C. EWING.

NO. 1. POSING FOR A PICTURE.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. C. EWING.

NO. 2. WAITING TO BE SHOT WITH CAMERA AND RIFLE.

returning board, and so I assume I should not; but as old Eph Johnson would say, "That must 'a' been a blamed accommodatin' bar."—EDITOR.

ONE WAY TO GET INFORMATION.

Our rainy season will start in about the end of this month, and then life will be miserable for us.

Were you ever in the tropics? Did you ever get caught in a thunder-storm in the tropics? Or rather, I should call it an electrical storm. It is generally one continuous display of fireworks, and is a grand sight. Then, when the sun makes its appearance, it is like roasting men alive.

The queerest thing I have seen since coming here, was a hail storm which occurred a few days ago. The afternoon had been hot as a furnace, when suddenly an awful peal of thunder was heard. In 5 minutes, the whole sky was a mass of dark clouds and the rain was coming down in torrents. It thundered and lightened to beat the band. This kept up half an hour, when it changed to hail. The hail stones were about as large as good-sized peas. Then the storm ceased.

Do you know how we treat natives whom we suspect of being connected with a murder, or with some outbreak. Sometimes these natives kill other natives and steal their carabaos or their rice, and sometimes their wives. If we catch the offender we send him down for a few years. If we find a man whom we suspect of being connected with an uprising and who refuses to give the names of his accomplices, we lay him on his back, hold his nose so he cannot breathe through it, and hold down his hands and feet. Then we open his mouth, and pour water in it until he tells the truth. In several instances we have secured a number of rifles in this way, which are generally buried along some river bank.

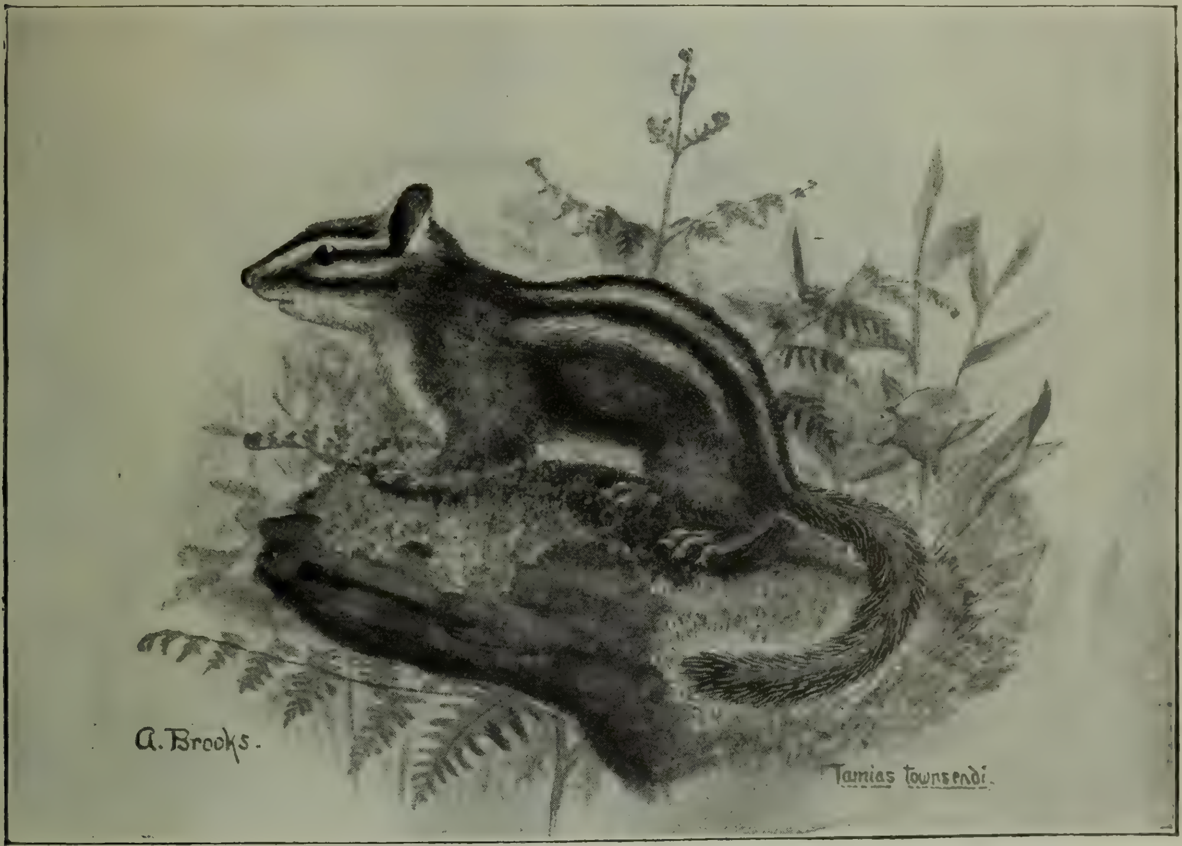
One of our boys got a fawn from a native, but the poor little creature died. It was too young to be taken from its mother. Success to RECREATION, and its editor.

James W. B. Mannion,
Corpl. Co. M, 12th U. S. Inft.,
Manila, P. I.

TOWNSEND'S CHIPMUNK, *TAMIAS TOWNSENDI.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

The habitat of this species of chipmunk is the narrow strip of land lying between the Pacific coast and the Cascade range, where it is found from sea level to about 5,000 feet on the Western slope of these mountains. The center of its abundance is the Puget Sound district, and the lower Fraser river valley in British Columbia. It is not found much farther North than the last named locality. It is larger than the common chipmunk of the Eastern States and Canada, and considerably larger than the Rocky Mountain or 4 striped chipmunk. In coloration it is somber, lacking the bright rusty red tints of its smaller congeners. Still, it is a handsome little mammal and can be distinguished from its allies by the conspicuous white edging of the posterior border of the ear, and the white tipping to the hairs of the tail. The summer and winter pelages are similar.


A. Brooks.
Tamias townsendi.

TOWNSEND'S CHIPMUNK, *TAMIAS TOWNSENDI.*

Townsend's chipmunk is of a much more retiring nature than its smaller allies, and its skulking habits are greatly assisted by the nature of the ground it frequents, which is generally the luxurious growth of underbrush which flourishes on the Pacific coast. Often in such localities the only evidence of its presence is its ringing chirp, "Quisk!" twice or thrice repeated. It also has another note, a soft, musical "chuck," which is only uttered when the little animal feels quite secure.

This chipmunk is seldom found in heavy unbroken forest. When climbing the Western slope of the Cascades, through the heavy fir timber, one leaves *townsendi* with the last clearing of the backwoodsman, and re-encounters him with the first appearance of the park-like glades near timber line. Beyond those he never ascends, although his little 4-striped congener is quite at home among the rocks above the limit of forest growth.

Townsend's chipmunk is sometimes guilty of much damage to the farm and garden, stealing and storing away large quantities of grain, etc. Once when using an outhouse as a workshop I found a row of bird skins, placed on a shelf to dry, had been tampered with. On investigation I found all the cotton stuffing had been extracted, and the cavity filled with peas, the feathers being smoothed over the aperture, making a novel storehouse, and that without injuring the skins. Half a dozen hard working chipmunks, the authors of the outrage, with their cheek pouches full of peas peered at me from the rafters.

The hibernating period of this species is short on account of the comparative absence of winter weather in its habitat. I have seen it as late as early December. It generally leaves its winter quarters in February, though not until the snow has disappeared and the weather grown settled and warm. In that respect it differs from its smaller relatives, which often appear before the first robin has shown up in the spring and while the snow is still deep on the ground.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. G. H. FOSTER.

BUT HE GOT AWAY.

"Mr. Nevergo," the young woman said, suppressing a yawn, "when the business of a meeting is ended what is the parliamentary form for bringing the proceedings to a close?"

"Somebody moves that the meeting adjourn," replied the young man, "and then——"

"Well, if you'll move," she interrupted, "we'll adjourn."—Chicago Tribune.

THE EDITOR'S REWARD.

MYRA EMMONS.

An editor dreamed, at the close of day,
He had gone aloft, Saint Peter's way;
And the good Saint gravely shook his head
As the editor's record he slowly read.

"There's many a deed on the debit side
Of anger black and stubborn pride.
Many a bitter fight you've waged,
Many a storm in your heart has raged."

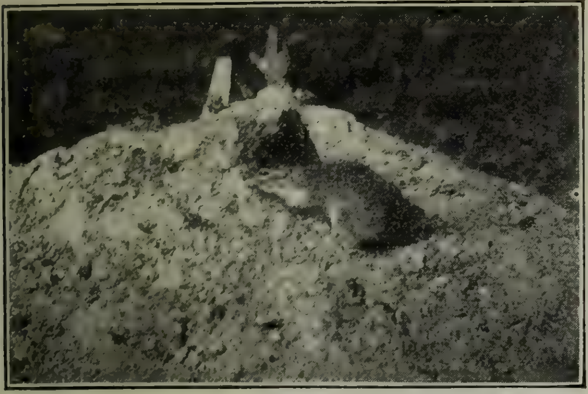
St. Peter paused with a thoughtful frown,
When, over the parapet looking down,
His clear eyes saw, as to earth he gazed,
A kneeling group, with their arms upraised.

There were Jean and Rugie, Kate and Tillie,
Louise and Maude, Alice and Willie;
Helen, Viola, Zelle and Grace,
Gertrude, Mary, and Beatrice.

There were many others, and last of them
Was one who was known on earth as the Em.
With arms uplifted and tear-filled eyes,
They knelt at the throne of grace with sighs.

"Forgive him all, dear Saint," they cried,
"For the good he did on the other side;
For the play spells he gave us, the countless ways
In which he brightened our earthly days."

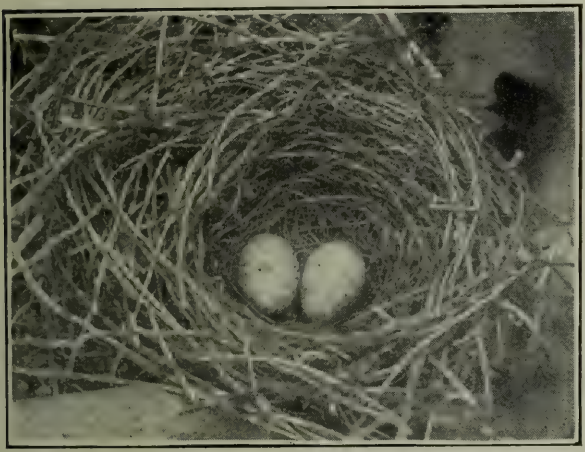
Saint Peter turned, and his face grew mild;
He looked at the editor man and smiled.
"My son," he said, "go up on high;
The good you have done can never die."



AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. S. MERRILL.

LOUNGING ON HIS FRONT STOOP.

Columbian Ground Squirrel. *Spermophilus Columbianus Amer.*



AMATEUR PHOTO BY GEO. C. EMBODY.

NEST OF SCARLET TANAGER.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. H. MERRILL.

GREY SQUIRRELL.

A SONG OF BUDDHA'S LOVE.

B. C. GIBSON, IN HARTFORD, CT., TIMES.

A little bird sat on a green Bo-tree
Singing of Buddha's love;
An archer passed—" 'Tis well," said he,
"I will slay this bird on the green Bo-tree,
On those branches high above."

The little bird sat on the green Bo-tree,
Singing of Buddha's might.
The archer shot his arrow—see!
It flies toward the mark,—but the green Bo-tree,
Wind-blown, swayed to the right.

And the arrow passed the little bird
Singing of Buddha's might.
The archer listened,—and as he heard,
His heart grew soft at the song of the bird,
And his eyes took in the Light.

The sunlight gleamed on the green Bo-tree,
The little bird sang, and the wind laughed low.
And the archer said: "There ne'er shall be
A living creature slain by me,"—
And he broke his arrows and bow.

The little bird sat on the green Bo-tree,
Singing of Buddha's love,
And he sang his song for you and me,
And he sang for the World, on the green Bo-tree,
In the branches high above.

EDITING A PROPOSAL.

The young man took a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket and laid the paper on his knee.

"I will have something important to tell you in a minute, Miss Jones," he said.

Then he read over carefully what he had written and crossed out a word.

"Superfluous," he said, half to himself.

He went over it again and crossed out another word.

"It's just as strong without that," he muttered. "We are all too prone to use adjectives and adverbs, anyway."

He picked up the paper and seemed about to begin to read from it, but suddenly stopped.

"That whole sentence might as well come out," he said. "The meaning is perfectly clear without it. Conciseness is really the crying need of the hour."

Then turning to the girl, he said: "Be mine!"

Thus we see the power of habit. For years his duty had been to edit the "copy" of prolific correspondents.—Chicago Post.

DUCK SHOOTING ON THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

P. M. CUSHING.

One evening in the latter part of October I was sitting in my office when a telegram was brought in by the office boy.

It read thus: "Large flight. Come down to-morrow. John."

Accordingly, the next morning found me on my way to John's place. I reached the station at 2.30 p. m. and found John waiting for me with the team. After a ride of a mile we reached the house, situated about 100 yards from the Great South bay of Long Island.

We spent most of that afternoon in mending our broken decoys and getting John's duck boat in trim. At 9 o'clock we were in bed.

I had hardly closed my eyes when I felt a hand on my shoulder and an impatient voice saying, "Come, get up, if you want to go shooting." I groaned sleepily and rolled over, preparatory to going to sleep again, but that time a pitcher of cold water did the business. I sprang out of bed, pulled on my shooting togs, and we walked down to the boat.

I shoved her off while John rowed. In about 20 minutes we reached Mud island. We had hardly settled ourselves in the salt hay blind which John built when 2 bluebills circled over the decoys. John made a clean kill, while I missed with both barrels. I soon redeemed myself, for while John was picking up the bird and righting 2 of the decoys which had turned bottom upward 4 redheads flew over. I killed 2 and wounded another, which we afterward found.

The next birds were old squaws. That was John's turn and he downed 2 of them. We had about an hour's good sport when the flight slackened. John said we might go up Hyde's creek in hopes of getting some black ducks. I volunteered to row, while John stationed himself in the bow. We had proceeded about 200 yards up the creek when there was a loud quack and a whirr of wings and 2 large black ducks rose out of the marsh at the edge of the creek. John dropped both with a pretty shot.

Deciding that we had killed enough birds we rowed toward home. On the way I secured a fine specimen of a surf scoter. I now have it mounted and it occupies a prominent place in my den.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY T. H WELTY.

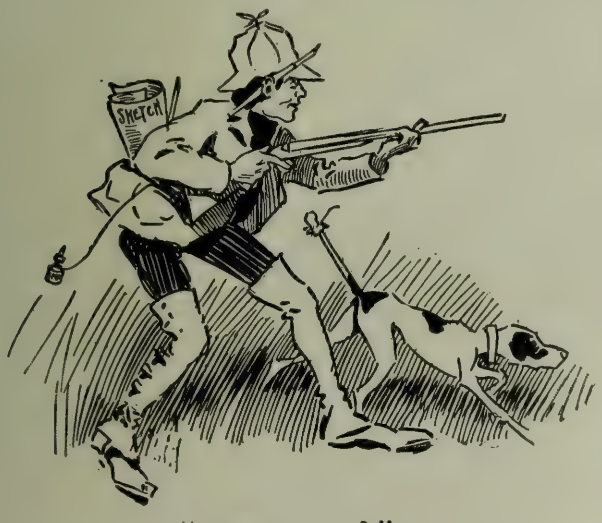
ON THE SOUTH BRANCH OF THE POTOMAC.

IN THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY.

DR. C. C. CURTIS.

It had been my wish for a long time to visit the West, and finally I had a chance. After a careful canvass of the various routes I found myself armed with several yards of tickets indicating, to use the highly original language of the West, that I was to hit the trail along the West Shore and the Wabash railroads to Chicago, thence over the Burlington to Denver. Fleeing at high noon from the work of the office and a dusty, noisy, hot and stifling city, I was splendidly served with a lunch, while with every curve of the road a new picture of the Hudson was swung before me—a river that, to my taste, yields the palm of beauty to none in the world. We rolled swiftly and steadily along, through pleasant country, by villages and prosperous fields, which ever broadened and grew larger until their limits ceased to be measured with the eye. The realization of these fields of corn and oats, as far as the vision could reach, was quite another matter than reading about them. Perhaps that was the difficulty with the lady ahead of me, who one day said to her companion, "Have you remarked the fields of cawn?" We had been riding on an express train the best part of a day through those "fields of cawn" and it was pleasing to know that the fact had fixed itself at last in her understanding.

It was on one of these great Kansas farms that I saw a queer biped, supposedly a combination of artist and sportsman.



"WHAT IS IT?"

He was togged out in a costume that Mephisto might fancy if he were going to hunt katydids. Two of his dogs were disputing over a bird of some kind that I could not identify as the train whizzed by. If we had been passing through Jersey I should have guessed mosquito, but being in Kansas it may have been a grasshopper or a screechowl. The biped sport —yes, that's probably what he would have dubbed himself—was sneaking on another hopper, may be, preceded by a third dog who probably thought his master was having great sport. And in fact the master looked it.

If this meets his eye I wish he would drop RECREATION a line and tell us what those blamed things were he was shooting —at. Also where he got that hat, and those 2 storm leggings and that liverpad coat. They were great, and I should like to have some.

Gradually the luxuriant harvest fields gave way, the herbage became scant, and the cactus and Mexican poppy and their friends, the prairie dogs, suceeeded. Real dogs these; not the mangy specimens of the parks and zoos—with apologies to Dr. Hornaday, whose colony had not then materialized. By these tokens we knew that the middle West was at hand, and that the real delights of the trip were to begin. At Denver you feel for the first time the symptoms of the Western fever. Not alone the beauty of this peerless town, but the hospitality and heartiness of these Western people attract and compel you to spend another and another gracious day that you know means loss at some other point.

In sheer desperation you finally break away from the mountains, and, armed with a ticket over the D. & R. G. railroad, you will see the best that Colorado has to offer. A stay of 2 weeks in San Juan and adjoining counties, together with a few stops at other points, gave me some insight into the game conditions of the State. The outlook is not rosy. Wherever mining is carried on the streams are ruined by the waste from the mines. For example, the Gunnison. As noble a trout stream as ever wet a line, its naturally pure waters are rendered turbid and the fishing injured by the sluices from the mines which, I am informed, have never paid a copper and are only kept alive by credulous stockholders. Good fishing is still to be had there, as I can attest from a pleasant sojourn with my friend Dr. Sanford. Some large rainbow trout are taken. One of 15 pounds is recorded by Mr. Skinner, not yet captured, but he knows where it is.

Despite the mines, the Gunnison has

many beauties, not alone for the devotee of the rod and fly, but for him who loves nature. How those rapids appeal to the angler; how quickly that hot afternoon passed in the shade of the willows! The sun was dipping behind the hills. Cautiously I waded out against the swift current, which momentarily threatened to unhorse me. At the head of one of the rapids I cast my line out straight for the head of the rips, and my eye followed the flies dancing down over the waves. As the slack was taken up they swung around, and under the guidance of the rod treacherously made for the little patches of foam just outside of the current. They did not escape the eye of the trout that had been lying in the swiftest waters of the stream. He had followed them doubtfully, but when they strove to avoid the current and made for the shore he knew they were the real thing and struck. I can feel that electric tingle now of an evening after my work is done, and I am miles away in a huge city. Was he not a fighter and intelligent? Straight for the swiftest water, and then, taking line, down he went, to make a magnificent break in the quieter waters at the tail of the rifts. Sullenly he responded to the pressure of the butt, making ugly little tacks and rushes and shakes, which I dreaded more than his grand charges, as I tried to reel him up into quieter waters. But he had no idea of being lead another yard, and again he was off for the current, to repeat below twice over that thrilling pyrotechnic display. I wondered how he was hooked, and was that his final dash. He came in more evenly, then closer and closer. With what satisfaction I saw his dimensions and the well fastened hook. He showed no sign of turning on his side, and I wondered if he was only sparring for time and wind. In the next dash he convinced me that he, like Paul Jones, had not begun to fight. That little swirl, like a boiling spring, out in the stream, marked a boulder hidden deep in the water. He had it in mind all along, awaiting a chance for it. He rounded it and I felt with a gasp that hope-crushing pivot-like turn. There was no redress. It was all over in a flash, and the line came back limp. How silly I felt, hip deep in the water, reeling in that empty line! I went ashore, took out my book, fastened on another hack, and the dog came up to assure me he had seen the same mishap befall experienced anglers like his master.

I have a warm place in my heart for that faithful old dog. By breeding and inheritance his tastes were all afield with gun and bird, but when he saw the course lay toward the stream he quietly followed and left his master for my company, a most charming illustration of Western kindness toward the tenderfoot.

While talking over the catastrophe with the dog a familiar theme became more and more distinct in my mind until I recognized it—"That was a big fish!" I wish I had a few days more and could try him again. I admit he won fairly, and the refrain grew louder—that was a mighty big fish! But there are other rapids and that is not the only trout in the river. To-night as I recall that scene and see again the mists rising and marking the uncertain course of the stream, I rejoice that just that episode came into the day's sport, to add flavor to the experience.

And with fish, so with game of all kinds. It is practically exterminated or rapidly disappearing in the vicinity of mining towns and camps. There seems no redress, although excellent laws are enacted for its preservation. The bloodthirsty Italian is there with his gun, and just as thorough a Nihilist as at home. In the East this blight is on all life, slipping through the woods and fields of the suburbs, killing every little bird and animal. In Colorado the natural preserves of the South have been rendered lifeless in large areas. There are sections where game still abounds, but it is appalling to see the barrenness of vast stretches of territory which would naturally furnish life to an abundant and varied fauna.

Even in the face of this unfortunate condition of affairs, Colorado will always be the most attractive State in the Union. No other State can compare with it in beauty, grandeur and resources. My sojourn of a few weeks in her mountains is among the most delightful of my experiences.

I recall asking the hospitality of a solitary miner, up on the mountain side, late one afternoon. I had been caught in a thunder shower. That was a regular daily occurrence. I was tired and cold. His greeting was, "I hate like thunder to take you in 'kase I h'aint got the best kommodations," but within a few minutes I was cutting up bacon and he making bread, as though we had known each other for years. I liked him because he was a manly man; a gentleman. He refused to take a drink from my flask because it was so small. I appeal to every sportsman, was not that the quintessence of politeness. When I insisted he poured out a full cup and refused water, saying, "Let 'er burn." That was the only time I ever enjoyed seeing a man drink. I fail to see how one who would live close to Nature and read Recreation can afford to. Certainly much of the best in this world must escape him; but in the case of this man I felt like a doctor who was doing a patient a service.

It would be difficult to imagine a country more favored by Nature than these mountains of Southwestern Colorado, carved as they are into beautiful canyons and valleys and clothed with a wealth and splendor of vegetation I have never seen approached. Especially in the region of the timber line are the mountains one vast garden, ablaze with color that, changing in tone and tint with every turn, extends up the peaks, to finally nestle in the snow packs at the summit. . Nothing could exceed the pleasure of the days afield in this garden of Nature, where the traveler is constantly surprised at the lavish hand with which she has bestowed her favors, and delighted with the luxurious abundance of forms and the infinite variety and wealth of coloration. At times I toiled knee deep through fields of columbine, which swayed their huge clusters of light blue cornucopias as if in welcome. Again I traversed great stretches of deep green carpeting of marigold, studded thick with the gleaming white stars of its flowers; or possibly these cheery sweeps were interspersed by a crimson trail of Indian pink, whose subtle perfume filled all the air. Sometimes mountain sides would blossom in the bright scarlet, yellow or white of the painted cup; or the various families of these little plants would grow together, arranging their showy liveries in a most pleasing and harmonious manner. Frequently, quite at the summit, large fields would be disclosed, white with the nodding soft spikes of the knot weed and the graceful, wand-like plumes of Zygadenus. Lower down the mountains the dells and ravines were generally heaped full with luxuriant growths of dark blue larkspur and aconite, and banked high with purplish blue bells of mertensia. Winding along over these valleys and rolling slopes suddenly a crest would be disclosed lit up like a sunburst with the matchless yellow of sunflowers and souchus. Every little stream and spring was gilded with cups of ninulus, and cress and saxifrage struggled along the borders to complete the picture.

It was interesting to see these delicate plants outstripping the spruces and other trees in their race for the summit, and the race was always to the fairer. Gradually the rugged and stately spruces yielded to the cold of the snow and ice, became smaller and smaller until they only attained a stature of a foot or so, putting out a few branches close to the earth, as if in mute appeal to the mercy of the elements. Not so with the flowering plants. Many were at their best at timber line, and even flourished and displayed their beauty in the ice and snow at the summit.

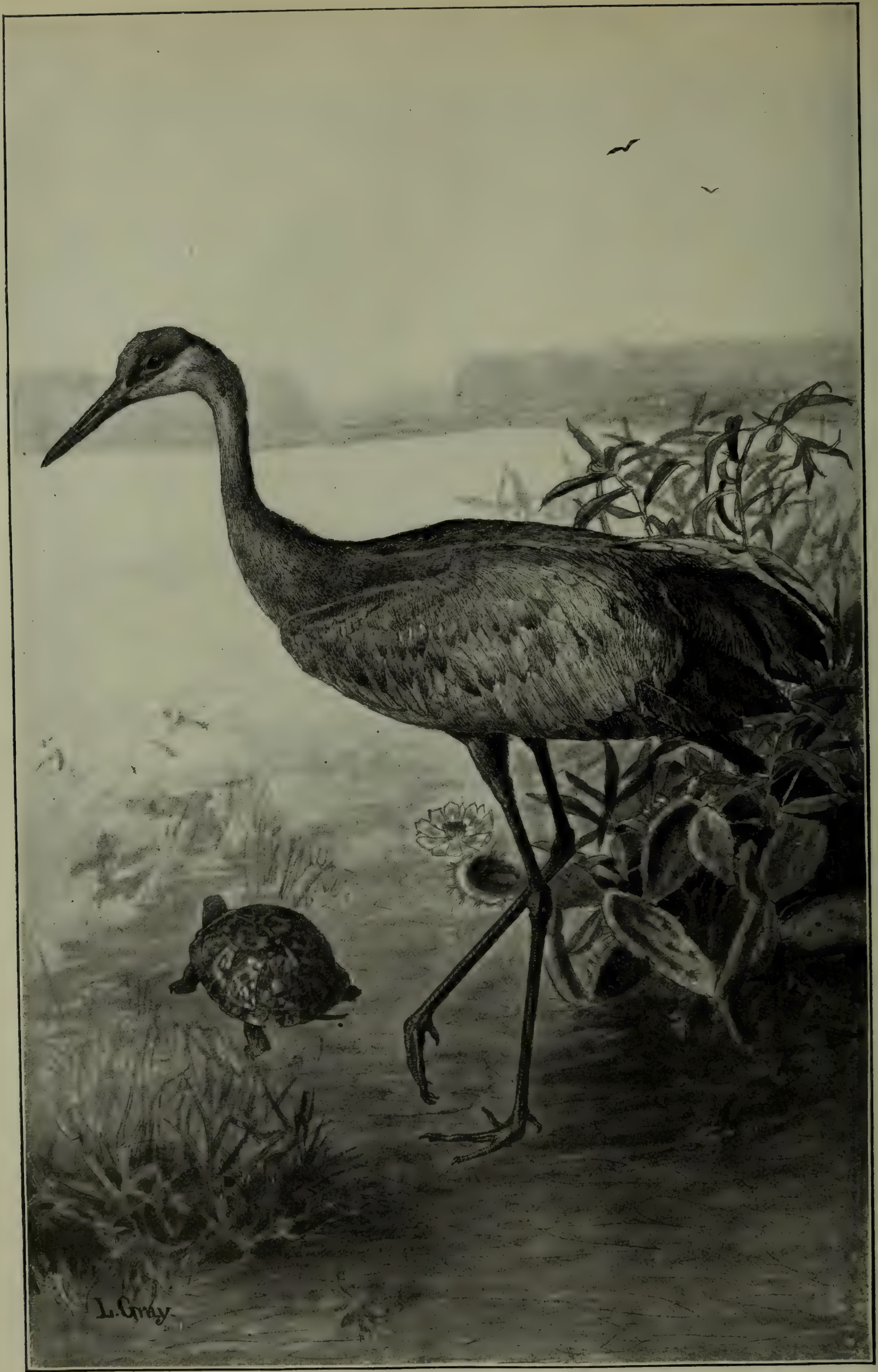
He who runs might read the lesson so graphically written here by these children of the sun. Success is achieved by those who can adapt themselves to conditions. The sturdy trees, so long nurtured by kind Nature, had forgotten this lesson in the long lapses of past ages and had grown hard and unbending in character; but the tender herbs, plastic to all touches and influences, had swept on and pre-empted localities beyond the reach of the evergreens. It was pleasing to see with what added beauties the flowers welcomed the traveler and lost not a whit of this charm through their sacrifices.

From this garden of the immortals a delightful way led down to the nether world, over a road hewn out of the barren, rock-ribbed crests of the mountains, hanging like an eagle's nest on the precipitous flank of the canyon. Sheer down below, 1,200 feet, the stream concealed its uneven course in the fleecy white band of its torrents. Through an architectural drapery that stands unrivaled in Colorado, we wandered until with a turn of the road and the setting sun, before us, in the huge chalice of the lofty encircling peaks, lay that matchless mountain town, Ouray.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—It was very rude of you to yawn while we were making that call.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, good gracious! I had to open my mouth some time.—Pearson's Weekly.

A baggage man out in Podunk,
Who made of new baggage old junk,
Shipped an elephant through
To Kalamazoo,
But he didn't smash open its trunk.
—Detroit Free Press.



SANDHILL CRANE, *GRUS CANADENSIS.*

THE TALE OF A FROG.

GEORGE J. VARNEY.

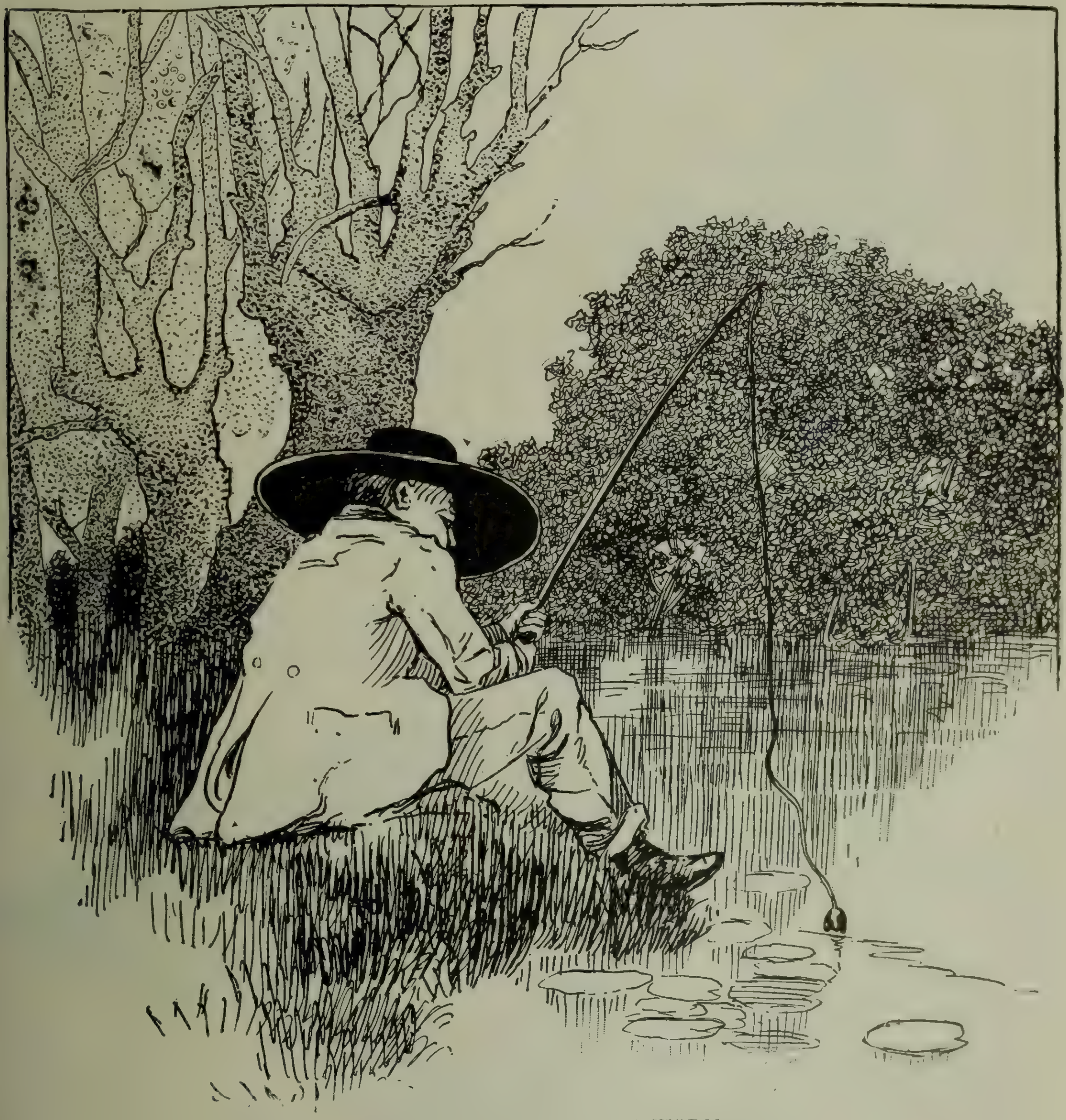
Gliding along in my canoe in the twilight of a warm day early in September, I was struck with the lively chatter of various kinds of frogs in different parts of the pond.

"Chock, chock, chock!" said a company of marsh frogs in a stretch of grassy water along the shore.

"Kuk, kuk, kr-ruk," responded a group of green frogs in a deeply shaded nook.

In another quarter a big bullfrog seemed to be addressing a meeting of his kindred and comrades.

It occurred to me this might be the very frog of whose taming and captivity my friend the Doctor, living on the opposite shore of the pond, had given me an account some days before.



THE DOCTOR AND THE WORM.

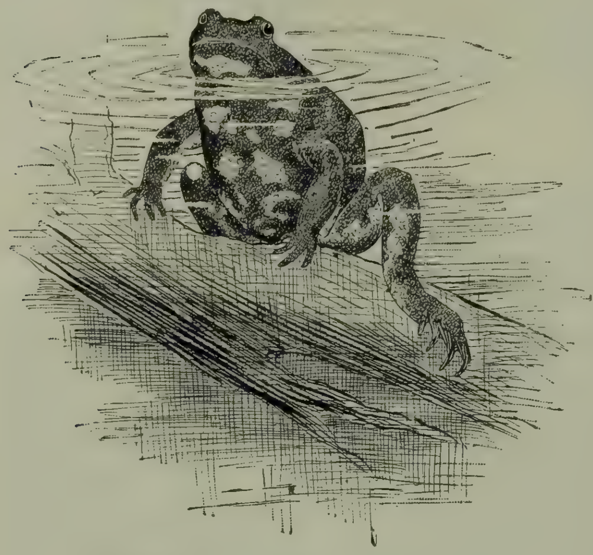
My approach, and the rattling of the oars, as I laid them in the boat, were probably the cause of a short silence. It was broken by a big voice that seemed somewhere between me and the shore:

"Zee dar!" (cedar?).

"Made-of-oak," promptly asserted a grum voice on the other hand, and a little nearer.

Were the inhabitants of this forest-bound cove making comments on the material of my boat?

The Doctor had related that, one morning in the spring, while angling with a worm, in this part of the pond, for minnows to serve as bait for salmon trout, he had noted a large bullfrog perched on a half sunken log near the margin. When he pulled up a shiner the amphibian on the log watched the little fish intently as it swung about, wriggling on the hook. The rod was given a movement which brought the minnow within about a foot of the frog. Instantly he made a leap and caught the bait in his capacious mouth. The Doctor partially wound in his line and attempted to lift his catch into the boat, but the frog threw his fore legs about the hook and struggled violently. Finally, he let go of the fish, dropped into the water and disappeared.



PERCHED ON A HALF SUNKEN LOG.

The Doctor said this frog was of about the average size of a full grown individual of his species, his body measuring 6 inches in length and half that in width, while his length from the end of his nose to the tips of his toes was about 13 inches. The upper portions of the body and legs were of a dull green color, with numerous obscure dark spots.

When my craft drifted against the lily pads, the shock caused a violent movement of the water and a beating of the leaves against one another, silencing the frogs again. Then, held by the pads, the boat ceased to drift, the water subsided to a gentle rocking which made me sleepy, and I lay down in the bottom of the boat.

I heard the frogs say almost simultaneously, something which sounded like

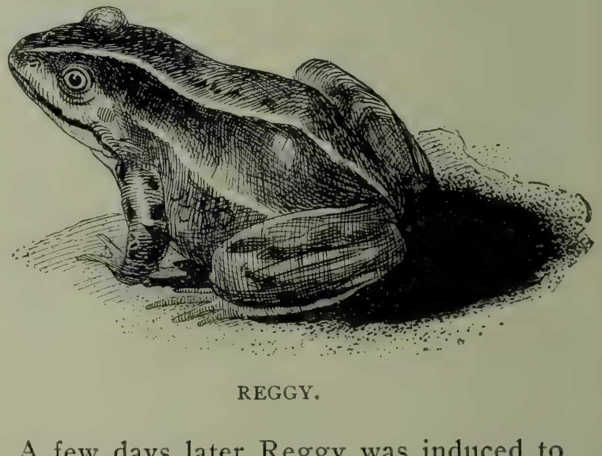
"Resume; re-soo-oome."

The Doctor's story was slowly drifting through my drowsy brain. Was I recalling my friend's story, or hearing the frog's version of the affair? If not the latter, why should I have heard the other frogs exclaiming just then, as if in sympathy with their comrade,

"Blude-an-ouns! Zounds! Resoo-oome."

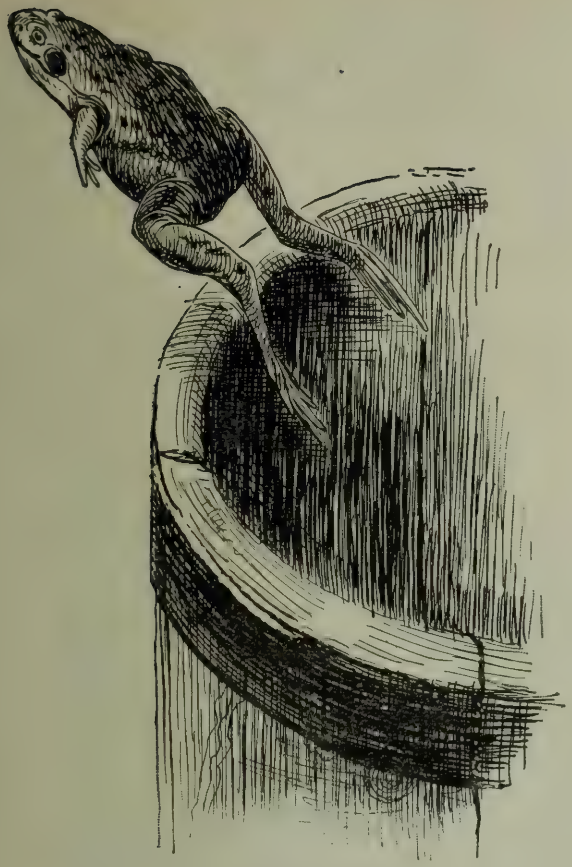
The goggle-eyed babbler lifted his head farther out of water by placing his webbed fingers on the edge of a broad lily leaf, cleared his throat, "Hm-m-m," and began to mumble something which may, perhaps, have been the continuation of his story. I shall not attempt to follow him, but give you his captor's version of the affair, as nearly as I am able.

In a few moments after his escape from the hook, the green nose of the frog again rose above water close at the side of the log, and he shortly climbed to his former perch. Subsequently, for several days he was found occupying the same log, and was treated regularly to a breakfast of minnows, which were conveyed to him by a rod and line, attached in such manner that Reggy, as he had been named, could readily take the fish without being hooked. A favorable acquaintance being thus brought about, the frog was taken into the boat by means of a little fish on a large, dull hook. He was disengaged without apparent injury, but much alarmed at being handled. After about half an honr's detention in the boat he was permitted to plunge into the water.



REGGY.

A few days later Reggy was induced to mount the blade of the oar, as it rested on the log, to take his fish; and soon he would remain on it while he was swung into the boat, where he would alight and gather up the wriggling minnow. Finally, he became so tame, he would go on board in that manner without the enticement of any visible bait; and then would search



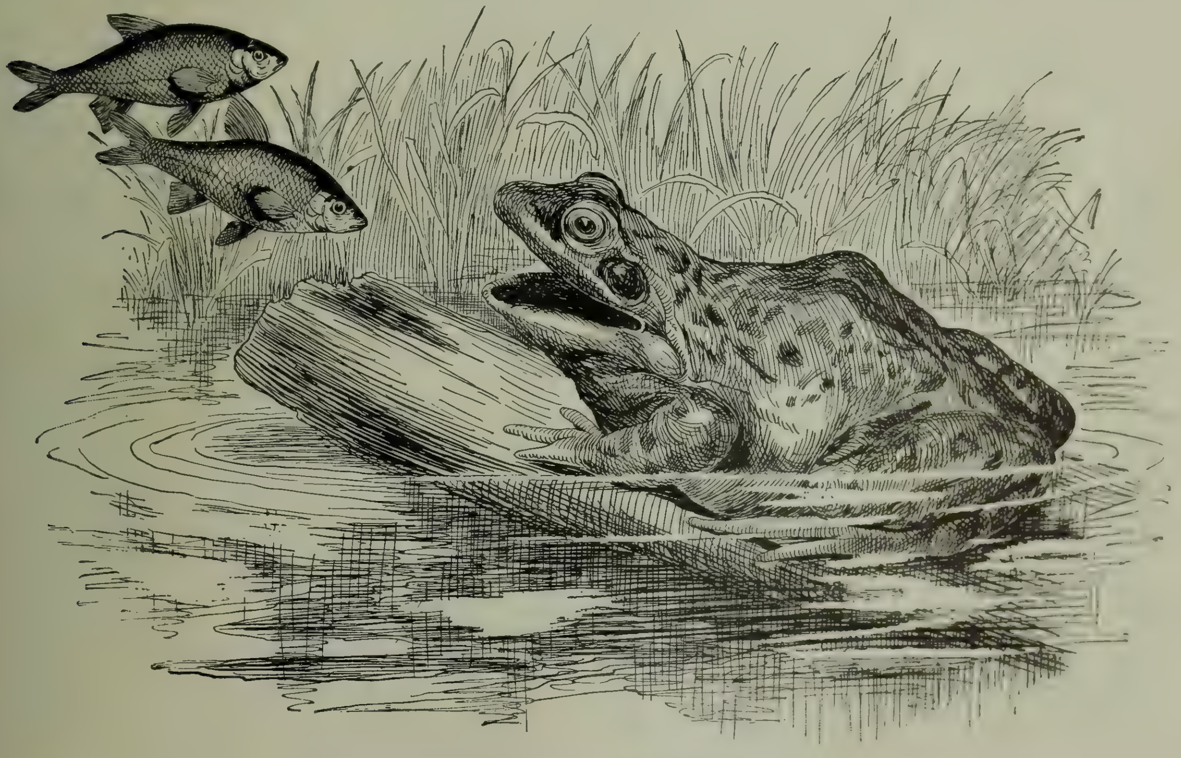
OVER THE EDGE OF THE HOGSHEAD.

about for his accustomed repast. To end his visit, he again mounted the blade of the oar and sat there while he was swung back to the log. Next, he ventured to take shiners offered from the hand. Soon he timidly permitted himself to be handled a little, and seemed, after a while, to enjoy a gentle stroking.

One morning, when Reggy had come on board, as usual, the Doctor rowed with him across the pond to his house, transferring his captive to a headless hogshead set in shallow water. A stone was placed in the center, rising a little above the water, to serve the prisoner for a dry seat, when he desired one.

There the frog remained a few days, taking food from his keeper's hand; but one morning he was missing. The first surmise was that Reggy had been devoured by a mink or an otter, though the top of the great cask appeared too high for a mink to leap over; but on examining the shore the frog was discovered perched on a decayed stump that was partly under water. When his name was called the frog showed signs of recognition; and he made no opposition to being taken in the hand and carried back to his lonely and contracted quarters. Reggy was missing the next morning, also, but was found a short distance from the same old stump.

The manner of these escapes was a mystery. The first thought was that he had burrowed under the cask—though its lower chimb had been ground several inches into the sand. Having replaced Reggy in the hogshead after his second escape, —and without feeding him—the Doctor stood behind some bushes near and watched. In a few minutes out came the



CALLING UP HIS BREAKFAST.

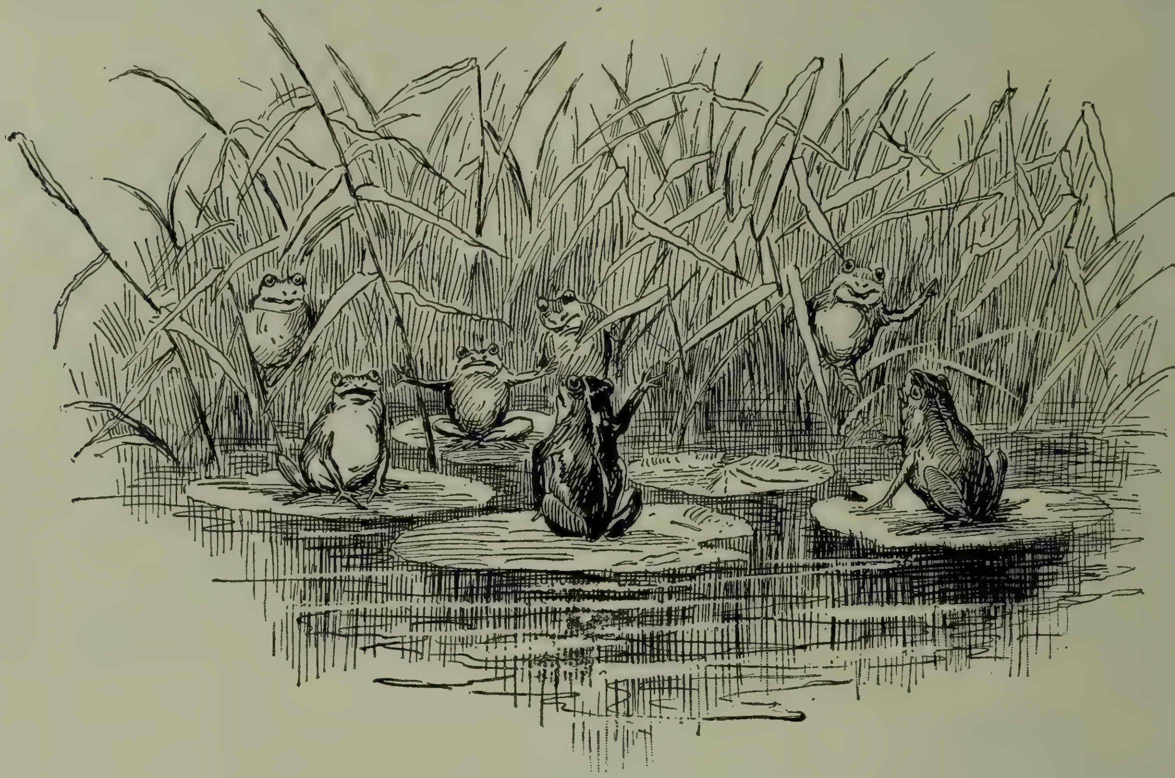
frog, vaulting clear over the edge of the hogshead. This was 3 feet higher than the top of the stone in the center, from which this flying leap must have been taken.

Then a mean little trick was played on Reggy. The stone was removed from the hogshead, and a small square of board put in for his resting place. He was then returned unfed to his prison. After many minutes there was a big, resounding splash, but nothing appeared at the top of the hogshead. Reggy, having become a little accustomed to his new perch, had again tried a leap for freedom; but a part of the energy of his spring had been taken by the floating bit of board, that tipped, and rose and fell, so that poor froggy had fallen short of his mark, struck against the side of the hogshead, and dropped sprawling back into the water. The mystery having been solved, the usual grasshoppers and slugs were dropped into the watery pen.

Reggy must have been greatly mortified by his strange failure in gymnastics. Whether he repeated the attempt is not known; but he did not escape again until one night, when a great storm raged over the pond. The wind and waves beat so heavily on the walls of his prison that it was overthrown. Reggy probably escaped unharmed and returned to the pond much wiser by reason of his association with man. Who knows but what he may have learned to talk fish talk as well as frog talk? Who knows but what he devised some scheme for calling minnows up to him in order that he might devour them?

He may have been seen again, but he has never been identified. Yet who can say he was not the very frog whose loquacity had attracted my attention; who, after many days of wandering, had just then found his old haunt and accustomed companions?

Apparently there were sensational episodes in his low-toned, long-drawn babble; for it was often interrupted by utterances as of doubt, like "Bur-r-rum, br-r-um;" or of assent—a gutteral "Oook-a-boom, oom;" and rarely, of applause, "Ke-bloonk, bloonk, oonk;" the conference winding up, as the first rays of the rising full moon fell along the water, with a multitude of sounds, like the rolling beat of a small bass drum, or the bellowing of a herd of young bulls.



THE CONSULTATION.

Mrs. Stubb—John, I believe there is a robber in the cellar.

Mr. Stubb—Nonsense, Maria, there is nothing down there except the gas meter. —Chicago News.

A MODEL GAME WARDEN.

W. T. Pollard is one of Maine's best, most faithful and efficient game wardens. He lives in Foxcroft and travels almost constantly over a large district, hunting for law breakers. He is a genial, good natured man, but has the courage of his convictions. He fears neither good nor bad men, and is a terror to evil doers. If all States could provide such men to police their hunting and fishing grounds, butchers and game hogs would soon have to seek some other occupation.

W. T. POLLARD, FOXCROFT, MAINE.
Fish and Game Warden.

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE.

When I was a game hog
I lived by myself,
And all the game and fish I got
I sold for filthy pelf;
But that pesky RECREATION
Was the bother of my life,
So I had to chuck the porker biz
To save myself from strife.

With no game on my table,
None in the woods to shoot,
I had to be a cannibal,
And eat the hogs that root.
I shot quails by the covey,
I shot them on the ground,
Until Coquina grabbed me up
And put me in the pound.

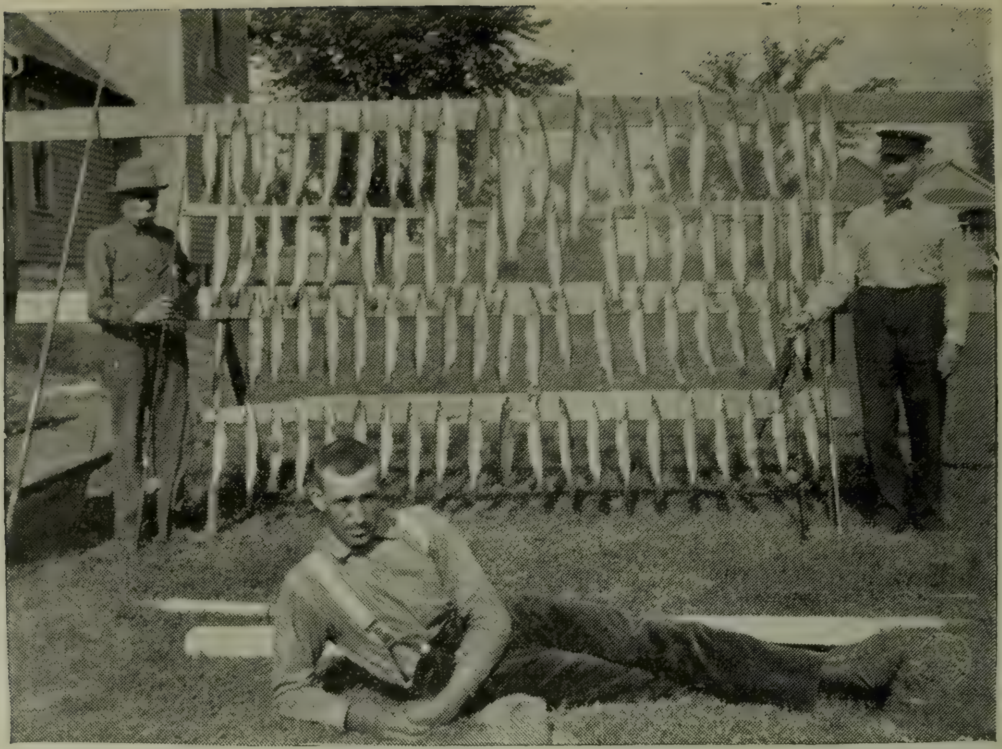
Now I see my error;
Again I am a man;
I shoot my proper share of game,
But never all I can.
Hurrah for RECREATION!
Where'er it leads I'll foller;
And every year the while I live
I'll send to it a dollar.

AN ITEMIZED BILL.

The authorities of an old church in Belgium recently decided to make some repairs to its interior furnishings, and employed an artist to touch up a large painting. When the artist presented his bill the committee in charge refused to pay it unless the details were specified. The next day the bill was handed in itemized as follows:

	fr.	c.
To correcting the Ten Commandments, embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbons on his bonnet	8	50
Putting tail on rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb	4	00
Repluming and gilding left wing of the Guardian Angel	6	25
Washing the servant of the High Priest, and putting carmine on his cheeks	5	00
Renewing heaven, adjusting the stars, and cleaning up the moon	7	00
Touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls	8	75
Brightening up the Flames of Hell, putting new tail on the devil, mending his hoof and doing several odd jobs for the damned	12	00
Rebordering the robes of Herod and adjusting his wig	5	00
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias	1	30
Cleaning Balaam's ass, and putting one shoe on him	1	70
Putting earrings in Sarah's ears	1	75
Putting a new stone in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath, and extending Saul's legs	6	00
Decorating Noah's ark and partially dressing Ham	4	00
Mending the skirt of the Prodigal son and cleaning his left ear	3	00
Total	74	05

AMATEUR PHOTO BY HENRY HARP.
A PRAIRIE PRODUCT.



FIVE HOURS' SLAUGHTER BY 3 MINNESOTA FISH HOGS.

Their other names are John Beel, Wm. Wade and Henry Nothaker. There are, as you see, 80 pickerel in sight. The largest is reported to have weighed 14 pounds, and the smallest ¾ of a pound. Judging from comparative lengths as shown in the picture, it may be fair to estimate that the fish would average 4 pounds each. This would mean a total of 320 pounds for 5 hours' work. I say "work" deliberately. There could be no sport for any decent man in any such case, and if you study the faces of these men carefully you will agree with me that they are not sportsmen. I doubt if the idea of sport ever entered their heads at any time when they were killing these fish. They are the kind of men who only glory in destroying great numbers of fish or game. Then they like to be photographed with their plunder and make their exploits known to the world. Well, RECREATION is willing to help make them notorious. Probably, however, they would rather have stayed out of this magazine.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

A feller feels like drowsin', for the air is full o' dreams;
Far off the cow-bells tinkle by the cool an' shaded streams;
An' the wooin' winds invite you where the bees are on the wing,
An' the birds are makin' merry where the honeysuckles swing.

Sing a song o' summer—
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
Cattle boys a-sleepin'
Where the honeysuckles swing!

A feller feels like loafin', for the weather's fair and fine,
An' the fishin' rod's a-bobbin' to the throbbin' o' the line;
An' the river banks invite you where a breezy chorus swells,
An' scenes o' joy delight you where the cattle shake their bells.

Sing a song o' summer—
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
Fishermen a-noddin'
Where the honeysuckles swing.

It's good to be a-livin' in this weather—night an' morn;
When you hear a song o' plenty in the rustle o' the corn!
When a picture o' the harvest shines in every drop o' dew,
An' the old world's rollin' happy 'neath a livin' bend o' blue!

Sing a song o' summer—
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
All the country smilin'
Where the honeysuckles swing!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A RETROSPECT.

J. LOVERING.

A long room, with book shelves around 2 sides, broken by the wide hearth, where blazed a bright wood fire. On the other 2 sides deep windows filled the space. Heavy curtains of rich texture masked all but one. Through that filtered the soft light of the moon, reflected from the glistening snow that covered the ground outside.

Over the mantle hung the slender barrel and dainty stock of a little rifle, crossed by an old shot gun, the stock patched and mended with nails and many turns of wire.

Between the 2 a face, now brightened to living hues by the flickering firelight, now pale and ghostly with the white light from the window, smiled down on him from its gilded frame.

The smoke curled up in blue spirals from his pipe as he settled back with a sigh of content into the deep-seated armchair, his feet thrust out to the grateful warmth of the fire. Through the shrouded window, clear and distinct in the white moonlight, miles away, the peak reared its massive whitened crest like some grand old Titan, peering beneath frosted brows at the silent world below, keeping watch and ward over the gateway to mountain fastnesses beyond.

From the picture framed in the parted curtains his gaze wandered around the room, watching the dancing shadows come and go, as the fitful flames leaped and played in the deep hearth. A puff or 2 at his pipe and, as he lay back and sent the smoke rings curling upward, from over the mantel 2 eyes met his with sentient look. In reverie he meets that look, gazing long, till the face grows more distinct. A soft felt hat is pushed back from the low, white brow, covering the close-braided knot of silky brown hair; a dark handkerchief is knotted loosely around the delicate white throat; the dead-leaf brown of the canvas coat with its many pockets covers the shoulders; the little rifle has left its place over the mantel and is now grasped firmly in those fairy fingers, whose touch had so often brushed back the hair from his forehead or rested confidingly in his rough palm. The old gun is gone, too; the hearth has given place to a broad reed-grown lake, the fire is only the first rays of the morning sun, the cushioned chair has grown hard. He sits upright; the seat beneath him quivers with an onward motion; the narrow sides of a canoe press against him; the slender shaft of a paddle is in his hand; at his feet lies the gun, no longer patched and old, but with all the polish and shine of newness on it.

Suddenly the figure before him, kneeling in the bow, stiffens in mute expectancy; those big brown eyes grow piercing in their intentness; a whirr of wings; the dainty head is thrown up, the paddle in his hands becomes rigid, the little boat is held steady for a moment as, with a quick motion, the rifle is brought to the shoulder. A flash, a whip-like crack and a sullen splash as the bird drops into the water. A smile passes sadly over his face as he remembers the look of pride that comes into those glorious eyes and notes the graceful pose of the form he loves so well, as the rifle is reloaded by a quick "pump" of the lever.

The reedy lake changes to a long stretch of darkening river, the light fades away, the bright stars are twinkling overhead; the paddle is now a pair of oars in his hands that send the little boat along with a steady "hish" as it cuts the water. In the dim light he can see that sweet face, those tender eyes, and mingled with the ripple of the water he hears the tones of that voice whose tender accents ever thrilled his heart.

Swiftly the boat speeds on. The dark woods, their leafy branches outlined against the shining stars, rise like walls on either side. A dazzling white light floods the leafy walls; he ceases rowing; the boat drifts with the current. Far below, piercing the darkness for miles, surrounded by the colored lights of the coming steamer, glares that white electric light with intense brilliancy. The light shifts, passing from tree to tree, from overhanging bank to rocky beach, from sandy point to muddy flats beyond, each twig and leaf, each rock and stump, every ripple on the water sharply outlined against the darkness, unfolding like a moving picture before his eyes. And now the light moves across the water like the long arm of some immense river monster seeking its prey; it passes over the little boat; pauses a moment. One little hand goes up to shade the dazzled eyes from the blinding glare, every feature of the face, every curve and line of the graceful form standing out in the brightness clear cut as a cameo. The light passes on and with it the rushing river, the puffing, groaning steamer, the little boat.

He stands before a blazing, cracking

camp fire, around him the great trunks of trees growing dim and dimmer as they recede from the circle of light cast by the fire; overhead their branches waving gently in the upward rush of heat from the scorching flames. Across the fire he sees the white walls of the tiny tent, and framed in its opening, holding back the yielding canvas, stands that dainty figure, the face wreathed in a smile of welcome, the tanned cheeks rosied by the dancing flames, the full rich lips, that need no red gleams to crimson them, parted, disclosing 2 rows of teeth that shine like pearls, tinged by the last rays of a setting sun.

He throws down the arm load he has brought from the boat out there in the darkness, and as he undoes the bundles he hears that merry laugh, as with nimble foot and ready hand that dear shape bustles to and fro preparing the camp supper. Willingly he springs in quick attendance to every imperious beck and call, till with a dainty supper spread, such as never graced other camps, she bids him sit down, while with shining eyes she fans the flushed cheeks.

Once more the vision fades. The bright sun shines on trees now brown and bare, their branches bending beneath the weight of icy snow. The ground is covered with the same white mantle. He stands alone, listening for the answer to the shrill whistle he has just sent echoing down the steep hillside. As he listens there comes the quick report of the rifle against whose stock he knows whose cheek is pressed. A cry rings out on the frosty air from below in the deep ravine; not a cry for help, but one in whose tone there is a ring of such fierce joy as Joan of Arc's must have rung when, clad in armor, sword in hand, she waved on her followers.

A scramble down the hill, a swift rush through the screening undergrowth and before him on one knee, the tiny rifle striking ineffectual blows at a wounded, maddened wolf from whose gaunt side the blood is streaming, he sees—no sign of fear on that delicate face—again the companion of his visions.

A quick spring forward; the old gun is tossed aloft to fall with insane strength on the shaggy head; the beast totters, makes one vicious snap with those lean jaws, that buries the great fangs deep into the little rifle butt, then falls lifeless on the snow beside the shattered stock of the old gun.

Even now as he sits in the quiet room the cry of joy rings clear and loud and he can feel the pressure of those arms around his neck as the silken-tressed head sinks on his breast.

A cold shudder passes over him. He starts. Gone the arm from his neck, the dead wolf, the snowy trees. He opens his eyes to gaze straight into those pictured ones above the mantel. The face is pale and ghostlike in the cold light of the window; the little rifle, with the deep tooth marks in its wood; the old gun, patched and mended, hangs crossed above; the fire now is almost out; he sits buried in the cushioned chair, alone. A few coals glow dimly in the grate. He rises slowly and piles on more wood. The smoke goes eddying up the chimney, there is a snapping and a crackle, a tiny tongue of flame curls upward around the logs, another and another, till the whole room is bright again with the mellow light. He draws the curtain across the window, nodding a good night to the great peak beyond.

He gives a puff or 2 to his pipe; it is out and he shakes out the ashes into the grate. From the bright-colored, figured porcelain jar on the table near he fills it anew; with the tongs from the fire he rakes out a coal and holds it against the tobacco, thinking as he does so of the times she has held coal or match to his pipe, watching with loving eyes while he drew in the smoke to let it escape in blue spirals. He puffs contentedly. As he sinks back in the cosy chair his eyes seek those above the mantel, and once more his thoughts wander back. He sees the little room, bare and cheerless till brightened by her sweet presence, where night after night he came home, his limbs wearied, his hands, now soft and white, rough and grimy from his daily toil, toil whose darkness was brightened by the lovelight in her starry eyes. He sees again the dainty figure, the happy face, feels again the thrilling warmth of the welcoming kiss as she meets him at the door, charming away with that happy laugh the vexations of the day.

He sees the little room now darkened yet bright with that sunny face as it bends over his sick bed, feels the loving touch as his pillow is smoothed or the soft fingers cool his brow fevered by pain, the fresh dewy lips that press their sweetness on his, cracked and heated.

There is a sound of music in his ears; bright lights glare before his eyes, a murmur of voices, the heavy perfume-laden air of the reception room; noted men and beautiful woman are around him; he speaks to this one, chats with that, but ever his gaze wanders to where she is, more than beautiful to him, garbed in simple dress but rich and costly. A great pride, a great joy fills him as he sees her proud and happy face and meets the look she gives him across the crowded room, a look he alone knows how to interpret.

This is his work. By his toil of head and hand, cheered and supported by her sweet love and tender sympathy, he has gilded the bare and cheerless room; under the magic touch of love it has grown to a palace, where she reigns queen and he her most willing subject. It is but a small part of what he owes to her, his more than friend and comforter, to those willing hands, that brave heart that never failed or faltered in the darkest hours, that upheld his sinking spirit in the hour of despair.

The rooms are empty, the guests are gone, but he does not miss them. No need of guest, no need of the soft perfume and bright glances of beautiful women, the fulsome praise of men bowing enviously to his success, to fill the rooms, for with arm thrown around the form he loves so well, the shining brown hair resting against his shoulder, he feels her heart beat against his breast as they stand smilingly listening to the soft patter of childish feet coming nearer and nearer, till the little white robed figure bursts into the room and throws itself on him, clinging half in mischief, half in affright, to his coat as it gazes back in triumph at the pursuing nurse who stops hesitatingly at the door. How his heart beats with happiness as the little one, with dimpled arm around his neck, the other caressing his cheek, nestles in his arms, while the mother looks up into his face with a world of love and pride for both father and child. His clasp tightens, he draws both closer to him, and with the bright curls of the child mingling with his beard he bends over and presses a reverent kiss on the upturned lips of the mother.

Again his thoughts wander. The peculiar odor of the sick room greets his nostrils; around him are the numberless dainty things that tell of woman's presence. How he remembers them all; the delicate hue of the walls, the pretty pictures, the bright mirrors, the dressing table with its sparkle of cut glass and silver; his picture in its heavy setting enthroned among it all; the escritoire in the corner, each pen and pencil, each letter, each scrap of paper in place; the little table and work basket beneath, cluttered with the work—no, not work, but love's sweet pastime; the dainty little rocker, that seems still to retain the impress of that form which now lies beneath the silk and lace of the carven bed. Against the lace he sees those delicate fingers, scarcely less white. The pale face is turned toward him; something blurs his sight. He springs to his feet; a tiny flame leaps up on the hearth, he draws his hand impatiently across his eyes; at his feet lie the broken fragments of his pipe. He raises his eyes above the mantel; the face alone is distinct and the eyes gaze into his mockingly. The little flame in the hearth gives one convulsive leap and is gone, the ashes are dead. The door opens and slams.

The cold light of the coming morn steals in through the curtains and lights up the face that smiles cruelly at the broken pipe and the empty chair.

WHEN FATHER CARVES.

THOMAS S. PEMBERTON.

We all look on with anxious eyes
When father carves a duck.
And mother almost always sighs
When father carves a duck.
Then all of us prepare to rise
And hold our bibs before our eyes
And be prepared for some surprise
When father carves a duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork
Whene'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk
Until he's carved the duck.
The fork is jabbed into the sides,
Across the breast the knife he slides,
While every careful person hides
From flying chunks of duck.

The platter's always sure to slip
When father carves a duck;
Oh, how it makes the dishes skip,
Potatoes fly amuck!
The peas and jelly leap in space,
We get some gravy in our face,
And father mutters Hindu grace
Whene'er he carves a duck.

We then have learned to walk about
The dining room and pluck
From off the window sills and walls
Our share of father's duck,
While father growls and blows and jaws;
He swears the knife was full of flaws,
But mother jeers at him because
He couldn't carve a duck to save his
soul from China.

—Exchange.

HOW THE OTHER 999 SHIRK.

Some people think it easy to build up an association of sportsmen. That's because they never tried it. I hear about once a day that I am building up the L. A. S. to boom RECREATION. Then some other fellow says, No, I don't think RECREATION needs any booming, but Shields is doing it to get himself talked about.

And now, in order once more to show these fellows, as well as the sensible people, how near these statements come to the truth, I print below a copy of a personal letter I wrote a few days ago.

After a long and arduous piece of work I got 25 men in a certain Western State to join the League. The Secretary called an election for Chief Warden. A good friend of mine was chosen and he was duly notified of the fact; whereupon he promptly wrote me, saying he could not serve and that I must find some one else to fill the office.

Following is a copy of my reply to him. I do not like to parade myself in this work, the A. D. G. H. to the contrary notwithstanding, but I print this for a better purpose. I print it to show the other 999 fellows what their apathy, their cussed laziness, is costing me.

The letter was dictated when I was hot. It came from the fullness of my heart, and now that I have cooled off I see nothing in it to change or retract.

The Psalmist wrote, "I said in my haste all men are liars;" and history fails to record that he ever retracted. I said in my hour of trouble some hard words about the other 999 sportsmen. I have no apology to offer them now. Here is the letter:

My dear Friend:

If I had been made of ordinary flesh, blood and bones, I should have thrown down this work of game protection 2 years ago and have said, "Let the game hogs go ahead and wipe out the game, and then let the sportsmen shoot craps the rest of their lives." But, fortunately for men who do get a chance to shoot and fish, I seem to be made of the same kind of meat of which bulldogs are made. And so I suppose I shall keep on fighting as long as I live. And I shall probably keep on begging the other sportsmen to help me in the fight. In the future, as in the past, I shall probably find only one man in a thousand who is willing to do his share of the work. The other 999 will leave their share for me and a few other men to do.

Why should I interest myself in protecting game in your State? I have not the remotest idea of ever doing a day's shooting there. In fact, I would not shoot a prairie chicken or a quail if I were camped on one of your prairies and if a thousand of these birds were in sight all day. I have learned to love the birds too much to wish to kill them. Even if I were disposed to go on the prairies and have a day of rest and sport I could not do it. I have undertaken a contract that has buried me in work. I have built up an institution that demands all of my time and energy, and in which I could expend 10 times the strength I have. And so I shall keep at work, until some day I shall probably die in my chair.

Then the men who have been and are being benefited, every day, by the work of this League, and by my work, will say,

"Well, Shields is gone, and it serves him right. He was a —— fool to kill himself trying to protect the game. What difference does it make? Why did he not let the hogs alone, and let them finish the game? It was nothing to him. He did no shooting the last 15 years of his life, and said he did not care to do any. I can understand why a man should want to save game if he had a chance to kill it; but I can not understand why he should want to save it for others to kill."

And so I shall be forgotten, before the dirt over my grave is dry.

These reflections—this bitterness, if you will—is caused by your refusal to take the office of Chief Warden of your division of this League. If you knew how many thousands of letters I have written to sportsmen in your State, within the past 2½ years, begging them to join the League, you would be astounded. If you knew how few of these had ever replied to my letters in any way, you would be shocked. If you knew how many men I have asked—have begged—to accept the Chief Wardenship of the division, if we ever did get 25 members there, you would be surprised. If you knew that only 2 or 3 of these same men had ever shown me the decency to answer in any way, you would say,

"Well, Shields is a fool."

If you knew how many hundreds of dollars I have put into the work of trying to get 25 members in your State, you would say,

"Shields is an idiot."

I have 4 stenographers in my office to whom I pay liberal salaries. In the aggregate these stenographers have put in probably 2 or 3 months of their time in working on the sportsmen of your state to get them to join the League. This is only one item of the expense.

Now in view of these facts will you persist in your refusal to head the League work in your State? Will you compel me to hunt another year for some man to take the place? I would be willing to do this if certain I should succeed even then; but when I remember how little interest anybody feels in this subject and how the 999 men refuse to even answer my letters, it makes me sick at heart to think of it.

You need not devote one hour a week to League work unless you see fit to do so. If you will do that, it is more than the other 999 men are willing to do. Even if not willing to do that, now, you could let the organization hang together for the time being, and perhaps take up the work some time in the future.

As I said in a previous letter, you were one of the first good, strong friends RECREATION ever had. You sent me 150 subscriptions at a time when every dollar I got was worth $10 to me. The League is now in the position RECREATION was in then. Some time the League will have 100,000 members. I shall be under the sod and shall be forgotten before that time, but there will then be plenty of men who will be scrambling for the offices and the honors. Now is the time when we need help.

My dear friend, think this over again and see whether in the face of all the work I have done for the sportsmen of your State, as well as others, you will still compel me to start in on another search.

Awaiting your kind reply, I am,

Yours truly,

G. O. SHIELDS.

Two days later I got a telegram which read:

I hereby withdraw my resignation; will help you stir up the other 999.

Then I said to myself: "There are some sensible men in the world after all."

COSTLY MILLINERY.

MARY A. THOMSON.

"'Twas perfection!" the hat that Geraldine wore,
Cried a conclave of maidens and wives;
That hat had cost forty-five dollars or more,
And also eight innocent lives.

The birds on the crown—a beautiful pair—
For Fashion's caprice had been slain;
Their yellow glass eyes seemed to mournfully glare
As though looking for pity in vain.

And the six tiny birds in the mossy nest left,
All callow and helpless and weak,
Had died of starvation, of parents bereft,
And too young for provisions to seek.

But what matter? Fair Geraldine's hat was in style,
And admired and envied was she;
And "the birds on the crown," she said with a smile,
"Are extremely becoming to me."

O matrons and maidens! let pity awake;
Against cruel Fashion rebel;
Bid the ruthless collectors their trade to forsake,
And refuse ye their profits to swell.

Refuse, not in pity to bird life alone,
For if none will the massacre stay,
America's songbirds will soon be unknown,
And her woods' sweetest charm passed away.

Judge—I see you lost 2 front teeth in the fracas.

Prisoner—No, your Honor, I didn't lose them.

Judge—But they are missing.

Prisoner—Yes, I swallowed them.—Chicago News.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

THE PASSING OF THE DEER.

St. Ignace, Mich.

Editor RECREATION:

The "Antlered Monarch of the Woods" still roams the forests of Michigan's upper peninsula in large numbers, but he is growing annually less numerous. The market hunter is effecting his extermination. Facts and figures substantiate this statement.

The city of St. Ignace, on the Straits of Mackinac, is the upper peninsula transfer point through which most of the all-rail shipments of freight and express, as well as all D. & C. steamboat shipments to Southern points are made. There are shipped through this place, by express, every year, during the 3 weeks which comprise the open season, 1,000 to 1,200 deer. In addition to the shipments by express many go by freight. An estimate of 500 to 800 would, perhaps, be conservative. It is safe to say that 1,500 to 2,000 deer are annually shipped through this place. All of these deer are killed in the upper peninsula and are consigned to commission merchants and meat handlers in the lower peninsula. A few are taken by returning hunters; yet I am informed by authorities that practically all of the carcases go to market dealers, the proportion going to private parties being insignificant and immaterial to the consideration of the subject.

I do not know that the shipments passing through this point represent the entire contribution of the Northern woods to the tables of Southern epicures, hotels and eating houses. There may be other avenues of transportation from other points.

In addition to the Southern market, there is the home market, which is largely in excess of the former. Every market dealer in every city, town, and hamlet in this peninsula, sells one to 50 carcases of deer every season. There are many sales, also, which are made, not through markets at all, but direct from hunter to consumer.

It is statistically estimated that the annual kill of deer in this peninsula ranges from 4,000 to 6,000. It is possible the actual kill is much greater, for the reason that our statisticians base their estimates on the recorded sale of licenses, the shipments of express companies, and such other information as is to be found in black and white evidence; whereas much of the kill is not recorded. Whatever the actual number may be, the conceded slaughter is enormous, and four-fifths of it is perpetrated by market hunters for a price.

Two prime causes have been assigned for the passing of the deer. One is this yearly slaughter; the other, forest denudation. If we can not, as yet, prevent the destruction of the forests, we can stop the slaughter by enacting a statute prohibiting the sale of deer. This should be done at once. It would, of itself, preserve the animals in this peninsula indefinitely; because, although the merchantable timber is being rapidly removed by lumbermen, yet the cover is not appreciably diminished. There are sufficient scrub timber, worthless bush and new growths to afford hiding places and feeding grounds for much vaster numbers of deer than we have at present. The enemy of the deer is not so much the lumberman or that other destroyer of the forests, the farmer, as it is the market hunter. Of course, as the agriculturist more and more subdues the land we must expect the large game to correspondingly vanish. He cuts down the trees, burns the brush and takes away their home. He does a clean job. We can not stop the farmer, however. In fact, we don't want to. There is room enough for generations to come for both him and the deer. The market hunter is the fellow.

I do not wish to attach any discredit, censure or odium to market hunting or the market hunter. He is not to blame. The business is legitimate. Not long ago it was considered commendable. But the time has arrived when we must choose between the market hunter and the preservation of our game. We must make the business unlawful or we must make up our minds to watch the deer follow the buffalo into the land of nowhere. I would not unnecessarily restrict the killing of game. I would allow the sportsman and the settler the largest liberty consistent with game preservation. I would not tinker the laws too much, but I would make the amendment indicated, because it is essential; it is imperative.

The market hunter must go. He must be annihilated. His head must be chopped off and the law is the ax to do it with. Let every man, woman and child get after the State Representative and the State Senator from his district and make their lives miserable until they make this new law, prohibiting the sale of deer.

E. H. Hotchkiss.

And while you are at it include in the bill all other species of game animals and birds.—EDITOR.

WOODCOCK AT HOME.

Currituck, N. C.

Editor RECREATION:

The woodcock story in March RECREATION puts me in mind of a few little incidents that have occurred in this county. Nearly all country people, either North or South, call the large black woodpeckers with red heads "woodcock"; while the true woodcock is known under some other name. Here they are locally called "nightpecks," and a little below here "bull snipe." That is the reason Friend Sands had them parboiled; they are better that way. When I first came here I naturally inquired about woodcock. I was promptly informed that there were hundreds of them and that they lived mostly on dead trees in the woods. It was not until the next spring that I found there were any true woodcock here. In the spring and fall we seem to have a regular fly of them, and just between sunset and dark, or early in the morning, it is possible to kill one now and then. I had a fine dog when I came here, but on only one occasion did I ever find woodcock in the daytime. Woodcock here have 2 notes, or calls. Just at evening, when he rises, he takes a long, spiral flight and makes a noise something like a person sucking his teeth. As soon as he stops this noise he closes his wings and drops like a ball to the ground, usually to a low, wet place in a newly ploughed field. He then walks around, sticks his bill in the ground several times and gives utterance to a long drawn "peck." Hence his name, "nightpeck." This cry he repeats at intervals as long as on the ground, but as soon as he rises he uses the other note.

I have heard that after dark they could be fire-lighted, but can not say by actual experience, though I should think it likely. If disturbed while on the ground he rises and flies in big circles, but when he drops it is pretty sure to be nearly at the spot he rose from.

Nearly all our fields have swamp on one or 2 sides of them and this makes killing woodcock extremely difficult. The half light, the shadow from the pines and their own dark plumage make it difficult to see them. Unless a person can get them against the sky or on the ground, which is unsportsmanlike, the shooting is practically guesswork. It is, however, quite the best sport I have ever tried, though I never did kill over 3 at a time, and probably never got over a dozen shots in an evening.

The only time I ever saw any in the daytime here, I was crossing a swamp with Mr. Crain, an old time sportsman. Suddenly 3 woodcock rose at once. Mr. Crain killed all 3 before I could shoot, 2 with one barrel and the third with the other. This reads rather like a fairy tale, but I am now going to tell one that sounds much more so. Late one evening I was crossing a ploughed field and noticed a woodcock on the ground. As I had no gun with me I thought I would see how close I could sneak to him. I got up probably within 10 yards, when I saw another in the next furrow. I picked up a chunk to throw at him, and the minute it struck near him the air was full of woodcocks. There were at least 25 within 15 yards of where I was standing, and they got up nearly together. That was more woodcocks than I usually see in a month, and I have never seen so many together at one time before or since, nor have I ever heard of anyone who has. Where they go in the daytime has been a puzzle to me for the last 5 years. I have hunted the swamps thoroughly with good dogs, but with the exception of the 3 killed by Mr. Crain have never seen one in the daytime.

A. S. Duane.

THE MONGOLIAN PHEASANT OF OREGON.

The prospects for fine fall shooting were never brighter for the true sportsman than at the present time. Heretofore the late spring rains have spoiled so many nests during the hatching season that we had only varied luck in shooting, each fall. Last spring was so mild that this fall bids fair to be a record breaker for large numbers of pheasants.

The golden pheasant inhabits only the flat farming country, and is never found in the mountains. It would probably seem strange to the average sportsman to be walking across a stubble field and to have his dog set a fine cock, to flush and kill it, and then to have his dog bring him a game bird of beautiful plumage, measuring over 30 inches from tip to tip.

However, an old cock will lead the sportsman a merry chase for perhaps over ¼ of a mile before he can stop the bird. As a general thing the young birds will lay much better for the dog and furnish better sport. The season opens October 1st and continues until January 1st, and our laws are strict in regard to our game birds during the closed season.

The birds are usually found in the stubble fields, the tall swale grass, or in the ash swales which run through the fields. Sportsmen can generally get permission to shoot on any farm by giving the farmer a bird or 2 for the privilege.

The male Mongolian pheasant is nearly identical in appearance with the golden pheasant, having a long tail and brilliant plumage. The male often reaches a length of 36 inches from the head to the tip of the tail. The hen is a somber bird, somewhat resembling a sage hen, but smaller and quicker in her movements. Each hen usually raises about 18 chicks at a time, and sets 3 times each spring, so, of course, the increase is rapid.

Pheasants are clean birds, eating only grain and grass seeds. Their meat is white and has a most excellent flavor. We believe our pheasant shooting to be the finest sport in this line in the world, and on account of our laws becoming better each year the sport will continue good. We have also such game as grouse, quails, ducks, geese, swan, deer, elk, etc., and it would be hard to find another State with such a variety of game as Oregon has. When you Easterners come to Oregon, if any of you ever do, bring your guns and fly rods and we assure you of some of the greatest sport in the world.

Sport, Portland, Oregon.

BOYS SHOULD JOIN THE L. A. S.

Louisville, Ky.

Editor RECREATION:

I see in your July number an article on small boys and cheap rifles which struck me so forcibly that I decided to write you in regard to the way song and other birds fall victims to the deadly cheap rifle. I am a great lover of the woods, and often ride out of town after work hours to enjoy them. Almost every time I go out I meet boys going come with their pockets filled with birds they have killed. This has been going on until there is hardly a song bird left anywhere around Louisville. I wish you would publish an open letter to the boys about this useless slaughter, and perhaps it would do some good in this locality. The game laws are not enforced here, so the offenders are unpunished.

R. L. L.

ANSWER.

The state of affairs you describe is truly deplorable, and it is one which RECREATION and the League have been working diligently to reach. We have been successful in thousands of cases, yet it seems we have not reached the young heathens in your vicinity. If you can get the names and addresses of any or all the boys who are slaughtering song birds and send them to me I will go after them in a way that will be mighty apt to stop them in their nefarious work.

The game laws of your State prohibit the killing of meadow larks, thrushes, martins, finches, swallows, flickers, red birds, orioles, woodpeckers, tanagers, catbirds or other song or insectivorous birds at any time of the year. It is therefore your duty as well as that of every other good citizen who detects anyone in the act of killing or having in possession any such bird at any time to swear out a warrant for his arrest and to see that he is prosecuted. Doubtless you would not wish to make a business of this, but if you will prosecute a few cases the other boys will stop.

You should join the L. A. S. and induce all your friends to do so. You should apply to this office for a number of copies of the muslin poster which we supply free of charge, and which announces that the League desires to prosecute all persons who violate game or fish laws in any State. You should post these everywhere about your city and vicinity so that offenders may know we are looking for them. Will you not act promptly in these matters?—EDITOR.

DUNHAM TO GRIZZLY PETE.

Don't you know, Grizzly Pete, that a half truth is a whole lie? You may be an ex-game hog, but there are still flaws in your morality. You want to line up with that commandment against bearing false witness. It is true I was at Henry's lake in '83-'84. At that time there was no coyote in that region calling himself Grizzly Pete. If you were there under another name you will remember that in December of that winter 5,000 elk passed the lake, going toward the Madison range. They were within sight of the house 3 days, and in all that time I did not take my gun off the rack. Then there came a heavy fall of snow, 2½ feet of fresh snow on 2 feet of old, and when the storm was over there was not an elk in sight. Then, according to Pete's story, Old Dunham took his .50 caliber Sharps, and slaughtered 17 elk calves by firing 150 shots at them. I was no antique in '84, being then 31 years old, and I never owned a .50 Sharps in my life. I did help kill the calves. Deney McDonald and I found them in a draw. They were in 4½ feet of snow, could not possibly get out and would certainly have starved. I fired 11 shots at them, and Deney, 9. I leave it to the Roaster Man if it was not more humane to kill the calves than to let them starve. Not a pound of the meat was wasted, and every one at the lake had a share.

Then, Pete, why did you not give the facts about the fish? If you know anything about it, you know Henry's lake does not average 2 feet in depth, and that fish remaining in it through the winter are frozen; as proved by the many thousand dead fish that wash ashore each spring. The fish might as well be caught and eaten as left to freeze. Still, I did not catch them all. Read, on page 310 of October RECREATION, about the man willing to pay $2,000 for the right to net trout in Henry's lake. Where do the fish come from, if the lake freezes solid every winter? Go ask Henry's fork and Snake river, and don't bother me with fool questions.

Now for the rest of your little anecdotes. I never took a party on a lion hunt; I never knew a man named Pierce; and there has been no one named High Livermore at the lake since '81.

To conclude, as the parson says, I sign what I write. I don't get behind a grizzly or any other beast and call names.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

RECREATION DOES THE WORK.

I like your system of warfare against the game hogs, as exhibited along the firing line in RECREATION, better and better as time passes. If ever I can be of the least assistance to you, just press the button and I will endeavor to do the rest. If I should not succeed in accomplishing anything it will be through inability to do so, and not because of any lack of willingness on my part.

RECREATION has worked a great change in public sentiment in regard to the protection of birds and game of all kinds. This is everywhere apparent, and great is the rejoicing thereat among the intelligent people. Take this town, for instance. A few years ago a pot hunter might kill game out of season or destroy song birds at any time, and nothing would be done or said about it. To-day the person who indulges in that sort of pastime will quickly find himself in the buttermilk; and will be politely invited to pay sundry shekels for his fun in shooting the robin that ate his cherries, or the grouse that was not legally ripe.

Go into any of our millinery stores at the present time and inquire what has become of the piles of birds' wings and feathers which have until lately been seen in the windows, and the proprietors will tell you with many frowns and grimaces indicative of profound disgust that "the cranks have kicked up such a fuss over the wearing of birds, that sort of trimming has gone out of style." Of course, public opinion, that mighty power for reform, has frowned on the style, and in this frown dies a barbarous and degrading custom. All honor to the cranks! And the Editor of RECREATION is the biggest of the lot! The birds know these people, and sing for them their choicest songs; for these little feathered creatures ask nothing but to be let alone as they flit about, gathering their rations of insects and doing their share in preserving Nature's balance.

You say certain sportsmen's papers are accusing you of using the L. A. S. to boom RECREATION. Well, that's all right! It seems to me that all members of the League ought to stand by the magazine that is working to preserve the game so that a man can be a sportsman. Some of the sportsmen's journals furnish pleasant and interesting reading, but I don't call to mind any of them that are putting in any hard licks in the cause of game protection.

A. L. Vermilya, Columbiaville, Mich.

DOMESTICATING WILD PIGEONS.

I enclose clipping from the Milton Rays. The wild pigeons referred to were taken from the nest when 3 days old. Their food has been yolk of egg, hard boiled, rubbed up in mortar with milk, and given with a dropper. There is a small flock of these birds near the mouth of the Lamoile river.

E. A. Frost, Milton, Vt.

The clipping referred to is as follows:

> E. A. Frost has a pair of young, wild pigeons that he is having the best of success in raising, as they are strong healthy birds and are growing rapidly. The pigeon has been supposed by many to be extinct or nearly so, and such publications as RECREATION have referred to them as a bird of the past. It seems, however they are appearing again in some localities, but in diminished numbers. These birds were taken from the nest when quite young and added to Friend Frost's collection. They bid fair to grow up to useful pigeonhood. A small colony has nested in Milton for several seasons and we are informed that those who knew their resting place have wisely refrained from killing the birds or allowing others to do so.

I wrote Mr. Frost, urging him to give or sell his captured pigeons to the New York Zoological Park, telling him they would there be placed in a large flying cage and thus restored to almost their natural conditions. Mr. Frost replied as follows:

> I do not care to part with them at present, but if I decide later to dispose of them I will donate them to the N. Y. Zoo Park with great pleasure. I will try to procure a pair for that purpose, but these pigeons are so tame and such great pets that I wish to keep them.

This correspondence I referred to Mr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the park, who writes me:

> This is good news indeed. I hope Mr. Frost will succeed in raising his captive pair; also in protecting the wild ones.

STOP SPRING AND SUMMER SHOOTING.

The summer season for woodcock shooting in the Keystone State opened July 1st and will continue throughout the month, when the season will be closed until October 15th, the opening of the regular fall hunting season. I, for one, am strongly opposed to shooting woodcock in the summer, and earnestly hope that all sportsmen, especially those who love to wander through the solitudes of the wooded swamps, with gun and dog, eagerly listening for the whistling whirr of wings and watching for the plump, brown outline of *Philohela minor*, gliding swiftly through the copse, will put their heads together and do all in their power to have the July season abolished. These magnificent game birds breed in April and May. When the season opens in July, numbers of half grown birds, that are scarcely able to fly, fall before the hunter's gun. The old birds are not in good condition, and are poor flyers at that time of the year. In the fall they are large and plump and are swift flyers, affording excellent sport. There is not the least doubt that woodcock would become much more plentiful if the open summer season were abolished, as the young birds would then be allowed to reach a mature growth.

I earnestly hope, Coquina, that you are in favor of such a change in the woodcock season, and will give it your hearty support.

Harry P. Hays, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

I am most emphatically opposed to all spring and summer shooting. The open season for all kinds of game should be only in the autumn, and then the shorter the better.—EDITOR.

GOOD WORK OF IOWA GAME WARDEN.

Iowa has a most efficient game warden, George E. Delavan, of Estherville. He is making a strong effort to enforce the game and fish laws and has secured many convictions this season. He had a number of duck and chicken preserves patrolled during August, so the shooting would be first class for the legitimate sportsmen who go to these places when the legal season opens, September 1st. One of these is Twin lakes, on the C. M. & St. P. R'y., near Jolley, Iowa, about 100 miles Northwest of Des Moines. These lakes are large and shallow and are near a large marsh. It is probably the best duck preserve in Northwestern Iowa. The past season was favorable for nesting, as the spring was dry, with a great deal of water left in lakes and sloughs, and there were heavy rains during the latter part of July. From all over the State come reports that the chicken and duck shooting this fall is better than ever. Both the chicken and duck shooting opened the 1st of September. The opening of the season is the best time for chickens in this State, but, while there will be plenty of young and tender ducks, the best of the shooting is in October and early November. Iowa feels proud of Major Lacey, author of the bird law. Enclosed find a small contribution to the watch fund. Every right minded man is in sympathy with you in your fight against the game hog whether or not he takes the trouble to say so.

F. W. Bicknell, Des Moines, Ia.

BIG GAME IN QUEBEC.

Being a constant reader and admirer of your magazine, I venture to ask for some information regarding big game, especially bear, near Lake St. John, Quebec. I should also like to know the game laws of Quebec.

Bill Montrose, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

ANSWER.

There is good bear country at Lake Jim, a short distance from Lake St John. Hunting would have to be done by canoes and camping out. Good guides may be obtained. I recommend Symon Rafael and Tomas Larouche; Rafael, especially, being a first class bear hunter and knowing all the country. The chances for caribou there are good, and for moose, if one is lucky and gives sufficient time.

The close season for caribou and moose is from the 1st of January to the 1st of September. There is no close season on bear. The best time to start for bear hunting would be shortly after the middle of August. Persons not domiciled in the Province of Quebec must get a general permit for hunting and shooting all animals, to be issued by the Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, Hon. S. N. Parent. A fee of not less than $5 nor more than $25 is to be determined by the Commissioner upon the permit being applied for.—EDITOR.

A MERITED CONVICTION.

The more I see of RECREATION the better I like it. A sportsman who can find anything in its pages to criticize must be hard to please, or else his sportsmanship is only pinckbeck. This is, I am sorry to say, a lawless region; we have more than our share of rooters. One lately came to grief through shipping a lot of deer hides, some in the red coat, to Detroit. A game warden there seized the pelts and, with the help of our local warden, ran the shipper down and into the pen, where he is likely to remain some time. A benign Providence got his work in, also, in the case of 2 fellows who caught 20 dozen trout, took them to town and sold them. Going home they got drunk on the proceeds, fell out of the wagon, and were run over and severely injured. Another curly tail killed 32 rabbits and cut off their hind legs, leaving the rest for the foxes and wildcats. At this rate we will not much longer be able to boast of an abundance of game in this vicinity.

Will C. Donalson, Mud Lake, Mich.

DESTRUCTION OF QUAIL.

In some parts of California a single pair of quails will often raise 2 broods in one season, aggregating 25 to 30. This takes, of course, all summer, the second brood being very small when the season opens. The young quails are subject to many disasters, as they are a delicate morsel for birds and beasts. They need the care of their parents until well grown. During the summer great numbers of old birds are shot while standing on fences or bushes calling their young. Most of these butchers are from the city and get a few weeks' vacation in the summer, when they make up for lost time, as the loss of a parent kills the brood.

Day after day I have heard the banging of guns, which made me feel sick. I have found many dead and dying little birds by the roadside, their death being evidently caused by the loss of their parents. There is another set of fellows who make a practice of shooting half grown birds, which, though not quite so destructive as killing the old birds, is bad enough.

E. R. Preston, Pasadena, Calif.

HAS REFORMED.

The way game, large and small, has been slaughtered in this country is a national crime which our people will yet bitterly regret. Thirty years ago Rock county, Wisconsin, was full of game; now it is almost gameless. When I was a boy I helped in the destruction. With an old musket I could kill, anywhere along the waterside, more ducks than I could carry. When I grew older I bought a rifle, and after I saw what could be done with that weapon I had no further use for a shot gun. There is more real pleasure in knocking the heads off a few squirrels or birds with a rifle than in murdering a carload of game with a shot gun. Years ago I was in the habit of going to the Northern wilderness every season. Often I brought back 6 to 12 deer and sold them for a few cents a pound. Since reading RECREATION a few years I am heartily ashamed of my earlier work. Last year I went up again, killed one deer, and was satisfied.

A. K. Wallin, Fulton, Wis.

This is only one of thousands of cases that have been reported to me where men have been reformed by reading this magazine. And the good work still goes on.—EDITOR.

GAME NOTES.

Can any brother sportsman account for the yearly migration of prairie chickens in Northwestern Minnesota? This year there was an unusually large flight. From the 1st to about the 25th of October they fly Southward, returning in March and April. For the last 5 or 6 years thousands of the birds have wintered here, on account, I think, of the great quantity of corn now grown in this section. Their annual flight has long puzzled me. Where do they go? If part of them stay here and flourish, why do not all remain? Our game laws are well observed. The last amendment prohibiting the sale of prairie chickens is a dandy. Market shooting is the ruination of sport. If no one would shoot more than he could use, our game would last for generations.

P. H. Ehlers, Garvin, Minn.

We have in this State many important game fields, and beautiful trout streams and lakes. Unfortunately, every year, in violation of law, in season and out of season, the game hog, apparently lost to every sense of honor and decency, practices his unholy methods of extermination that are so rapidly giving us a gameless West. I earnestly hope in time every sportsman in our State may become imbued with the healthy sentiments of the L. A. S. and may add his name to its roll of members. I greatly desire to see Nevada well represented in the organization that is doing such noble work toward preserving the game in all parts of our country.

A. Huffaker, Carson, Nev.

Having hunted and fished from my boyhood, I, of course, enjoy RECREATION. My favorite sport is snipe shooting. Some years ago I could find it in plenty on the meadows near Newark, but the growth of the city, combined with spring shooting, has driven the birds from those grounds. In this State the fall open season on snipe is the month of September. This should, I think, be changed to October. Then the birds are in excellent condition and more numerous than at any other time. The law as it stands is exceedingly unpopular. Abolish spring shooting and make October the open season on snipe, and it will be better for both sportsmen and birds.

H. S. M. Griffen, Newark, N. J.

Five of us went coon hunting one dark and rainy night. Our hounds took up the trail at 7.30 p. m, and we followed it until 5.30 the next morning, making a run of 10 hours. If anyone has a hound with a better record on coons I should like to hear of it. The coon took to the water many times, and at one place followed the middle of a creek fully ¼ of a mile. About 3 a. m. the temperature fell below freezing; at 5.30 trailing was so difficult that we called Pat off. If that coon was as tired and sore as I, I feel sorry for him.

We cross trailed 3 or 4 wolves, and one fox. Prospect for small game is good; lots of quails left over.

M. E. Hoag, D.D.S., Maxwell, Ia.

A ranchman named Cunningham, who lives in Jackson's Hole, Wyo., has sent a bill to the State Auditor for $50 worth of hay which he alleges was destroyed last winter by elk, which the law did not permit him to kill at that time.

There is an important principle involved in this novel claim. Similar ones have been presented to the State of Wyoming before, and have been disallowed. During the winter, elk go into Jackson's Hole in great herds, break down fences by sheer force of numbers and weight, and destroy many stacks of hay. It is next to impossible to drive the elk away, and it would seem the State should provide some protection for the ranchmen. Who can suggest a remedy?

Bears were unusually abundant in this section last fall. About 20 were killed. One, weighing 402 pounds, was killed by some boys with No. 6 shot. "Uncle Hugh," a man 85 years of age, found, as he supposed, one bear under an upturned root, and ran a mile for a gun. Returning, he began shooting. When he got through he found he had 3 bear, an old one and 2 cubs. Grouse were slaughtered in great numbers last season by 3 or 4 market hunters. They shipped the birds to your city secretly. A few deer were killed here by being run to death with dogs. Our game laws have never been enforced, or we would have hundreds of deer where we now have one.

A. R. Williams, First Fork, Pa.

I send you a clipping from an Illinois paper:

> A woman who wears a stuffed bird on her hat is liable to a fine of from $25 to $50 by a law recently passed by the Legislature of Arkansas.

This did me good when I read it. I wish all the States were as far advanced as Arkansas is. If they were, many thousands of innocent birds would be saved from destruction . Your valuable magazine must be read by some one in the Arkansas Legislature.

Chas. W. Goss, Paoli, Ind.

I heartily echo the wishes of Mr. Goss. The Lacey bird bill, however, has already checked the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes.—Editor.

In February Recreation the writer of an article entitled "An Obedient Pet" asks if others have been successful in taming a full grown fox. I once had a fox which was more than half grown when caught. He became exceedingly tame, and would run after and play with me just as a dog would. One of his tricks was to put his head in my pockets in search of peanuts and other things he fancied. His coat was gray on the surface, but when parted the hair was reddish yellow. I owned a young dog at the time, and fox and dog would play together by the hour, never quarreling.

Kenneth Hanger, Little Rock, Ark.

The following slip, taken from the Erie (Pa.) Evening Herald of July 26th, may interest you and perhaps your readers:

> William Bolte, living near Harborcreek, was arrested by Game Warden Arthur Dunn yesterday and brought before Alderman Swalley, charged with the unlawful shooting of meadow larks. Bolte pleaded guilty and was assessed $25 and costs, which he paid. It is stated that the man had been warned several times previously to desist from shooting song birds, a warning which he did not heed.

Harborcreek is a small village, 8 miles East of here. M., Erie, Pa.

Bolte will not fail to heed his warning this time. Some men can never take a hint unless it is emphasized with a club. Bolte seems to be one of that kind.—Editor.

The Indians are largely responsible, under the agents, for the destruction of big game in the West. I know of one agent who permits his Indians to kill more than 1,000 deer every fall. I have seen some of this work done. Deer are abundant thus far, but at the present rate of destruction they will not long be so, and since the Government feeds the Indians, there is no excuse for the slaughter. I have also known army officers to catch 100 to 200 trout and allow them to spoil. Because fishing was good they did not know when to quit. An army officer is no less a hog because of his rank.

Sportsman, Great Falls, Mont.

On our trip in the Rocky mountains we were not fortunate enough to get into a bear fight, but got some large elk heads, which was our principal object in making the trip. Governor Richards and Judge Van Devanter each secured a fine head. They also had the satisfaction of trying the Savage and the .30-40 Winchester on bull elk. Each man thinks his gun the best, so there is no room for argument. We did not kill a female animal of any kind. nor did we wound an animal and let it get away. We saw plenty of cow elk and doe deer.

Geo. B. McClellan, Red Bank, Wyo.

An express agent named Dix Stevens was arrested at Guthrie, Oklahoma, for shipping quails out of the State in violation of the game law. He admitted that he had had the quails in his possession and the judge fined him $50 and costs. In making up the verdict the judge said: "If I thought the express company was backing you boys in the shipment of quails in violation of law, I would hit the top notch and give you the biggest fine I could."

Here is another judge who deserves a seat at the right hand of the throne, and he would get it if I were in charge of the celestial box office.—EDITOR.

Deputy Game Warden L. M. Ricker, of Cortland, while standing on the C. & N. W. track East of Cortland, Sunday, May 6, saw an alleged sportsman shoot at a plover and break its wing; then run it down, catch it and wring its neck. As it is against both the laws of decency and the laws of Illinois to kill a plover when she is rearing her babies, the so-called sport was arrested and fined $15 and costs. The State game warden has given strict orders to arrest any one shooting song birds or birds that rear their young in Illinois If you are caught violating the law you are almost certain to be punished, and the penalties are heavy—DeKalb Daily Chronicle.

Here are a game warden who knows how to deal with law breakers and an editor who has some good sound ideas on the subject of game protection.—EDITOR.

Two miles above Lenni dam, on Chester creek, stands the Glen Mills paper mill. About once a year refuse acids from the mill are emptied into the creek, each time killing wagonloads of our fish. Can anything be done to stop this slaughter? Jos. Cathcart lives at West Branch, a village not far from here. He owns several rabbit dogs and allows them to run at large all summer. Almost every night they are chasing rabbits, and undoubtedly kill many young ones. The Cathcarts are the worst game hogs we have here. They think nothing of shooting 15 or 20 rabbits a day.

Justice, Wawa, Del. Co., Pa.

Yes, the mill men can be prosecuted under your State law. File a complaint with the nearest justice, and the State's attorney should prosecute the case.—EDITOR.

Fox hunting was good last winter. An old fox hunter told me that he and a friend from Syracuse had shot 8. They have 2 good fox hounds. Rabbits you can start out almost anywhere. I know of a farm about 2 miles from this village where the rabbit tracks in the yard and in the drives are as thick as the sheep tracks in the barnyard. Yet but few rabbits were shot.

Fishing is good here for trout, pickerel, bass and bull heads. RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine published.

F. T. Cunningham,
New Woostock, N. Y.

We have here a few shooters who should be turned in with your game hogs. One of them is John McCutchen, who recently slaughtered 20 quails in one day. Quails are so scarce here that the man who will kill more than 10 in a day is a genuine game hog. These fellows refuse to join the L. A. S. Look up their pedigree and see if they are not of the Webber stock.

L. A. S., No. 1826.

Of course, they would refuse to join the L. A .S. They belong to the A. O. of G. H., whose ritual was published in RECREATION for August, 1898.—EDITOR.

This was once a great region for geese and ducks. Year after year our people killed all they cared to use, and there was no decrease in the supply of birds. In '88 a Chicago man began advertising for game in our local papers, offering as much as $14 a dozen for geese and $4 a pair for canvasbacks. Rabbits, also, were in demand, and I know of a party of 7 men who killed 500 rabbits in one day. In a few years the waterfowl were destroyed or driven away; and now you may hunt all day and not get a rabbit.

C. E. Brewer, Council Bluffs, Ia.

In '62, while on my first hunting trip in Minnesota, we passed on the wagon road between St. Paul and Minneapolis an enclosure in which 5 buffaloes were quietly grazing among common cattle. The big fellows seemed reconciled to their fate and were tame and gentle. I should like to know who owned those buffaloes, how he obtained them, and what finally became of them. Perhaps some reader of RECREATION residing in the vicinity of St. Paul or Minneapolis can give the desired information.

H. H. Thompson, Boscobel, Wis.

What a tale of woe goes out from all over the country about the slaughter of game out of season! Look at the game laws of West Virginia and see that blessed clause limiting the hog to 12 quails a day. I have spoken to a good many farmers relative to leaving a small patch of wheat or clover wherever there is a quail's nest, and to-day I saw that my advice is heeded. A young farmer pointed to 2 patches of clover he had left and said there were 34 eggs in the nest. Pleased was I? Well, you bet.

W. J. Moffatt, Guyandotte, W. Va.

Last fall I visited my brother, who lives near Greenville, Mich., and had great sport with the birds. I have hunted in Arkansas, Missouri and Ohio and found game plentiful; but nothing to compare with Northern Michigan. The first afternoon I hunted we flushed 45 grouse and 2 coveys of quails, and without a dog at that. The many lakes near Greenville are full of pike, bass and catfish. It is also a good deer country.

E. R. Newton, Alliance, O.

Yours is the magazine *par excellence* for the better class of sportsmen. My non-shooting subscribers, also, are enthusiastic in its praise, and the ladies read it with much interest. If RECREATION had been published as long as some of the alleged sportsmen's journals which have encouraged and flattered the game and fish hogs there would not have been that depletion of game and fish of which we hear complaints from all sections.

W. W. Potter, Buffalo, N. Y.

Quails are plentiful here. The scrub oak timber, numerous streams and countless cornfields and cotton patches furnish them fine cover. Fox squirrels, coons and opossums are fairly abundant. Forty to 60 miles West of here many deer range, and a few black bears. Coyotes and jack rabbits afford good sport for those who hunt with greyhounds.

Oklahoma can furnish lots of sport for years to come if the game laws are respected.

J. S. Kinkade, Hennessey, Okla.

We have abundance of deer, turkeys, coons, wildcats, squirrels, red, gray and black foxes, and some bears. We have also good trout fishing in our small streams,, and plenty of bass and salmon in the Cheat river. Our club has a comfortable house built in the mountains, where we go each season. Last fall we killed 6 deer and a lot of small game. We try in every way to protect the game of our State.

F. F. C., Hambleton, W. Va.

The salmon are probably wall eyed pike. —ED.

We have in this region rabbits, squirrels and ruffed grouse. January 3 I went about 18 miles out of the city to hunt squirrels. I had tramped around an hour when I heard a chattering, and soon had killed 3 grey squirrels. I weighed them and found they weighed 3 pounds. I used a Stevens' Favorite .22.

I should like to buy a puppy or young pointer, and should be glad of information as to where I can get one.

A. E. Wait, Traverse City, Mich.

I own a 3 year old black and tan dog of sporting proclivities and exceeding intelligence. There are people named Partridge living near me, and my dog insists on pointing members of that family whenever she meets them. Two papers are left daily at my door. The dog brings me the Republican journal without being told; the Democratic sheet she will fetch only under compulsion.

N. Y. Hildebrand, Springfield, Ill.

I recently arrested one Charles L. Barbera, of Boston, for violation of fish and game laws. Judge Bossom, of Chelsea Police Court, fined him $10 for killing 9 swallows. If the Judge had ever read RECREATION he would have made it $20 or more.

C. N. Hardenbrush, Revere, Mass.

You did your duty, anyway, and are the right kind of stuff.—EDITOR.

State Game Protector Carlos Hutchins, of Indian Lake, passed through Warrensburgh to-day on his way to Caldwell with James and Robert Pierce, whom he caught recently jacking deer at Puffer pond. They were taken to the county jail to pay the penalty for their offence by 25 days' imprisonment.

Mr. Hutchins has also shot several dogs that have been chasing deer. They are frequently seen near the village, where a few years ago they were never found.

Subscriber, Warrensburg, N. Y.

Here is a never failing cure for rattlesnake bite: Take 3 ounces of fine cut tobacco, 3 ounces of table salt, and an onion of medium size. Cut the onion fine, and mash and mix thoroughly with the salt and tobacco. Put this mixture on the wound and allow to remain until dry. Repeat twice if needed. If that does not effect a cure call me a harp of 7 strings.

Chas. Gibson, Eufaula, I. T.

Although a woman, I am fond of the fishing rod and the rifle. When I was a small girl my father taught me to shoot, and I felt proud of being the only girl in town who could make a good target. And now, though the days of childhood are past, the rifle and rod stand next to my camera in my affections. RECREATION is the queen of magazines.

(Miss) B. M. R., East Hardwick, Vt.

On my regular bear hunt last fall I got some fine skins, in heavy fur. The last day I was in the mountains I counted 35 deer and 12 elk. The game has quit hiding so close since our new game law went into effect. No game is shipped in this State any more, so it is getting more abundant. From my yard this morning I saw a bunch of Chinese pheasants.

W. H. Boren, Camas Valley, Ore.

I had a star assistant last year. He burned hundreds of yards of nets and knocked out a lot of shortbill snipe restaurants here. Then he went to Indianapolis, where our pot bellied legislators eat quails and prairie chickens in June and September and caught every hotel, restaurant and cold storage man in the place.

F. M. Gilbert, Game Warden,
Evansville, Ind.

That man should be promoted.—Ed.

Last fall T. Morgan, H. R. Lenny, R. Sullivan, G. Henion and I went to Servion, Montana. There we were met by guides, previously engaged, and went about 50 miles to the hunting ground. The first day we camped we killed 4 deer and a turkey. During our stay we killed 11 more turkeys.

C. M. Daniels, New York.

A recent convention in this State passed a resolution in favor of the passage of a better law for the protection of our game and insectivorous birds. Sentiment is rapidly growing in this State along that line, and I feel sure our next General Assembly will give us a more effective law than we now have.

Frank L. Littleton, Indianapolis, Ind.

There are some deer and black bear in this vicinity. The open deer season is the last 10 days in October, and the law limits a hunter to 2 deer. Rabbits are abundant, and there is good fox and coon hunting. We have good trouting, and some black bass fishing.

F. L. Cowdrey, Jamaica, Vt.

Have read in Recreation how Braman and Breede are stirring up the deer hounders of Keene valley, N. Y. I am glad the game wardens in the Adirondacks are waking up at last; there is plenty for them to do. T. G. Taft, Saxtons River, Vt.

A carrier pigeon skin has been sent me from Rause Point, N. Y., to be mounted. It was shot July 27, and on its leg was an aluminum band stamped with stencil: J. B., 15 M., 00. Does anyone know who sent this messenger, and whence it came?

W. P. Conger, Burlington, Vt.

County Auditor Nelson has drawn wolf bounty warrants for $1,048 since January 1st. This is at the rate of $7 for each wolf, except 8 that were captured last year, for which $5 bounty was paid. Of this bounty the State pays 2-3 and the county 1-3.—Minnesota Exchange.

I hand you herewith $1 for L. A. S. membership of a friend of mine. He used to be one of the worst game hogs I ever saw, but 3 months of Recreation have completely cured him.

F. A. Miner, Courtland, Minn.

The mocking bird, so numerous in the suburbs of Dallas 5 years ago, is becoming scarcer with each returning spring. They are being driven from the city by the English sparrow. The damage which the sparrow does in disfiguring buildings, and in driving away other birds, makes it one of the worst of feathered pests.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

We have quails, rabbits, chickens and occasionally a prairie wolf. But our game will soon be exterminated if our people continue to hunt it as they do now.

L. J. Windsor, Little Cedar, Ia.

Deer, bear, grouse and quails are scarce in this county. Raccoons and mink are plentiful.

J. H. Heltzen, Davis, W. Va.

If I had a doubt of the efficacy of Recreation as an advertising medium, that doubt is buried beyond hope of resurrection beneath the avalanche of answers to my ad. in the August number. I sold out in short order, and am now spending a goodly portion of the proceeds for postage in answering belated applicants. Besides money, I was offered every conceivable variety of personal property, from a 30-volume encyclopedia to a 100-foot seine, and from a case of Humphrey's specifics to a setter pup. Recreation, like the much besung Ann Eliza, is surely a surpriser, and its readers are buyers from Purchase and swappers from Dickerville.

G. A. Mack, Pleasantville, N. Y.

"I'm going to be proud of that small boy of mine one of these days," he exclaimed, earnestly.

"Is he talented?"

"No. He's going to be a business man. I told him last week if he'd be a good boy I'd take him to the circus. Instead of taking me right up, he thought the proposition over a minute, and then asked me if I thought it was a good circus."—Washington Star.

"I wrote to ask Miss Jimp to return my love letters."

"What did she do about it?"

"She replied that she would gladly send them back if she could find them."—Chicago Record.

Have you sent for one of the L. A. S. show cards? If not you should do so at once. Every member of the League should display one.

Have you sent in your contribution to the Lacey watch fund? If not, you should do so at once.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30th. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea. July to September. Baits. Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner clam. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling, pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The Surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide; Daytime not affected by tides.

ANOTHER FISH HOG SQUEALS.

Here is a letter which explains itself, and which is printed verbatim, bad spelling and all:

E. R. Dampier — C. L. Ward
Attorney at Law — Real Estate
DAMPIER & WARD
Lands, Loans, Collections and Insurance
Pelican Rapids, Minn, Aug, 23rd, 1900.

Mr. G. O. Shields:
Editor of RECREATION.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir;—In the month of December 1899, your magazine published an artical, together with the pictures of E. R. Dampier, Rube, and Herb. Heald and Spencer Folkedahl, all of this county, in which artical you referred to the above mentioned gentlemen as "SWINE" and a "BUNCH OF HOGS".

Now after a careful research of the law on the subject of lible, I find that you have, by publishing the above mentioned artical and useing the terms you have used, libeled all of the aforesaid gentlemen —your words have brought them into public ridicule and contempt, and injured them to the extent of Five Hundred Dollars ($500.00) each. If you have any proposition which may lead to a settlement out of court, we shall be please to hear from you, other wise we will start suit against you through your agents in this state, for the sums above mentioned.

In order that you may see how the law on this question reads, We cite you a similar case which was tried in Wisconsin; In this case the defendant called the plaintiff a 'swine' and published his words in a news paper, In this case the court awarded heavy damages to the plaintiff, Minnesota follows Wisconsin decisions on points where the laws of the two states are similar, and our laws on the subject of slander and lible are the same, the case I refer to is 'Solverson vs Peterson, 64 Wis. 168' 25 N.W. 16.

Should we not hear from you by the 30th of September we will start suit.

Dampier & Ward.
Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

After reading this letter and thinking it over a while I called Inkie (my pet squirrel). He hopped up on my desk and looked at me as much as to say, "What is it, old man?"

I then read him the letter. He looked serious, as he always does when counseling with me on any weighty matter like this, but said nothing. Then I asked him what he thought of it. He looked down his nose and seemed to be in a brown study. I showed him the letter and called his attention to the fact that the name at the upper left hand corner, E. R. Dampier, is the same as that of the first man named in the complaint as having been libeled I said:

"Inkie, have you ever heard of the old maxim that the lawyer who pleads his own case has a fool for a client?" He winked the other eye; which means yes. Then I called his attention to a few of the mis-spelled words in the letter, such as "artical", "lible", "useing", etc. I asked him if he thought a lawyer who did not know how to spell the most common words in the English language should be regarded as a dangerous antagonist; and Inkie winked his right eye, which always means no.

So I said, "I think I shall write this Dampier fish hog and tell him to sail in. Wouldn't you?" And Inkie put his thumb to his nose and wiggled his fingers, which means, you bet.

And so, Dampier, it is up to you.—EDITOR.

LOCAL CLUBS SHOULD JOIN THE L. A. S.

I am with you in all your work for game protection, but I fear it is closing the stable door after the horse is stolen. Country people go on the principle that what is on their land belongs to them, and they have the right to kill or take it at any time it suits them in or out of season; though they are ready to jump on any city man who puts his foot on their soil without legal authority. The gun trade is much injured by the strict laws of the adjacent States. Few people are able to pay the license, $25, for the privilege of hunting. Besides, farmers will not allow anyone to hunt on their land unless they know him personally.

Some years ago a Mr. Stith and I went, in April, to a place called Woodfield, in Maryland. We caught in 1½ days 62 trout. Would have stayed longer but came home on account of a snow storm. Last month I paved the way for Messrs. Curtis, Roy and Stith to go up there. They were royally entertained, but did not catch a trout, for the reason that a great deal of building was going on, and the plank used in building was sawed by portable mills right where the timber was cut. The sawmills were placed on the streams in order to get water, and the sawdust ran into the streams. I was told the streams were even shy of the little mill roaches.

Col. McDonald, formerly Fish Commissioner, stocked one of these branches of the Seneca with rainbow trout and had they not been interfered with by this time there would have been good sport.

C. W. S., Washington, D. C.

ANSWER.

The facts you set forth are deplorable, and tend to discourage good sportsmen; but the situation is not so bad as you imagine. It would be if we had to depend only on the action of local clubs like yours to correct these conditions, but when you go at them with a great national organization like this League, it is entirely different. This League has already corrected many abuses, on complaints from the different localities, and is working on others. In time we shall make ourselves felt everywhere, in politics as well as in purely game legislation.

If you could talk with Mr. Lacey about the remarkable impression the League work has made on the members of the House, you would realize our strength more than in any other way. If you will read my Annual Report you will learn a lot more about the strength of the League than you know at present.

The farmer in Maryland cares little about what a local gun club in some other State or city may say to him, but the time will come when he will consider very seriously any request made of him by the League of American Sportsmen. Furthermore, the time will come when thousands of the best farmers all over the country will belong to this League, and its badge will be a passport to their fields and their houses, just as the square and compass are to-day among masons. This is why all sportsmen should join the League and do everything possible to build up the membership everywhere. Please do your part in this work and endeavor to get all your friends to do theirs. We shall then find a different state of affairs from what we find to-day.—EDITOR.

A GOOD CLUB.

Camp Debsconeag, headquarters of the Debsconeag Fish and Game Club, is on First Debsconeag lake, about 18 miles from Norcross, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad.

C. C. Garland, president and managing director of the club, whose address is Debsconeag, Piscataquis county, Me., has kindly given me some interesting facts regarding this new and novel club. Leaving Norcross on the steamer Gypsy, a sail of 14 miles takes one to the head of navigation. The route is through North Twin lake, across Pamedumcook lake, and to the head of Ambajejus lake. North Twin is 7 miles long by 3 miles wide, Pamedumcook is 9 miles long by 4 miles wide, and Ambajejus, 4 miles by 2½. During a large portion of the trip Mt. Katahdin is in view to the Northward.

Disembarking from the steamer at the head of the lake, a canoe voyage of 6 miles and a canoe voyage of 2 miles lands the tourist at the club house.

Camp Debsconeag is in Township 2, Range 10, about 6 miles from the base of Mt. Katahdin.

The club was organized under the laws of Maine with an authorized capital of

$10,000. The membership includes prominent business and professional men in Massachusetts and New York, as well as in Maine.

The chief object of the club is to afford its members good hunting, fishing and camping privileges at a medium cost.

The club house is in one of the best fish and game ranges in the State. Within 6 miles are 15 to 20 ponds, all abounding in trout. Hurd pond, 2nd Hurd, Hale pond, Minister pond, Daisy pond, 2 Beaver ponds, Rainbow lake, Passamagamoc lake, Ambajejus lake, and Pamedumcook lake are near. All these abound in togue or trout.

Camp Debsconeag is easily accessible to tourists and sportsmen. Norcross is reached after a ride of 2 hours and 40 minutes from Bangor, over the B. & A. railway. Steamers connect with the trains at Norcross for Ambajejus Falls, 14 miles distant, and from there to Camp Debsconeag is a paddle of only 4 miles.

IN THE LAND OF THE BIG TROUT.

Fort Williams, Ont.

Editor RECREATION:

I am in reach of the Nepigon river, with its big trout, but my tackle is used up, and so am I. Mounted skins of 4, 5, and 7-pound trout, pasted on birch bark, hang around the room, representing one day's catch, by one of the waiters in the hotel here.

Gray wolves are in the outskirts of town, moose and caribou within easy reach. Yesterday I flushed a covey of prairie chickens, and they flew only a few yards, clucking as they went through the brush.

The small streams are full of small trout. They bite like sunfish, at fly or any sort of bait; but being a life member of the L. A. S., I satisfied myself with a dozen of the largest, caught with fly.

This is a great country for sportsmen, but too cold this time of year for summer men. Had a game of snowball last Sunday, at Banff.

Sheep, goat, and elk skulls decorate the farm houses from Harrison lake to Fort William.

Leave to-morrow by steamer for Owen sound, thence to Montreal, and thence to New York.

RECREATION is a good password, even in this, the country of the C. P. and the Hudson's Bay Co.

Saw a man in Yellowstone Park who said he caught 140 pounds of small mouth bass in one afternoon. Told him I represented RECREATION, and asked for particulars. He hemmed and hawed a moment, and said he meant 14 pounds in a week.

Dan Beard.

A GOOD TROUT POND.

Darling pond is in Groton, Vt., and was built for the purpose of floating logs. The pond contains about 35 acres, and is fed by 3 mountain streams. These streams are natural breeding grounds for trout. There have been taken from the pond, yearly, for the past 5 years, about 2,500 pounds of trout during open season, anglers paying 40 cents a pound for all they catch.

This pond furnishes the best fishing that can be found in New England. It is here that Senator Proctor brings his brother Senators fishing. The United States Fish Commission takes about 1,0000,000 eggs during the spawning season from the trout in this pond to the hatchery at St. Johnsbury. The trout that are hatched from these eggs are kept until about 4 months old and then planted in the Vermont streams.

The pond is owned by S. L. Griffith, of Danby, Vt., and C. L. Sowle, of Groton, Vt.

The Fish Commission has traps built in the streams that empty into the pond. During spawning season, September and October, the trout leave the pond and run up the streams, where they are caught in the traps. They are then stripped and put back into the pond. In this way about 7,000 females and 3,000 males are caught and stripped each year.

AN ENERGETIC WARDEN.

A peculiar case was recently tried before a Justice of the Peace in Adrian, Mich. The facts as stated in a local newspaper are these:

Dr. O. N. Rice, of Tecumseh, was fishing on Sand lake. Deputy Game Warden F. A. Deuel, of Tecumseh, rode out to the Doctor's boat and found therein some fish under the legal size. He ordered the Doctor to return those to the water. The Doctor refused and a wordy war ensued. The report says the warden jumped into the Doctor's boat, seized him by the throat, showed him his badge, and then threw the fish into the water. The Doctor swore out a warrant charging Deuel with assault and battery. On hearing of the case Justice Vandegrift promptly discharged the game warden.

I know nothing further as to the merits of the case, but on general principles I approve the action of the local warden. He may have made a mistake in this case, but whether that be so or not, he is evidently made of the right kind of stuff, and I wish all game wardens had as much sand as Deuel appears to have displayed on this occasion.—Editor.

HE MAY BE FORGIVEN.

Last spring, before the fishing season opened, one of our boys got anxious to try his hand. He sneaked down to the river, got in a secluded place and commenced to fish. Someone seeing the boy with pole and line, notified the fish warden, who went in search of him. In the meantime the boy had caught a 5 pound pickerel, had put him on a string and fastened him in the water so he would keep alive till the boy was ready to go home. The warden came on to the boy and asked him what he was doing there.

"Fishing for suckers," replied the boy.

Our fish commissioner has decided that suckers are not a game fish, hence can be caught at any time. The fish warden looked down, saw the pickerel on the string and asked the boy what he was doing with that. The boy replied that the blamed thing bothered his bait so much he just tied him up.

D. E. Packard, Belmont, Iowa.

I do not approve of fishing for anything in close season, not even suckers; but I should not blame the boy if he had tied up all the pickerel in the river, for they are detestable pirates at best.—Editor.

A POSSIBLE CASE.

Enclosed please find clipping from the Literary Digest of June 23d. There may be no danger of such an establishment moving to this country, but should this take place, would it be a case of pearls before swine or pearls after swine? Perhaps, swine after pearls would be a better way of expressing it. There are plenty of hogs of all nationalities in this section. We need no more.

S. H. Vandergrift, Pittsburg, Pa.

The clipping referred to is as follows:

> M. Leuret, the French manufacturer of artificial pearls from fish scales, says he will come to the United States and erect works as soon as he hears of a locality where the right kind of scales can be had in large quantities. It is suggested that a suitable place might be found on the St. Lawrence river, among the Thousand islands. The scales should be small and have a silver sheen. The brighter they are the higher price they will command. The scales should be removed while the fish are alive if possible. Twenty-five thousand pounds of these scales can be used in a year. It is anticipated that twice that quantity may be used in a few years.—Tribune.

We will not borrow trouble about M. Leuret, but it is to be hoped he may never find the right location in this country.—Editor.

TOO EASY ON THEM.

Please find enclosed a clipping from the Franklin Evening News of recent date. You have had dealings with such hogs before. Roast them hard.,

W. W. Mackey, Franklin, Pa.

The clipping referred to is as follows:

> John Michel, Harry Best, Dennis Smith and Arthur Jesper, of Allegheny county, had a hearing before Alderman McVay this afternoon, charged with dynamiting fish in French creek. The defendants were held for trial at court in the sum of $100 each. They were unable ot furnish bail for a hearing and were compelled to spend Sunday in jail.

I am delighted that the dynamiters were caught. It would have been better for the cause of game protection if one of their cartridges had exploded when the hogs were well bunched, but as this did not happen, you are fortunate in the fact that they were apprehended and locked up. I earnestly hope they may be convicted in the criminal court and that they may be sent to jail for at least 5 years each.—Editor.

WYOMING FISHING.

In July I was one of a party trout fishing on the Little Big Horn river in Wyoming. We found the fishing good. Trout caught weighed ½ to 1½ pounds. Any reader of Recreation desiring good fishing can catch any number of trout by going to Parkman, Wyoming, and there getting a conveyance to take him to John Taylor's house. He will furnish horses to take party up the Little Horn as far as anyone would like to go. He also furnishes board and lodging at reasonable rates.

July is a close month for all kinds of game, but later there are plenty of mountain grouse, deer, bear, occasionally an elk, and, to make it exciting, a rattlesnake by the way. Two friends and I, going up the mountain one day, killed one with 14 rattles and a button. Will you kindly tell me how old the snake was?

John Bohn, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

ANOTHER WARNING TO DYNAMITERS.

> W. H. Upchurch and family, and the Mexicans belonging to his section gang, went down the river fishing. They fished that evening with little success and early next morning Mr. Upchurch found one of the Mexicans had a stick of dynamite. Mr. Upchurch took it and said he would touch it off, throw it into a hole near by and see if they could catch some fish by that means. He fixed the cap in place, waded out to a sand bar in the middle of the river, attached the fuse and was just in the act of pitching the stick into the stream when it exploded in his hand. It tore the hand off above the wrist and mashed his chest into a pulp. Jim Wright, who was sitting several feet away, was badly injured by the shock.—Texas paper.

These lessons are hard on the victims and their friends, but what better fate does a man deserve who resorts to such heathenish methods of getting fish? If you monkey with the buzz saw you must expect to get ripped open sooner or later.—Editor.

NIBBLES.

How do eels propagate their species?
A. N. R., Ashland, Wis.

ANSWER.

The common eel, *Anguilla chrysypa*, breeds as do all ordinary fishes, which is by laying eggs. The eel is what is known as a catadromous fish; that is, a fish which lives in fresh water, but runs down to salt water to deposit its spawn. The eggs of the eel are small and numerous, and are deposited in the spring in salt water, near the shores of bays and inlets. The erroneous belief among the unobserving that the eel does not produce eggs is due chiefly to the fact that the eggs are so small and difficult to detect. But the method of reproduction, as stated above, has long been well understood by naturalists.—EDITOR.

I am in receipt of the Talbot reel which you sent me as a premium for subscriptions to RECREATION, and a careful examination of the little beauty convinces me it is what its maker claims for it, "the best reel that can be built at any price." Accept my sincere thanks for your kindness, and let me assure you I will never let your gift be disgraced by lending its assistance to a fish hog.

By the way, I wonder if this breed of hogs are descendants of those mentioned in St. Matthew, viii, 32; St. Mark, v, 13, and St. Luke, viii, 33? Whether they are or not I wish to God they would all come to the same ending as did those there mentioned.

C. L. Bailey, Mancelona, Mich.

In August RECREATION I notice inquiry of I. E. Brackett regarding black bass. These are the freakiest fish that swim. During June they may be caught either by trolling or casting, for this using frogs or live bait. It is practically useless to try in July. In the early part of August I use grasshoppers and night walkers. Late in August I found crickets and small frogs the best bait. After this and until the close of the season either helgramites or small fish are the best bait, and of the latter I prefer small suckers.

James C. Young, New York.

Crystal lake, near Beulah, Benzie county, is one of the finest lakes in this State. It is 9 miles long and 2 to 3 miles wide. It is fed entirely by spring water. I have fished in this lake when I could see 30 feet down, consequently its fish are superior to those caught in most inland lakes. I was out with J. I. White one day in the latter part of May. We caught 7 black bass weighing 20 pounds, which I consider a good catch. We had enough to supply both our tables one good meal, and were perfectly satisfied with our day's recreation.

W. O. Brigham, Toledo, Ohio.

In answer to an inquiry regarding a reported catch of fish I received the following:

Your letter received. Yes, my brother and I caught 283 brook trout in 1½ days in Laurel river, Somerset county, Pa. They were all of fair size and were taken on artificial flies.

Albert Miller, Hyndman, Pa.

You and your brother deserve a similar sentence to that pronounced against Mr. Jones by his satanic majesty, as recorded on page xxii of July RECREATION.—EDITOR.

E. G. Foss and Tom O'Brien, of this place, took a day off last week to fish at Lake Elmore. As bait was scarce, they tried dynamite, and are now under bonds for $500 each. Rather hard lines for one day's sport. Perhaps they will try it again? Our Fish Commissioner was on the lake at the time.

W. R. Collins, Morrisville, Vt.

A good Fish Commissioner! I hope he may catch more pirates. It's more fun than catching fish, any day.—EDITOR.

Having business at Minocque, in Northern Wisconsin, one day last summer, I took with me a Bristol rod and a Shakespeare reel. I did not have much time, but went out one hour and 20 minutes and caught a 15 pound muskalonge. Both rod and reel worked to perfection.

I showed the reel to many anglers, and all are pleased with the looks of it. The level winding device takes them at once.

S. M. Eaton, Watertown, Wis.

Four Calhoun County, Mich., men went spearing in Rice creek and caught one little black bass which cost them $25.40.

The largest rainbow trout ever caught in Northern Michigan was landed by George Ruff, Jr., son of the postmaster of Traverse City. It took half an hour to land the fish, which measured 26 inches and weighed 8 pounds.

Edward Blossom, Otsego, Mich.

Will some reader of RECREATION tell me where I can find good trout streams and good grouse covers in middle Wisconsin.

E. B. B., care RECREATION.

SMALL BORE GUNS.

ARTHUR DU BRAY.

Believing that a few lines on the subject of small bore guns might be of interest to some of your readers, I venture to send the following in the hope that others may benefit by what I have learned from actual experience afield and by scientific tests over the chronograph. I wish it understood that I am warring with no caliber or make of gun, neither am I exploiting any kind of powder, but simply narrating facts as I have found them. While only an average shot afield, I can fairly lay claim to at least a great deal of experience gleaned over a vast extent of territory and stored during the last 40 years.

During 1899 I found myself in print ventilating a few crude, but honest opinions on small bore guns. As might have been expected, those ideas and recommendations met from some quarters adverse criticism, principally, however, based on theories; for if my memory serves me, no one having actually shot afield with a small bore gun made complaint against it.

In writing, I purposely refrained from going into technicalities and elaborate details, fearing that in the controversy sure to follow, the main facts in the case stood a good chance of being entirely obscured. So I contented myself with telling others what a 20 gauge gun had actually done in my hands when field shooting, and then sat mum until such time as I could be backed by irrefutable proofs coming from a scientific source to corroborate what experience had already taught me.

I knew that a 20 bore gun properly loaded and decently pointed would give a good account of itself at any reasonable distance on all upland game. I also knew that such a gun, if correctly choked, could pull down very tall ducks, and that for decoy shooting, by the man satisfied with killing one bird at a shot, nothing larger need be used. In the event, however, of wanting to mow a swath through a flock of birds, a compact shooting gun of any caliber could never appeal to the person with such inclinations, for no mathematics can possibly make ⅞ ounce of shot cover as much space as 2 ounces if all the pellets are equidistant.

However, it is not as a duck gun that I uphold a 20 gauge, nor have I ever thought so small a caliber equal to a 12 bore in actual execution. But I firmly believe that a good 20, weighing 6 to 6¼ pounds, properly bored according to what the gun is intended to kill, and properly loaded, is a good enough gun for any sportsman to carry; especially when long tramps are made and when one must carry his own ammunition. In all fairness, I admit that the 12 bore gun is unquestionably a more powerful weapon than any tube of smaller gauge, and in all vital points superior to such when weight of gun and ammunition are no object.

But I maintain that where the minimum of weight and maximum of comfort are to be considered, then the 20 is the better. I do not mean the toy 20 that handles like an umbrella, but one of sufficient weight to withstand its full charge without undue recoil and still sufficiently light to be carried all day without fatigue. I consider 6 pounds the proper weight for a 20, and 6½, for a 16 gauge. These are both guns of full weight, and it is not wise to go over that, for if one is willing to carry more iron and wood, then by all means get a bigger gauge. A 16 gauge gun at over 6¾ pounds, as a field gun, is simply a monstrosity. You would better carry a 7 pound 12 bore and have done with it, or even a 12 bore of 6¾ pounds. It is equally absurd to use a 9 pound 12 gauge as a wild fowl gun, when one of that weight of 10 gauge is so much more deadly a weapon.

In the matter of ammunition, there can be no conflict of opinion, for here are official figures which can easily be verified.

Fifty ordinary 12 gauge loaded cartridges weigh 5¾ pounds when using 3 drachms of bulk nitro powder and 1⅛ ounces of shot. The same number of 20 gauge shells containing 2½ drachms bulk nitro powder and ⅞ ounce of shot weigh only 4¼ pounds; a net saving of 1½ pounds in weight, to say nothing of space.

Often an extra pound or 2 in gun and as much more in ammunition will convert what might have been a pleasant day's sport into a most laborious task.

As to recoil, it is my opinion that more men have gone off in their shooting in the last few years by overloading their guns than from all other causes combined. Light 12 bores have certainly not helped things much in this direction, albeit an underweight, overloaded small bore will be equally vicious as a kicker.

In support of what I have said regarding 20 bores, I submit ballistic tests made at the famous works of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., of Bridgeport, Conn. I am deeply indebted to the officers of the company for their courteous treatment and for having placed at my disposal their splendidly equipped testing range.

Tests made May 3, 1900, over the range and on chronograph of the U. M. C. Co., by Mr. Wm. M. Thomas and Mr. Howard D. Hodge.

Parker gun No. 82,403—20 gauge; length of barrel, 30 inches; titanic steel; both barrels full choke, chambered for 3 inch cases.

Shell—3 inch smokeless, U. M. C.; 20 gauge.

Powder—Smokeless, 2½ drachms, say, 31 grains.

Shot—Thatham's, ⅞ ounce, No. 7 chilled.

Wads—Trap, ⅜ inch Express, ⅜ inch black edge, C card, all 20 gauge.

Velocity in feet 40 yards from muzzle.	Pattern in 30 inch circle.
908	194
915	223
919	237
929	191
920	202
904	211
896	222
918	226
909	214
918	214

Average, 913.6 ft. sec. Aver., 213.9 pellets.
Variation, 33 ft. sec. Variation, 46 pellets.

Same gun.

Shell—3 inch smokeless, U. M. C.; 20 gauge.

Powder—Smokeless, 2½ drachms, say, 35 grains.

Shot—Tatham's, ⅞ ounce No. 7 chilled.

Wads—Trap, ⅜ inch Express, ⅜ inch black edge, C card, all 20 gauge.

Velocity in feet 30 yards from muzzle.	Pattern in 30 inch circle.	
	Right barrel.	Left barrel.
945	214	227
920	198	233+
925	199	226
928	223+	203—
928	191	210
923	225	
927	181—	
923	221	
915		
938		

Av., 927.8 ft. sec. Av., 204 pel. Av., 219.8 pel.
Variation, 30 ft. sec.

Following this test 10 shots were fired under precisely same conditions using smokeless powder, but leaving out the C card wad under the shot. An average velocity of 896 feet seconds, variation 31 feet seconds was obtained.

Taking pattern of left barrel for 5 consecutive shots gave an average of 211 pellets.

Then 10 shots were fired using another smokeless powder, omitting C card wad as above. This gave an average velocity of 919 feet seconds, variation 24 feet. Pattern of left barrel, 5 consecutive shots, 205 pellets.

As will be seen, the C card wad improved the shooting of the gun, adding but little to the recoil.

The average velocity reached by a 20 bore sufficiently heavy to fire with comfort to the shooter and safety to the gun, 2½ drachms of bulk nitro powder and ⅞ ounce of Tatham's No. 7 chilled shot is 915 to 920 foot seconds; as against a velocity of 350 foot seconds accorded to the 12 gauge field gun with its normal load of 3 drachms of bulk nitro powder and 1⅛ ounces of same size and make of shot.

So the 20 bore shows up well with its increased velocity of about 70 foot seconds.

As to pattern, that is all a question of individual guns and chokes. This particular 20 bore is full choke in one set of barrels and throws over 75 per cent. of its entire charge within the 30 inch circle at 40 yards from its muzzle.

By reducing the powder perhaps 2 grains a greater percentage of shot might be accounted for, and by diminishing the charge of shot to ¾ ounce or by increasing powder to 2¾ drachms a greater velocity would assuredly be obtained. But as these tests were not made to determine how much shot could be bunched on the plate, nor how fast they could be sent there, but merely to arrive at an approximate idea of what this little gun was actually doing with its every day charges, I submit that the tests prove beyond question the gun is a splendid performer and that it was loaded in capital style. I use at quail, early in the season, 2½ drachms bulk nitro powder and ¾ ounce No. 9½ or No. 10 shot; later I use No. 9 shot. At snipe, 2½ drachms and ⅞ ounce No. 8½ or No. 9 shot, and on windy, wild days, No. 8, or even 7½ shot. At duck, No. 6 or No. 7 shot; and for geese I would use No. 4 or No. 5 shot. I have never had an opportunity of testing this gun at geese, but I hope to this winter, and certainly shall if opportunity offers; just as a matter of experiment, and not that I regard a 20 bore as an ideal goose gun by any means; for in this kind of shooting one seldom carries the gun or its ammunition, so the greatest charm of the small bores does not enter into the game.

I availed myself of the opportunity of testing the shooting qualities of my 12 gauge hammer gun, and I give tables showing what a modern Parker full choke pigeon gun can do when loaded with first-class ammunition.

The loads tested were average pigeon loads. An increase of ⅛ to ¼ drachm of powder makes but little difference in this gun, but with 3 to 3⅛ drachms the pattern would run 5 to 8 per cent. higher than the patterns given below.

Parker gun No. 86,637; 12 gauge; length of barrels, 32 inches; titanic steel; both barrels full choke, chambered for 3 inch shells.

Shell—3 inch trap. U. M. C. 12 gauge.

Powder—Smokeless, 3½ drams, say, 43 grains.

Shot—Tatham's, 1¼ ounces No. 7 chilled.

Wads—Trap, ¼ inch black edge, ⅜ inch Express, ¼ black; all 12 gauge.

Velocity in feet 40 yards from muzzle.	Pattern in 30 inch circle.
992	282
981	282
988	276
995	293
970	280

Average, 985.2 ft. sec. Aver., 282.6 pellets.

Variation, 25 ft. sec. Var., 17 pellets.

Substituting ⅜ black edge wad over the trap and using a 3⅛ inch shell, gave an average velocity of 956 ft. sec.; average pattern, 253 pellets.

Average velocity and pattern with equal charges of Dupont powder practically the same.

Same gun.

Shell—3 inch trap, U. M. C.; 12 gauge.

Powder—Smokeless, 3½ drachms, say, 40 grains.

Shot—Tatham's—1¼ No. 7 chilled.

Wads—Trap, ¼ inch black edge, ⅜ Express, ¼ black edge, all 12 gauge.

Velocity in feet 40 yards from muzzle.	Pattern in 30 inch circle.
964	283
979	245
988	292
984	254
979	237

Average, 978.8 ft. sec. Aver., 262.3 pellets.

Variation, 24 ft. sec. Var., 55 pellets.

Substituting a ⅜ black edge wad over the trap wad and using 3⅛ inch shells, gave an average velocity of 970 ft. sec.; average pattern, 272 pellets.

Continuing this test for 5 consecutive shots, using 45 grains of Laflin & Rand powder and 1¼ ounces Tatham's chilled shot, No. 7, loaded in 2⅞ inch Acme shells, gave an average velocity of 916 foot seconds; variation, 30 feet. Perhaps a longer shell would have increased the velocity, but as none were available no test was made.

I am sure from what I know of the shooting of this 12 gauge gun that by casting about for different combinations of wads closer patterns could have been obtained and greater velocities as well. In fact, there was not time to go into either gun more than superficially, and I feel that neither gun is a freak of its kind, but only what may be expected of any good full choke gun of that particular make.

I took up the 20 bore with hesitation, not to say distrust. Now I want no gun of larger gauge. As proof of this I am now having a 28 gauge built for next season's shooting, and I hope later to report through Recreation what so diminutive a caliber can do.

WANTS A COMPROMISE.

I have been an interested reader of Recreation's Guns and Ammunition department a long time and find the arguments advanced relative to the desirability of the different calibers both amusing and instructive, but far from being conclusive, or helpful to one in the selection of a rifle for all around work. They are the expression of individual opinions and almost as varied as the sources from which they spring. When first I began reading these discussions I had a fair idea of the kind of rifle I would buy, but after 3 or 4 allopathic doses of the department I found myself, like the late lamented Chimmie Fadden, murmuring an interrogatory, "What t'ell?" Would it not be to the interest of some standard manufacturer to put up a compromise gun, say a 38 caliber, with a 300 grain ball and a proportionate quantity of military smokeless powder behind it to give the high velocity and flat trajectory of the 30-30 or 30-40? It would seem that a gun of that sort would meet the requirements of both the small and the large caliber cranks. Or would they both condemn it for being neither the one thing nor the other? I used a .45-70 when in British Columbia and found it satisfactory, but would prefer a smaller caliber if it will do the work.

H. Clinton, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SAVAGE ADMIRER.

Replying to Ned Cady in regard to reloading Savage cartridges: I have been using the Savage some years, and never hunted beside a gun better adapted for all around use. When I got my gun I got a set of reloading tools from the Savage people, consisting of bullet mould, with measure for 30 grains and 5 grains of powder, an Ideal tool which decaps, recaps and seats bullet, and a muzzle resizer. I also got a can of Savage powder, all direct from the makers of the gun. I use simply lead bullets, and have never had any trouble, although I am told a little hardening acts well. I have hunted 3 years with a friend who carries a .30-40 Winchester, a hard shooter, but if he wants to shoot a grouse with miniature bullet at 15 or 20 feet he must raise his sight to 2,000 yards. Those bullets have a great drop, and the .30-40 for miniature bullet is a failure. I can place 10 shots in a 2-inch space at 80 yards and there is no drop to the Savage. You know its killing power. I advise you to send direct to the Savage people for powder and tools. I have hunted large and small game, and my little gun comes up to dots every time. No other gun would suit me, as I have only one arm, and all other guns that will drop a moose or a caribou are too heavy for me.

H. Cordes, Millersburg, Pa.

PLACING THE SHOT.

No gun of the present day will fail to shoot to the mark, at short range, when properly sighted; and the smallest bullet, driven with sufficient force to penetrate the heart or brain, must cause instant death, even to a grizzly. Hence Mr. Hoyt's experience does not prove the Savage superior to other guns. I once killed a buck antelope, at over 300 yards, with a 38 extra long; yet I would not care to face a bear with that gun. At another time I fired 5 times with a 45-70 at a running grizzly. Although every shot took effect, the bear traveled 3 miles before falling. Still, I favor large bore guns.

With deer at short range, if the shot is placed in the lungs, heart, head or kidneys, no matter what size the bullet, the animal will not go far. On the other hand, if the shot does not reach a vital part, then the advantage is with the larger gun as being more likely to cause external bleeding. A deer may bleed to death internally, but that does not facilitate trailing, as does external bleeding.

As for penetration, the 45-70 has enough for me. It will kill at 900 yards, and hold up at 500. What more does any man want?

W. R. Weed, Elmira, N. Y.

CHAMPION OF THE 30-40.

I have been in a position to test the merits and demerits of various grades of guns and rifles by trials on targets, and have finally settled down to use a .30-30, a .32-40 Winchester and a '97 model Winchester repeating shot gun. They are the only strictly up to date, scientific guns made, and in the hands of an ordinarily good shot they are deadly weapons. I have killed a buck at 250 yards with my .32-40, weighing only 7¼ pounds smokeless cartridge. For an all around gun the .32-40 has no equal. Do not be afraid to meet large game, even if the gun is small. It will do the work. The .30-30 smashed a black bear at 900 yards, cracking every bone in his head. Every one should use a gun to his own liking. There is not, however, a double gun made that is to be compared to a '97 Winchester repeater with smokeless cartridges for any kind of game. For a ducking gun it is the only one suitable. I am not connected with any gun embellishment, but my 15 years of experience have convinced me that any one wishing a moderate priced gun or rifle will get all he desires in a light weight gun.

H. E. Greenhall, Rosendale, Mass.

HOW GAUGE IS CALCULATED.

Please give the basis of calculating the gauge of shot guns. Why are they 8, 10, 12, etc.? What is meant by caliber of rifles, 22, 45, etc.?

S. H. Lee, Saint Clair, Pa.

ANSWER.

The number of the bore of a shot gun was originally based on the number of spherical balls of pure lead of the same diameter as that of the barrel (assumed to be cylinder bored) that it took to make one pound. The gauge of a gun is determined by the size of the cartridge shell for which it is chambered. In rifles the bore of the barrel is termed the caliber. It is expressed in hundredths of an inch in this country and thousandths of an inch by the English gun makers. The popular calibers, such as 22, 25, 44, 45, etc., are not always strictly correct and the actual bore or caliber of the barrel sometimes varies as much as 2-100 or 3-100 of an inch larger or smaller in diameter than the caliber as given in the lists and catalogues. Scientifically, the caliber is the exact diameter of the bore of the rifle barrel, measuring from the bottom of the grooves.—Editor.

SMOKELESS IN STEVENS RIFLES.

Can smokeless or semi-smokeless powder be fired in a Stevens Favorite rifle, 22 caliber? Will it take the 22-7-45 cartridge?

C. D. B., Beverly, Mass.

ANSWER.

The rifle referred to would stand smokeless powder. The Peters Cartridge Company makes a smokeless powder and loads a full line of ammunition with it which they guarantee equal in every respect to any line of metallic smokeless cartridges. You would, however, get better results in every particular with the semi-smokeless, as it is more uniform in regard to accuracy and extremely clean in the barrel. In loading same it is used as any high grade black powder is, bulk for bulk, using the black powder primer. There is nothing of a nitro nature in its composition.

The Peters Cartridge Co. is now working on a 22-7-45 cartridge, which it is intended shall be of specially fine quality. It is loaded with King's semi-smokeless powder, and is expected to shoot as accurately as and somewhat more strongly than the 22 long rifle.—Editor.

DEFENDS THE 45-70.

When will the small bore cranks let up and take a breathing spell? When will they ring off and give us a rest? Grizzly Pete is being hammered by them on all sides for his praise of the .45-70 Winchester, the most reliable hunting rifle ever made. It is amusing to read the remarks of these fellows, some of whom have perhaps never shot a .45 in their lives. Old pumpkin-slinger, obsolete weapon, antiquated old arm, dime museum relic, back number gun and old blunderbuss are some of the gaudy epithets showered on the .45. Pete is as much entitled to his opinion as anyone else. I admit that his long shots into the herd of elk were unsportsmanlike and brutal, but probably no more so than some small bore advocates would be if they had the chance. E. E. Jones is particularly warm in praise of the .303. He says he can shoot through a grizzly bear endwise with his Savage. Perhaps he could if he kept at it long enough. But I'll wager I can knock more of a bear's head away with one shot from a .45 than he can with one from a .303.

F. W. Hambledon, Tres Piedras, N. M.

EFFECT OF LONG BARRELS.

I notice several inquiries in your valuable magazine regarding the difference in penetration between the Winchester .25-20 single shot and the repeater.

The .25-20, model '92, 24 inch barrel, penetrates 9½ boards; the .25-20, single shot, 28 inch barrel, penetrates 6¼ boards.

I notice the longer barrel has the less penetration. This difference in penetration seems to be caused by the compression of air in front of the bullet as it passes out of the barrel. It only takes the bullet the merest fraction of a second to pass through the barrel, hence, the air in the bore being forced back on itself so quickly, becomes more and more compressed as it nears the muzzle of the gun. The longer the barrel the more air the ball must force out of it. The greater the compression of this air near the muzzle the less will be the penetration. However, the barrel should be long enough to burn the powder and give the bullet the full benefit of the expanding gas. Let us hear from others on this subject.

F. W. K., Shamokin, Pa.

SMALL SHOT.

I have read with interest the criticism of the .30-30 Winchester in RECREATION and have been amused by the statements of those who have evidently never used a .30-30. I have hunted deer and done target practice side by side with the .38-55, the .44, the .40-60 and the .45-90, and I have never seen a more accurate rifle or one which would knock a deer down quicker than my .30-30. One of our party 2 years ago shot a large doe. The ball passed through in front of the hip, below the backbone, and back of the last rib. In fact, it did not touch a bone, but the deer fell within 30 feet of the place where shot. The hole was small where the ball entered, but I could easily insert 2 fingers where it came out.

I would not exchange the .30-30 for any other gun I ever saw.

I should like to correspond with anyone living near Lake Nipissing, Ontario.

M. L. Evens, South Butler, Mich.

The exchange of opinions by users of guns and ammunition is interesting and instructive. In the article under that head signed by H. A. Stillwell I was interested in the paragraph in which he speaks of shells, when being reloaded with high pressure smokeless powder, splitting at the muzzle and "occasionally parting in the middle, leaving the forward end in the chamber." I have known of a number of such cases; and as it is difficult to extract the remaining piece of the shell, I should be pleased to hear from Mr. Stillwell as to his method of withdrawing the broken shell, or from any other readers of RECREATION who have had experience along that line.

.30 Caliber, New Haven, Conn.

A full discussion of this question would interest hundreds of readers.—EDITOR.

I have a Savage rifle, and it is the most perfect weapon I ever handled. Have killed every deer I have shot at, and they drop at the report. No running after the bullet strikes. I gave the Savage a good test August 16th. Shot a black bear that would weigh at least 500 pounds. Hit him behind the shoulder on purpose to test penetration, and the bullet went clear through him, cutting off 2 ribs where it went in and 3 where it came out. He quit instantly. Why is the Savage so hard to clean after shooting? That is the only fault. Yet all the smokeless rifles are the same in that respect.

Have tried all kinds of rifles, but the Savage is far superior to any of the others.

P. E. Hepler, Northport, Wash.

In reply to .25-20 in the March number of Recreation, will say I consider Lyman's combination rear sight much more accurate than any rear open crotch sight made. No; the factory front sight need not be dispensed with, but if a Lyman ivory bead front sight be once used you will use no other. This sight, which is made especially for target practice, also gives excellent results on a hunting rifle. Unless you are fitting out a match rifle you do not need the cup disc. By all means remove the factory rear sight. For further information regarding these fine sights write to William Lyman, Middlefield, Conn., for a list of his sights. His ad. can always be found in Recreation.

El Sol, Franklin Falls, N. H.

I see some readers of Recreation are continually kicking against the pump gun and calling it the game hog's tool. There may be some hogs that use pump guns, but I consider it the best gun on the market for the money. It is a good shooter and reliable; especially the Winchester. Besides, it is advertised in Recreation, and that ought to settle it. It would not be advertised there if it was a game hog's tool. I have found decent sportsmen using pump guns and there are many game hogs using double guns.

L. A. S., West Park, Ohio.

The .30-30 is far more powerful than the .45-70. For big game hunting the .30-30-160 Winchester repeater, and for small game the .22 short cartridge, used in a Winchester single shot rifle, are the weapons for me. I killed a crow with the .22 that didn't flap a wing after being struck. I shot a squirrel yesterday with the same rifle. The bullet took effect just back of the heart and came out just behind the shoulder.

Irving Archibald, Methuen, Mass.

I see in Recreation a number of comments on the firing pin safety. Perhaps it is a good thing. I can not say, never having used a Baker gun. I have used a Grade B Remington hammerless 6 years and have never had it discharge except when wanted. I have taken a number of tumbles with it, once down a ravine, which cost me a new set of barrels. The gun was not on safety at the time.

W. W. Wilson, Washington Depot, Ct.

Has any reader of Recreation had success with a telescope on a .30-40 Winchester? I own one and should like to hear from someone who has used a telescope, or if one could be fitted to that kind of a rifle. That rifle is so powerful that with a telescope I think a man could kill a grizzly bear a mile away. I have owned all kinds of rifles, but I think the .30-40 is perfection.

F. B., Smith River, Cal.

The Savage Arms Co. claim that the metal patched bullets used in their rifle will not wear or injure the rifling. In the Marlin 30-30 there is considerable wear. Will some one inform me as to the wearing qualities of the Winchester rifling, when .30-30, metal patched bullets are used?

J. M. Fuller, Superior, Wis

Please do not publish any more articles in Recreation that are favorable to the Mogg telescope rifle sight. They bring so many calls that the circulars are exhausted and I am delayed in getting out cuts for a new circular, so I am unable to supply the demand. Continue the ad as usual.

L. N. Mogg,
Marcellus, N. Y.

What loads does Mr. Fanning use in his wonderful shooting of Laflin & Rand smokeless powder?

ANSWER.

Mr. Fanning's inanimate target load is U. M. C., Acme or Winchester Leader ¾ base 2-¾ in 40-1-¼-7-½ chilled. (Factory load.) His live bird load is 2-⅞ inches 42-1-¼ ounces No. 7 chilled shot.

I am using a Winchester repeater, .22 caliber, and am much pleased with it. It is hard to beat. I have been using King's semi-smokeless powder in it and think it is the best I ever used. I can do good shooting with it up to 100 yards, with the shorts.

Gilbert V. Murray, Pottsgrove, Pa.

Tell J. H. J., Evanston, Ill., that the Winchester .30-30 is more effective than any .50 caliber black powder gun. The National Projectile Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., makes a lead bullet which I prefer to any other. I use U. M. C. shells.

W. H. Boren, Camas Valley, Ore.

IN ORDERING RIFLES AS PREMIUMS PLEASE SPECIFY THE CALIBER YOU WISH.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The following article, issued as a Department of Agriculture Bulletin, should be interesting to farmers and gardeners. If the toad can be relieved from persecution it will be a good work. The toad is as useful to the man with a small garden as to the farmer, and increases the comfort of us all by destroying flies, etc. I hope all readers of RECREATION will help him.—EDITOR.

THE TOAD AS A FRIEND OF THE FARMER.

Great and beneficent results are often accomplished through very humble agencies. Darwin has established the claim of the earthworm to the gratitude of the tiller of the soil, and modern science is revealing thousands of hitherto unseen and unknown agencies working in the interests of man. Science now comes forward to establish what a few have long maintained, viz., that the ugly and despised toad is a faithful and efficient servant of the farmer.

From the earliest times, as a bulletin of the Massachusetts Hatch Station states, the toad has been associated in the popular mind with a host of "vague and ludicrous fancies as to its venomous qualities, its medicinal virtues, or, most commonly, the hidden toadstone of priceless value." To these venerable creations of the imagination have been added others equally absurd, such as "that touching toads will produce warts on the hands; that killing toads will produce bloody milk in cows; that a toad's breath will cause convulsions in children; that a toad in a newly dug well will insure a good and unfailing supply of water, or in a new-made cellar will bring prosperity to the household, etc." This station has made an investigation of the habits, food, and economic value of the American toad which dispels these fallacious ideas, and at the same time establishes the claim of the little animal to our consideration and appreciation.

In New England the toad usually emerges from its hibernating quarters during the month of April. Cold weather retards its movements, but on warm days at this season the toads may be found on their way to the ponds and stagnant pools, where a little later the characteristic shrill cry may be heard throughout the day and evening. Mating is commenced as soon as the water is reached, or even before, and in a few days the long slimy "ropes" of eggs deposited by the female may be found in the pools. The eggs are nearly black in color and rapidly increase in size. In 2 weeks the young tadpoles are clearly outlined, and in 3 or 4 weeks the eggs hatch. The vegetable detritus of the pond bottoms and the slime and algæ attached to sticks, plants, etc., seem to be the common food of the tadpole. Warm weather favors the growth of the tadpoles, and usually by July 1 to 15 the young toads are fully developed, leave the water and spread over the fields. At this stage they are exceedingly sensitive to heat, and secrete themselves under leaves, rubbish, stones, etc., during the day; but let a vigorous shower descend and the transformation is magical. The walks, roads, and gardens at once become peopled with myriads of these thirsty, leaping creatures, and their sudden appearance has led to the popular belief that they rain down. It is fortunate for them that when young they are unable to endure solar heat, otherwise large numbers would probably be destroyed by the birds which are active during the day; doubtless many are killed by the predaceous birds and mammals which prowl by night.

Many conflicting statements have been made regarding the longevity of the toad, but "there can be but little doubt that toads live to a considerably greater age than is supposed, and we may hazard the opinion that many of them reach an age of at least 10 or 15 years."

Experiments have been made which "show that it is possible for the toad to exist for a limited time without food, but throw a shadow of improbability upon the stories of those found in rocks, trees, etc."

When suddenly disturbed or roughly handled the toad ejects a colorless fluid from the anus and a milky liquid from the skin. This habit is probably the basis for the belief that the toad is venomous. The secretion of the skin glands is harmless when applied to the hands, but it evidently possesses acid properties, since when toads are bitten by dogs or cats the latter usually have a copious flow of saliva, show signs of discomfort, and in some cases coming under the observation of the writer have manifested considerable distress. That this fluid is not objectionable to all animals is apparent from the fact that many hawks, owls, etc., include the toad in their bill of fare.

The toad sheds its skin 4 or 5 times each year. There is a popular notion that the toad swallows the molted skin, but this was not observed in this study.

On the approach of cool weather, sometimes as early as the 1st of September, toads begin to seek winter quarters. These they find in cellars, under buildings, rocks, leaves, or rubbish, and in places where the action of frost will not be felt. Cold benumbs them but does not kill.

The toad can not endure high temperatures. Properly speaking, it is a nocturnal animal, and ventures out during the day only when tempted by an abundance of food in its immediate vicinity, or when the air is full of moisture. It eats only living and moving insects, centipedes, etc.

The toad's tongue, its only organ for seizing food, is soft, extensile, attached in front but free behind, and is covered with a glutinous substance which adheres firmly to the food seized. So rapid is the motion of this weapon that a careful watch is necessary in order to see the animal feed.

At night, soon after sundown, or even before on cool evenings, the toad emerges from its shelter and slowly hops about in search of food. Something of a regular beat is covered by these animals, whose sense of locality is quite strong. In the country this includes forays along roadsides, into gardens and cultivated fields, and wherever insect food is abundant and grass or other thick herbage does not prevent locomotion. In cities and suburban villages the lawns, walks, and particularly the spots beneath electric lamps, are favorite hunting grounds.

The toad as a rule feeds continuously throughout the night, consuming in 24 hours an amount of food equal in bulk to about 4 times the stomach capacity.

A careful examination of the contents of the stomachs of a large number of toads showed that 98 per cent. of its food was animal matter—worms, insects, etc. "Eleven per cent. of the toad's food is composed of insects and spiders beneficial or indirectly helpful to man; 80 per cent. of insects and other animals directly injurious to cultivated crops or in other ways obnoxious to man." It is estimated that a single toad destroys in a year insects which, if they had lived, might have damaged crops to the extent of about $20.

To all agriculturists the toad renders conspicuous service, but gardeners and greenhouse owners may make this animal of especial value. Every gardener should aim to keep a colony of toads among his growing crops and the practice of collecting and transferring them to the gardens is a commendable one. While the sense of locality is strong in this batrachian and it will often return over considerable distances to its original haunts, yet it may be induced to remain in new quarters if there is a sufficient food supply.

The crow and various species of hawks and owls are the chief natural enemies of the toad, but as a common enemy of the toad the ubiquitous small boy plays a prominent part. Seventeen toads dead and more or less mutilated were once observed at Malden, Mass., lying on the shores of a small pool. This was the result of 2 hours' amusement on the part of 2 juveniles.

This is not an extreme case. Such cruel and senseless persecution is only of too common occurrence. The loud cry of the toad at spawning time readily betrays its presence, and small boys, and sometimes those of larger growth, gravitate toward the pools as naturally as do the toads themselves. There have been excellent laws enacted to protect our insectivorous birds. Why should there not be as stringent legislation against the destruction of toads? If merit of service rendered to man be the standard by which legislation is determined, the toad presents a record which will compare favorably with that of any insectivorous bird. Public sentiment in a matter like this, however, exerts a stronger influence than legislation, and when the services of this animal are appreciated and the toad receives in our public schools recognition similar to that given to the birds, then we may expect to see a lessening of the wanton destruction of this humble servant of man.

EXPERIENCE WITH THE GROUND SQUIRREL.

Alameda, Cal.

Editor Recreation:

I am much interested in all the subjects of which your well regulated magazine treats. Just at present I am thinking of the pestiferous and ubiquitous ground squirrel, *Spermophile beechyi*, and a few moments' fun I once had with some of them. During the winter here they appear to lie dormant part of the time, and one winter a few years ago, when their burrows in our orchard were full of water, a small colony of the squirrels took refuge in a hollow limb of a live oak. It was a gigantic tree, but the heart had rotted out years ago, leaving one side completely open from the ground up. The hollow in the limb connected with the hollow of the trunk. Up that I shoved a large armful of straw and touched it off with a match, creating no fire but lots of smoke. It drove the squirrels out one by one. Two of them escaped into a hole in the ground under a neighboring oak, but a few vigorous stamps of the foot soon closed that avenue of escape for others. There didn't seem to be much hibernating in that limb just then, for squirrels kept hopping out and skipping for cover in lively fashion. I couldn't load fast enough to get them all, but the dogs attended to the extra ones. I hope, Mr. Editor, you won't fire me into the game hog stew pot for killing 14 squirrels in about 4 minutes, as these squirrels are no more classed as wild game here than are the chippies the pot hunters shoot and sell for reed birds. Our large hawks and the golden eagle, *Aquila chrysaetos,* do much to check this rodent, which is naturally shy and suspicious. I have obtained best results in gunning for them in the hills by coming over the crest of a knoll and firing at them as they scamper for their burrows. The birds of prey seem to hunt them by surprise also. A specimen of Western redtail, *Buteo borealis calurus,* that I was skinning had torn up a squirrel and eaten every particle, including the hide and intestines.

The farmers throughout the country are always fighting this pest, because of its rapid increase and its destructiveness to growing grain and orchards. It is in the latter places that these squirrels do most damage, burrowing under the roots of the trees and eventually causing them to die. They also cut young trees to pieces and the number of apples a squirrel will destroy in a day, just to get at the seeds, is enormous. They also honeycomb the ground, so that considerable pasturage is destroyed, and they even make holes in the road that cause carriages to jolt and that trip up teams if not closely alert. Poisoned barley is generally used to put down the holes. Bicarbon sulphide put on a piece of sack or rag is thrown into the hole and the mouth of the hole stopped up, allowing the heavy gas to creep down and poison the inmates. I spent 2 weeks one summer smoking squirrels. This work consists in using a nozzle attached to a receptacle filled with damp straw and a little sulphur thrown in to quicken the work. The fumes are pumped down the squirrel hole through the nozzle by a bellows attachment. When the bellows begin to work hard you know the hole is full enough. Then start for the next hole, but be sure there isn't another hole connecting, through which the smoke can escape.

I would just as soon grab hold of a lively squirrel as I would of a rat, and a curious incident I witnessed did not change my mind. One winter when things were pretty wet a young Chinaman found a small colony of squirrels under the roots of an apple tree. He put his hand in and pulled them out one by one. There were over 15 of them, but the Chinaman was not bitten. I didn't see him in the act, but arrived just as he was stringing the last squirrel into the bunch. I saw his muddy clothes and that he had no implements or chemicals or any artificial means that he could have used. One winter when the wet weather had driven about 150 squirrels under a floor of a summer house and a nice, sunny day had coaxed them out to feed, a friend and I used shot guns and commenced a lively fusillade. We killed about 10 before the others got under the floor, entering through a decayed spot in the corner of the steps, over which we nailed a piece of tin. The floor was 3 feet from the ground, and the brick foundation hemmed them in at all sides, so that was the last of them.

Donald A. Cohen.

MODERN BEE HUNTING.

In looking over your valuable magazine I find several articles on bee hunting. As I have had some experience in that industry I will add a few suggestions. In the first place, a bee hunter must be a lazy man and must have eyes as keen as an eagle's. He must never be in a hurry, but be content to try day after day until conditions are just right for a bee hunt. Then he must have a good bee scent. Oil of anise was used by our forefathers, who also crosslined the bees; but we live in an age of progress. Bee hunters ought to progress with all other workers. I neither use a box nor crossline bees. My bee food consists of white sugar dissolved in water and my little bottle of scent in my pocket. I usually seek low ground near water, as bees nearly always pick a tree near water if they can find one. I tie a bunch of grass, weeds or flowers together, sprinkle some bait on it and put some scent out near by. If any bees are near they will be at the bait in a short time. Bees will come ½ a mile to the scent I use. When I get my stand arranged I sit down, light my pipe and smoke; or if I am near a trout stream I fish. One who has never hunted bees in this way would be frightened to see the number he would have in a short time. They will all be settled and working steadily, not circling. A man can see with one eye shut which way they go.

I then go about 100 rods and make a new stand; but before I leave the old stand I put more bait there, as I may have more than one line. In that way I keep all the lines I have. I prepare my second stand as before. Bees passing over will smell the bait, drop down and go to work. By following this method the tree can easily be found. As I get near the tree the bees come thicker and faster. When I have found the tree I put a mark on it near the roots. Then I go back to the first stand, put out some more scent and bait, and in a few minutes I have plenty of bees again.

J. B. Watson, Cedar Springs, Mich.

HOW RATTLE SNAKES BREED.

In your reply to the query of Dan W. Slayton, in a recent number of Recreation, as to how rattlesnakes reproduce themselves, you say the young are born alive. This puzzles me, for I caught one alive on the 1st day of May, 1862, and after keeping it a short time I killed it and skinned it. On opening it I found 12 eggs inside. The snake was a large one for this region, being 3 feet 11 inches long after the head and rattles were off. Can it be that there is a difference in this matter between the kind we have here and the diamond back and other kinds farther West? I think I have read somewhere that some reptiles are born alive although they come from eggs, being hatched in the body of the mother. Is this true? The snake to which I refer had only 5 rattles although I have seen others considerably smaller that had 8 or 9 rattles. Please answer in RECREATION, and tell us also how eels reproduce themselves, as I do not know, nor can I find any one who does.

W. L. Remington, Meriden, Conn.

ANSWER.

The young of all the viperine poisonous snakes are born alive, generally to the number of 7 or 9. Harmless snakes, for the most part, lay eggs; but with the vipers (rattlesnakes, copperheads, moccasins, etc.), the eggs are retained in the body of the parent until developed.

Eels, like the majority of fishes, are reproduced from eggs.—EDITOR.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Kindly give the proper name and habitation of bird I discovered in a fresh water creek in New Jersey last July. The bird has perfectly white, long neck, bill and dark colored legs like bittern; and is about the same size.

D. J. Gorman, New York City.

ANSWER.

If the bird has black legs and feet it is beyond doubt a snowy heron, *Ardea candidissima*, the ne which bears the fatal plumes. If its legs are yellow it is an immature specimen of the little blue heron, and had it lived until next year would have shed its white plumes and appeared in slaty blue. Its scientific name in that case would be *Ardea cœrulea*.—EDITOR.

A resident of Maine tells me that foxes kill many deer there during winter Has anybody else observed anything of the kind? I do not care for hearsay evidence, but if any reader of RECREATION has positive personal knowledge of the subject I should be glad to hear from him.

I have a beagle hound which is prettily marked and has all the appearance of making a valuable dog, but he is gun shy. Can any reader of RECREATION suggest a method of overcoming this?

C. H. N., New York.

I should be glad to have points on raising tame rabbits. Have been unfortunate so far. My old rabbits refuse to care for their young, and I have lost 3 large litters.

F. Doty, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

I have received the camera and the gold watch you sent me as premiums for subscriptions to RECREATION and am well pleased with them. Accept my sincere thanks. A. M. Kreps, Des Moines, Ia.

The Vapor stove you gave me as a premium is the delight of everybody who sees it work. As long as I live I don't wish to be without a Primus.

Martin M. Hand, Sheridan, Ind.

The Abercrombie waterproof tent was given the severest kind of test in wind, rain and cold, and was found perfectly satisfactory.

T. P. Bowler, Fonda, N. Y.

She prayed for rain most fervently.
The sunshine gave her gloom,
Because she had just paid for her
New rainy day costume.

We all read RECREATION here. It is one of the best things that ever happened, especially to the song birds.

David E. Stuart, Council Bluffs, Ia.

"That plain little Miss Bullion made a queer match. She married a man nearly 6½ feet ll."

"He must have been the highest bidder."
—Chicago Tribune.

The horse eats hay and oats all day.
Give me the "tommy," which
Dines only once or twice a week,
On gassolene and sich.
— Detroit Journal.

"I want $10 to buy Indian curios. The Indians, you know, will soon be extinct."

"Well, if you keep on calling for money I'll be extinct long before the Indians."—Chicago Record.

Have you sent in your contribution to the Lacey watch fund? If not, you should do so at once.

I received the Australian mosquito-proof tent you so kindly sent me for such a small list of names. It is O. K.

C. V. Hilton, Lincoln, Kan,

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

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Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 23 W. 24th St., New York.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW YORK.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
New York,	Conrad L. Meyer,	46 W. Broadway.
Livingston	M. De La Vergne,	Lakeville.
Nassau,	Willett Smith,	Freeport, L. I.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
"	R. R. Mathewson,	Binghamton, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Cortland,	J. A. Wood,	Cortland, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle,	Hendy Creek, N. Y.
Erie,	E. P. Dorr,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	W. H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
Franklin,	Jas. Eccles,	St. Regis Falls.
	W. J. Martin,	McColloms.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport, N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
	J. Hampton Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
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Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.
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Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville, N. Y.
"	Chas. Seacor,	57 Pelham Road, Naw Rochelle.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley, N.Y.
Rockland,	A. Woodward,	Ramapo, N. Y.
Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners, N. Y.
Broome,	John Sullivan,	Sanataria Springs, N. Y.
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Fulton,	L. C. Berry,	Swanton.
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Hamilton,	W. C. Rippey	4465 Eastern Ave. Cincinnati.
Knox,	Grant Phillips,	Mt. Vernon.
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Scioto,	J. F. Kelley,	Portsmouth.
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Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
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(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)		
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Norfolk,	J. J. Blick,	Wrentham.

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	Edw. Vanderbilt,	Dentzville, Trenton.
	Arthur Mitchell,	739 Centre St., Trenton.
Middlesex,	D. W. Clark,	New Brunswick.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
Morris,	Chas. W. Blake,	Dover.
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Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
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Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.

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Venango,	G. D. Benedict,	Pleasantville.
Northumberland,	W. A. Reppard,	Shamokin.
Potter,	Byron Bassett,	Coudersport.
Crawford,		
(West half)	Jasper Tillotson,	Tillotson.
(East half)	Geo. T. Meyers,	Titusville.
Cambria,	W. H. Lambert,	720 Coleman Ave., Johnstown.
Beaver,	N. H. Covert,	Beaver Falls.
McKean,	C. A. Duke,	Duke Center.
"	L. P. Fessenden,	G anere.
Lack.	Wm. Weir,	Moosic.

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Kalkaska,	W. H. Dunham,	Kalkaska.
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Sanilac,	W. D. Young,	Deckerville.

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DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
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James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario. Sporting goods.

WHY THE AMERICAN FIELD OPPOSES THE L. A. S.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION:

Last week I took a copy of enclosed letter to the editor of the American Field and asked him to publish it, thinking to acquaint the readers of that paper with the League. After some whining he promised to print it this week,, but failed to do so. I asked him to-day why he did not publish my letter, and he said he was not friendly to the League.

This probably explains why Lakey keeps still. He and he editor of the Field are close friends. The Field man says he will help the N. G. & F. P. A., but not the League.

Mr. Lehle and I are planning to do some work through our daily papers.

M. R. Bortree.

Here is the letter which the Field turned down:

Editor American Field:

During the past few years there has been a steady growth of sturdy sentiment all over the country in favor of better game protection. It has been manifested by the increase of sportsmen's journals, better game laws, including hunting license laws in many States, and more rigid enforcement of laws; the formation of the National Game and Fish Protective Association and subsequently of the League of American sportsmen, which now has a membership of over 3,000, with divisions in 27 States.

The decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in March, 1896, sustaining the non-export law of Connecticut, removed all doubt as to the powers of States to legislate for the protection of their game, and has demoralized game thieves and dealers.

One more law was needed to completely eradicate these 2 classes of game exterminators.

This law was passed by Congress last summer. I refer to the Lacey game bill, the most important and effective measure that has ever been enacted for the preservation of game. The most remarkable fact in this connection is the immense amount of work done by a few men.

The game protectionists of the United States can view the present situation with more satisfaction and hope than ever before. Legislatures have made about all the game laws needed. State Courts and the U. S. Supreme Court have sustained them. But one thing remains in order to increase our game everywhere. That is to enforce our game laws rigidly. Every sportsman who wants to see game increased must take an active interest in the subject; not only in his own State but in every State. Flagrant violations of the game laws are to be found right under the noses of some of our game wardens. Who has known of any cold storage game being seized here in Chicago, during the past 3 years, and the owners of the game brought into court for trial? Every year thousands of game birds are brought to Chicago in violation of the game laws of neighboring States. Who looks after it; or who, in Chicago, has tried to assist neighboring States in enforcing their game laws? Nobody!

The League of American Sportsmen has now taken up this business, which has been so shamefully neglected in past years. Mr. G. L. Lehle is the Chief Warden for Illinois. His office is at 810 Schiller Building, Chicago. We have about 60 members in Illinois and should have 200 here in Chicago. It will pay every sportsman to join it. The membership fee is only $1 a year. The League is doing more good work in New York city than the State Game Commissioner is doing. The members of the League are expected to assist in all possible ways to protect game during close season; to discourage the killing of game at all times for commercial purposes; to report all game law violations to the nearest game wardens; and especially to aid in the strict enforcement of the Lacey law. Let every sportsman who wants to see game increase put up his dollar, join the L. A. S. and help in its work.

M. R. Bortree.

And the American Field, which talks long and loud about game protection, refused to print Mr. Bortree's appeal.

Why? Because the League which he urges sportsmen to join was created by Recreation; because the Field is afraid some of its readers might be induced to join the League, and, incidentally, to read Recreation. In other words, the question of game protection is, in the Field office, purely one of dollars and cents.—Editor.

HE LET THE LARK SHOOTER WALK HOME.

A well known business man in one of the important towns of Nebraska, who wishes to have his name and address suppressed, writes as follows to J. H. Ager, Chief Warden, Nebraska Division, L. A. S., at Lincoln:

"I see you are on the war path against the game hogs and pot hunters, and I shall assist you wherever I can to bring to earth the miserable scoundrels who go out to slaughter game for the money there is in it. I even have no use for the fellow who goes out and kills 20 chickens or ducks, to give away to his neighbors; for in my estimation he is no better than the market hunter. I have tried hard to get members for the L. A. S. and have succeeded in making 3 men join. Although we have never seen you, all the members here voted for you, for the good you may do, as well as for the good cause we all serve.

"On June 29th, 1900, a fellow came into my store with 36 young prairie chickens, not so large as quails, which he offered to sell at 60 cents a dozen. I felt like knocking his head off; but what could I do? I am in business and have lost the trade of every pot hunter and every market hunter in this county because I raised my voice against spring shooting and the unlawful killing of grouse and quails.

"I do not allow the fellows with whom I go hunting to shoot birds along the road, such as meadow larks. One fellow would not stop it, and I drove away from him and let him walk home, 8 miles. You will readily see, of course, how difficult it is for me to do anything; but if you had one or 2 men here, privately, I could give them the necessary information, without injuring my business, and would be glad to do so. If you will look on page 200 of March, 1900, Recreation you will get some light on the chicken question. Please bear in mind your efforts should be directed to securing the passage of a law prohibiting mainly the sale of game at any time of the year.

"The work you do this year will show its effect next year, because for this season every chicken within 15 miles of here has been killed. The better class of sportsmen here are forced to go out before the season opens. Otherwise the market hunters would have killed everything and the decent man would get nothing.

"I can not openly do much for the good cause, as I have already lost a great deal of my trade on account of the game question, but should like to hear from you as to whom I could instruct about these matters. To notify the sheriff is nonsense. These political officeholders are not the people for such work. Should the sheriff undertake to arrest a game hog on his own account he would never be re-elected to office. Every pot hunter, game hog and game dealer knows that warrants should be served to-day on 2 certain men. When the sheriff received notice that these men had violated the game laws he should have gone to the 2 game dealers here and he would have secured about 80 chickens as large as quails in one place, and 38 or 40 at the other. A friend told me he saw one man picking the chickens in the back of his store, for the U. P. dining cars. If offenders are to be punished it should be done quietly. You will never succeed if you have the parties told beforehand what is going to happen.

"I will to-day write the President of the L. A. S. about the above, as I think the L. A. S. is free from political office grabbers, and therefore can do more, and has done more, than any other so-called protective association."

This man has talked to the readers of RECREATION before, and the sportsmen of Nebraska owe him a debt of gratitude for the excellent work he has done in the cause of game protection, even though it has entailed a heavy loss on his business.

It is strange that only one man in 10,000 is willing to adopt such a fearless and aggressive course as this man has taken for the purpose of saving the game.—EDITOR.

A STEAMSHIP COMPANY IN THE WRONG.

A few days ago a member of the League sent me a bill of fare issued by the Maine Steamship Co., on which were announced quails. Then the following correspondence took place:

General Passenger Agent,
Maine Steamship Co., New York.

Dear Sir:—

A member of this League has called here and handed me copies of your menu cards for June 22d and 23d, on both of which you announce that you are ready to serve quails. Furthermore, the gentleman mentioned ordered a quail and it was served to him. You are, of course, aware that it is in direct violation of the laws of this State, and, in fact, of nearly every State in the Union, to serve quails or other game birds at this time of year.

This League was organized for the purpose of enforcing the game laws. We have 3,000 members distributed throughout all the States of the Union, and practically all of them are busy looking for infractions of the game laws.

It therefore becomes my duty to caution you against a repetition of this offence, and I should like to have a pledge from you, in writing, that hereafter you will not serve game of any kind in close season.

Awaiting your reply, I am,
Yours truly,
G. O. Shields, Pres't.

HE PROMISES TO QUIT.

Dear Sir:—

Replying to your letter; I am obliged to acknowledge that I did not know it was against the law to serve quails at this time of the year. I am not up in the game laws, and supposed I could buy and serve at my table anything that was on the market for sale. It would seem that the people who sell quails are more to blame than those who buy them. I have been in the steamship business a number of years and have learned something every day; but this is another thing I had to learn.

I think you will agree with me that the man who ate the quail, if he was one of my guests, and then reported it, did not show much manhood. However, I should like you to understand that I do not want in any way to go against the laws of this country; and we will not use quails again except in the proper season. We are all fond of good living, and we look around on the market for the best we can find.

Thanking you for calling my attention to it, I remain,
Yours truly,
H. Hall,
G. T. M., Maine Steamship Co.

Mr. Horatio Hall, G. T. M.,
Maine Steamship Co., New York.

Dear Sir:—

I do not agree with you that the man who reported the case in question to me showed thereby any lack of manhood. He is a member of this League, and it is the duty of every member to report promptly to headquarters any violation of any game or fish law which comes to his notice. We have thousands of members distributed throughout all the States and Territories of the Union and into Canada, and through them we receive reports of game law violations almost every day. In nearly all cases we give the offender the same opportunity to correct the abuse that we gave you, before taking any legal measures.

Aside from the question of the duty of a League member it is the duty of every good citizen to report to the proper authorities every case of law breaking of any kind that he may discover. Of course, few of us do this except under some special arrangement such as I have stated; but we should do it in all cases.

I am glad to know you will observe the close seasons in future.

Will you kindly tell me where you bought your quails, greatly obliging,

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields, Pres't.

Mr. Hall replied that he did not know where the quails in question were bought. —EDITOR.

ENFORCE EXISTING LAWS.

While we have adequate game laws, the enforcement is lacking. Kindly advise me in this and send me some L. A. S. literature. The Supervisors have refused to appoint game wardens on account of the expense, but if we can organize a local chapter of the League here they may appoint some member to act gratis. I recognize the necessity for the prevention of ruthless slaughter of game in season and the surreptitious killing out of season.
G. J. M., Santa Ana, Cal.

ANSWER.

It is true that your State, as well as most of the others, has good game laws. What all the States need are machinery and appropriations for enforcing their laws. Nearly all State Legislatures lack interest in this subject, and the L. A. S. was organized for the express purpose of enforcing the laws of the various States.

As requested, I send you under separate cover 25 copies each of the various documents explaining the nature and aims of this League. I trust you will place these where they will do the most good.

You will see by reference to page 6 of the constitution, that as soon as you have 25 members in your city or county we may organize them into a local chapter. You would then have an excellent machine for enforcing your laws. One of your members could be appointed a local warden for the League, and your county commissioners would no doubt be glad to invest him with legal authority to make arrests. This league offers a reward of $10 for each conviction secured of a violation of a game or fish law; and your people would no doubt be glad to add to this offer. Then each of your members would become a detective whose duty it would be to notify the local warden of any violation of the law, and aid him in securing the necessary evidence to convict. We have many local chapters in various States that are doing splendid work on these lines.

I have taken the liberty of referring your letter to Mr. C. Barlow, Santa Clara, who is the Secretary Treasurer of the California division of the League, and who will communicate with you at once.—EDITOR.

REPORT VIOLATIONS OF LAW.

I have been contemplating plans for enforcing the Lacey law. There is no provision in it as to who is to enforce it, and no provision for compensation to informers or prosecutors. The shooting season opened September 1 in a number of States, and game has begun to circulate. There is need of great vigilance to prevent violation of the non-export laws where they exist. Here is a big field for members of the L. A. S. to work. I am going to see Mr. Lehle and arrange to have all the railway companies and express companies print the law and send copies to all their agents. M. R. Bortree, Chicago, Ill.

ANSWER.

Your suggestion regarding the duties of League members as to the enforcement of non-export laws is good. We are getting sportsmen stirred up on this subject everywhere. Convictions are becoming more and more numerous in each State each year, and there is plenty of trouble ahead for market hunters and game dealers who undertake to violate the laws. I have personally sent a copy of the Lacey law to the general freight agents of all important railway companies in the United States, and to the presidents of all the express companies. Have written each of these officers a personal letter asking him to acquaint all his employees with the provisions of the Lacey law, and to take measures to have these provisions observed. Now, when we find any common carrier violating the Lacey law there will be no opportunity for the accused to plead ignorance of the law. Several of the officers to whom notice of the law was sent have already issued instructions to all employees in accordance therewith, and have sent me copies of same.

What League members should do is to enforce the laws of their own States. The Lacey law simply comes to our aid in this when needed.—EDITOR.

L. A. S. WORK IN VIRGINIA.

In a recent issue of the Richmond Dispatch the following letter appeared:

"In Sunday's issue I noticed an article by Mr. M. D. Hart, State secretary of the League of American Sportsmen, and I wish to add a few words in praise of the excellent work thus far achieved for the protection of birds in this State by our infant branch of the League of American Sportsmen. As I am an ardent lover of field sports. I naturally take great interest in any movement to protect our Bob White from the merciless slaughter of pot hunters who murder these birds in and out of season. They were encouraged in their nefarious work by thoughtless people, who paid them fancy out of season prices. I recall more than one instance during the severe winter of 1899 of seeing game hawkers on our streets with large bunches of birds. When asked where they got the birds they would answer glibly, 'N. C.,' for they were afraid if they told the truth the law might be enforced. No one had the courage to enforce the law against selling game out of season, until the League of American Sportsmen grasped the reins the law has given, and called a halt. Since then the game dealers have observed the law. I think Mr. Hart's estimate of the bird life saved is small. Now, can we say the League has accomplished nothing? I think not. If it can do this in its infancy, what can it not do if all the sportsmen in this State, in and out of the cities, would join the League, unite in one grand rally for the protection of our birds, and ask the lawmakers to make a few changes in our existing game laws to better enable the League to protect the greatest pleasure-giving game bird on earth. I, for one, tender Mr. Hart and the League of American Sportsmen my heartfelt congratulations on this (their first) magnificent work in this State.

F. B. T.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE LACEY WATCH FUND.

J. W Furnside,
E. E. Millard,
J. L. Sable,
W. D. Clark,
Geo. M. Miller,
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D. E. Thomas,
Otto Holstein,
J. W. Martin,
A. Whitehead,
A. W. Van Saun,
S. C. White,
J. F. Kroy,
O. F. Bruner,
J. W. Beatie,

There is still room in the cash box for a few more dollars.

September 28th W. E. Beach, Local Warden for the L. A. S. for New Haven county, Conn., arrested Lewis Terrell for rabbit shooting. He was tried and found guilty, was fined $100 and costs, and paid into the court the full amount.

On January 27th, Mr. Beach arrested Mr. William Schoenberger, a meat dealer in New Haven, for selling game out of season. He was convicted and fined $20 and costs, which amount he paid.

Mr. Beach has been paid his reward for each of these convictions by the Secretary-Treasurer of the Connecticut Division.

I have read with deep interest, in July RECREATION, the articles in re the League of American Sportsmen, and the work of the Hon. John F. Lacey in pushing his bill through Congress. I am in hearty sympathy with all work which tends to protect game and birds of every kind. I desire to become a life member of your League, and enclose herewith a check for $25.25 to cover my life membership fee and my contribution to the testimonial to Mr. Lacey.

H. Williams, Butte, Mont.

Great Caesar! If we could only induce 1,000 men to do likewise, wouldn't we make it hot for law breakers? And there are 100,000 sportsmen in the country who could buy life memberships in the League and never miss the money. Why don't they do it? Who will be the next benefactor?—EDITOR.

The executive committee of the L. A. S. has adopted a resolution authorizing the secretary to make a present of a gold badge to each member who will pay his membership fee 10 years in advance. Now if you want one of these beautiful emblems, send in your $10,

FORESTRY

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford, of same institution.

SPRUCE PULP FOR PAPER.

Few people realize the immense quantity of wood which is used in the manufacture of paper for our newspapers. One reads all sorts of statesments in reference to this matter, and is often prone to question their exactness. In fact, the quantity of paper used and the quantity of spruce used in its manufacture is so enormously large that without looking into the subject with care we invariably or rather unconsciously pronounce such statements exaggerations. I had occasion recently to gather a few statistics first hand, which are instructive from several points of view.

The New York Journal uses 150 tons of paper daily. One fails to appreciate the magnitude of this amount without actually seeing it in bulk or taking part in the handling of it. To produce this amount of paper 225 cords of spruce are consumed. This makes a large pile of wood, and means a great deal of labor in its preparation. It requires 1½ cords of wood to produce one ton of pulp. As spruce ordinarily occurs in our Northern mountains it averages about 5 cords to the acre. Of course, in Europe, especially in Saxony and Bavaria, where immense quantities are raised for this purpose, it grows in dense pure stands. One acre there produces many times as much. It grows faster and is of better quality. It is all under a system of intensive management. Owing to the fact that it is concentrated in a bunch there is less expense in working and handling it. In this country it is scattered and mixed more or less with hardwoods.

The Journal, therefore, in one year consumes all the spruce on 16,225 acres of land as it grows naturally in our Northern mountains.

Now, the main points in this connection are simply these—How long will it last and what will be done when it is exhausted?

Much of the spruce which is used is very old, often over 200 years. The smallest and youngest is rarely under 75 years. Now, even if the planting of spruce on a large scale, and it will have to be done on a large scale to supply the demand, which will be immense 75 or 100 years hence, is done soon it will be many years before a crop can be taken. There is bound to be a long interval of great scarcity. This period will be so long, in fact, that some other material will be used, and there will follow a change of machinery, etc., etc. It seems therefore certain to me that something must be planted for the purpose which will grow quickly; that is, produce good paper material in at least 20 years. It is true that by planting the European or Norway spruce (*Picea excelsa*), which appears to grow much better than our native spruce and as with all trees can be produced much more quickly and of better quality when planted, thinned and properly regulated, good paper material may be produced in 40 years. The qualities of this spruce are well known. It grows well in this climate, and the seeds may easily and cheaply be secured. Forty years, however, is too long in the future. We must, therefore, select a quicker grower.

It might be possible, as has been suggested and attemped with camphor and rubber, to sow the seeed broadcast, as one would wheat, and then, while still small in height, say, waist high, reap it and convert the sticks into pulp. This would turn a forest crop into an agricultural crop. It is, however, very likely impractical, although in the cases of camphor and rubber it is possible.

It seems most likely that we shall have to turn our attention to some quick growing species and move a little farther to the South to enjoy the privilege of a longer growing season. It seems to me, therefore, that the Carolina poplar fills the bill, and that our Southern mountains is the spot where it can be most profitably produced. This poplar grows rapidly, is easily propagated from cuttings, and afterward naturally produces itself indefinitely from root suckers and stump shoots.

This tree will not grow in the far North, but there are immense areas in Pennsylvania and Southward where it will flourish. The person who plants this tree may therefore be sure of reaping a rich harvest in the harvest in the course of 20 years. J.

TO SAVE A PETRIFIED FOREST.

Columbus, Ohio.

Editor RECREATION:

The prospects are encouraging that the famous petrified forests of Arizona will be preserved in another new national park and public pleasure ground, ranking in grandeur and its natural scenery with the marvels of the Yellowstone National Park, the big trees of the Yosemite valley and the public grounds about Mt. Ranier. The idea was conceived in the fertile mind of Congressman John F. Lacey, of Iowa, who made a most praiseworthy attempt in his bill before Congress to carry it through successfully. The same commendable purposes that prompted Congress to make national parks in the past characterize the efforts of the promoter of the latest park bill, which are to preserve from injury or spoliation some of the great and interesting wonders of nature in that section of country. Reckless tourists have been carrying away fragments of these petrified trees, resorting in extreme cases to the use of dynamite; while moneyed men, for purposes of business and profit, have planned for the removal and grinding of these trees into powder as a substitute for emery. The only thing that prevented this commercial vandalism, it was said, was the discovery of a stone in Canada that answered the purpose.

There is no other such Wonderland in the United States where the remains of a great forest are so remarkably preserved, though there may be found occasional petrifications of unusual character. The author of this national park bill describes these curious trees as being of a coniferous, extinct species, with the exception of a single cottonwood trunk. He says: "They lie prone on the ground as they drifted in on a prehistoric sea. Waterlogged and heavy, they sank to the bottom and were there covered with sand and were changed to chalcedony. The sand hardened and cemented into stone, and finally rose above the waters. This stone forest lay hidden from view for countless ages. By slow disintegration the imbedding rock all washed away, and the petrified trees, being much harder and more durable, were left lying scattered in dense profusion on the surface of the earth, where they had so long laid buried. These trees are of the most beautiful colors, and the stone takes as high a polish as granite. Over an area of several miles the petrified logs are countless at all horizons and lie in the greatest profusion on the knolls, buttes and spurs and in the ravines and gulches; while the ground seems to be everywhere studded with gems, consisting of the broken fragments of all shapes and sizes and exhibiting all the colors of the rainbow. The state of mineralization in which much of this wood exists almost places it among the gems and precious stones. Not only are chalcedony, opals and agates found, but many logs approach the condition of jasper and onyx. The natural bridge, consisting of a great petrified trunk lying across a canyon and forming a natural footbridge on which men may easily cross, must be one of the distinct and celebrated features in the whole region."

This interesting description given by Mr. Lacey doubtless accurately pictures the marvelous beauty and geological and historical phenomena of this most interesting region of western America. The noble purpose that the father of this bill entertains to protect the wonders and beauties of nature from the hands of the vandal and to prevent the wanton waste and decay which years without care must induce, should insure its enactment. Lovers of nature, of travel and of study would rejoice in a national park of the Arizona petrified trees.

James S. Glenn.

SEEDLINGS.

As I foretold in my letter published in August RECREATION, thousands of acres of timber are on fire here now. No end to the fire is in sight until the fall snows come. Every available man is out fighting fire. There are so few timber rangers that it seems the fire gets under full headway before those few know of its existence. The government is penny wise and $ foolish to furnish so few men to prevent fire and then be obliged to use so many to put it out; to say nothing of the loss timber.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

Will RECREATION readers in Maine kindly write me regarding the timber in their localities? Where can maple, beech, basswood and butternut be found? What is the best part of the State for maple sugar making? Where can good trapping be had?

J. W. Phillips, Otselie Center, N. Y.

I wish you would take my ad out of RECREATION. It is working me to death. I have had letters from nearly every State in the Union. I could have sold all sorts of bear skins and other kinds of skins, game heads, etc., if I had had them. RECREATION is a great advertising medium.

Geo. B. McClellan, Red Bank, Wyo.

The Mullins boat I got as premium for a club of subscribers to RECREATION is remarkably good, and runs perfectly.

W. C. Jackson, Williamsport, Pa.

Read the offer of a Scholarship in the . . .

NATIONAL ROUGH-RIDER MILITARY ENCAMPMENT,

on page xxxvi of this issue of RECREATION.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH. D.
Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

LIFE ON A HOUSE BOAT IN SIAM.

The journey from Bangkok to Chieng-Mai, the capital of the Lao provinces of Siam, a distance of some 500 miles, must be made on the backs of elephants or in houseboats on the Maa-Ping rivers, and requires 8 to 9 weeks. The boats are about 30 feet long and only large enough to accommodate one person comfortably in addition to the native crew. The journey is usually made with a boat for each person and a cook boat. The New England Magazine contains an interesting account of such a trip.

Special interest attaches to the provisioning of the boats. Those which serve as cabins are fitted with many comforts. Butter, condensed milk, and such articles of food as are required at every meal are usually kept in them, as well as drinking water in large jars of porous red pottery.

The furniture of the cook boat is less elaborate. Its sole necessity is a large box filled with sand to hold the native stove, a mere shallow earthern fire pan. With this, a saucepan or 2, a Dutch oven, and a perfectly flat sheet-iron griddle, supported on 2 bricks, a competent native cook can convert the most unpromising raw materials into dishes fit for an epicure. No chairs are needed. A native always squats on his heels or sits tailor fashion on the floor. For sleeping comforts a block-shaped cotton pillow, a mat, and a felt blanket apiece are all he and his assistants desire. A handkerchief would almost hold all his extra changes of clothing, as his costume consists simply of a gaily colored cotton loin-cloth, with a white cotton jacket for "occasions." Besides preparing the food for the table, it is the cook's duty to gather brushwood for fuel and to care for the canned provisions entrusted to him, as well as to replenish the larder with fresh supplies whenever possible. The boy who assists him in many ways also serves the meals, waits on the table, attends to all of his master's personal wants, and sometimes washes his clothes, which are spread out on the roof of the khak-khaa, or cabin for storing goods, to dry, and are worn without the formality of ironing.

The boats start well provisioned with such canned goods, flour, coffee, tea, sugar, crackers, etc., as would be needed for any camping-out trip. Eggs are often carried packed in lard, which thus serves a double purpose. Bread, cookies, fresh meat, and fruit are provided for the first few days, and live fowl, confined in wicker cages, bunches of bananas, and carefully selected oranges, lemons, and cocoanuts, will often last the whole trip. In the earlier stages of the journey it is easy to get fresh supplies from the villages all along the river unless, as not infrequently happens, cholera is raging and one fears possible contagion. As one gets farther into the jungle, the villages are few and small, but there is an abundance of wild game. Squirrels, jungle fowl, quails, and even deer, are plentiful. But a man who goes to stalk deer must look out that he is not himself stalked by a leopard or treed by a pack of wolves, and the hunter of squirrels in trees must keep an eye out for snakes in the grass at the same time.

The natives include among edible creatures certain varieties of serpents, the iguana lizard, and at times even a monkey, which may be made into curry to eat with their inevitable rice. Certain fat crickets are esteemed a delicacy, as are also wild honey and many a wild root and vegetable of the jungle. Fish are everywhere plentiful, though most of them are coarse grained and have a strong earthy flavor. Sometimes these fish may be scooped up literally in bucketfuls from the little land-locked pools where they have been caught when the water has fallen suddenly after a freshet. Dead and alive, these all go to make "Hah" for the boatmen, which is a sort of sauce of rotten pickled fish much appreciated by the natives. Sometimes when "Hah" is extraordinarily plentiful, the white man, whose taste for the morsel is uncultivated, is obliged to shift the position of his boat so as to avoid its insistent odor.

FOOD VALUE OF MUSHROOMS.

Autumn is the season when mushrooms are most abundant in the fields and woods. While many kinds are edible, some are poisonous. There is no simple way of telling whether any given sort is harmful. No dependence can be placed on discoloring a silver spoon or any such tests. The only sure method is by careful study to learn the different fungi as one knows other plants, and to avoid all which are doubtful.

There is a widespread idea that mushrooms and other edible fungi are nutritious foods. They are commonly said to contain large quantities of protein (nitrogenous material) and to rank close to meat as sources of this important nutriment. The term "vegetable beefsteak" has been applied to them and other equally extravagant statements are frequently met with. Numbers of analyses of edible fungi have been reported by the experiment stations. European investigators have also determined their composition and studied their digestibility by human subjects and by methods of artificial digestion.

An extended study of the food value of edible fungi, including their digestibility, has recently been published from the physiological laboratory of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University.

Analysis does not show that edible fungi (mushrooms) possess a high food value. They contain on an average 88 per cent water, 4 per cent protein (total nitrogenous material) and 7 per cent carbohydrates. The amount of fat and mineral matter in them is small.

Mushrooms contain a high percentage of water. In ordinary food materials protein is the most important nutrient. As regards protein content, mushrooms rank about the same as potatoes, though they are decidedly inferior in food value, since they contain much less carbohydrates. Nonalbuminoid nitrogen is thought to have little food value. Mushrooms do not contain a high percentage of nitrogen and a considerable portion of the nitrogen present is in the form of nonalbuminoids.

The value of a food is not determined alone by its composition. The digestibility —that is, the material which the body can retain and utilize—is of even more importance. The experiments at the Sheffield Scientific School showed that 26 to 59 per cent of the total dry matter of the edible fungi tested was indigestible. The total amount of digestible protein is about the same as in the potato. These results were obtained by artificial digestion. They agree in all essential points with those obtained by the German investigators. From them the following conclusions were drawn:

When it is remembered that mushrooms contain 75 to 92 per cent of water, and that the total amount of protein present is comparatively small, it will be seen that they correspond with fresh vegetables. Indeed, they are decidedly inferior to many vegetables." The expression "vegetable beefsteak" seems peculiarly inappropriate when applied in a strictly chemical sense. A person depending on mushrooms to furnish the amount of protein necessary in a day's diet would be compelled to consume about 8 pounds, if the morel, a fair average species, were selected. The carbohydrate content of mushrooms is relatively high, but there is no lack of carbohydrate foods in the ordinary diet, and, consequently, no great need for this constituent of mushrooms.

Although mushrooms and other edible fungi can not be considered highly nutritious foods, they are undoubtedly useful condiments or food accessories. They add to the palatability of many food materials when cooked with them, and may be served in many appetizing ways. Their use can undoubtedly be extended by skillful growing and careful marketing. The principal edible fungus raised by market gardeners is the common field agaric, *Agaricus campestris;* and the term mushroom is generally understood to mean that variety. Although the number of wild edible fungi is comparatively large, there are many poisonous varieties and too great care can not be exercised in gathering fungi for food.

Here's good luck to RECREATION;
It's a credit to the Nation,
For in sportsmen's lore it's always in the van.
Oh! its Editor's a corker,
For he roasts the human porker,
Who's despised by every decent hunting man.

H. P. Hays, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

The Sidle telescope rifle sight arrived all right and it is great. With it I can see to shoot long after other sights are of no use. Any one who wants a good sight for hunting or for target work should get a Sidle. I can see a one inch black at 200 yards with it. Thank you for mine.

Oscar Elmer, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

"Say, old man, I notice that coming into town on the train in the mornings you always manage to sit in a seat beside a deuce of a fine looking young woman, and yet you don't seem to know her. You never speak to each other."

"Oh, that's my wife. She comes to town to study art."—Chicago Times-Herald.

I thank you for the Vapor stove which I received as a premium. I lit it and took orders for 5 in a few hours, so sent in an order for ½ dozen. I have used one over a year and know them to be a complete success for camping and many other things.

E. R. Claxton, Park River, N. D.

The No. 20 Sportsmen's Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., which you sent me as premium, is all that can be desired for the purpose.

D. E. Wynkoop, Kingsley, Ont.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

RECREATION *desires to be of the greatest possible service to its readers in every way. You are therefore invited to ask this office for any information you may want, on any subject whatever. If I cannot answer directly, I will endeavor to get the information, and reply at the earliest possible moment.*

More especially if you are planning a hunting or fishing trip anywhere in the United States, Canada, or Mexico, let me know and I will tell you all that can be learned about the fish or game to be found in any such region, and as to the best means of reaching your objective point. In nearly every case, I can put you in correspondence with subscribers who live in the district in question.

If you do not see what you want, ask for it.

TWO GREAT BEAR STORIES.

The December number of RECREATION will contain 2 stories that will raise your hair—that is, if you have any to raise. One of these was written by George B. McClellan, manager of the Red Bank ranch at Red Bank, Wyo., and details an interview he had with 5 grizzlies in the Big Horn mountains last fall. In the hunting party were ex-Governor Richards and Assistant Attorney General Van Devanter, of Washington, D. C. It happened, however, that both of these excellent hunters were on another trail at the time McClellan jumped the bears, and so he had to handle them alone. He was backed, however, by the 9 dogs which constitute the famous pack of wolf and bear hounds kept at the Red Bank ranch.

This was one of the hottest fights I have ever read of; yet it is told in the plain, simple, straightforward language of a cowboy who has ridden the range for 30 years and who has learned to save his wind. He makes every word count, even as he makes every shot count when he gets in a hot place.

A. B. Frost is making a full-page picture for this story, which shows the 5 bears charging the 9 dogs, and McClellan in the foreground, pumping lead into the herd with a Savage rifle.

The other story describes the killing of an immense silver-tip grizzly on Lodgegrass creek, a tributary of the Little Big Horn, on th East side of the Big Horn range. There were 4 men in this fight, and the bear came so near getting one of them that he killed the horse under him. This story was written by Hon. T. C. Koch, of Fullerton, Neb., an ex-member of the State Legislature and now a prominent banker. This fight is also described in a manner that will cause many sportsmen to forget to breathe from the time the first shot is fired until the big brute is stretched out.

Ernest Seton-Thompson has made a picture for this story, showing the great grizzly in the act of crushing the horse with a blow of his immense paw.

I have published a good many bear stories in RECREATION, and have read a number in other publications, but these are 2 of the best I have ever seen since the famous story of "Big Foot Wallace," which was written by the Hon. B. B. Brooks, of Wyoming, and published in RECREATION of May, 1895. I say this without disparagment to the literary ability of numerous other contributors. The difference is that the 2 writers mentioned above have had opportunities which come to only a few men. and have made the best of them.

If you want your friends to enjoy one of the best literary treats of their lives, tell them to be sure to read December RECREATION.

IN THE THIRD CLASS:

A gentleman in Maine, who is interested in game protection, and who is anxious to see a strong division of the League built up there, sent me the names and addresses of a number of sportsmen who he thought would join the League on receipt of an invitation. I wrote each of these men a letter, not only inviting, but urging him to join and help us in our work. A few of them responded favorably. To those who did not I sent another letter, calling their attention to the good work of the League, and appealing to them in strong terms to aid us in protecting the game of their own State as well as of the other States.

One of the men to whom these 2 letters were sent, made the following endorsement on the back of the second letter and returned it to me:

"Returned to the writer. This is a piece of insolence, unprovoked and inexcusable. I am not, as he assumes, a citizen of Maine, but of New York. Why he addresses me I do not know. I have no interest in the Act of Congress on which he prides himself, other than a desire to protect the lives of God's creatures, when not needed for food, for man, or other justifiable purposes. But to preserve game for sportsmen to kill for pleasure, is in my judgment, unjustifiable and contemptible. I think the methods pursued by the Act, unconstitutional and impolitic, and the product of a set of fanatical cranks on a par with the State of Maine Prohibitionists."

Walter H. Coleman, Kennebunk, Me.

When this document came into my hands I called Inkie (my pet squirrel) and read it to him. He evinced his amusement by waving his tail over his back several times. Then I asked him what he thought of it. He looked serious for a few moments, but did not answer. I said, "You know, Inkie, it takes all kinds of cranks to make a world, and this seems to be one of the other kind." And he winked his other eye, which means yes.

I said, "Inkie, this reminds me of a story I once heard. A Cincinnati member of the Ohio Legislature made a speech in which me bitterly attacked a member from a Cleveland dictrict. When he got through and sat down, the Cleveland member got up and said:

"'Mr. Speaker: There are 3 kinds of skeezicks.

"'First: The regular skeezicks,

"'Second: The infernal skeezicks, and

"'Third: The perfect—skeezicks.

"'Mr. Speaker, I place the member from Cincinnati in the third class.'

"Now, Inkie," said I, "don't you think we should place this man Coleman in the third class of cranks?" And Inkie winked his other eye, which always means yes.

EFFECT OF LACEY BILL ON MILLINERY.

The New York milliners are now making their first displays of fall goods, and the effect of the Lacey bird bill is at once apparent. Last fall, and in previous autumns, milliners' windows and counters were filled with stuffed birds, wings, aigrettes, breasts, and various devices made from the plumage of song and insectivorous birds. This year the same windows show absolutely no feather trimmings except such as are made of the feathers of game birds, or of domestic fowls. From the milliners' point of view it is almost pathetic to notice the weird little confections that are tentatively put forth to take the place of the wanton riot of birds and feathers heretofore so remorselessly shown. A bunch of white chicken feathers, curled outward and down, with an artificial heart of a rose dropped in the centre, simulates a flower "that never was on land or sea;" while a pompon of scarlet broadcloth, cut into narrow strips and essaying a smart, military air, almost brings tears to the eyes. The tears do not fall, however. The milliners are brave and will invent other trimmings. The tears are checked by a wave of triumphant joy for the birds. At last an effective means has been found to check the slaughter of these "jewels of the air." The Lacey bird bill has accomplished this by prohibiting the shipment of birds and plumage. The passage of that bill is the work of the League of American Sportsmen, to which, after the Hon. John F. Lacey, all honor is due. A more sweeping, radical, effective measure was never passed by Congress. There is hope now for the birds, that they may increase in the land and make glad the air; hope for the farmer, that his crop may be saved from pestilent insects; hope for humanity, that it may be saved the shame of having exterminated nature's brightest creatures. When women go forth this fall to buy their hats they may learn a thing or 2. Perhaps not. Milliners are clever and will simply say the styles have changed. Truly they have; and that which had seemed impossible has been brought to pass by the L. A. S.

FOR THE RECREATION GROUP.

These specimens have been contributed to the New York Zoological Park, for the RECREATION series, since last report:

April 12th. Gray Squirrel. One specimen, by Joseph Leisentritt, Dayton, O.

April 23d. Red Shouldered Hawk. Two specimens, by Drs. Corlis and Lord, New York City.

April 25th. Snapping Turtle. One specimen, by Roy A. Latham. Orient Point, L. I.

June 11th. Black Snake; Black Crowned Night Heron (7 specimens), by C. D. Brown, Rutherford, N. J.

June 25th. Dusky Horned Owl. One speciment, by Charles Payne, Wichita. Kan.

July 6th. Raccoon. One specimen, by Donald Bros., Hammond, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

July 6th. Raccoon. One specimen, by E. T. Denner, Chippewa Bay, N. Y.

July 18th. Green Heron. Five specimens, bv C. D. Brown, Rutherford, N. J.

Born to the Missouri Prairie Dogs, donated by Mr. Howard Eaton, 17.

Young Wild Turkeys, hatched by the flock given by E. A. Pond, 7.

Thus, the RECREATION family in the Zoological Park now numbers 116 specimens. Truly a formidable gathering and one that every reader of this magazine may well feel proud of.

Read the article in the photo department entitled "Important Discovery in Fakirland." This Clarkson Peters, whoever he is, is a fakir who evidently has no regard for truth or decency, and it is a great pity that any editor could be found who would print such rot and palm it off on unscientific readers as fact.

BEFORE RECIEVING THIS PACKAGE SEE THAT SEALS ARE UNBROKEN
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I guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees.—EDITOR.

A FOUL TIP OFF THE BAT.

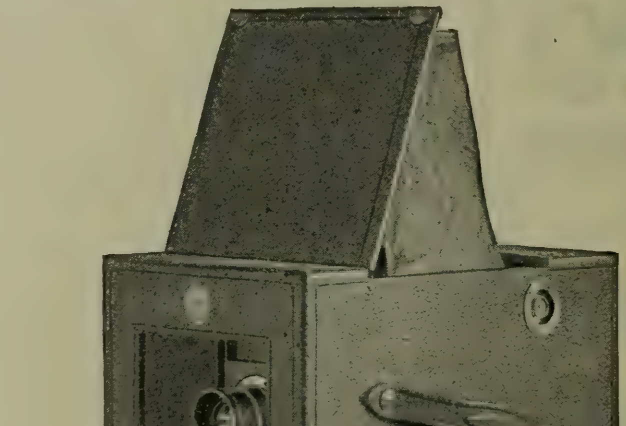
THE REFLEX CAMERA CO., of Yonkers, N. Y., at present make one style of their

New Patent Reflex Hand Camera,

in three sizes: 4 x 5, 5 x 7 and 6½x8½. The above print is a reduction from a 6½x8½ negative and corroborates what we said on another occasion in this magazine, that the **full size picture** can be seen **on the finder** up to the very **moment of** the **exposure** on the sensitive plate.

The **only Hand Camera** made which can be focussed **without removing Films or Plates.**

Especially adapted for **instantaneous work,** animal studies, portraits of children and other difficult studies.



The Reflex Camera is the **only one** on the market that possesses this feature, and those using them say it is a positive delight.

REFLEX CAMERA CO.,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Catalogues on application.

Mention RECREATION.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"A Bird on the plate is worth 2 in the bag."

CAMERA NOTES.

GENE S. PORTER.

A man signing himself Harry P., Seattle, has been occasionally throwing me bouquets, and claiming my camera notes as the inspiration of his photographic ventures. As he has made pictures worthy of favorable mention, I had felt proud and inclined to strut. Now, I have embalmed my peacock feathers in naphthaline and laid them away, for he has gone off after professional gods. In the August number of RECREATION he advises the development of amateur plates without previous washing. The careful washing of plates previous to development is one of the foundation stones of the temple of my photographic faith. There are waves, streaks, freaks and tear drops on some negatives, due to different chemical combinations of the emulsion. Plates are sometimes rubbed in shipping, or are not securely slipped into their grooves in the holders and become so worn in places that they develop a flight of tiny specks of clear glass. Pin holes are due to dirt. This was either on the plate and prevented the light rays from falling on those parts of it in exposure, or it was left on the plate, and prevented the chemicals from acting in development. If you dust and wash your plates thoroughly in development and still have pin holes, then they were made in exposure. Many amateur pin holes are. The only preventive is cleanliness; the only remedy, to fill them in.

I should be pleased to have the Seattle professional explain how water can eat the emulsion on a dry plate into pin holes. Water so contaminated with lead, zinc or iron, from metal pipes, as to affect the nitrate of silver in the emulsion would cause trouble; but pure water, such only as should be used for photographic purposes, can have no effect on a dry plate other than to wet it. If I were a professional photographer, operating in a studio, I should not wash my plates. It would not be necessary. But there is a difference between professional and amateur photography. A professional dusts his plates, exposes them and developes the same day, without leaving his studio. An amateur loads a box camera, or fills holders for an extension front, never knowing when or under what circumstances he will use them. He carries his camera about with him days and miles, only using it when he fancies he has found a picture. He carries it afoot, awheel, horseback or driving. He may travel in alternating extremes of heat or cold, dust or rain. He may travel miles in jolting cars and churning boats. I filled holders at home last summer and exposed all the way to Canada by boat and rail. The last of the lot were exposed after 15 miles of driving through a pine thicket where the white sand closed 3 to 4 inches deep over the tires at every revolution. Think of the condition those plates were in! If you dust a plate, expose and develop at once, it does not need washing. If you carry it many weary, long miles you can't dust too often, or wash too much. At any rate, you need not be afraid of pure rain water causing pin holes, nor hope to avoid them by not washing. The emulsion surface of a dry plate is composed of so many parts of bromide of potassium, so many of gelatine, so many of nitrate of silver, and pure water. These are put through the various processes of heating, cooling, washing, and in the end spread on the clear glass and dried. H_2O means 2 parts hydrogen and one oxygen, which is water. There is water in the emulsion, and water used to wash it; hence the folly of attributing pin holes in the emulsion to water.

I spent some time in the studio of a professional this spring. I learned one thing and he learned one. I learned that with his $200 lenses, big as saucers, skylights, flash lights and other professional paraphernalia, I had only a superficial idea of his work. When I described the miles I traveled for pictures, how I operated from tree tops, telegraph poles, boats, on the ground, in marshes to my arm-pits in water in every conceivable light, and showed him my plates and pictures, he frankly admitted that he did not know how I did it. He said further that he should not know how to time or develop many of them; and he should die of nervous prostration to set a camera and wait 3 hours to make an exposure.

Professional photography is one thing, amateur photography is another. A professional is no more fitted to dictate to me than I am to him. Are you watching the professional work swing around to amateur effects? You can see it more distinctly every day.

RECREATION amateurs working to make pictures suitable for reproduction in the magazine will be delighted with the new Reflex camera, as it is especially designed for moving objects. Many new cameras are advertised; this camera really is new in almost every feature. My Reflex is a subject for enthusiasm. It lists, if I remember correctly, at $156, of which $56 is camera, and the $100 a splendid Goerz double anastigmat lens. Such a beauty of a lens! It does one good to look at it.

The camera is a box, taking a 6½x

8½ inch plate, with bellows of red Russian skiver sufficiently long to admit of focusing. The splendid lens, in its mounting of brass, stands wide open, and a focal plane shutter works automatically in front of the plate. A handsome ground glass, laid off in squares to assist in leveling, is full plate size, set in the top of the camera and protected by a hood of maroon calfskin. By means of a mirror the light rays passing through the lens are deflected upward and the picture is thrown full plate size on the glass, where you can watch it up to the instant of exposure. Then it drops from sight the 1-1000 part of a second, or for whatever length of time you have set your speed. The exposure being made, the picture instantly flashes back again. If it is still as you desired to take it, you may be sure you have secured your object without wasting 2 or 3 plates, as one almost always does when the subject is rare and there is no hope of another chance at it. This camera, with so powerful a lens working so directly on the plate, is primarily intended for moving objects, and while it can be set for time, the 15 speed numbers range from 1-10 to 1-1000 part of a second. To make an exposure 5 operations are necessary:

Focus; set the shutter at the speed and opening you desire; wind up a curtain that protects the plate in case you want to carry the camera with the slide drawn; remove slide; and expose. The chief merit of this camera is the celerity with which exposures may be made. When you have made one exposure, you may wind up the curtain, insert the plate holder, remove the slide, set the speed number at what you will require, an you are ready. If you don't want to take the ½ second required to focus, you can hasten the operation still further by setting the lens at universal focus, leaving you nothing to do on the appearance of a subject, but to level the camera and expose. I recommend the Reflex camera to the man who is afraid his object will "be a mile away or die of old age while he sets up a tripod, clamps and opens camera, opens shutter, gets out focusing cloth, focuses, inserts plate holder, sets shutter at time and arranges diaphragm, draws slide and is ready to expose." He can take his picture with a Reflex, providing he reduces the operations to focusing and exposure, just as quickly as he could sight and fire a gun. With the powerful lens working directly on the plate, this camera is guaranteed to take moving objects in the shade and rain. Two excellent examples of this work are given in the Reflex catalogue. I can see only 2 objections to the Reflex. It is large, but not so heavy as it looks. The size is necessary if you use a plate large enough so your pictures do not need enlarging to reproduce. It is unfortunate that the release must be by hand. With a camera so splendidly adapted to moving objects, there ought to be a bulb release. I feel like saying there must be.

Was there ever another such a spring and summer for cloud effects? Every time you lift your eyes there are new wonders and beauties in the heavens. You can secure any effect; mountainous masses of snowy white clouds; light, floating, lacelike clouds; violet, pink and purple clouds; heavy, black, banked-up storm clouds; and thick, gray, evening clouds that the setting sun rims with burnished gold. It is one situation in which you may take all you will, and impoverish nobody.

I am not an advocate of patchwork prints, but I realize there are times when judiciously introduced clouds may save a situation. Skies of paper white represent nothing, and if you have not been able to secure a good atmospheric effect all you can do is to print in clouds. Cloud negatives are so easy to make there is no reason why every one should not have a lot in reserve. The supposition is that to produce a good cloud negative you must make a shutter exposure, well stopped down, with a slow plate, isochromatic, of course, preferred, a color screen and use much care and patience in developing. The fact is, some of the cleanest, finest cloud negatives I have ever seen were made with hand cameras, smallest stop, 1-100 exposure, snap shot plates, and were developed like any snap shot.

The next American Salon of Photographic Art will be held at Philadelphia, October 21 to November 18. All the arrangements are completed, and application blanks and full information will be furnished by the Salon Committee. The jury of selection consists of Mr. Alfred Steiglitz, Mr. Frank Eugene, and Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier, of New York; Mr. Clarence White, of Newark, Ohio, and Miss Eva Lawrence Watson, of Philadelphia. In placing Miss Watson on the committee Philadelphia gives herself a member. Chicago did not do that, and I think afterward, she was sorry; for Chicago with her splendid Amateur Club was represented in but 4 instances, while Newark, Ohio, with Mr. White on the committee of selection, was represented in 3. It pays to have a friend at court.

My thanks are due Almer Coe, of Chicago, for one of the handsomest catalogues of photographic materials I have seen lately. I visited Mr. Coe's establishment recently, and there is no finer line of cameras and optical goods in the West than he carries. This firm is the headquarters of Frederick K. Lawrence, secretary of the present Salon exhibition, and an expert in enlarging small negatives and making bromide enlargements. I recommend this firm to RECREATION'S Western readers for fine goods and fair treatment.

If you have failures and have made fruitless search every other where, look to your tripod. Many tripods are so lightly constructed, on the demand of amateurs afoot and cycling, who are figuring to reduce weight, that they are not even fit to hold a hand camera. To such may be directly attributed many of the double objects and failures otherwise unaccounted for.

Gelatine papers are the best for prints to be reproduced by the photogravure process. Print as deeply as you dare, tone up well, and mount, no matter if the prints look as if they would step off the card. They will not look that way when they have passed through the photogravure process.

On page 346, Wilson, in his "Quarter Century in Photography," says, "Those who use commercial dry plates, should develop them as instructed by their manufacturers." In looking for ways to materially better your work, don't forget this.

"Bromide of brains is one of the most valuable and least used of all the requisites for an 'immature' photographer."

—Thomas Pray.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

H. F. STREEGAN.

I strongly condemn the use of the combined toning and fixing bath for gelatine chloride papers. The results are not permanent. To those who choose to use gelatine papers I recommend the following working formula:

First Washing—Ten minutes in several changes.

Hardening Bath—Soak the prints 5 to 10 minutes in alum, 1 ounce; common salt, 1 ounce; water, 20 ounces, keeping them moving the whole time.

Second Washing—Ten minutes in several changes.

Toning Formula—Stock Solution, No. 1: Sulphocyanido of ammonium, 100 grains; water, 10 ounces.

No. 2: Sodium sulphite, 10 grains; water 10 ounces.

No. 3: Chloride of gold, 15 grains; water, 15 ounces.

For toning, take 2 ounces of No. 1, 2 and 3 and make up to 20 ounces with water.

The prints should be withdrawn when there is just a trace of warmth in the heaviest shadows on looking through the prints. On the surface they will appear overtoned, but this will alter in the fixing bath.

Third Washing—Five minutes in several changes.

Fixing—Hypo, 3 ounces; water, 20 ounces. Fixation is complete in about 10 minutes.

Final Washing—At least 2 hours in running water or many changes.

Special Note—Do not use any excess of sulphocyanido or sulphite over quantity mentioned.

One of our greatest photographers has said, Don't attempt to go farther until you can produce a good negative and a good print from it. Don't flatter yourself you are a good photographer, or have finished your education, when you can do both. Here lies the fatal barrier over which few seem able to step. There is a world beyond, without attaining which the student is only an imperfect experimenter. What a book can teach is only a means of art. You have to use that means for the production of pictorial effect, a labor which takes you into the higher regions of art, and which, when you become thoroughly interested, will increase your delight in photography.

Fix silver prints fully 20 minutes. The bath, which must be made fresh for every batch of prints, should be 3 ounces of hypo to one pint of water. Probably more prints have faded through imperfect fixation than from all other causes combined. The prints must be kept constantly moving during the operations of toning and fixing. In the case of toning the necessity for this will be at once apparent by uneven toning; in the case of fixing it will be apparent later. Wash prints well before toning. Eight or 10 changes of water will be none too many.

At frequent intervals the camera bellows should be examined for pin holes or weak spots, through which light may enter. Cover the head with the focusing cloth, lift out the ground glass screen, wait 2 or 3 minutes, to allow the eye to become accustomed to the darkness; then get someone to move a lighted candle all around the bellows, and any leaky places that may exist will be readily discovered.

Lenses should be kept in a little wash leather (chamois) or canvas bag. To prevent fungus, the glasses should be smeared with vaseline, which can readily be polished off when the lens is required for use. Keep lenses, when not in use, in a dry place and protected from strong light. It has been proved that light has darkening action on the finest lenses, thus making them slower.

Master one method of development thoroughly first. Experiments may then be tried. I advise all photographers to try Tolidol developer, made by Haller-Kemper Co., Chicago, 520, 35-37 Randolph street. I am convinced that no one will ever use any other developer after giving Tolidol one trial.

Use slow plates, except for special work. Plates now called by manufacturers ordinary will be found rapid enough for almost any subject, and they are much easier to manipulate. The more rapid the plate, the greater the difficulty of producing a brilliant negative.

Keep your plates and plate holders under lock and key and thus prevent prying fingers from opening and spoiling them. Most people ignorant of photography are wonderfully curious, and their inquisitiveness may soon spoil a batch of good work.

Study the Photo Beacons, Exposure Tables. They will be a revelation to anyone who has not studied the subject thoughtfully, and will be found of material assistance to the tyro as well as to the experienced worker.

Use a focusing cloth at least a yard square, and never draw the slide of a plate holder without carefully covering it with the focusing cloth, which should be, if home made, of 2 thicknesses, black lined with red.

One dish should be kept separate for toning and should not under any circumstances be used for any other purpose. The toning bath is a delicate solution, and the slightest contamination may render it useless.

Do not remove a plate from the hypo as soon as it looks fixed; that is, when all the yellow color is gone from the back of the film. Ensure perfect fixation by leaving it some time longer.

If you have a film camera see that every roll of film is specially packed in an air tight tin box. Films will not keep well for any length of time in the tropics.

Use either albumenized or platinotype paper for printing. The gelatine papers are not successful in the tropics unless packed in air tight tin boxes.

Always dust out dark slides before filling with fresh plates. Otherwise a plentiful crop of pin holes may be expected on the developed plates.

Always varnish your negative. Never take even a proof before varnishing. It is a simple operation.

Starch paste is the best mountant, but it must be fresh when used. Sour starch will ruin any print.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE WILDS OF FAKIRLAND.

J. D. R.

The September number of the Metropolitan Magizine contains a story that will thrill every living hunter of big game, and cause several dead ones to turn over in their graves and take a fresh grip on the hereafter. Although some details are lacking, the story bears all the ear-marks and side brands of a great scientific discovery, and the fact that the statements are vouched for by that well known hunter-photographer, Clarkson Peters, is sufficient to floor every doubter in the first round.

Up to the present time the world has not had spunk enough to produce a deer with antlers on both sexes. Our modest and ladylike females of the Virginia and mule deer species have never aspired to the possession of horns, even plain bone ones, let alone steel-tipped antlers that can penetrate wood without limit.

But all things are possible to him who believeth, and the discovery, in the wild fastnesses of Fakirland, of a species of deer the females of which are heavily antlered, will come to the U. S. Biological Survey as a sockdolager which will shake it to its foundations.

The antlers of Peters' Big Horned Doe are erect and straight, and the cervical vertebræ are iron-clad, so the mother deer can with all ease and comfort to herself, plunge her antlers into standing trees with such force as to bury the antlers out of sight. Indeed, there are times when she buries them so deeply she is obliged, when alone, to dig them out with her own hoofs. When several does are together, they take turns in digging out each others' antlers, as women do in centering each other's skirts on their respective shirt waists.

Another but less striking peculiarity of the Big Horned Doe is that she will leave her fawn to be monkeyed with, by Mr. Peters, day after day, while she is away, presumably grinding and polishing her horns. This is ill advised of the mother deer, and she should be spoken to about it.

The following is Clarkson Peters' true and voracious account of a meeting with a Big Horned Doe, as set forth in a thrilling article entitled "Hunting Big Game with a Camera." Curiously enough, Peters forgot to supply any of his own gallantly won photographs, for those reproduced with the article were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Killen, in the New York and Washington Zoological gardens. This was a sad oversight on the part of Peters. But read the story:

"With an innocent fawn I once had the pleasure to establish a friendship; it did not last long, but came to that stage where the little spotted beauty would eat sugar from my palm. I had come to think seriously of kidnapping my guileless prize, and was doling out a bit of sweet stuff one morning, leaning on my haunches with my hand extended toward my newly made acquaintance, when I was suddenly thrown headlong to the ground. I was conscious of a fierce attack from the rear; an attack so sudden and so brutal that I scrambled to my feet, half stunned, to face a full grown doe, her eyes ablaze with indignation and her horns lowering for another onslaught. With the instinct of the artist-hunter I reached for my camera, which swung by a strap from a near-by tree. In my haste I fumbled the strap and the box fell to the ground. At the same instant the irate mother deer came onward with a crash. I darted behind the tree trunk, and the furious animal buried its antlers deep into the trunk, thrusting one hoof at the same moment squarely through the side of my picture machine. With a vicious jerk that made the tree tremble to its roots, the doe extricated her horns from the bark, and, with a snort of mingled defiance and chagrin, plunged into the underbrush to join her bleating offspring."

This story would be an unmitigated hair-raiser, but for one thing. It is written around a picture of a hornless doe, copied without credit or notice of copyright, from the guide book issued by the New York Zoological Park. So also are "Antelope Suspecting the Presence of a Hunter;" "Elk Photographed in the Open," and others.

It was naughty of the Metropolitan to omit the copyright notice of the Zoological Society from such a fine lot of pictures; but to Clarkson Peters who has burst like a Chinese bomb into the ranks of the real photographers of wild animals in their haunts, I offer my sincere congratulations on his enterprising discovery. May he live long and prosper, and have more adventures; for like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, he is "a most amoosin' cuss!"

A COURAGEOUS AMATEUR.

The photography department is one of the most interesting to me in Recreation. I was always devoted to my rod, gun and wheel, until by accident I lost my left arm. That makes it inconvenient for me to use those implements. However, I can operate a camera with good results, and therefore have turned my attention to that work. I prepare my own chemicals and do my own finishing. I have made it a careful study during the past 2 years, and am now where I can profit by the valuable suggestions and advice to be found in Recreation. In turn, I would cheerfully do what I could to assist anyone to overcome the difficulties of amateur photography, especially those I had to contend with. I am proud to say I have mastered many of them, but only by hard work.

I have noticed that many amateurs are not careful enough with their developer. If we are negligent and careless in handling our prints and spoil them, we can readily see where the fault lies; but if our developer is going wrong, it will sometimes fool the best of us. It is, therefore, wise to know our developer.

Developer is often kept until it becomes old and useless. That is one way in which many a good plate or negative has met its fate.

This difficulty can be overcome by a simple remedy, and you can have good, clear developer until the last drop is used, no matter if it takes months, or even a year.

The first step is to use metol hydrochinon developer, the formula for which comes with nearly all plates. I give below a formula if you wish to make up a small quantity at a time:

Metol, ¼ ounce, or for ½ of amt., 60 grains.
Hydrochinon, ¼ ounce, or for ½ of amt., 60 grains.
Water, 80 ounces, or for ½ of amt., 40 ounces.
Crystallized Sulphite of sodium, 4 ounces, or for ½ of amt., 2 ounces.
Crystallized Carbonate sodium, 2½ ounces, or for ½ amt., 1¼ ounces.

The above is double strength. Add water when using. Dissolve in order given in distilled water or boiled water that has been filtered.

Insist on having fresh and pure chemicals and pure water. Don't think it too much work or trouble to boil a little water or have dishes and bottles clean. Many amateurs overlook these important points and still expect to have good results.

Second step: When your developer is made, put it into small bottles instead of large ones, if you don't expect to use it all at once. As it is of double strength, 4 to 6 ounce bottles will make 8 to 12 ounces of developer ready for use. When using it open only a small quantity at a time, and always have it fresh and clear. The bottles must be filled to the neck, corked tightly and put in a cool place. Thus prepared it will keep indefinitely.

O. L. Hower, Milwaukee, Wis.

SNAP SHOTS.

What is the best formula of developer for giving great contrast?

J. R. Peterson, Portland, Me.

ANSWER.

The greatest possible contrast can be secured with hydroquinone. The following is a good single solution developer:

Water	10 oz.
Sulphide soda	4 “
Hydroquinone	200 grains
Caustic potash	200 “
Yellow prussiate potash	120 “

Dissolve in order given. Old and new developer in equal proportions give very dense negatives. Bromide of potash will increase this tremendously. If you want black and white results use a few drops of 10 per cent. bromide potash solution. Two solution developer:

1	Water	16 oz.
	Sulphite soda crystals	2 “
	Hydroquinone	120 grains
2	Water	16 oz.
	Carbonate potash	1½ “

For great contrast add bromide of potash 16 grains to 1. To use take one ounce each of 1 and 2 and 1 ounce of water, making 3 ounces in all. If iced this developer will give as much contrast as anybody will ever look for; too much for most work.—EDITOR.

To prepare the dark room for a few hours' work, be sure to wash thoroughly your washstand, sink, or whatever you may use, with cold water. If there is no carpet to hinder, don't be afraid to pour some on the floor, as it will make the room much cooler. Cool the trays by dropping them into cold water, but be sure to keep your developing tray separate from the fixing tray. On the warmest days I am not troubled with frilling of the film. After closing the door of the dark room, wait a few minutes until your eyes become accustomed to the dark before lighting the lamp, and you may find the little streak of light that made you that foggy plate.

Care is the rule for success.

I am deeply interested in RECREATION, and especially in amateur photography.

Clyde E. Brobst, Canfield, Ohio.

In using solio paper and I. X. L. toner, the film rubs off at the least touch and sticks to the ferrotype plate. What is the cause of this?

W. L. Brubaker, Johnstown, Pa.

ANSWER.

The toner you use is probably alkaline and attacks the gelatine on the Solio paper. It would be best to change paper if you must use that toner, or change the toner if you like the paper. If you will do neither, add a few drops of a 10 per cent. solution of formaldehyde (50 minims to an ounce of water practically) to each toning bath. Two drops to an ounce of bath will do. It will harden the gelatine so you can boil your prints if you want to, handle them freely, and have no trouble stripping them from the ferroplate, if it is clean.—EDITOR.

Although the makers of Aristo, Jr., do not advise the use of combined baths, if the following recipe is used the operator will meet with success:

Warm water	50 ounces.
Hypo	8 “
Sulphocyanide of ammonium	1 “
Acetate of lead	17 dwt.
Citric acid	5 “
Powdered alum	5 “
Chloride of gold	7 grains.

Let it stand 24 hours and filter or decant off. Toning will take 3 to 4 minutes.

Harry Jackson, Pine Plains, N. Y.

A developer which has been used with success for under exposed plates is given in the following formula:

Water	1,000 cubic centimeters.
Metol	4 grammes.
Hydrochinon	2 “
Sulphite of soda	60 “
Carbonate of soda	60 “

This solution is to be recommended, as it will keep a long time and does not stain the plate.—Scientific American.

What is to prevent all the plates in a magazine camera becoming more or less exposed during the exposure of one?

P. R. Finlayson.

ANSWER.

The plates should be separated by a blackened sheet of metal called a septum. There are many forms of septum, a convenient one being a sort of carrier into which the plate is slipped.—EDITOR.

Read the offer of a Scholarship in the . . .

NATIONAL ROUGH-RIDER MILITARY ENCAMPMENT,

on page xxxvi of this issue of RECREATION.

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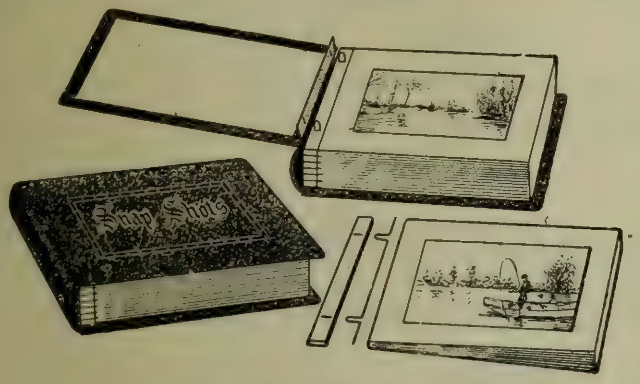

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Mr. Charles Payne, the well-known dealer in live game, at Wichita, Kansas, tells me he shipped to an Eastern dealer last spring 6,000 jackrabbit skins, for which he paid the farmers in Kansas and Oklahoma 6 cents each. He says a permanent demand has been established for these skins in the fur trade; that the fur is clipped by a machine; that the skins are then treated by an electric process, and that they are finally made up into what are known as electric seal garments. Mr. Payne says he expects to handle 50,000 of these skins next winter, and that he anticipates no difficulty in being able to market them.

Here is a possible solution of the jackrabbit pest with which farmers and fruit growers in the Southwest have been battling for years past. If Jack's coat can be made a staple article of commerce, his days are numbered. At any rate, the great hordes of these animals that afflict the country will be rapidly reduced.

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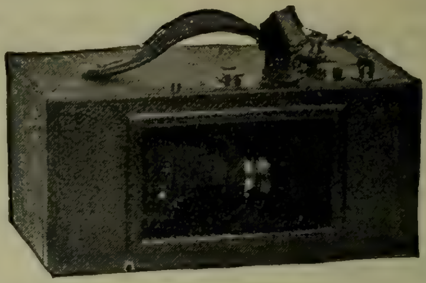

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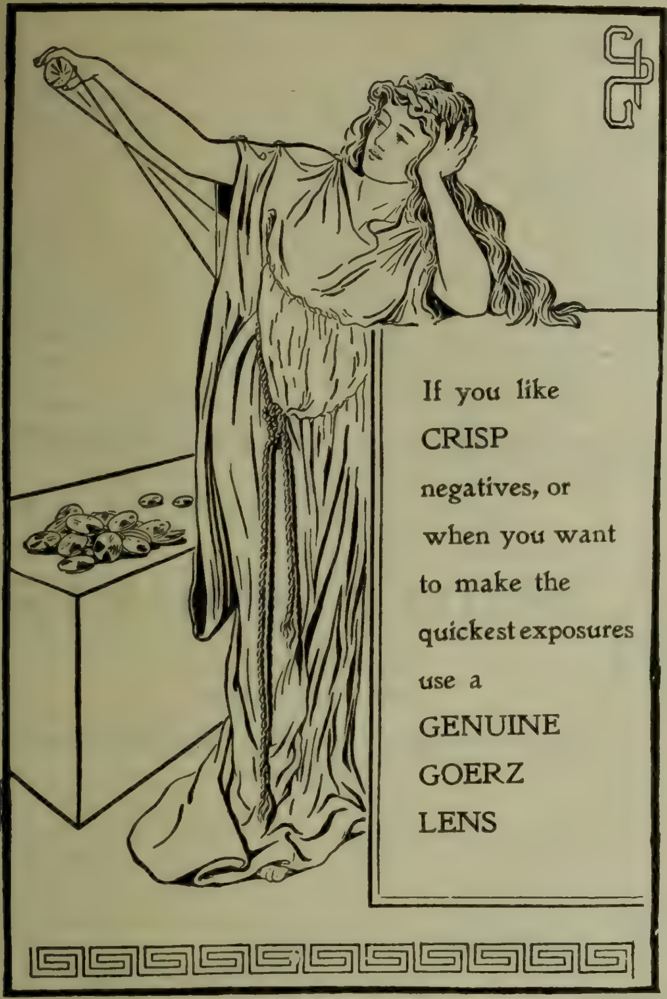

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NATIONAL ROUGH-RIDER MILITARY ENCAMPMENT,

on page xxvi of this issue of RECREATION.

The Keystone Dry Plate Co. has put out an exposure meter which will interest all amateur photographers and which must certainly prove useful to many of them. You can get one of these meters free of charge by addressing the company and mentioning this notice.

There was a fair attendance at the Robin Hood Gun Club's regular shoot on August 25. Champion Robin Hood, Jr., was there looking for trouble, but thus far no one has sand enough to challenge for the international individual medal which he holds.

I want 10 copies each of July and October, '98, September and November, '99, RECREATION. Subscribers who have these on file, and who do not care to keep them for binding, will confer a favor on me by mailing them to this office, wrapped flat.

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Teacher: What would you call a person who is always looking into the future?

Scholar: A rubberneck, ma'am.—Yonkers Statesman.

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"Out of the ordinary, is it?" asked the managing editor.

"Well, I should say it is. There was no 'bower of roses,' no 'floral bell,' no 'wide-spreading canopy,' no 'blushing bride,' nothing 'beautiful in its simplicity,' no solemn strains' to the wedding march, no——"

"Enough!" cried the managing editor; "double-lead it and give it a scare-head; it's the only one of the kind."—Chicago Evening Post.

Read the offer of a Scholarship in the . . .

NATIONAL ROUGH-RIDER MILITARY ENCAMPMENT,

on page xxxvi of this issue of RECREATION.

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W. Truax, Schenectady, N. Y.

The rural editor started violently.

"How does it happen," he asked, struggling to be calm, "that you are paying your subscription in money and not in cordwood?"

"Oh, I've got money to burn this year," said the farmer, with the naivete so characteristic of his kind.—Detroit Journal.

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No. 2 Size 18 x 21. **A Pair of Live Rocky Mountain Sheep**, photographed on their native range in Colorado. Winner of second prize. Published on page 421 of December Recreation. Price $4.

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Helms: I don't believe the English will ever be able to build a boat fast enough to win the cup back again.—Norristown Herald.

To be contented with what we have is about the same as to own the earth.—Ram's Horn.

"John's gone to practisin' law; Bill's out exhortin', Dick's teachin' school, Tom's in the dry goods line, and Rufe's runnin' fer the Legislatur'."

"An' the ol' man—what's he a-doin' of?"

"Oh, he's a-supportin' of John, an' Bill, an' Dick, an' Tom, an' Rufe!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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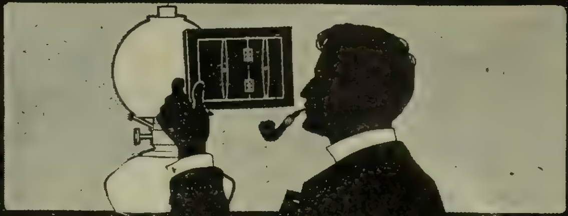
H. W. Brooks, Redding, Calif.

Mrs. Stubb: John, I see they have started up that argument again about allowing pets in school for educational purposes.

Mr. Stubb—Why, Maria, almost every fond mother has a pet in school at present.—Chicago News.



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The Stevens Ideal rifle you sent me for 10 subscriptions is a beauty, and went far beyond my expectations. "Hunting in the Great West" is the most interesting book I ever read. Thank you for both.

Geo. Douttiel, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

The cynic says that life's a joke,
And when we would be merry
Reminds us in relentless mood
Some jokes are tiresome, very.
—Washington Star.

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Tourists and others who intend visiting the picturesque and historic city of Quebec, should travel via Springfield, Boston & Maine and Quebec Central Railway. By this route through Pullman sleeping cars are run, without change between Springfield and Quebec. The Quebec Central line has also a tourist route between Quebec and Portland, Quebec and Boston and Quebec and St. John, N. B., through Pullman service being afforded between these points.

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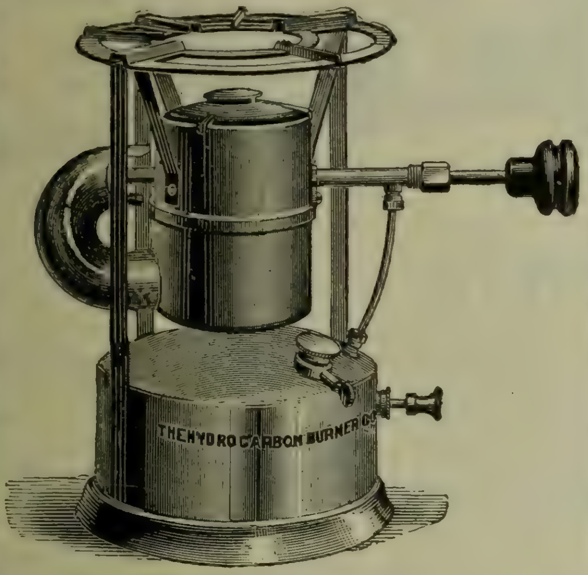
The most powerful Camp Stove in the world.

The burner is self-cleaning, no separate needle being required.

Full power gives 2,000 degrees fahrenheit.

Always under perfect control.

As light and strong as can be made.



Built to last a lifetime.

It Burns Kerosene!

The degree of heat is regulated by simply turning valve handle as you would that of a gas range.

Cooks anywhere—in camp, on yacht, at home—all the same if you have a ROYAL BLUE.

No Smoke.

No Smell.

No Wet Wood.

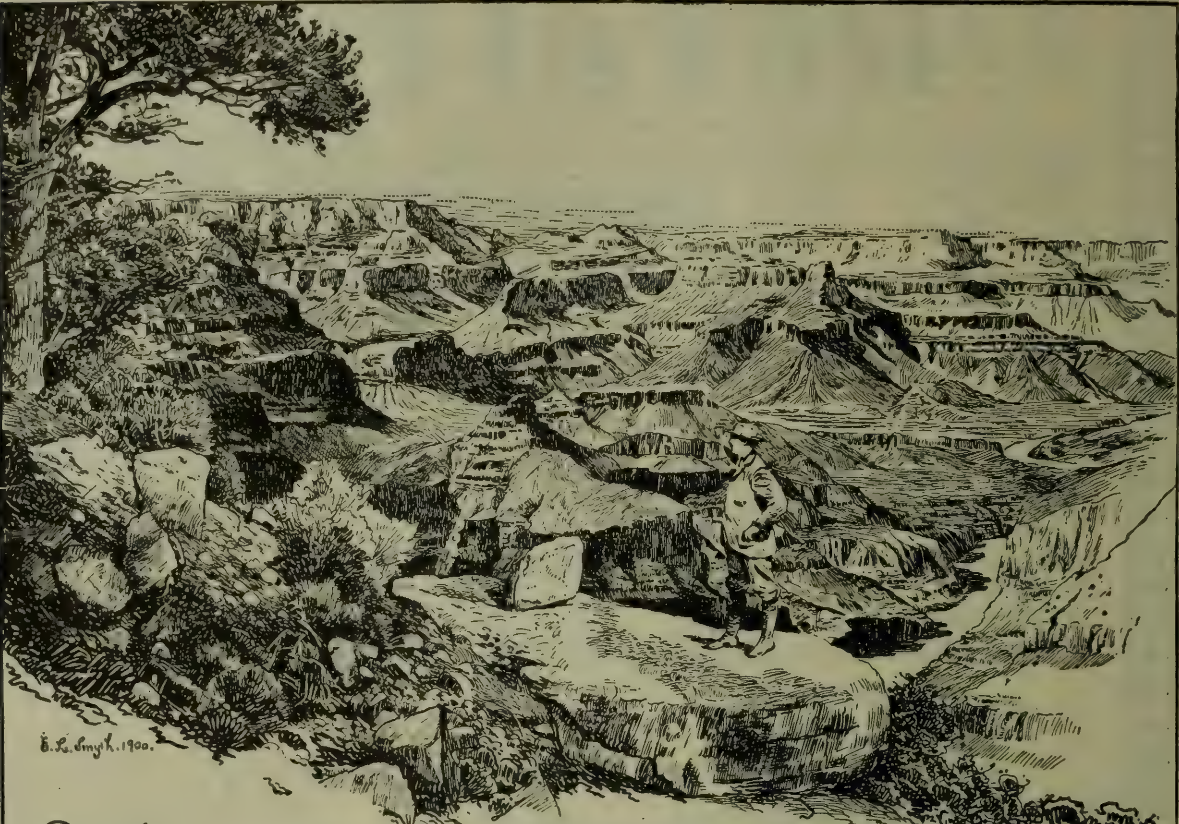
No Ashes.

Nothing but hot meals and solid comfort.

Send for Catalogue

The Hydrocarbon Burner Co.

197 FULTON STREET - - - - - - - - NEW YORK


B. L. Smyth. 1900.

Grand Cañon of Arizona

On the way to

California

Visit the Grand Cañon of Arizona, the most wonderful scenic panorama in the world.

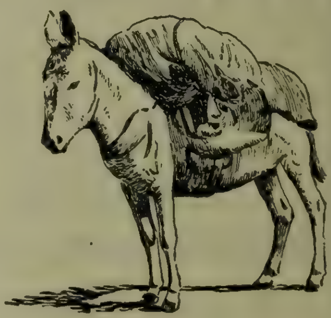
It is 217 miles long, 13 miles wide, more than a mile deep, and painted like a flower. Interpretation by pen, brush or camera fails. It must be seen. It is on

The Santa Fe Route

Easily reached from Williams, Arizona, by railroad, with only 11 miles stage ride.

Illustrated pamphlets describing the Grand Cañon and **The California Limited.**

General Passenger Office
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Co.
CHICAGO



PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

YOU NEED ONE.

This age of progress and invention has extended the well-to-do sportsman's supply of guns and ammunition until it has reached the proportions of a miniature arsenal. Few sportsmen are able to get sufficient sport with less than 3 or 4 guns. Many are inclined to own a dozen, but a disadvantage arises as to where he can keep them. Where can he keep his supply of cartridges, his hunting suit, his wiping sticks? If he fishes, where can he keep his rods and tackle? These questions have been a torment to all sportsmen for years. The only answer has been, any old corner, garret or closet will have to suffice; but inventive genius has now enabled us to answer the questions very satisfactorily, as follows:

Keep your outfit in an up-to-date Sportsman's Cabinet, where your guns, fishing rods, etc., will show off to advantage, and be clean and convenient. Where everything will be at your finger ends, yet under lock and key, if desired.

When you have a little time to take a jaunt, you simply unlock the glass doors and take out what you want, without trying your patience rummaging from cellar to garret for various articles you can not find, and finally, being compelled to go shopping to replenish.

A sportsman's cabinet is indeed a boon to hunters and fishermen. An excellent article is now being manufactured and put on the market by the West End Furniture Co., Williamsport, Pa., whose ad appears on another page of this issue. In this cabinet are 3 roomy drawers in which the hunting suits, boots, etc., may be kept. Above is the compartment for guns and ammunition. The guns are arranged on a padded rack, and the ammunition is kept in the small drawers, the handles of which are provided to hold an indexing card, by means of which one can tell at a glance the contents of the drawer. Between the lower drawers and the gun compartment there is a sliding table which is adapted to writing and loading purposes. These cabinets are constructed of first-class materials, are hand polished, have hand carved claw feet, quartered oak front, double thick glass doors, rifle twist moulding, and are an ornament to any room. They are substantial, will last a lifetime, and can be handed down to the next generation.

The West End Furniture Co. is the pioneer in this line, and makes several designs. They finish their cases in any wood desired.

HAS EARNED SUCCESS.

I am in receipt of a modest note from Arthur Savage, General Manager of the Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., stating that his company has been awarded the grand gold medal for the best display of firearms at the Paris Exposition.

Few men in the world know what this means to Mr. Savage personally. Thousands of gold medals were awarded at Paris, and doubtless many of them went to men or corporations who did not really merit them. While the medal I have mentioned above goes to the Savage Arms Co. it means a great deal to Arthur Savage personally. He invented the Savage rifle, perhaps 20 years ago, when he was a poor young man. He worked 10 years or more to induce capitalists to furnish means to build a factory, and put the rifle on the market. In this part of his experience he went through an ordeal such as many a man has experienced under similar conditions, but of which the world takes no note. He met with reverses and rebuffs by the hundred, but he is not the kind of a man to submit readily to defeat. When he was turned down in one place he went to another. When he failed in one effort he made another. He kept up the fight until he finally won out. I know nothing of his arrangements with the Savage Arms Co.; but I do know he is a mechanical genius; a sportsman in the broadest sense of the term; a genial, good natured, big-hearted gentleman, whom everyone who knows him loves. Those of us who have been through similar years of hardship, who have sweat blood, as he has, and eventually won out as he has, will no doubt be glad to rejoice with him. It is always a pleasure to me to commend a worker and a man who has accomplished a great undertaking by persistent and determined effort against adversity. I congratulate Mr. Savage most heartily and sincerely, and I commend him to the kind consideration of all sportsmen.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPRESS.

The "Pan-American Express" train of the New York Central was put in service in both directions between New York and Buffalo Sunday, May 7, 1899, and was so named in honor of the Pan-American Exposition to be held in Buffalo in 1901.

The main object of this train is to furnish the best possible night service between New York and Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Niagara Falls and Toronto, the leaving time at either end of the line having been so arranged as to permit patrons to dine leisurely at home, or at their hotel, and have ample time to make the train and arrive in New York or Buffalo in time for breakfast at the usual hour and before the business of the day begins.

The equipment of the Pan-American Express train is composed of the most modern coaches and sleeping cars, built by the Pullman Company at their works in Buffalo especially for this service, and of the strongest possible construction, combined with an ease of motion that makes the trip a positive pleasure to the traveler.

A handsomely illustrated folder has been prepared, giving full information about this train and containing a complete map of the Eastern and Middle Western States. You can get a copy by addressing George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York, and mentioning RECREATION.

The Remington Arms Co., always up to date, has provided for the making of a line of 16 gauge guns in both hammer and hammerless styles. Advocates of the small bore principles in shot guns will be interested in this announcement, and will read closely the descriptions of these new guns which the Remington people are putting out. Write for catalogue to 315 Broadway, New York, and please do not forget to mention RECREATION.

TWO MORE VICTORIES WON.

In addition to the victories previously reported, Mr. J. S. Fanning again demonstrates the superiority of L. & R. Smokeless. At Swanton, Vt., July 4 and 5, he was high gun, with a general average for the entire shoot of 98 3-10 per cent.

At Narragansett Pier, R. I., Interstate Tournament, July 11 and 12, Mr. Fanning was also high gun with a general average of 94 per cent. for the entire shoot; and at Utica, N. Y., June 5 to 8, he broke the world's record with 231 consecutive targets in open competition for money, without a miss. Mr. Fanning's continued victories should make all sportsmen stop and consider. His load is: U. M. C. "Acme"; or Winchester "Leader" (¾ base), 2¾ in., 40—1¼—7½ ch. factory load.

The Ideal M'f'g Co., New Haven, Conn., has built a new bullet sizing machine which embodies some important improvements over the older patent. Riflemen who load their own shells will be interested in what Mr. Barlow, the manager, has to say of this new improvement, and it would be well for all such to write him for a descriptive circular, and mention RECREATION.

Are you looking

for a tailor who does first-class work at moderate prices? If not, do not look this way, for that is the kind of man I am!

I furnish the best goods in the market—if you want them. I employ the best labor to be had.

On account of occupying modest quarters and paying ¼ the rent I would have to pay on 5th Avenue, I can duplicate 5th Ave. goods at ½ price.

Winter Importations now on view.

FRED C. MARTIN
MERCHANT TAILOR,
155 W. 23d Street, New York.

GOOD health is one of the "blessings money cannot buy," and yet most people think very little of **GOOD HEALTH** until it leaves them. Then they expect a doctor to cure them "right straight off." Better keep well!

HEALTH is far more the result of right living than of drugs. Read **THE CLINIC** and learn how to keep well. **THE CLINIC** is a **GOOD HEALTH JOURNAL** with which arrangements have been made

FREE so each reader of RECREATION may receive six copies **FREE.** It will tell you all about food, drink, heat, light, exercise, clothing and a hundred ways of preventing disease. No drugs.

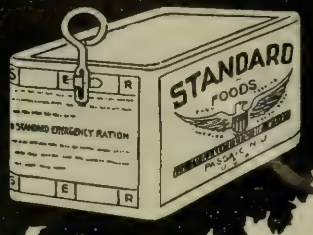
Keeping well is far better than keeping sick!
THE CLINIC will keep you well

If you want **THE CLINIC** sent you six months, all you need to do is to send your name and address, enclosing four two-cent stamps for postage.

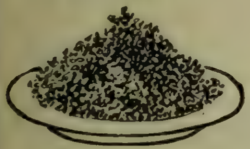
We will do you good!
Will you let us?

THE CLINIC, Syracuse, N. Y.

NO MORE HUNGRY SPORTSMEN



SOUP OR PORRIDGE



FRIED HASH

HAMBURGER STEAK

TWO QUARTS OF SWEETENED TEA

The ....

Standard Emergency Ration

will make in five minutes by the application of water and heat these dishes:

Three hearty, delicious meals and two quarts of choice sweetened tea hermetically sealed in a pocket-fitting can.

Half a million cans of this food supplied to the American and British Armies. Always ready and never spoils.

No sportsman, miner, prospector, tourist or yachtsman should be without it. On receipt of 15c., to cover charges, we will mail a sample, knowing that you will never be without it after a trial.

"WOODCRAFT," our beautiful Sportsman's Guide, FREE.

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees:

American Compressed Food Co.

PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY.

AGENTS:

VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD, 318 Broadway, N. Y. City. WILLIAM READ & SONS, Boston.
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE, Chicago. A. J. DeLAMARE, 201 Front St, San Francisco
FRAZER VIGER & CO., Montreal. BATE & CO., Ottawa.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle
} FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Zar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Rifle or Shot Gun Powder, listed at $2; or a Nodark Tin Type Camera listed at $5; or a Snap Shot Album, holding 100 4 x 5 prints, and made by the Buechner Mfg. Co.; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $1; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75 cents.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50.; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a Hub Hawk-Eye Camera, listed at $5; or a Primus Oil Stove, listed at $4.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*. cloth; or a Yawman & Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a set of Nehring's Convertible Ampliscopes, listed at $5.00; or an automatic, double action, hammerless Revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson, and listed at $5.50; or a Field Glass, made by Gall & Lembke, Union Square, N. Y. and listed at $6

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7¼x7¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $6.50; or a Davenport "Brownie" Rifle listed at $8; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8; or a Hawk-Eye, Jr., Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $8; or a Bull's Eye Rifle, single shot, ejector, made by Remington Arms Co., and listed at $4.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a Wizard A Camera made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle No. 44, listed at $10; or a Hudson Fishing Tackle Cabinet, listed at $10; or a No. 40 Stevens New Model Pocket Rifle listed at $12.50; or a Field Glass made by Gall & Lembke, Union Square, N. Y, and listed at $10.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Korona Camera, Model IA, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13; or a Peabody Carbine valued at $12; or a No. 5 Sidle Telescope Rifle Sight, listed at $12.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Wizard B Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co. and listed at $14; or a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a 4x5 Tourist Hawk-Eye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $15.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less; or a Viking Folding Canvas Canoe, made by Glasscock Bros., and listing at $20.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Zonophone, listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½x17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less; or an Al-Vista Camera, made by the Multiscope & Film Co., and listed at $25; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25; or a Syracuse double hammerless Shot Gun, grade O, listed at $30.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a Shattuck double hammerless Shot Gun, listing at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less; or a Hudson Gun Cabinet, No. 10, listing at $15; or an Al-Vista Camera, No. 5-B, listing at $30.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a 5x7 Korona Camera, listed at $32; or a Forehand double hammerless Shotgun, grade O, listed at $30.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a Reflex Camera, listing at $40; or a Mullins Duck Boat, listed at $20.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Clipper or Elk Bicycle, worth $50; or a Korona Long-Focus Camera, 5x7, listed at $50.

SIXTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Lefever hammerless Shot-gun, Grade H, listed at $44; or an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, double-barrel hammerless breech loading Shotgun, listed at $40.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at $1 each, a high grade Wilkesbarre Shot Gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subcriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic ejectors, listed at $120.

Address,

Recreation 23 West 24th Street
New York

LIBBY'S

EXTRACT of BEEF

Soups, bouillon, meat jellies, gravies, are all made savory, and given a rich, prime beef flavor by the addition of

Libby's Beef Extract

It is economical, as a very little represents the strength and flavor of pounds of prime beef; it saves labor. A cup of rich beef tea is instantly made by the addition of salt and hot water to the EXTRACT OF BEEF. It is now an essential to all well-stocked kitchens.

New recipes for using Libby's Extract of Beef, in the latest edition of "How to Make Good Things to Eat." Sent free.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, Chicago.

A Chance to Become a Rough Rider.

RECREATION has been empowered by the National Rough Rider Military Encampment to appoint one man to the enjoyment of one year's instruction at the encampment, and to secure for him, free of charge, a regular cavalry equipment, consisting of horse, forage saddle, bridle, blanket, halter, nose-bag, lariat and pin, saddle bags, bayonet and scabbard, currycomb and brush, spurs and straps, rifle and revolver, rifle ammunition, revolver ammunition, khaki suit, leggins, gauntlets, campaign hat, rubber poncho, shelter tent, canteen, haversack, mattress and pillow, mess, tentage, blankets and Regular Army rations.

The course of intruction comprehends everything pertaining to rough riding, sharpshooting and military tactics, military gymnastics, military signaling, the use of the heliograph, wireless telegraphy, privilege of bicycle and automobile training, with such other instruction as may be inaugurated from time to time.

The encampment is in Montrose and San Miguel counties, Southwestern Colorado, and the young trooper will roam over an area 42 miles wide by 102 miles long. The place is 400 miles from Denver.

In connection with the National Encampment, which it is proposed to make permanent, the projectors of the enterprise have arranged with many colleges in the United States for a series of lectures covering the duties and responsibilities of the citizen-soldier in both peace and war. Among the institutions whose presidents or chancellors have signified their willingness to start the lectures this fall are Yale, Harvard and Cornell, the University of California, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Minnesota, Leland Stanford University, the University of Arkansas, the University of Cincinnati, the State University of Iowa, the University of Georgia, the Ohio State University, the University of Maine, the University of Nebraska, the Western Reserve University, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of Colorado.

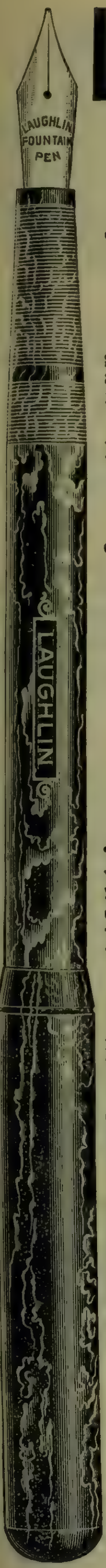
A scholarship in this encampment sells at $500, but this one which RECREATION controls will be given to the man or boy who may send me the largest number of subscriptions before April 1, 1901.

Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. A year's training in this institution will make a man of any boy who gets it. It will make of him an expert horseman, a crack shot with rifle and revolver, and will give him a thorough knowledge of cavalry drill and military tactics.

And the year's training, your board and your equipment will not cost you a dollar.

If not successful in winning the appointment you can select premiums from my regular list to the full value of all the subscriptions you may have sent.

Now sail in and show your metal!



LAUGHLIN

FOUNTAIN PEN

The Best at Any Price

A Seasonable Suggestion—A gift of never ending usefulness and a constant pleasant reminder of the giver.

Your choice of these popular styles, superior to the

$3.00 STYLES

of other makes, for only

$1.00

Try it a week. If not suited we buy it back, and offer you **$1.10.** We are willing to take chances on you wanting to sell, we know pen values, you will when you own one of these.

Finest quality hard rubber holder, 14k. Diamond Point Gold Pen, any desired flexibility in fine, medium or stub, and the only perfect ink feed.

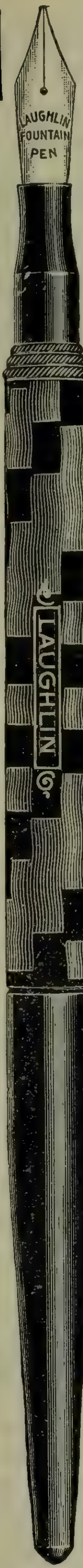
One Pen Only to one address on this special offer, by mail, postpaid on receipt of $1.00, (registration 8c. extra.)

Ask your dealer to show you **this** pen, if he has not or won't get it for you (do not let him substitute an imitation, on which he can make more profit) send his name and your order to us, and receive **free of charge** one of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders.

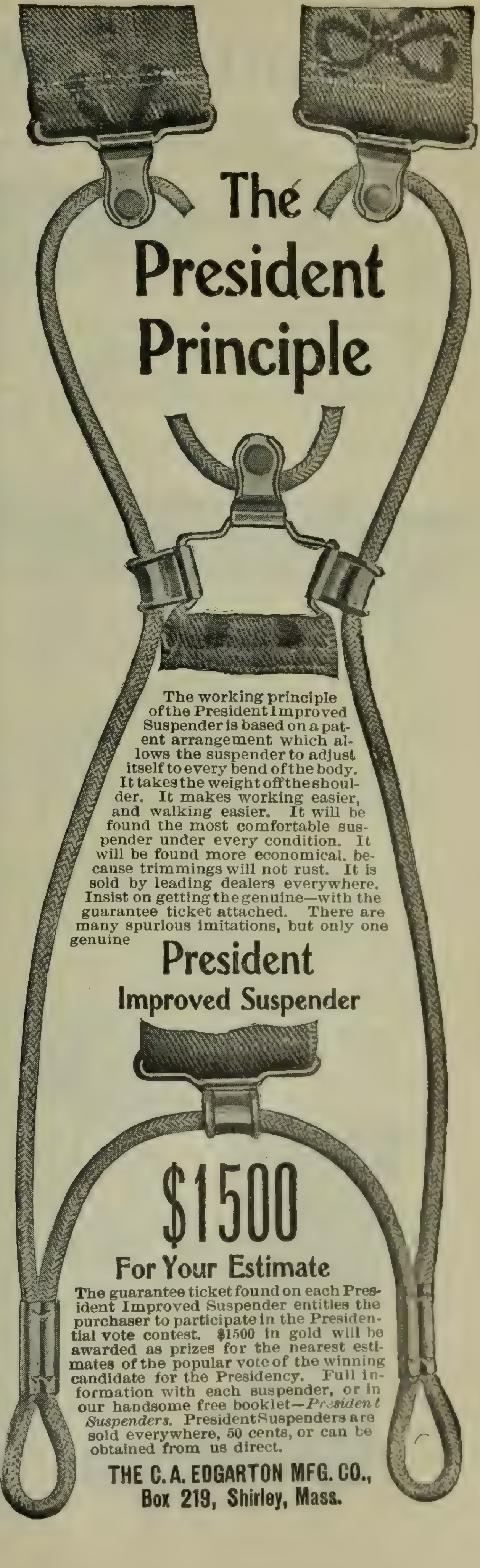
Remember — There is no "Just as good" as the **Laughlin,** insist on it, take no chances.

Address—

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.
261 Laughlin Block,
DETROIT, • MICHIGAN.



Of Eve it has to be confessed,
The serpent never caught her
By saying that she looked to be
The sister of her daughter.
—Detroit Journal.



The President Principle

The working principle of the President Improved Suspender is based on a patent arrangement which allows the suspender to adjust itself to every bend of the body. It takes the weight off the shoulder. It makes working easier, and walking easier. It will be found the most comfortable suspender under every condition. It will be found more economical, because trimmings will not rust. It is sold by leading dealers everywhere. Insist on getting the genuine—with the guarantee ticket attached. There are many spurious imitations, but only one genuine

President

Improved Suspender

$1500

For Your Estimate

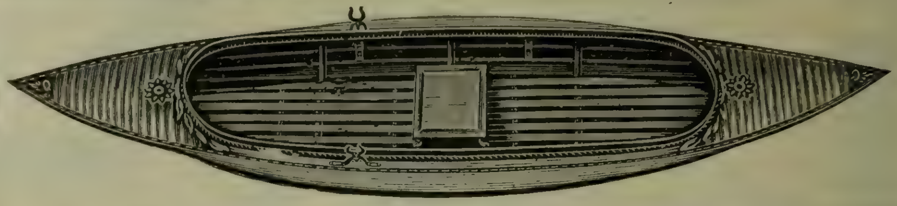
The guarantee ticket found on each President Improved Suspender entitles the purchaser to participate in the Presidential vote contest. $1500 in gold will be awarded as prizes for the nearest estimates of the popular vote of the winning candidate for the Presidency. Full information with each suspender, or in our handsome free booklet—*President Suspenders.* President Suspenders are sold everywhere, 50 cents, or can be obtained from us direct.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,
Box 219, Shirley, Mass.

Mullins' Metal Boats.

"Get There" and "Bustle" Ducking Boats. Best on the Market,

Price,
$20
and up,
Get one for this fall.



W. H. MULLINS, 228 DEPOT STREET, Send for Catalogue. Mention RECREATION **SALEM, O.**

Pierce Vapor Launches
Safe, Reliable and Guaranteed. No Fire. No
Government Inspection. Send for Catalogue.
PIERCE ENGINE CO., Box 6, Racine Jct., Wis

Read the offer of a Scholarship in the . . .

NATIONAL ROUGH-RIDER MILITARY ENCAMPMENT,

on page xxxvi of this issue of RECREATION.

"How gracefully that handsome Mr. Biddlecombe bends his ear down to listen to Molly Simpson's chatter!"

"Yes; he used to be a piano-tuner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Have you sent for one of the L. A. S. show cards? If not you should do so at once. Every member of the League should display one.

"You can't always judge a man by his appearance."

"Not always," said the analyst, "but sometimes. It depends on where he appears. If, for instance, it is in a jail you are certainly entitled to form your own conclusions."—Washington Star.

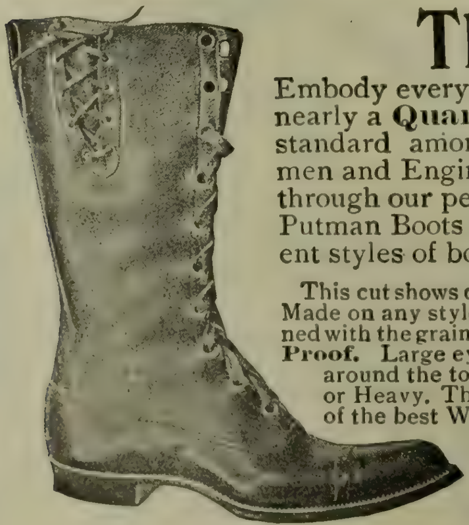
"That's a new one at Joe's cigar shop."

"What is it?"

"He's got that wooden Pocahontas togged out in a rainy-day skirt."—Detroit Free Press.

"Blucher seems entirely blind to his own faults."

"That's because he takes so many eye-openers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



The Putman Boots.

Embody everything that is practical in Sportsmen's Footwear. For nearly a **Quarter of a Century** Putman Boots have been the standard among Western Hunters, Trappers, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the very best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are water proof. Send for catalogue of over 20 different styles of boots. Also Indian Tanned Moose Hide Moccasins.

This cut shows our **No. 678** Three Quarter Boot, (14 inches high) Bellows Tongue. Made on any style toe desired. Uppers are special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on (our special tannage) making the leather **Water Proof.** Large eyelets and wide leather laces, also laced at side to fit the boot tight around the top. Furnished in Black, Brown or Straw Color. Sole Light, Medium or Heavy. The sole is genuine Hand Sewed (making it soft and easy) and made of the best Water Proofed Oak Sole Leather. Made to your measure and delivered to any part of the U. S. for.............. **$7.50**
Send for order blank showing how to measure your foot

H. J. PUTMAN & CO.
36 HENNEPIN AVE. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A New Idea in Trunks
The **STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK** is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN,
87 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

FREE BALDNESS CURE.

WHAT A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE OF A REMEDY DID FOR A SALEM LADY.

MISS EMMA EMOND.

Miss Emond lives in Salem, Mass., at 276 Washington St., and naturally feels very much elated to recover from total baldness. The remedy that caused Miss Emond's hair to grow also cures itching and dandruff, sure signs of approaching baldness and keeps the scalp healthy and vigorous. It also restores gray hair to natural color and produces thick and lustrous eyebrows and eyelashes. By sending your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 1534 Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage, they will mail you prepaid a free trial package of their remarkable remedy. Write for it to-day, you will be delighted.

Mention RECREATION.

MORPHINE EASY HOME CURE. PAINLESS. **PERMANENT.** We will send anyone addicted to **Opium, Morphine, Laudanum,** or other drug habit, a **Trial Treatment, Free of Charge,** of the most remarkable remedy ever discovered. Contains **Great Vital Principle** heretofore unknown. **Refractory Cases** solicited. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially **Physicians.** ST. JAMES SOCIETY, 1181 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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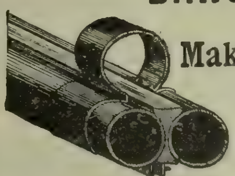

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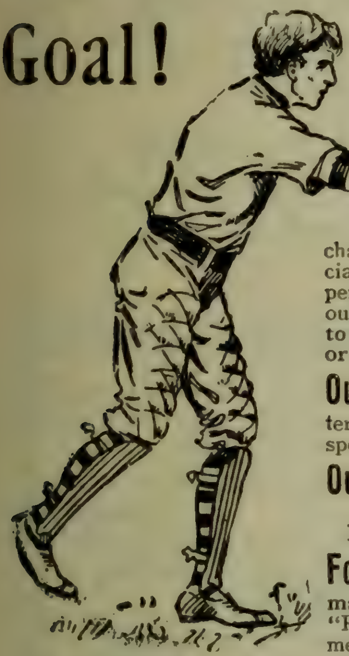

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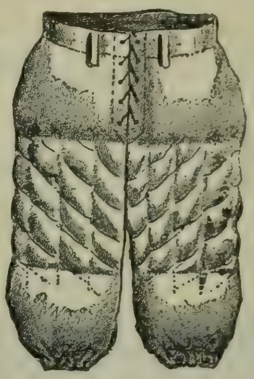

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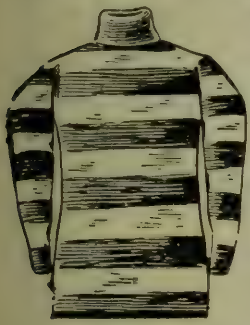

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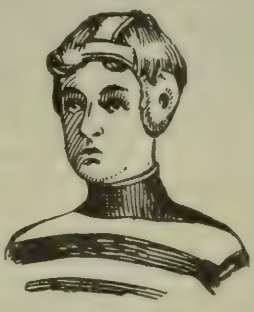

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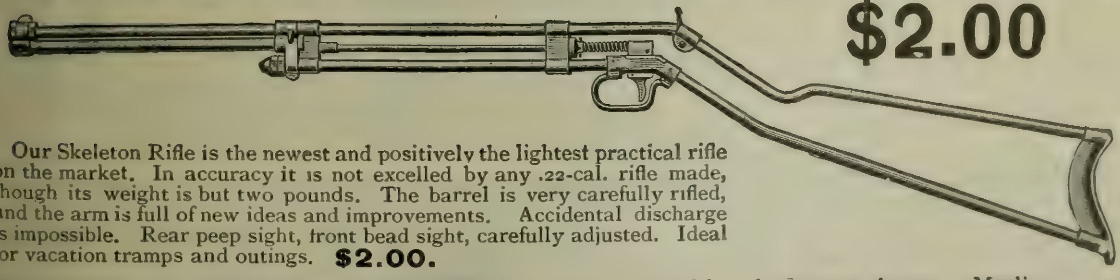

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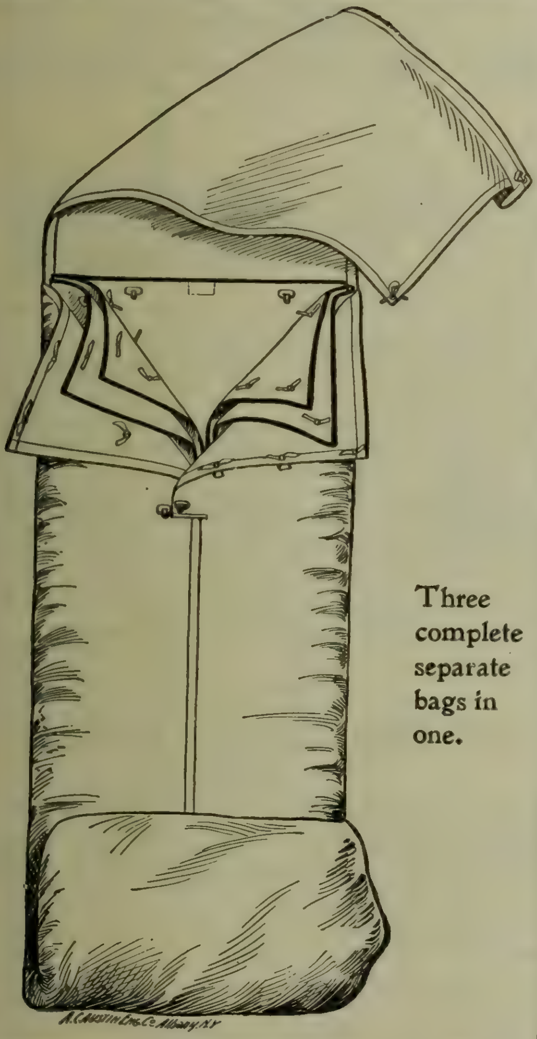
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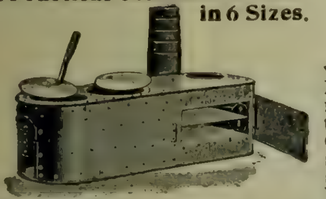

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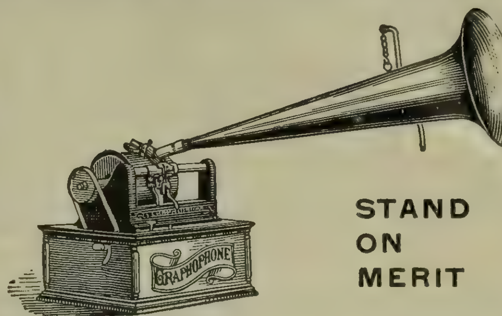

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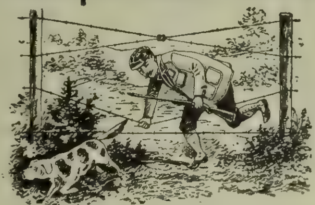

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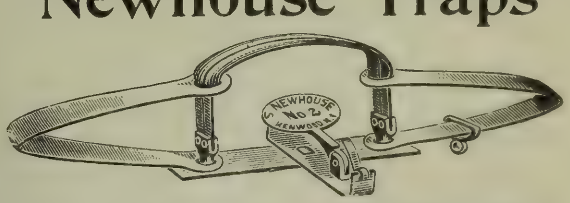

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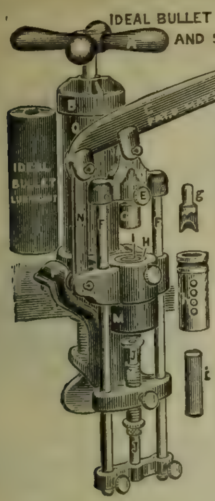
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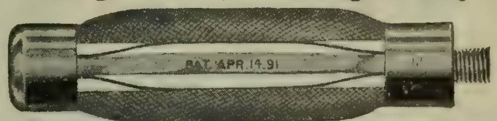

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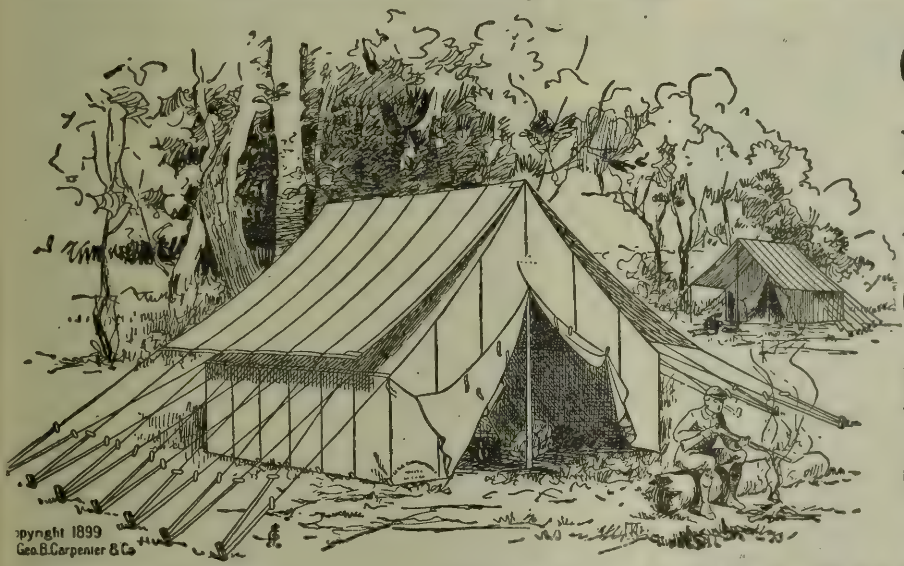

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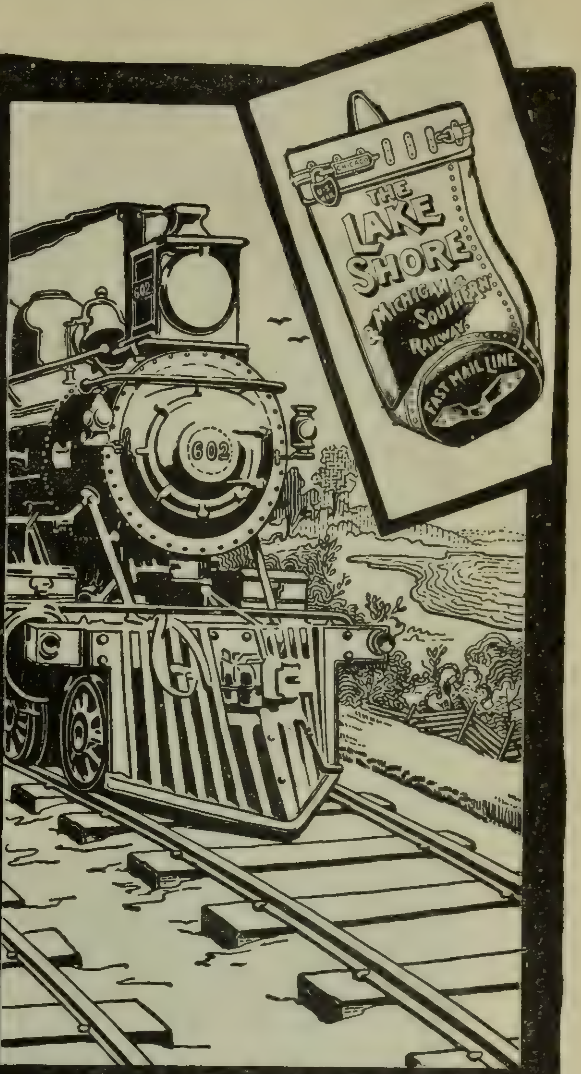
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When you come to think of it, there are few men anywhere who are not liable to need such a weapon at some time. Yes, at any time. Forewarned is forearmed; and the man forearmed with a FOREHAND is well armed. AGAIN: If your husband, your father, your brother or your sweetheart happens to be a sportsman, a FOREHAND GUN would be an excellent present for him. We make them at prices ranging from $25 to $250. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

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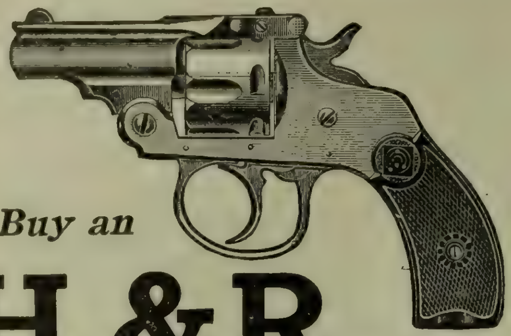

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THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT

Controls the spring which winds the line automatically

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The longest official cast ever made was with our Automatic Reel

OUR 1900 ALUMINUM MODEL

light, durable and non-corrosive-Strong simple

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You and your pocket book will do the rest.

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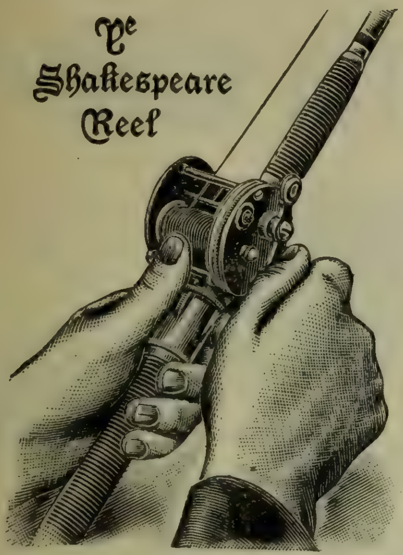

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is a fine hand-made reel with level-winding device for the even distribution of the line.

Is designed especially for that class of anglers who use only the finest tackle obtainable. In it are combined strength, accuracy and beauty. Every point that a perfect reel should possess is contained in the reel.

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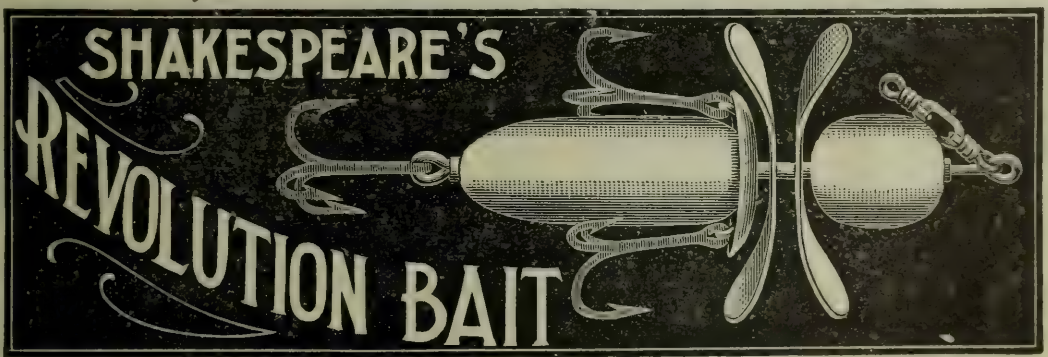
A booklet entitled "The Fine Points of a Reel" sent you for the asking.

Wm. Shakespeare, Jr.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.



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In the vicinity of Kalamazoo, Michigan, where this bait was developed, a revolution has taken place in the methods of fishing. Over 1,200 baits have been sold this season, and no other bait, either live or artificial, is used in these parts for bass, pickerel or muskalonge.

It is sold with a signed guarantee to catch more and larger fish than any other bait. **Price, 75c.** All dealers can get them for you.

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William Shakespeare, Jr.,

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That can always be depended on to
go when you pull and to shoot as
held; one that is good in all kinds
of weather,

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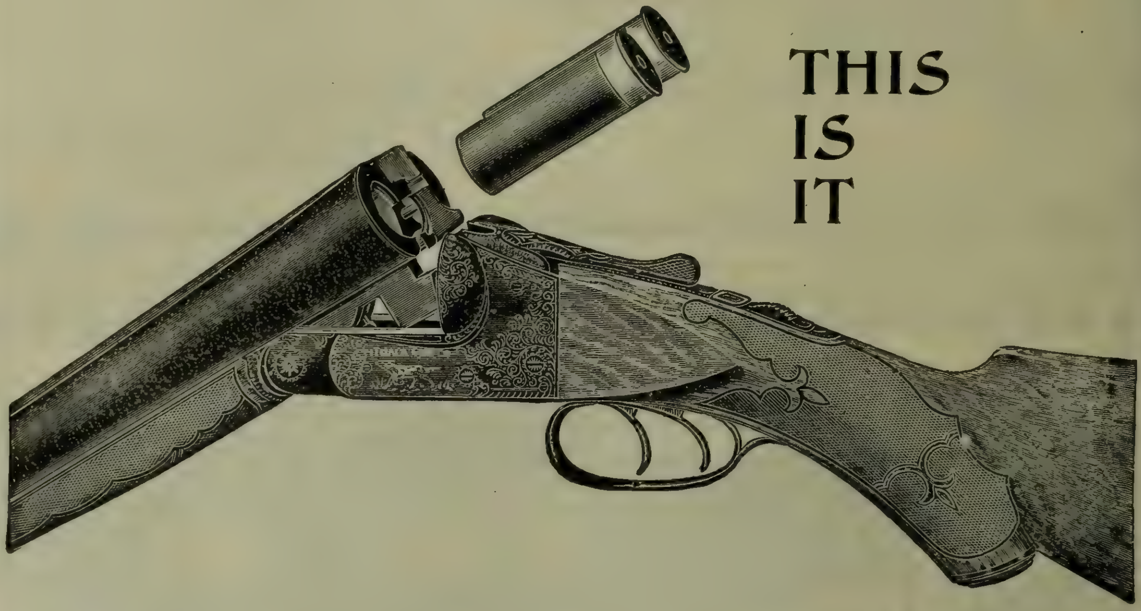
AN ITHACA

It will never disappoint you.



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IS
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Here is what another Western shooter says of it:

Ithaca Gun Co.,
Ithaca, N. Y.

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Gentlemen :—

At our big tournament, July 4th, the old ITHACA got there, as usual, winning for me the beautiful Culp trophy with a score of 46 out of 50.

Yours very truly,

R. W. Faris.

ITHACA GUN CO.

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ITHACA, N. Y

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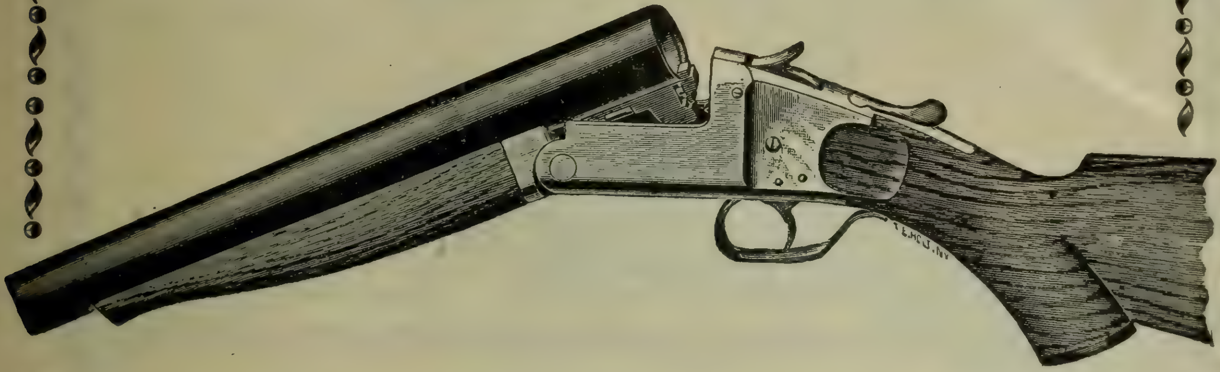

The above cut represents the Shattuck Top Snap Action, Single Barrel, Breech Loading Gun. It has Double Bolt, Rebounding Lock, Blued Steel Barrel, Patent Fore-end Rubber Butt-plate, Rubber pistol Grip, Cap Nickel or Case hardened frame, Choke bored either 12 or 16 Bore.

PRICE, $7.00.

Insist upon your dealer showing you this Gun or order direct from

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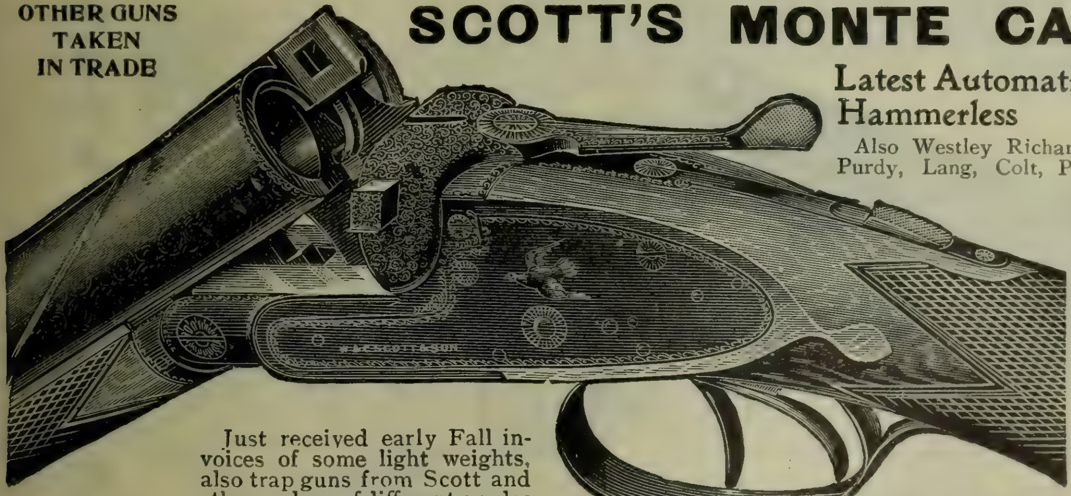

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Sportsmen's Outfits, Fishing Rods and Tackle, :: Tents, Knapsacks, Yacht Guns, etc.

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"Are as Good" as any gun in the market.

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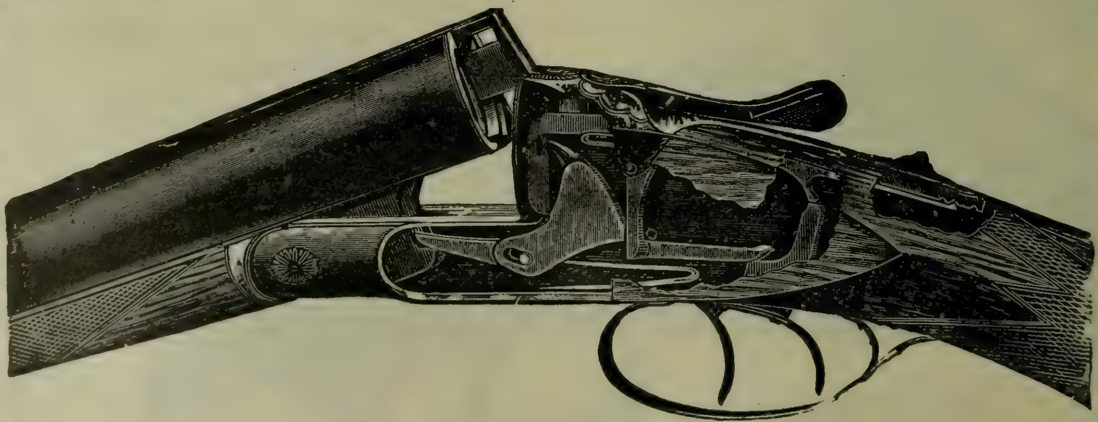

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PARKER BROS

FIRST—H. D. Bates, with 59 straight kills
SECOND—J. R. Malone, with 58 " "
THIRD—Phil. Daly, Jr. with 31 " "

All used the "Old Reliable"

Also, as the offical records show,
54% of the entire purse won with Parkers,
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...BY...
W. R. CROSBY
MAY 20, 1899
AND AGAIN, JUNE [illegible]

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BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.
Write for Quarterly BATAVIA, NEW YORK

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Our catalogue describes our

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This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

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PETERS SHELLS.

IDEAL. A high-grade, rich cherry-colored shell. High brass reinforcement, Battery Cup, Peters No. 3 Primer, loaded with KING'S SMOKELESS. Highest velocity. Even pattern.

NEW VICTOR. Medium Grade. A beautiful green shell, brass reinforcement. Loaded with KING'S SMOKELESS. A perfect load for Trap or Field.

REFEREE. Any trap shooter or hunter now using black powder should try the Referee. Loaded with KING'S SEMI-SMOKELESS POWDER. It has all the advantages of smokeless and costs but a trifle more than black powder loads.

LEAGUE. The King of all Black Powder Loads. They are loaded with specially selected material and are unexcelled.

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THE SAFETY POCKET AXE

"The Handiest Tool a Sportsman Ever Carried."

Large enough to fell a tree, and small enough to sharpen a lead pencil. Our new booklet, "The Story of an Axe," lots of interesting facts about the axe and its use, free for the asking. Made in two styles. : : : : : :

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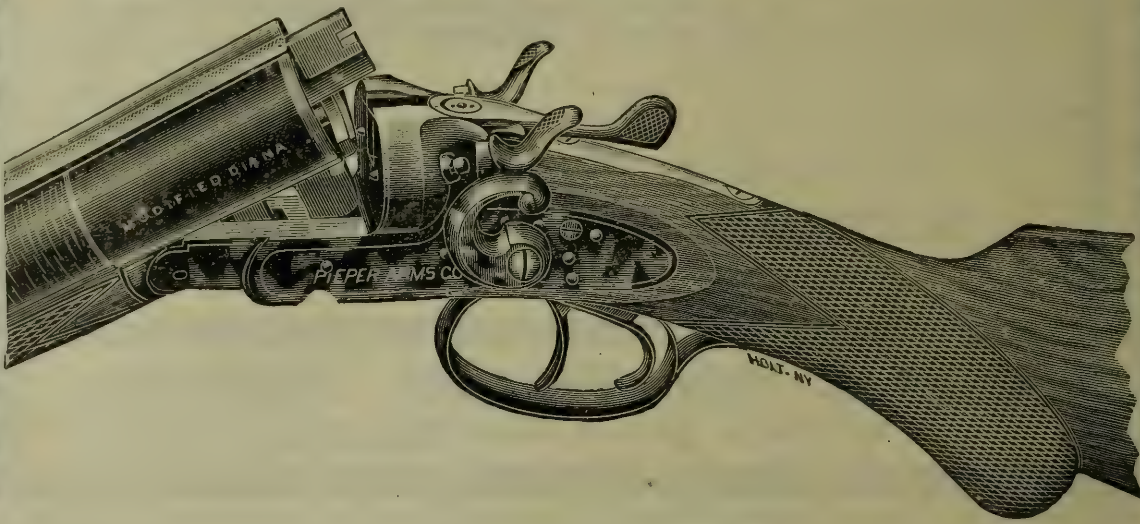

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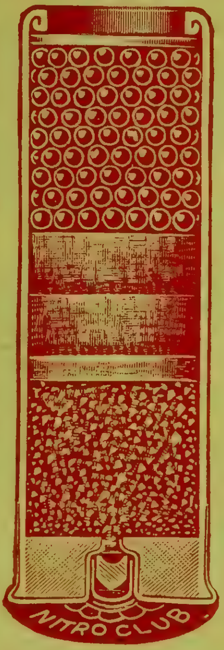

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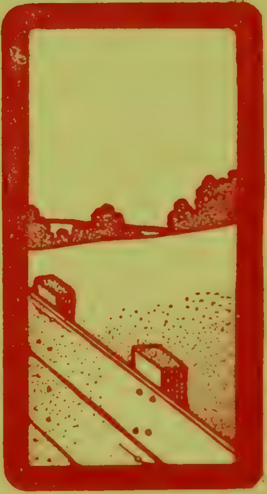

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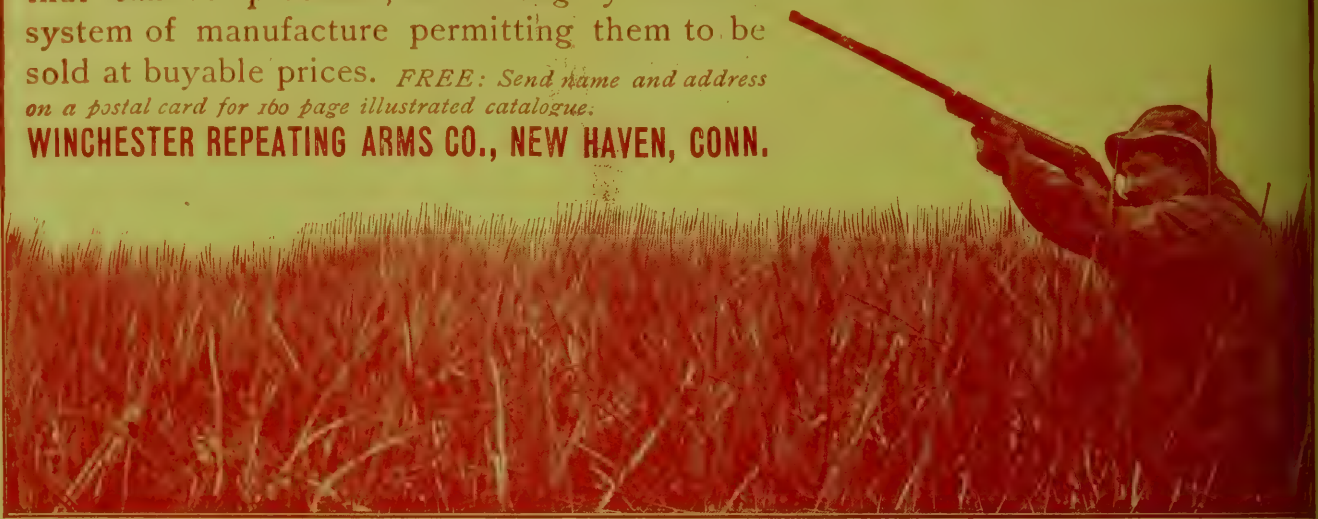

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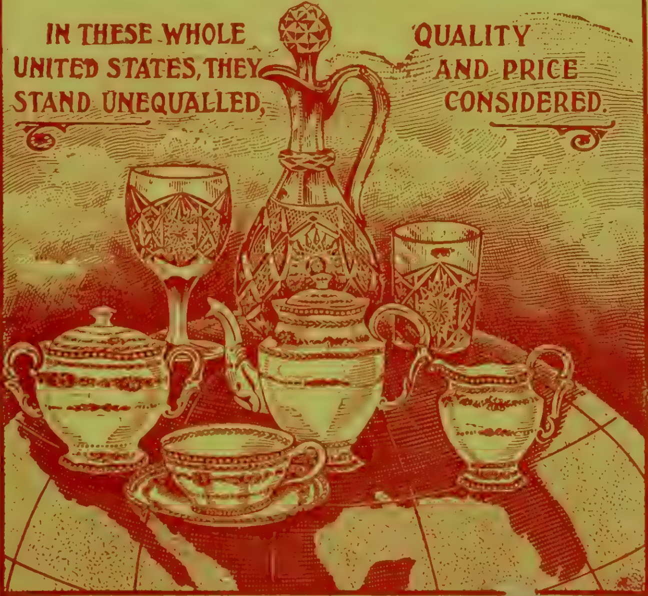

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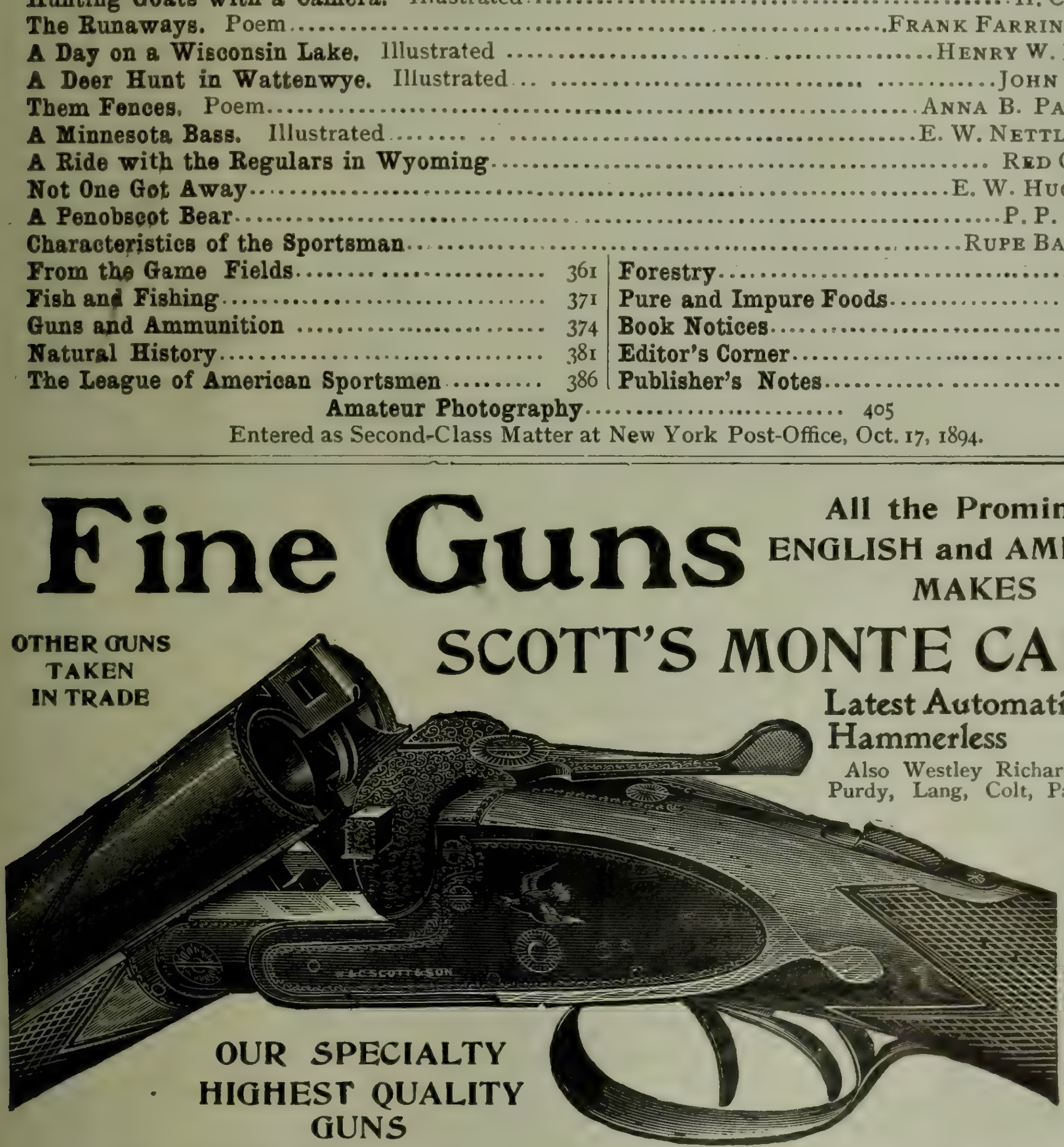

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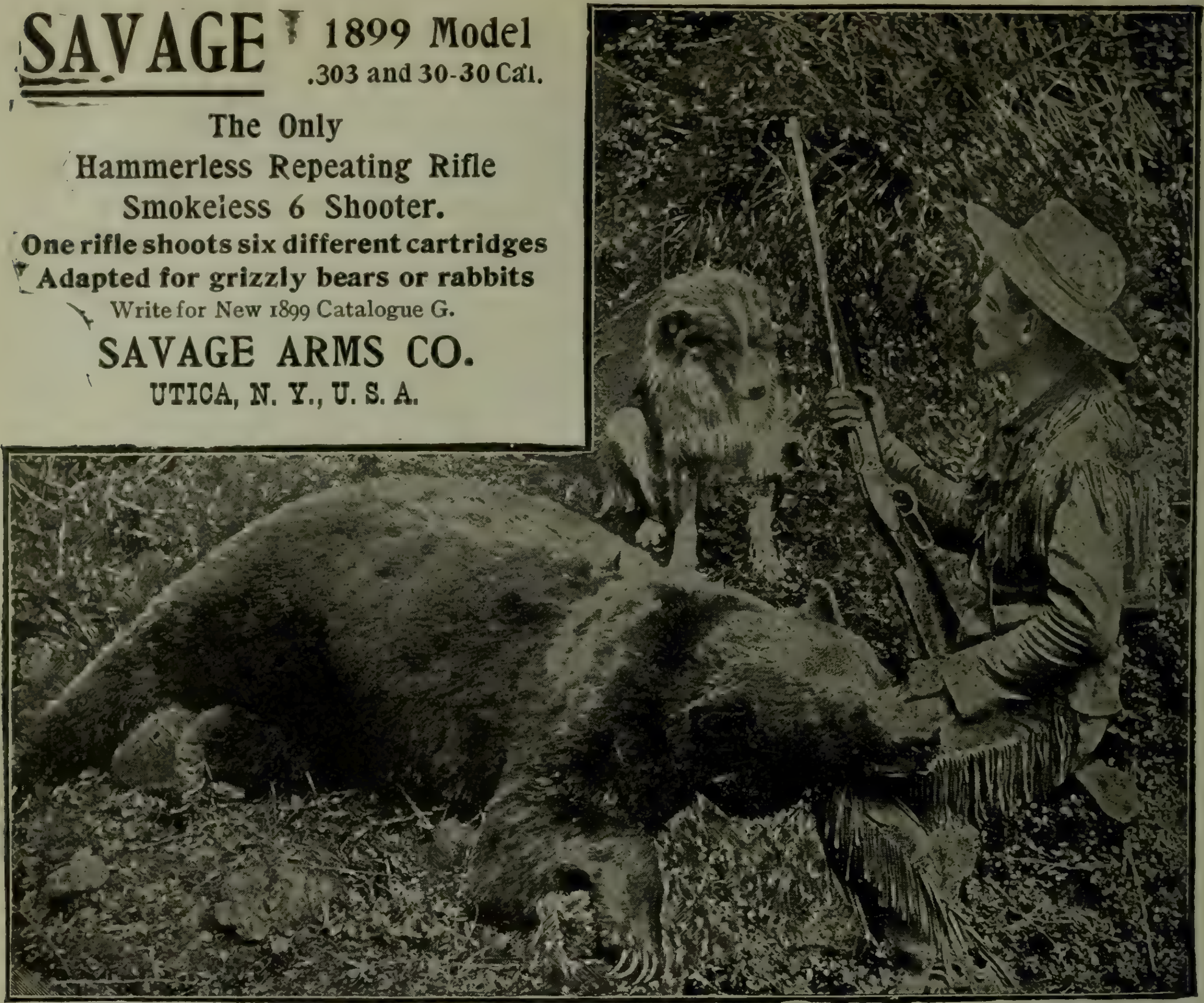

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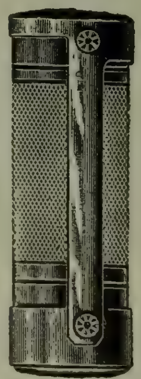

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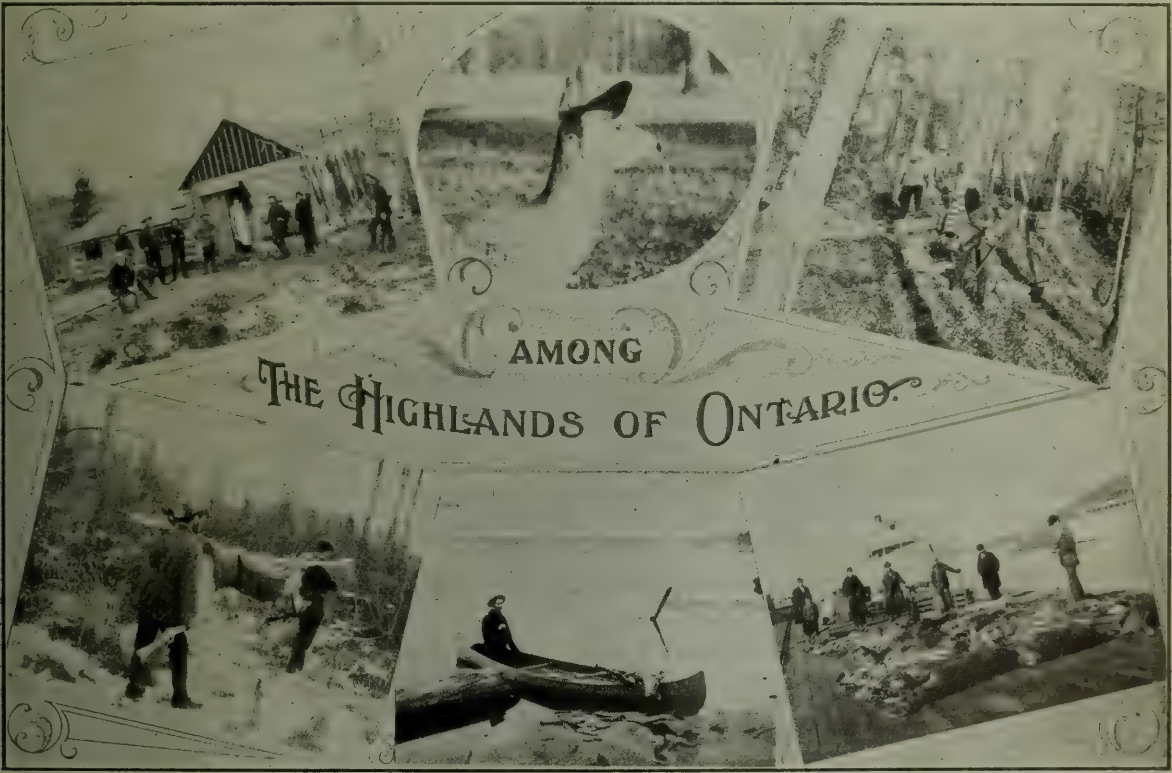

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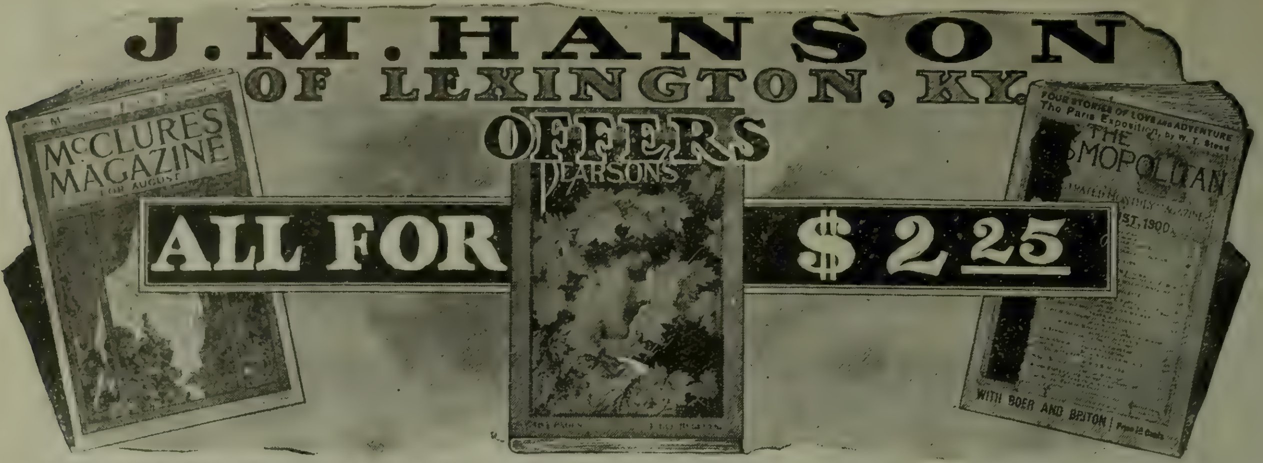

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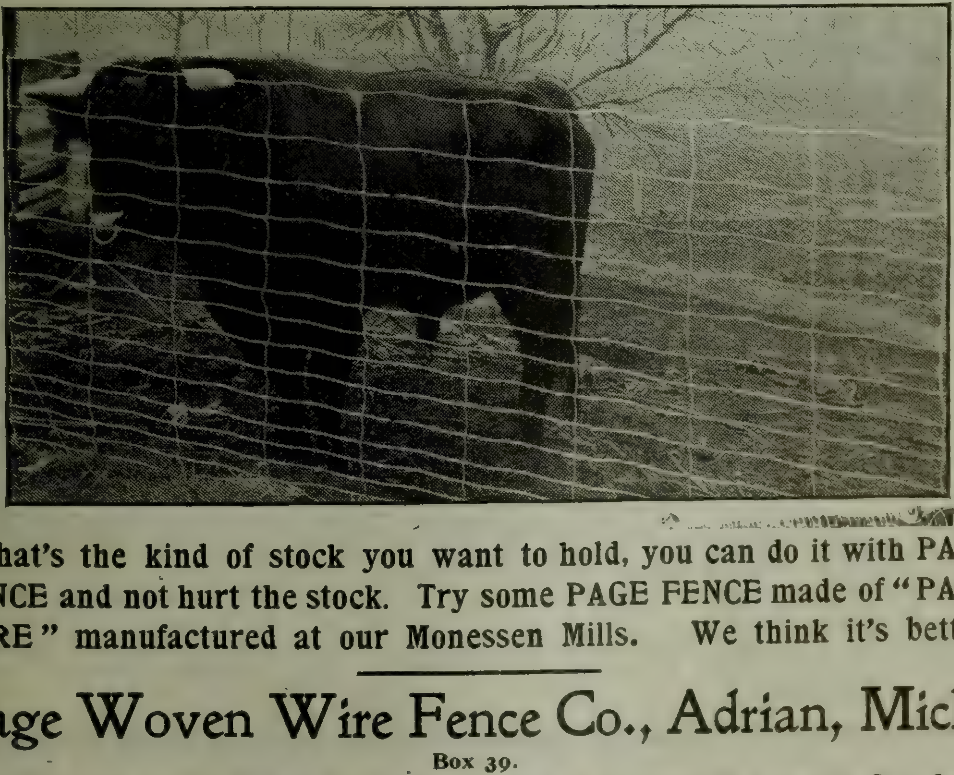

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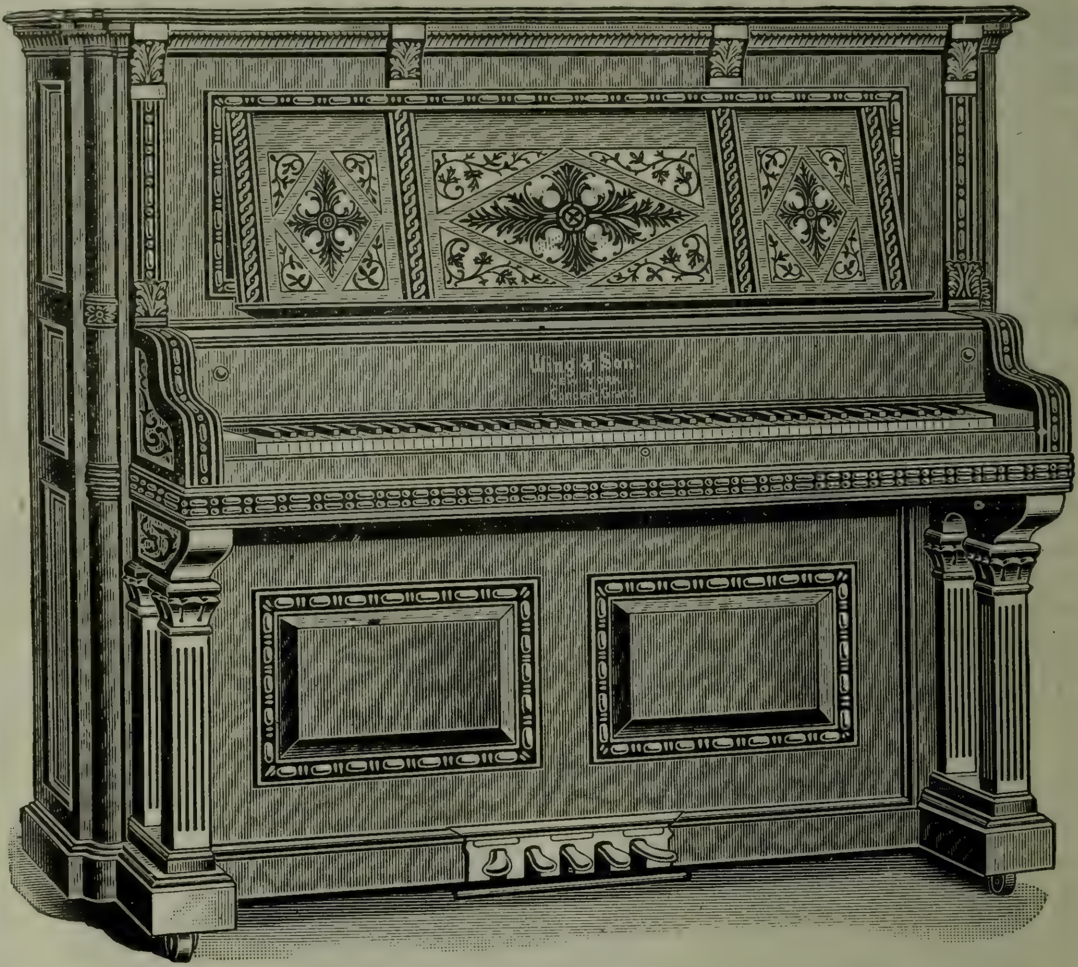

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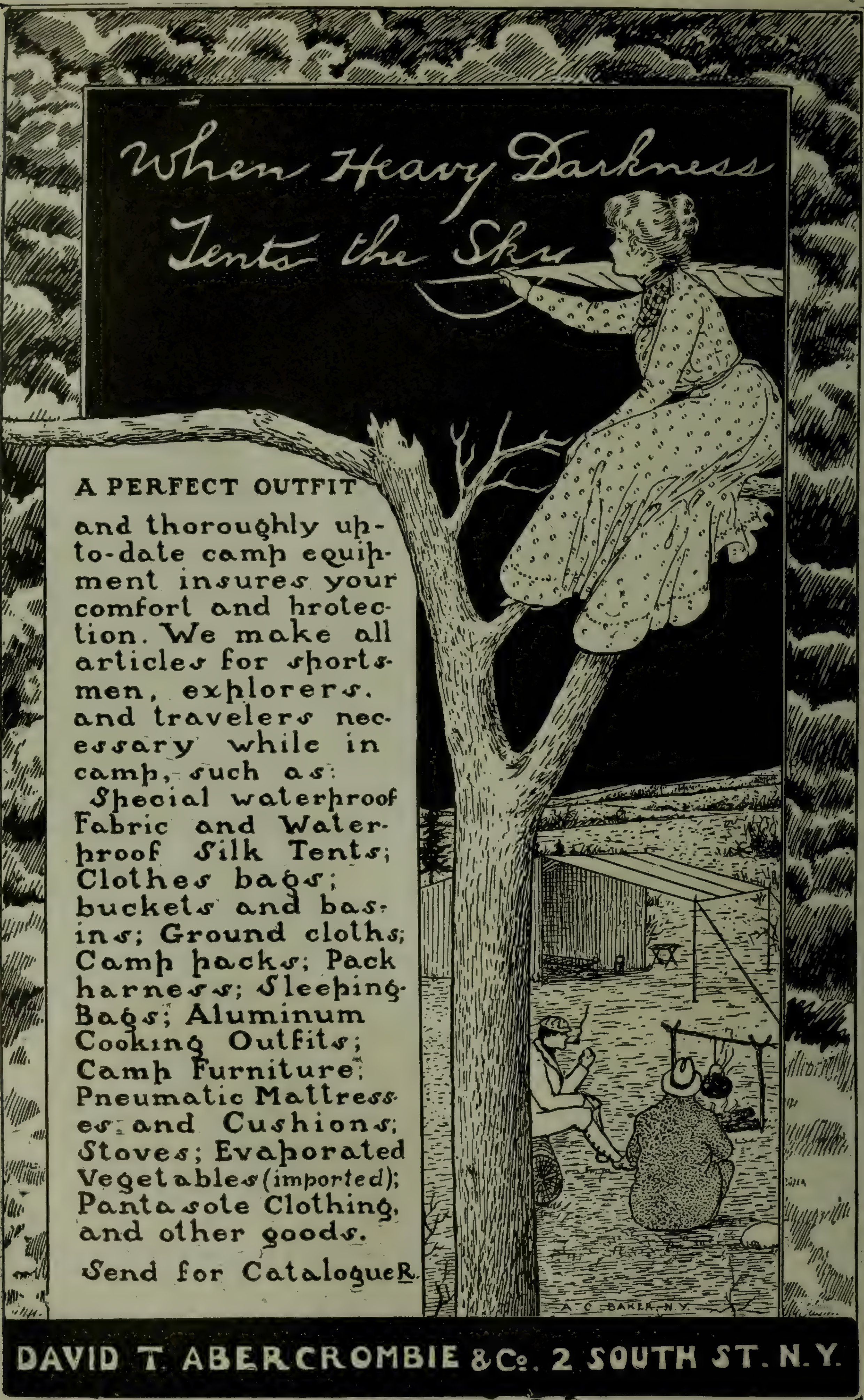
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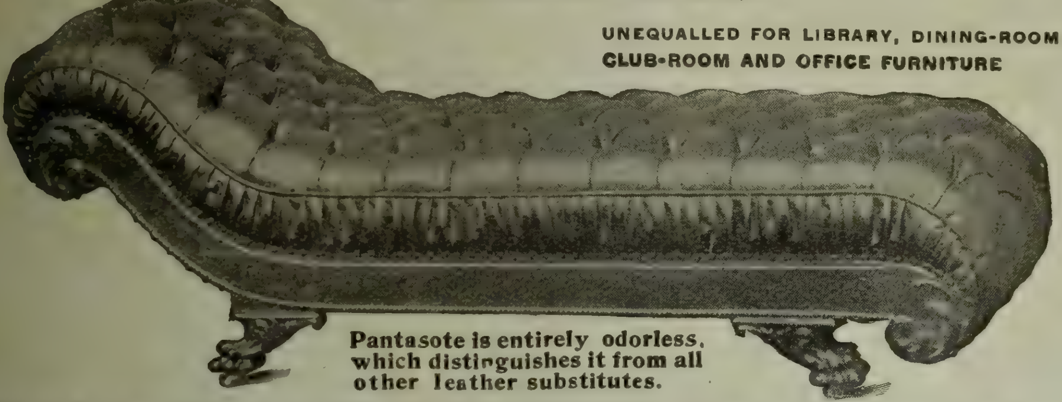

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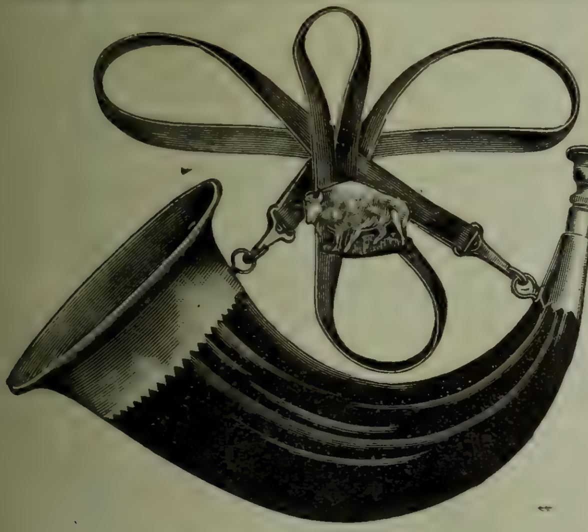

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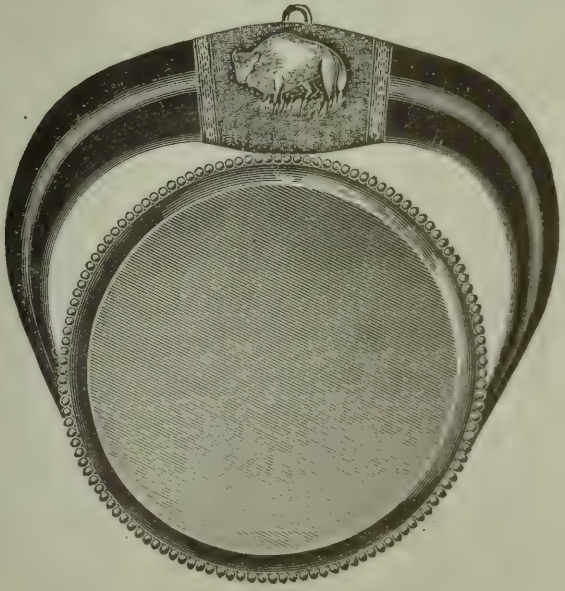

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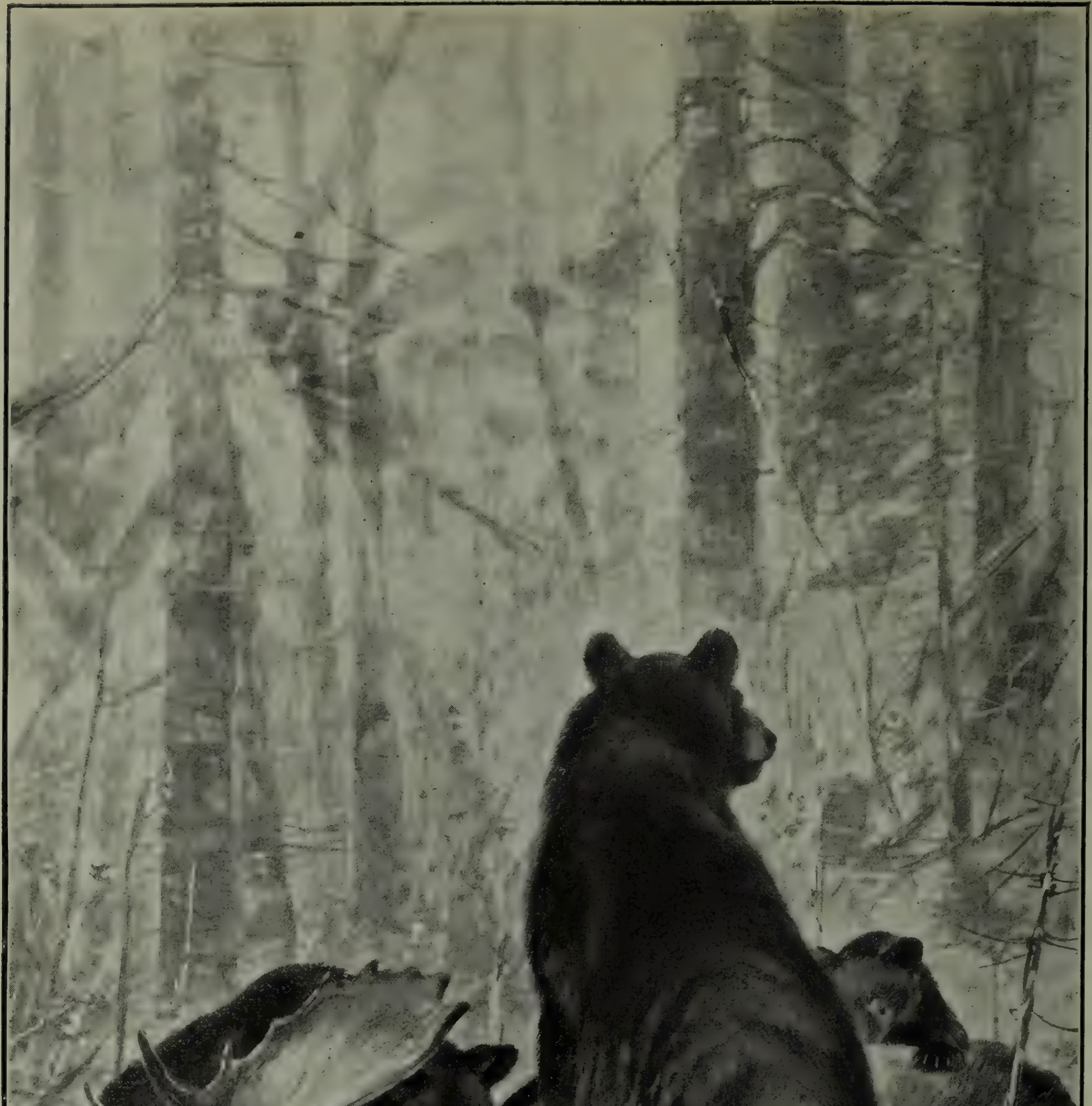


DINNER FOR FOUR.

RECREATION

Volume XIII. NOVEMBER, 1900. Number 5.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

THE BEAR WAS SAFE.

O. F. LAMBERTSON.

As I listened for a sound in the perfect stillness around me I became aware of a feeling of nervousness, trifling at first, but which later developed into a genuine chill.

Before proceeding, let me set the scene that you may understand my position. Behold me up a tree, at 11 p. m., with no habitation within 50 miles and my 2 companions 3 or 4 miles distant.

We were a party of young fellows canoeing through the waterways between Vermillion lake and the Rainy lake country, with too much confidence in our own ability and too little money in our pockets to hire a guide. One afternoon, while paddling up a small stream that emptied into a lake near our camp, we saw numerous signs of moose and bear. It is natural for every one with sporting proclivities to want to kill a bear and we were not exceptions to the rule. We began our arrangements for the slaughter of Bruin by killing a bull moose for bait; and that is how I happened to be in the tree. Of course I was not afraid to stay on the ground. I climbed the tree merely to be able to see over the underbrush and obtain a good view of the carcass. The increased gravity of my nervous symptoms was caused by the crackling of sticks, followed by the appearance of a bear. My sudden start—of surprise, shall I say?—dislodged my rifle which I had laid across 2 limbs. Of course it went to the ground. The bear stopped a moment, listened, and then went directly to the carcass of the moose. Giving a grunt of satisfaction over his discovery, he immediately began to invite an acute attack of dyspepsia by overloading his stomach.

A few minutes passed, and an old she bear with 2 cubs joined in the feast. More guests were likely to appear, and there I was separated from my old partner, the Winchester, by many feet of altitude. I must have that gun, I mused; but how to get it? Go down and get it, of course! To be candid I was afraid to go down after it, and, afraid to stay in the tree without it. Yet it would never do to let the bears go without having a shot fired at them. What would my partners say when they found the moose torn to pieces and no dead bear? I finally concluded, like Johnny, to get my gun. I descended quietly and slowly, grabbed my rifle and scrambled up the tree again faster than any squirrel ever did, urged as I was by the fancy that all 4 of the bears were nipping at my legs. I had just regained my position, when I caught a glimpse of the last cub disappearing in the underbrush. I risked a hasty shot; the limb I was sitting on broke, and I knew nothing more until I was restored to consciousness by about 6 fingers of old rye, poured down my throat by one of my companions.

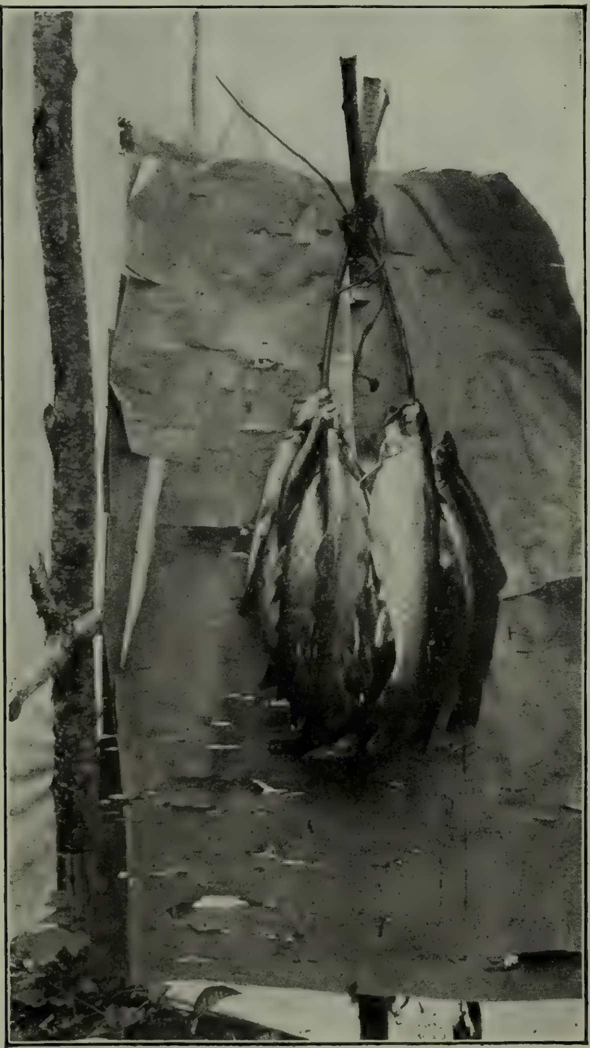
From early boyhood I had been a great bear hunter — in my mind — but my short vigil that night in a Minnesota pine tree taught me the difference between imagination and reality.

HUNTING BIG GAME IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

JOHN S. M'INTIRE.

On arriving at Montreal, where I was to meet my companion for a hunting trip to New Brunswick, I received word that he could not go, so I proceeded on the trip alone. From Quebec I took the Intercolonial railway to Chatham, N. B., and the Canada Eastern to Boiestown, where I met my guide, E. W. Norard, and his brother Ben, who was to be the cook and helper.

We had our outfit teamed up the Southwest Mirimichi river about 10 miles, then transferred to canoes, and went up the river to a branch called The Sisters. From there we sledded our outfit through the woods to the headwaters of The Sisters. That country contains many small lakes, in which trout of goodly size abound. Ordinarily it takes but a few minutes to pick up enough for a breakfast.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN S. MC INTIRE.
ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY.

We made our main camp about 40 miles from Boiestown.

The country abounded in signs of moose, but I could not get a shot at any, although close to them several times. One time we were coming back to camp just about dusk after a long tramp and were within sight of the tents when we heard a moose off to our right and close to the trail. Edward, the guide, tried to coax the moose out of the thicket by gently sounding the birch bark horns which he had with him. The moose turned with a crash and ran toward us, grunting all the time. We were crouching behind a pile of birch brush. The moose kept coming until it seemed as if he might at any moment jump over the brush pile and appear before us. It was too dark to shoot, so I slightly changed my position, thinking I might see the moose outlined against the sky. Just as I moved, the moose turned, ran some distance back into the woods and stopped, grunting again as if he was not certain about it all; but he was soon off, that time silently.

The next morning we were out early, examining the tracks, and found it only 16 steps from where we were behind the brush pile to where the moose had been standing. We could see where he had barked the trees with his antlers when he was first frightened.

Several days after that I shot a caribou, which I did not expect, as the immediate locality was not considered good for caribou. We were concealed on the edge of a barren. Ed was trying to call a moose and had sounded the horn several times. Ben, who had my .30-30 rifle and was off to my right, tried to shoot at something, but did not seem to understand the rifle and could not make it. This was because he had not thrown the lever down far enough to throw a cartridge into the chamber. His imprecations on the rifle drew my attention. I caught up my .30-40 rifle, and running toward Ben was surprised to see first the antlers of a caribou and then a full view of him just as he ran around some bushes. I remember what a pretty sight it was as I fired. The caribou was leaning at an angle as he made the turn, and the rising sun glistened on his wet antlers. The first shot took effect, but I immediately took another, which dropped him. When I got to him he was dead. The first shot broke his shoulder and was sufficient

A ROYAL BOG TROTTER.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN S. MC INTIRE.

to kill. The other was in the side, ranging forward and coming out at front of chest.

We went back to the lean-to in which we had spent the night, got breakfast, returned and skinned the caribou. The effect of the bullets was tremendous, bones being broken to small pieces.

The Sunday after that I availed myself of the invitation of Mr. Lynch to take dinner at his large, new logging camp which was just completed. We stayed over night and the next morning started back to our camp, about 8 or 9 miles distant. We separated, Ed taking the .30-30 rifle and going in one direction to look up likely

THE 30/40 DID IT.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN S. MC INTIRE.

moose ground, while Ben and I went to Lake Brook deadwater, about 3 miles on our way back. It was raining, and as the brush was wet we walked in the brook along the shore.

On coming to the deadwater I gave the moose call, more in sport than in earnest, as I had been practicing around camp. We had gone only a few steps when we heard an answer coming from around the bend in the deadwater. There was a stretch of sand that led to an island in the deadwater, for which we made. There we concealed ourselves in the brush. We could hear the moose grunting and splashing the water and making his way through the jungle. I first saw his antlers above the brush and then his head appeared. That was all he would show, as he was wary, and was looking up the deadwater to where he had heard the call. He was about a hundred yards from me and some distance back from the bank. I shot through the leaves where I knew his neck would be. At the report he made a half turn and immediately disappeared. I dashed through the water, which was only about 3 feet deep, up the opposite bank, and pushed my way through the bushes to where I had last seen the moose. There he was! My shot had dropped him where he stood. As I appeared he snorted at me and tried to get to his feet, with his hair standing on end, but his efforts were ineffectual. As Ben appeared the bull tried harder than ever, but his neck was broken. I finally put him out of misery with a shot through the heart.

We measured the moose, finding the height at shoulders 6½ feet; spread of antlers, 53 inches. Those who saw him estimated his weight at 1,400 pounds.

The moose was shot about 8 o'clock in the morning, and it was evening before we got back to the lumber camp with the antlers, the skin and 2 hams, which made a heavy load for the horse to pull on the sled we had sent for from the lumber camp.

On skinning the moose we found the bullet, which had gone through the neck to the opposite side and was flattened out the size of a cent, with ragged edge. The bullet's casing was found about the center of the neck. My rifle was a '95 model, .30-40, with 22 inch barrel.

I went home the 1st of October, having spent 5 delightful weeks in the woods. I was well pleased with my guide and cook, who did much to make the trip pleasant. I now have the heads well mounted.

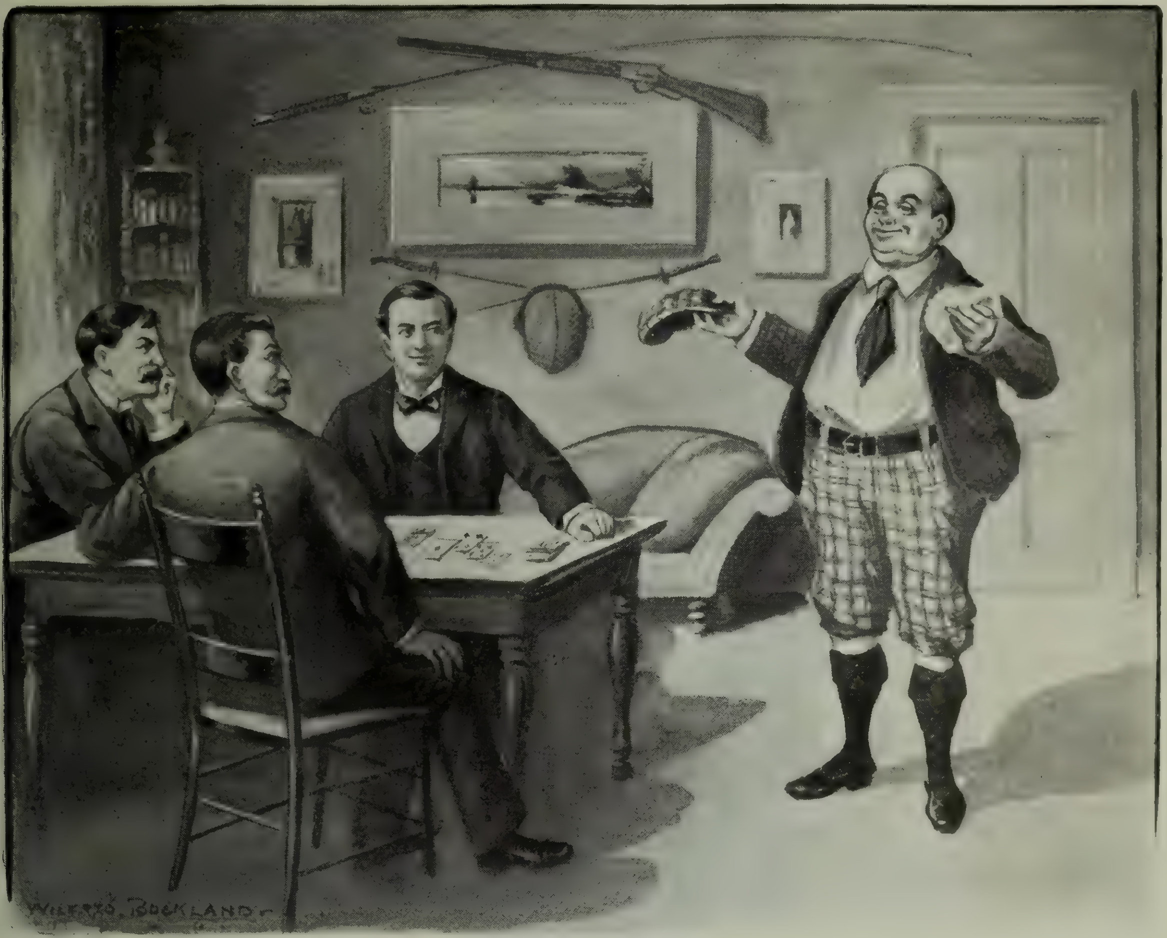
AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN S. MC INTIRE.

READY TO BREAK CAMP.

HOW SPIDER WENT TO SUPPER.

W. T. ADDERLEY.

The door closed with a bang. Dick, Ed and I looked up from our little game to see the light of our crowd, Spider, the German joker, who stood mopping his face, which, after his 10 mile spin in the September heat, shone like the mid-day sun. Dick winked and said,



"LET'S GO TO FERN LAKE FOR TWO WEEKS."

"Another air ship?" and was answered with a flying sofa cushion.

"Here," said Spider; "you fellows have been looking for a change of board 10 days. Now, you can all get a leave of absence, so let's go to Fern lake for 2 weeks."

The next half hour the room was filled with questions, exclamations, shoes, pillows, and everything else movable to help convince a majority that Fern lake, a beautiful spot hidden in the Idaho mountains 30 miles away, where there were grouse and trout to gladden the heart of the most enthusiastic camper, was the only balm to heal our outing fever. Subsequently there was a general overhauling of wheels, guns and fishing tackle. Saturday evening found everything packed, excepting our wheels, and in readiness to be expressed to Rathdrum, a small town 6 miles from the lake. From that point we were to have a wagon.

Dawn Monday found us speeding from the city's heat and noise to the cool, fragrant pines East of the Spokane valley. That valley Lane called the most beautiful in the West. Through it we rode within a stone's throw of the clear, swift Spokane, of which ever and anon we caught a glimpse in its mad race to the falls a few miles below. At 5 o'clock we reached Babes' ranch, 20 miles East of Spokane. There Miss Jessie, the daughter of the house, set before us a breakfast of flaky biscuits, cream, etc., which made us feel at peace with the whole world.

Breakfast over, we stored our pockets with juicy apples, and with the pleasant goodby of our friends ringing in our ears we were soon playing with the intervening miles at a pace which warmed Spider, with his 2 hundred pounds, into "This gait is killing a noble German!" Spider's protest, coupled with the cool shade we had reached, tempted us to ride at an easier pace. About 9 a. m. we reached our camp, an old abandoned cabin nestled among heavy masses of climbing vines and evergreens, on the banks of a small creek 300 yards from Fern lake. There we found our driver and paraphernalia already in waiting. We soon unpacked. Spider and Ed straightened up camp, while Dick and I went up stream. After an hour's casting we returned with 11 trout, which were soon humming a pleasant tune as they spluttered and browned for our first dinner in camp.

Casting off the cares of the city in this the campers' haven of delight, how could we have otherwise than a royal time! Day after day we breathed the pure mountain air, fished, hunted and took an occasional climb up Old Pilot mountain. After supper we were lulled from care with songs, stories and pipes, intermingled with the strange, weird note of some distant coyote as we lounged around the blazing camp fire, which threw dancing shadows on the cabin wall; while from near by camps

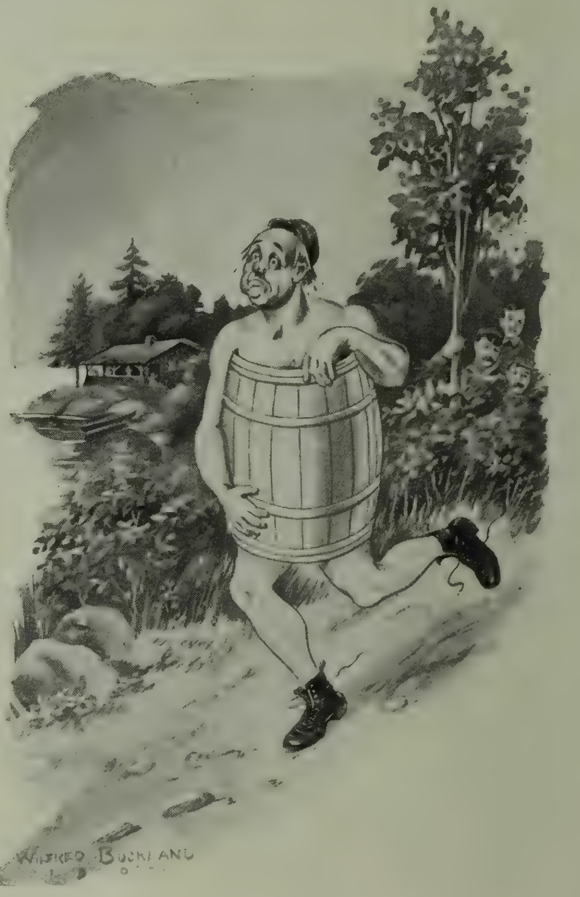
> "Melting music steals upon the sky,
> And softened sounds along the water die."

These are joys with which campers alone are familiar.

Our last day in camp Ed proposed our farewell climb up Old Pilot. We all agreed except Spider, who complained of the heat, promising to have a red hot supper awaiting our return. It was near sunset when we returned, with ravenous appetites. Finding neither supper nor Spider in sight we drifted up toward "Wanderers' Camp," a lively party of 6 ladies and gentlemen, from Coeur D'Alene. There we learned that Spider had been seen making for the lake a short time before. Taking a covered route we were soon in sight of Spider, who was floating about 50 yards from shore. With an idea of vengeance predominating we wormed our way down behind cover of a friendly huckleberry bush and at an opportune moment we hastily gathered up all of poor unsuspecting Spider's apparel, with the exception of his shoes and cap. Getting back into safe hiding we then awaited developments.

After a short wait Spider came out, and, seeing his shoes directly in his path, put them on first without looking for his other raiment. Then as he discovered nothing left but his cap and a glove which, unfortunately, Dick had dropped in his hurry, the fun commenced. The air became heavy with sulphurous words, some of which sounded like "Damp pirates!" "I'm no damp South Sea islander!" To us, all of this was like strains of sweet music. Spider finally got astride a log, apparently in deep thought.

We were just on the verge of relenting and returning all when Spider arose and approached an old rickety flour barrel, left by some former campers. With a few blows he knocked out the bottom, hammered down the nails, slipped the barrel over his head down to his hips as a sort of hoop skirt, and started cautiously for camp. Our surprise was great; but the picture he presented with his long, fat legs protruding through the barrel, and his little cap perched on the back of his head, was so ludicrous that it would have brought a grin to the face of the most stoical Indian.



A MODERN HOOP SKIRT.

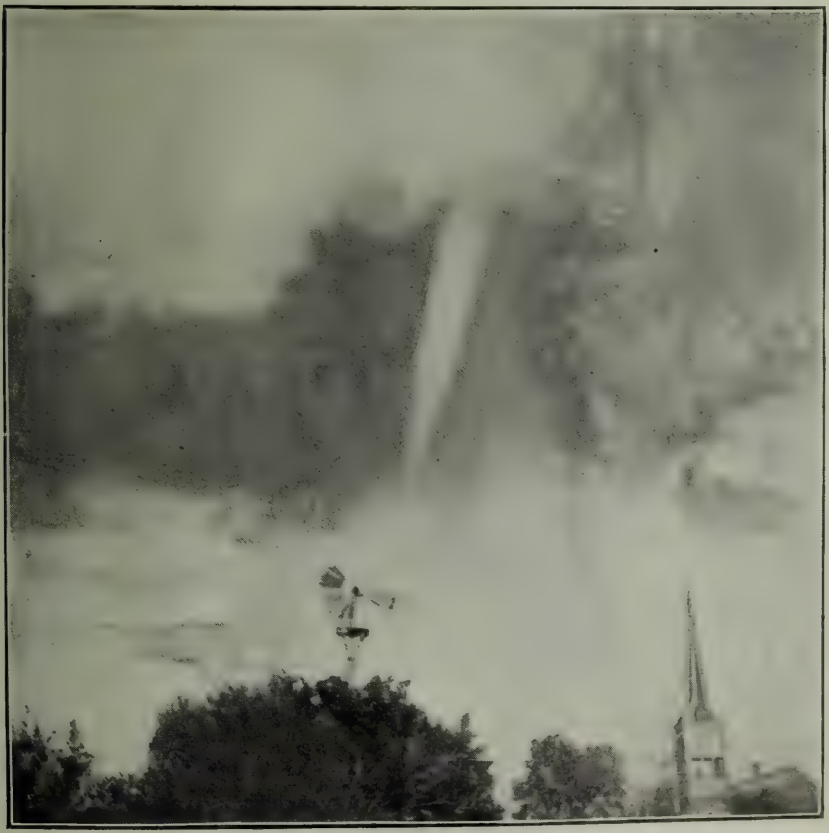
Wishing to be in at the finish, we crawled and stooped along in the undergrowth, 40 yards to his left, until he was in the clearing within 30 yards of Wanderers' camp, when he stumbled over a fallen limb and came down with just enough force to shatter the barrel. Even at this hour I smile as I recall Spider raising himself, pausing, and starting, without his cap, on a dead run for the cabin, some 175 yards distant. When he passed Wanderers', luck was with us, for the entire crowd were sitting in front enjoying the evening sun on the mountains. With a rush poor Spider passed, his face wreathed in one of those "just as soon live as die" expressions, clothed in nothing but his raging thoughts and a pair of heavy shoes. Two of the ladies promptly went into hysterics, the other 2 into their tent; while the gentlemen rushed frantically for their guns. It was the sight of a century, and as we rolled and choked with laughter our only regret was that our kodaks were so far away.

We consumed 35 minutes in assuring our friends that the hurrying figure was a perfectly sane man, although occasionally a little queer. We then approached camp in a hesitating way, not knowing how many guns awaited our coming. Reaching the door we found the following, which Spider declared a capital pun, pinned on the door: "Clothed for repairs."

After many knocks, and a lengthy consultation with the inside member about gaining admittance, we took 7 different kinds of vows never to speak a word to a soul about what Spider termed "The beastly joke." He said naught about writing, and anyway as he is now a Benedict he would forgive even a beastly joke.

PHOTOGRAPHING A CYCLONE.

Here is a photograph that displays nerve on the part of the man who made it. Mr. Flint writes me that when he made the shot there were 4 of these funnel shaped clouds in sight, and all within 2 miles of him. It is evident that none of them were headed exactly for him or he would not have been waiting on the house top to get the picture; but even so his position could not have been an enviable one. These Kansas twisters do not always follow a straight line. They are as uncertain as a stone thrown by a woman. They are likely to hit anything except the thing they seem to be aimed at, and Mr. Flint may consider himself mighty lucky that some one of these 4 frisky critters did not change its mind and turn his house wrong side out while he was on the roof. The largest cyclone struck 4 miles west of Minneapolis, Kas. The photo was taken about 6 o'clock in the evening, with an Eastman No. 2 Snap Shot comera.



A KANSAS TWISTER.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY L. J FLINT

THE BEST PART OF CALIFORNIA.

CHARLES SCHOLTING.

In reading RECREATION my attention is always drawn, first, to the Guns and Ammunition department, and, next, to the notes "From the Game Fields." I am surprised that some sportsman in this part of the country does not tell RECREATION readers about our sportsmen's paradise. I have hunted in 7 different States, but never in so fine a game country as this. The climate here is all a hunter could desire. There is no severe cold nor extreme heat. In our beautiful Humboldt bay one can go out any day, in fall or winter, and in a few hours secure enough ducks to supply his table. Just outside of the city limits one can shoot, in one evening, enough cottontails and quails for a family meal. Fish are in our land locked bay in uncounted numbers. In the fall there are flounders, sea trout, rock cod, sardines, Spanish mackerel, smelts, perch, and even the king of all game fishes—salmon. Grand sport can be had in catching salmon with a troll or with sardines on rod and line. Mr. M. Carson recently returned from a few hours' trolling on the bay with 10 salmon; while I was lucky enough to have 4 to my credit.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHARLES SCHOLTING.
RESTING THE HORSES ON CAYOTE CREEK.

In summer and early fall Humboldt county especially deserves the title of sportsmen's paradise. This county is one of the few in the State where there are enough blacktails left to furnish grand sport. Frank, Bob and I took a trip of a month into the interior of the county, on the Trinity county line. We killed a few deer, used nearly all the meat in camp, and dried the remainder to be taken to town. We bagged several 3 and 4 point forked horns, and brought some beautiful antlers to town to decorate our dens. We killed 6 rattlesnakes, which we skinned and tanned.

Grouse and mountain quails can be seen every day by the score and are seldom shot at. A few bears and mountain lions roamed in our hunting grounds. We did not kill any, but their signs were to be seen quite often.

For a few days we pitched camp on top of South Fork mountain close to 2 sheep herders, Hans and Oscar, who are employed to take care of 3,700 sheep.

Some people imagine that the average sheep herder is a man almost without intelligence, and that he leads a lazy life. We often fail to realize what confidence an employer must have to trust a man with 3,700 sheep, miles away from ranch houses, in a country where coyotes, bear and mountain lions abound. Hans and Oscar are young men of intelligence, a combination of herder, hunter and trapper; and are alive to the responsibility of watching so valuable a charge.

We left our camp August 7th to return to Eureka, a distance of 60 miles, and we packed every foot of the road.

Will some reader of RECREATION tell me a good way of curing deer antlers in the velvet when the points are soft. We were obliged to throw away some fine ones on that account.

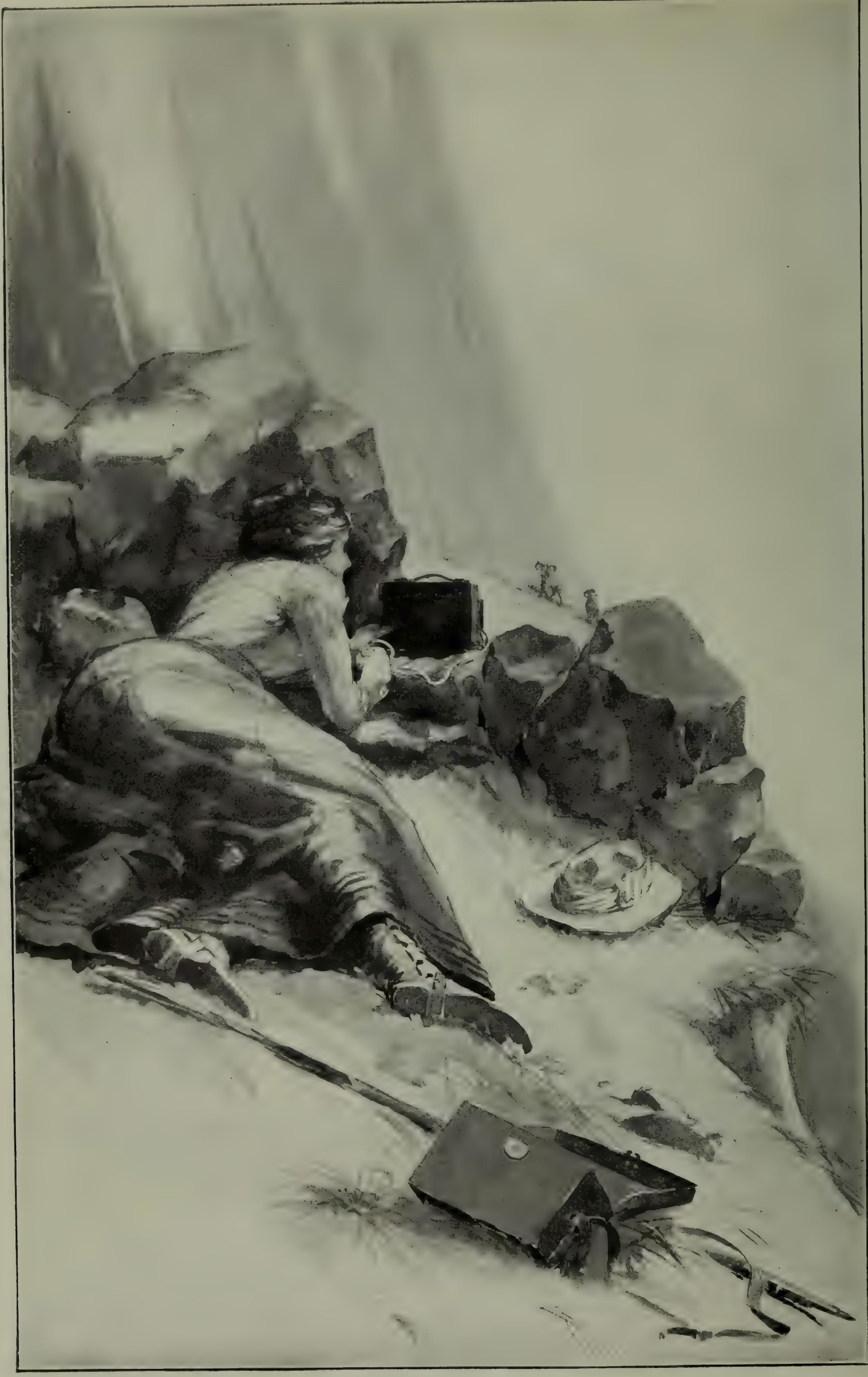
AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHARLES SCHOLTING.
IN THE PILOT ROCK COUNTRY.

Anyone wishing to come to this county to hunt or fish may call on me in Eureka and I will be glad to tell him how to get good hunting and will guide him to the hunting grounds.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

BEATRICE STURGES.

Oh, thou art come,
Chrysanthemum!
Of course
I must start off
Like that.
There's little else
To say or hum,
For thy sweet sake,
Chrysanthemum,
Thou radiant star
Of crisp Autumn.
If thou wert but
Divided up,
Chrysanthemum,
I might make rhyme
In better time,
Chrysanthemum,
But it is hard
For a young bard
To think of words that chime with you,
Chrysanthemum.
Poets never sing of thee
In odes and madrigals and things
As of the rose, the violet and lily.
It's late when thou dost come,
Chrysanthemum,
And I guess they're getting chilly,
Or maybe they're struck dumb
At sight of thee,
Chrysanthemum.
For you must own
Chrysanthemum,
You stand alone,
Chrysanthemum.
When you arrive,
The poet's up against it.
But, oh,
Chrysanthemum,
You are a regal sight,
With long and ragged leaves
Like cold-slaw,
And lovely foamy top
Like whipped cream.
You ought to be
Immortalized in song,
And so
I
This little anthem hum
To thee,
Oh,
Fair chrysanthemum.



A MODERN DIANA.

HUNTING GOATS WITH A CAMERA.

H. CARRY.

Under the impression that photographs of the wild goat in his mountain fastnesses might be worthy of reproduction in Recreation, I enclose 2 which were taken about a year ago in the Lillooet District of B. C. I was examining a group of mineral locations, and had occasion to climb a mountain which towered immediately above camp some 4,500 feet. When within about 500 feet of the top the Siwash with me drew my attention to a goat. We soon discovered 3 others, and then I determined to stalk them in order to get a shot at them with the kodak — the only shooting iron I had with me. We kept the wind of them and hurried forward, but on peering over a rock to locate them I found they had seen us and were trying to stalk us so as to get our scent. This they failed to do, as we reached the brow of a precipice — our objective point—simultaneously; whereupon, seeing they were forestalled, 3 of them came strolling deliberately down toward us on a voyage of discovery. One wary old chap went off in a huff in the opposite direction, with his mane and back hair erect like that of a dog looking for trouble. One snap was taken at a distance of 25 to 30 yards, when they were standing looking at us; the other at precisely the favorite old duelling distance—12 paces. This latter gives a side elevation of No. 2, who is about to follow No. 1 in his apparent desperate attempt to commit suicide; for he calmly went over what under ordinary circumstances I should have called a perpendicular cliff. No. 3 is in plain view, and No. 4—the suspicious old chap—can be distinctly made out with the help of a glass (not of toddy). Who can find him?

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. CARRY.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS ON THEIR NATIVE RANGE.

The foreground of the photo is blurred, as I had to set the kodak on the rocks, which were steeply ascending, in order to leave a hand free for holding my hat to shade the object glass and the other to work the bulb.

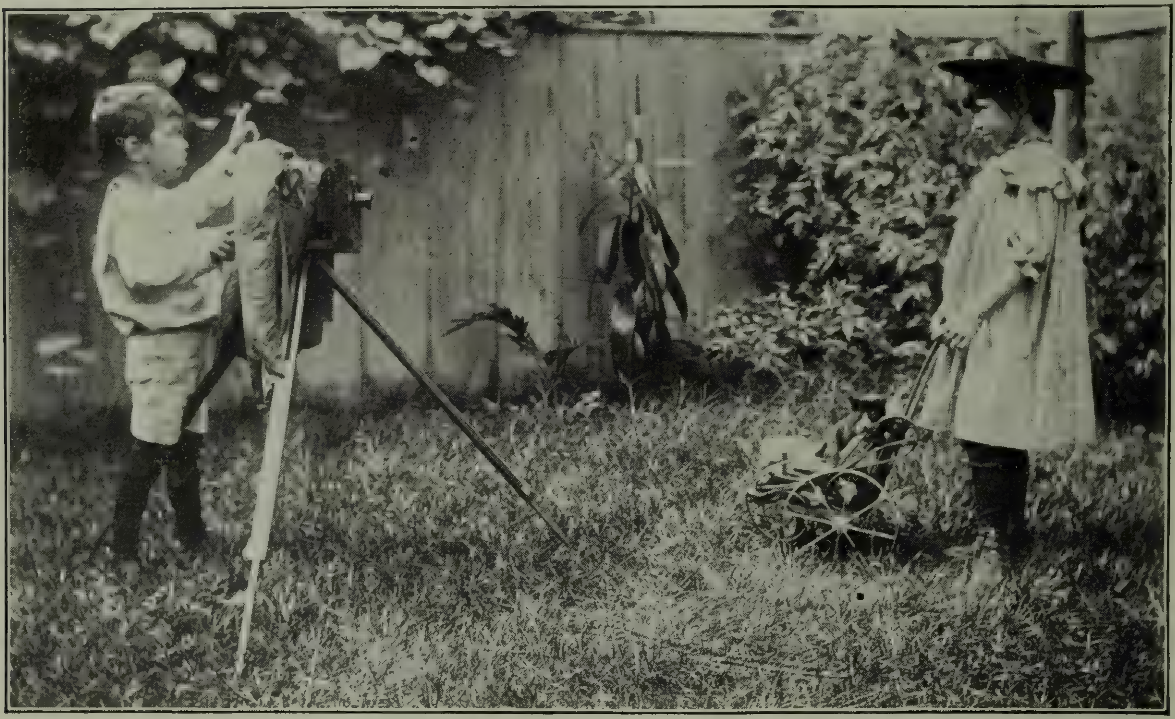
My Siwash kept up a running commentary on the extraordinary inquisitiveness of the brutes, saying he had never before been able to approach so near a goat.

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

THEY CAME STROLLING DOWN TOWARD US ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

After No. 2 had stepped over the cliff we rushed forward to see how it was done, and threw rocks down to accelerate his movements; but not a glimpse could we catch of either until we saw them scaling the opposite wall of a big crevasse in which they were, and then we could only stand and gaze at them, dumb, except for an occasional exclamation, with astonishment at their hardihood and agility in scaling a seemingly vertical wall of rock some hundreds of feet in height. Although I had often read of their feats in climbing my imagination never came up to the reality.

As this was the first time I had seen the white goat in his native haunts I count myself fortunate in thus having secured some good photos, if not a head.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. H. VERRILL.

PLEASE RAISE YOUR CHIN A LITTLE.

THE RUNAWAYS.

FRANK FARRINGTON.

Tanned by the sun of the autumn days,
  Browned by the breezes blowing,
Glad in their hearts, the runaways
  Roam through the sunshine glowing.

Over the hills and into the vales,
  Out in the wind and weather,
Wandering about in Southerly gales,
  Tramping o'er heath and heather;

Over the harvested fields of fall,
  Meadow and mead, forsaken
Save for the crow, whose ominous call
  Slumberous nature would waken:

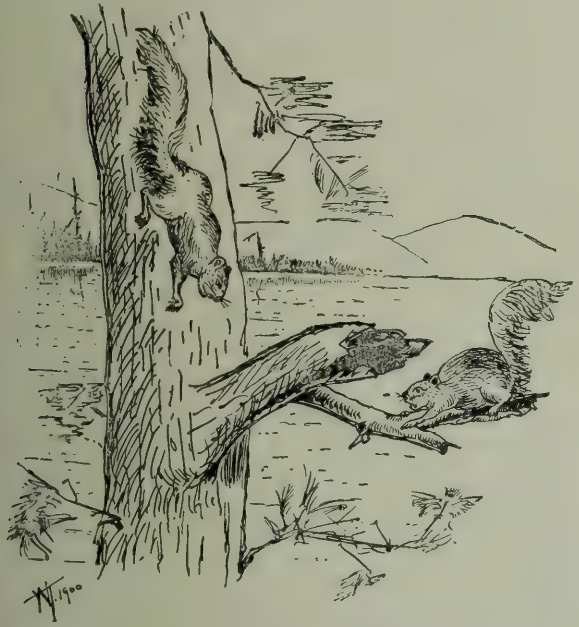
Into the woods by colors made bright,
  Rustling the leaves, they're straying.
Oh, for a life all autumn sunlight,
  With care nor sorrow weighing!

A DAY ON A WISCONSIN LAKE.

HENRY W. READ.

It was morning in camp on Lake Mendota. As I awoke I took my watch from its nail on the tent pole and found it 6 o'clock. I looked at my companion. His face, no longer peaked as when we arrived in camp, beamed full and round like the harvest moon.

"Wake up, H——," I shouted; "Saturday morning and no fish in camp."



A MORNING FROLIC.

We made a hasty toilet and H. went to the boat house for the boat while I repaired to the swamp near by for bait.

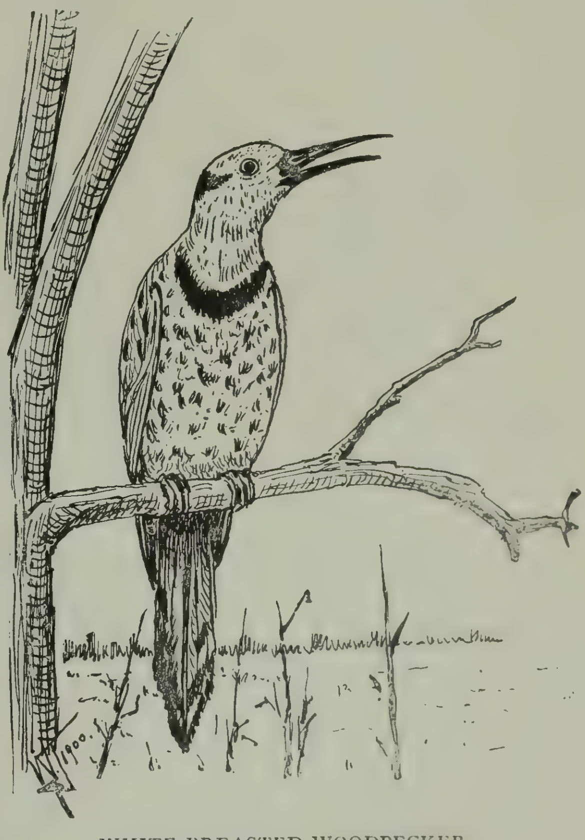
It was a morning fit for great deeds. Two squirrels were scolding and chasing each other about the big tree near our tent. The flickers, woodpeckers and robins were answering roll call in the oak tree overhead, and the soft cooing of a dove furnished bass for the music of the morning. Two kingfishers flew back and forth along the shore. They, too, were going a-fishing, and though they used neither rod nor line, each had a good sized ratchet wheel in his voice which he wound and unwound with unwearying pertinacity.

OUT ON A FISHING TRIP.

Only a few choice angle worms were needed. We used these as lures for the unwary perch; and small, tough, white strips from the belly of the perch made a lasting chew and a killing bait for the wily bass and the voracious pickerel.

Our boat was ready. There were the cushions for the seats, the rods and reels, bait and 2 sets of oars, for we were going across the lake.

We turned our prow straight toward Picnic Point, 4 miles away, while keeping the stern pointed at our tent beneath the oak trees. Half way over, midway between the 'Varsity buildings on the right and Governor's island on the left, we paused a moment to consult the watch. Fifteen minutes had elapsed. As we bent to the oars for the last 15 minutes' pull our tent grew dim in the distance, and the poplar trees on duty in front slowly faded from sight.



WHITE BREASTED WOODPECKER.

We drew near to the rocky, wooded shores of Picnic bay. I baited the hooks and unreeled the trolling lines. H. while rowing managed to hold between his feet a pole, attached to which was a fly of his own invention. Two white feathers from the wing of a plover and a bit of scarlet flannel from our camp rug made an enticing bait for bass. We pulled slowly along near shore until we had caught 3 or 4 perch. Then cutting strips from the bellies of these we made permanent bait and were ready for business.

The perch were all at home and hungry. They fairly swarmed amid the aquatic plants at the bottom of the bay. By the time a fish was taken off one line there was one on the other; and when both lines were clear the rod bowed gracefully to the pull of a third fish. H. dropped his oars to attend to his fish, the boat stopped, my lines sank down and were fouled amid the water plants. Then they were drawn in, their points cleaned, and the boat moved slowly on again while the hungry fish fairly quarreled over the hooks and the honor of being taken into our boat. We soon had enough, 25 in all, in weight about 7 pounds.

Then we pulled out into deep water and tried for bass. We trolled half an hour, but not a bass could we hook. They all appeared to have gone off somewhere to a convention. If we could but strike that convention! Never mind; we had fish enough, so we manned the oars and were off for camp.

It was about 10 o'clock. There was no breeze, and the lake was like a mill pond beneath the hot sunshine, as we pulled away with monotonous stroke, leaving a long trail running back to Picnic Point. Suddenly H. dropped his oars, exclaiming, "Look there!" I looked and saw a goodly sight. For many rods in front and on either side quiet ripples showed where the perch were lazily rolling about and sunning themselves in the water. They were not going anywhere in particular, and were not crowded thickly together, but a foot or so apart were scattered over the lake, acres in extent. We knew what that meant. When perch behave in that way the white, or silver, bass is about in numbers.

Both lines were quickly dropped overboard, the glittering spoon gleaming in the clear water like an electric bulb. There was a flash of silvery light and the quivering of the line showed that a fish had been hooked. I pulled in, hand over hand, and lifted the flapping, flashing beauty into the boat. That was but the beginning, and the others followed in quick succession. So absorbed were we that we took no note of time. We only stopped long enough to exclaim with ever increasing emphasis, "This *is* fishing!" Occasionally, too, an impatient exclamation was heard as a fine fish shook the hook from his mouth and splashed back into the water, or one of the now despised perch got the hook meant for the bass. I thought I discovered that H.'s rod and fly got more than their proportion of bass, and the spoon somewhat more than was desirable of perch. Acting on the hint, one of the lines was reeled up, and rod and fly number 2 took its place. After that I fished with one rod and one spoon, the rod having rather the best of it.

Sometimes as we pulled in our fish we could plainly see 3 or 4 of his comrades swimming along by his side to see where he was going. At length the biting ceased. We looked around and found that we had drifted away from the charmed circle. Turning the boat, we again entered the ripples and again the royal sport began.

The bass averaged a little less than a pound in weight. A few weighed more than a pound, but more about ¾ of a pound. They were gamy fellows, those pound bass, and as the hook came near they pulled out from the boat like a wild colt at the end of his halter.

Two hours and a half passed in this exciting work, when we found ourselves near Maple bluff. The fish were still biting, but we had enough. Slowly we pulled over to our tent, where we counted our spoils—88 bass, 53 perch.

Thus was the wolf driven from our door, and we had meat in plenty. We were somewhat late with our breakfast that day, but when we did draw up to our broad backed bench, which we had rigged up as a dining table, we proved ourselves most valiant trenchermen. Then when the shades of evening drew on corroding care fled our camp, peace and plenty like white winged birds flapped their pinions amid our poplar trees, and the very mosquitoes seemed content.

Why should you take so many bass? A dozen each would have been plenty.—EDITOR.

NOT HIS TAILOR'S FAULT.

His trousers legs, as here you see,
Are never built amiss: | |
But when he draws the garment on
They always look like this: ()
—Chicago Tribune.

A DEER HUNT IN WATTENWYE.

JOHN BOYD

We were 5 of those enthusiasts who never think of rest when the shooting or fishing seasons roll around—the kind forever planning sports that are to be. Ordinary, every day shooters are we, never yet unlucky enough to blossom out as big bag sports, though last year we worked from dawn to dark to circumvent the slick and supple deer of the Wattenwye woods.

It is of these memorable days I write, and it was for just such sport that we planned our outing. It is needless to speak of the work preliminary to such a trip, and it would be tiresome to recite the roster, route, time table and outfit list of our expedition. Suffice it to say, we were Torontonians, of middle age, medium stature, and average intelligence. So much about the firm of Baker, Cameron, Zock, Hodge & Co.

The hunting grounds selected are locally known as the Distress river and Deer lake ranges, and lie Northwest of Sundridge, a station in the Parry sound district of Ontario. These we reached the day before the hunting season opened, and that day was spent in engaging guides and getting acquainted with the lay of the land.

Our chief guide was a German, formerly gamekeeper in the Fatherland. He was able to make himself partly understood in broken English, and was a tireless walker. His aides were 2 strapping young settlers who knew the country well; and this trio set themselves to find us venison or to perish in the attempt.

November 1st came in with a cold East wind that penetrated to one's bones. Facing it at 5.30 that morning gave us a chance to judge how we should enjoy the climate during the coming 2 weeks. We first took to the ridges East of Deer lake, where a doe was sighted at short range by Cameron and Zock. An X was scored against the shots, to be interpreted a miss. We then skirted to the Northeast of South bay, but nothing rewarded our tramp. Following the broken ground, we crossed the table land and renewed the hunt West of the Distress river. There similar luck was recorded.

The next day we tried West of the Nipissing road, but owing to other hunters being in the vicinity with dogs we failed to sight hair. However, the woods bore signs of deer as plentiful as hornets in haying time.

We murmured a little, and some even growled at not having venison for supper. Under the circumstances grouse were not considered more than mere tenderfoot fare, so it was resolved that the next day we must make a great effort to at least see a white flag.

We did see 3 of them, but the sight came so unexpectedly and at such an unusual time and place that the animals were fully 250 yards away before we could unlimber our rifles. Explanations of how it happened were then in order, and the tale was told and retold. Everyone in the region, it seemed, heard the volley firing, or Maxim gun practice, as some styled it, and each time we were asked about it we had to put on our sweetest manners and endeavor to exonerate all concerned from any blame.

Later in the morning Hodge sent 2 shots at a doe that came up to bid him good-day. Heavy underbrush and a mild attack of buck fever are the reasons entered opposite his X in the score book.

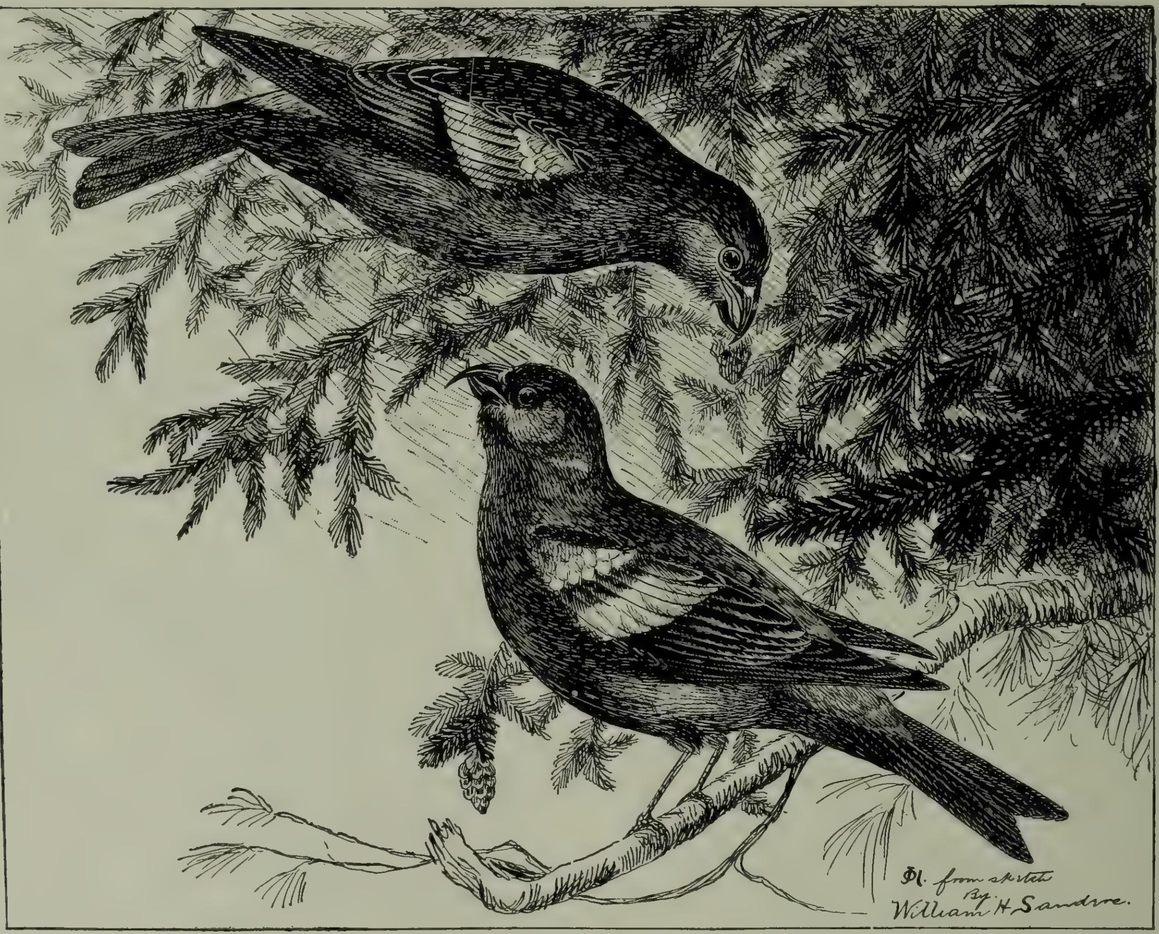
That night in camp disappointment gave way to mirth, and the unfortunates who had failed to score were roasted on the gridiron of jollity.

The fourth day we scored and scored early. About 9 o'clock Hodge spied a good sized buck crossing a clearing some distance ahead of him. He sent 2 shots after it, but missed with both. Then recollecting that Baker was somewhere in the direction the game had taken he called in his fine Union Station voice, "Look out!" Baker heard him and assumed the ready—present—fire style of position. A moment later he saw to his satisfaction the animal coming along broadside to him. He fired, and the .30-30 bored the buck at the shoulder. The deer weighed about 175 pounds and had a nice rack of horns, with symmetry enough to make a hunter's heart glad, especially if he happened to be the shooter.

Hodge was walking along the trail one morning when he noticed ahead of him a large doe which had evidently neither seen nor heard him. He threw up his rifle, and as it cracked he saw the deer fall, turn over on its back, and beat the air wildly with its legs. Feeling sure it was done for, he ran up, unsheathing his knife as he got closer, when to his astonishment the animal suddenly bounded to its feet and with 2 or 3 leaps was out of sight in the deep woods. A pint or more of blood lay on the frozen ground, and a gory trail marked its path through the swamps, but though followed a mile or more the deer was not seen again. Moral: Keep on shooting while there's a kick left.

Although the forest life at that season and in that place is limited, we early risers had many opportunities of observing some of Nature's children. Nothing gave me more pleasure than to listen to the calls from the inhabitants of the woods as they found the day approaching.

The first to be heard were the Canada jays, their short, yawny call notes making you think they were only half awake, perhaps a right assumption. Then their cousins, the blue jays, irrepressible, gaudily attired scoundrels, set up a series of screams that woke the chipmunks and squirrels. These decided instantly to get out from their nests and have a scamper after one another over the frozen leaves, making as much noise as a moose. Next we would hear the low, cheerful, contented notes of the chickadees, and the industrious tap-tap-tap of the downy woodpeckers; while the blows of the pileated woodpeckers away in the deep forest sounded like a gang of choppers at work. Above, in the bare trees, we heard a few feeble notes, followed by a series of them. Looking up we saw a flock of American crossbills, accompanied by a pair or 2 of the white winged variety. A flurry of wings that startles us tells of a ruffed grouse getting down from his roost to skirmish for a meal. There in front, among the upturned roots, glides an ermine, his white fur in clear contrast with the hardened ground and dead leaves. He is out for his breakfast, and woe betide the unfortunate rabbit, squirrel or bird that he finds within his reach. He is no sooner gone than a raven soars past, his head turning first to one side and then to the other. He sees me, and a hoarse gutteral croak tells the fact as plainly as printing. A twitter at my back makes me turn my head, and after some search a solitary redpoll is seen out on the branches, hunting his insect fare. A flock of snowflakes rush down the wind like a blizzard, then turning like a well trained battalion they alight on the frozen ground, calling to one another in their lively, cheery notes.



WHITE WINGED CROSSBILLS.

When the hunt closed we took home about 500 pounds of meat, as well as a fair bag of ruffed grouse and hare. Better than all, we carried a color in our faces, a suppleness in our walk, that miles of tramping could not tire, and appetites that stopped at nothing. All these were obtained without aid from a doctor. That is why sportsmen live longer and are happier than mortals who fritter away their lives in a race after everything but health. They tell you they can not find time to hunt; but when disease lays hold of them they generally have to spare some years from the end of their lives.

Life was given us to enjoy, and though all may not take pleasure in hunting, there are few who could not enjoy a sojourn in the pine woods.

THEM FENCES.

ANNA B. PATTEN.

They've changed things all aroun', dear wife,
Since you an' I were young;
I calculate, if they could do 't,
They'd even change our tongue!
Thet's English—so I reckon
They'll try an' let it be;
But the spilin' uv them fences
Hez jess dumbfounded me!

Things thet seemed mighty putty
An' chipper in our day,
Our children call old fashioned
An' cart 'em all away.
The stuff thet they calls rubbish
We've loved for many a year,
But when it comes to fences,
It seems oncommon queer!

They used ter mark the boundary line
Betwixt the farmers' land;
But now, what's mine an' what is his
Is hard to understand.
It looks more manorlike, they say,
To hev a full, wide sweep;
An' so the old snake fences
They can't afford to keep.

I know the young folks, in our time,
Would trudge full many a mile,
But allers hed ter rest a spell
In climbin' up the stile;
The boys an' gals don't reckon on
The mischief thet they've done;
Since they've took away them fences
It must spile half the fun!

An' in the summer courtin' time—
The choosin' uv their mate—
It must come most onhandy
Athout the front yard gate;
Not to swing upon its hinges,
With the gal you love the best—
Since they've took the picket fences
Away with all the rest!

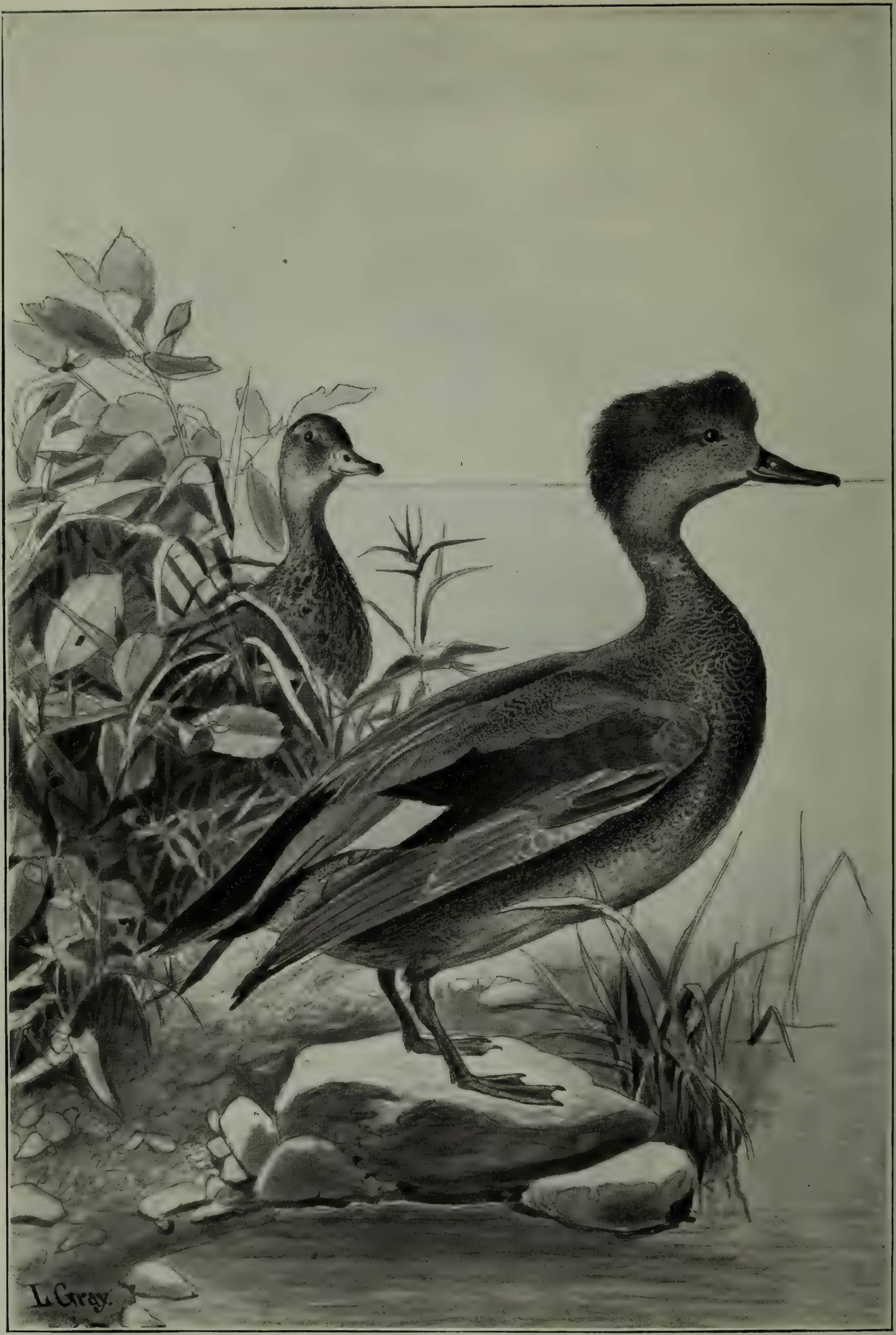
It's hard to look aroun', dear wife,
An' see the hand uv Time;
To miss the landmarks that we loved,
When we wuz in our prime.
I s'pose we're both old fashioned too,
We're growin' old, you know;
Since they've took away them fences
It's time for us to go!

Deacon Ironjaws (severely).—My friend, do you keep the Sabbath?

Druggist (from force of habit).—Well—er—h'm!—no; but I have something just as good.—Puck.

The words of a man's mouth tell no more of the meditations of his heart than the voice of a dinner-bell tells of the quality of the dinner.

He has a voice which makes the crowd
With wonder stand and blink;
He talks so long, likewise so loud,
He has no time to think.
—Washington Star.



GADWALL, *ANAS STREPERA.*

A MINNESOTA BASS.

E. W. NETTLETON.

The season had been very cold and backward, and the fishing poor. I was longing to try my new quadruple reel, when a messenger boy stalked into my office about 10 a. m. one morning the latter part of May, and handed me a telegram, which read, "They are biting; will expect you tonight, sure, Will."

Will is my old fishing chum, and I had been waiting for days to get a favorable report from him. I got out my paraphernalia and looked it over once more, to make sure I had missed nothing. At 4 p. m. I boarded a train on the St. Paul and Duluth road, bound for Lindstrom, on the chain of Chicago lakes only 49 miles from the Twin Cities. I was happy in the anticipation of a day's sport on the morrow with those game fighters and royal fish, the large mouth black bass.

On my arrival I found Will had all the arrangements made and we were to go to Sunrise lake, 3 miles from town. The next morning at 5.30 we were off, and in a short time were trying for our first bass of the season. It was a bitterly cold morning, and the outlook for getting bass was far from promising. We had on heavy overcoats the first 3 hours, and at times our hands became so numb it bothered us to hold the rod or work the reel. We first tried around the shores, in the weeds and lily pads, where we had on former occasions met with good success, but we could get only an occasional strike. By 8.30 o'clock we were somewhat discouraged. We went ashore, built a rousing fire, made some coffee and cooked 3 small pickerel.

WILLIE AND THE SPRING CHICKEN.

Will also fried a small, lonely spring chicken he had taken along. The reason he took it was that it had been sick a week or more, and the good lady who stood as godmother for it said it would surely die if it were not killed. And so, as I have said, Will took it along. He is an excellent cook, while my long suit is chopping wood, carrying water, and washing dishes. We therefore divided up, as usual.

ME, AS A HORNY-HANDED SON OF TOIL.

After getting thoroughly filled up and warmed up, we decided to try the sand bars and deeper water. In crossing the first bar, we each got a strike, and Will landed a 2-pounder, but I lost mine. I put on a fresh frog, however, and coaxed a fair sized bass to the net. After crossing that bar several times we had 5 bass on the stringer and felt greatly encouraged.

We tried several more bass with varying success. At 3 p. m. we had 16 bass, and decided to quit. We started for the landing, about a mile distant. I was in the stern of the boat and let my line unreel, thinking I might get a large pickerel by trolling while crossing the lake. I had out fully 40 yards of line when I got a tremendous strike and knew at once I had some hard work cut out for me. I worked the reel for all I was worth, but had not taken in much line when a form shot fully a foot above the water. He did not get rid of the fatal barb, and I turned the crank harder than ever. Three times he jumped before I got him in where I could handle him, but all to no purpose, as the hook was firmly set. He then went to the bottom and sulked. When I coaxed him in a few yards he took a notion to run, and I had to give him his way. After several minutes of hard and exciting work I got him close to the boat and Gus Reed, our boatman, went after him with the landing net, but made a mess of it and failed to get him. He took a new lease of life, shot directly under the boat and before I could check him had taken fully 20 yards of line. Gus got the boat out of

WILL GETS ANOTHER BIRD.

the way and I began to coax the bass in again, but the old fellow still had considerable fight in him, and contested every foot. Good tackle finally mastered him, and I got him up to the boat and into the net. He pulled the scales to 4 pounds and 13 ounces. Did I holler? A farmer who lived on the shore of the lake fully ¾ of a mile away, came running down, thinking some one was in danger of drowning. Under the circumstances I think it was my privilege to holler, don't you?

Before starting for home Will took his camera and strolled up the lake shore, thinking he might, perchance, get a picture of a live bird. And he did. As he neared a farm-house, he found another spring chicken that, although the sun was well up, had not come down from its perch. Like our own little waif, it seemed to be in poor health. Will made a sneak on it, and when he returned home he palmed off the picture on the good lady as a portrait of her dear departed, which he claimed to have made a few days before we started on our trip.

DO YOU KNOW?

That all men have their price and some get it?

That the door to success is always marked "Push"?

That we believe the onion to be a scentury plant?

That the fool who keeps still may be taken for a man of sense?

That many a boy keeps shady for fear of getting tanned?

That a man with horse sense should know enough to say neigh?

That if you can not have what you would like, you should try to like what you have?

That we would better try being as good as we advise others to be?

That it is more difficult to train a miss than to miss a train?

That you would better cease growling about this world until you find a better one?

That it isn't what you have, but what you don't want that will make you happy?

That hard water may be made soft by adding soda, and soft water becomes hard by freezing?

That a hundred men can only make a camp, while it takes a woman to make a home?

That while some people are free with their opinions you will never find a professional photographer giving his views for nothing.—The *Clinic.*

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. E. MOULTHROP.

ROBBING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

Bull's Eye Kodak. Nest over 100 feet high.

Little Willie—Say, pa, when a man fails in business what is meant by his liabilities?

Pa—The sum for which his creditors get left, my son.—Chicago News.

A RIDE WITH THE REGULARS IN WYOMING.

RED CROSS.

On the first day of August, 1890, by the kind permission of Col. Guy V. Henry,* commandant at Fort McKinney, Wyoming, I accompanied 3 troops of the 9th U. S. Cavalry and Company K of the 21st Infantry on their practice march into the Big Horn mountains. Fort McKinney is 1¾ miles from Buffalo, Wyo.

The trip was to drill the men in practical field duty, such as they would be expected to perform in a veritable campaign. Also, to renew the old Phil Sheridan trail. Frank Grouard, who accompanied Crook in many of his movements against the Indians in early days, was the guide. We were accompanied by a pack train of 24 mules in charge of Al Reiner, chief packer, and by two 6 mule wagons.

The pack train left the post at 7.15 a. m. The infantry had gone before, to take advantage of the cool part of the forenoon. Lieut. McCaskey, of Company K, was in charge of the transportation, and I accompanied him. When we reached the Sistere lime kilns, where our first climb commenced, we found the wagons occupying very unfavorable positions, both for themselves and all who were to follow. One wagon was at the foot of the hill, the other not quite half way up, with the 12 mules yanking and hauling and breaking chains. At last part of the load was removed, and, after a while, the road was cleared so the pack train and cavalry could pass. With the tired infantrymen sittting and standing around in groups, the government wagons and teams, the pack mules running this way and that, the cavalry, and, last but not least, some wagons loaded with lumber coming down the hill, a regular parrot and monkey time was, of course, the result. About the middle of the afternoon we went into camp at Woodard's sawmill, 16 miles from the fort.

We were on top of the lower ranges, or levels, below the snow capped peaks. Away to the Northwest loomed Clouds Peak, crowned with snow, which in the sun gleamed out like burnished silver. We left camp at 6.30 on the morning of August 2d, and took to the woods. With the exception of a few beautiful parks, the country is thickly wooded. After we had gone about a mile the head packer missed a mule. Two of the men and I went back, and, taking a side trail, finally found it in a park quietly feeding. While adjusting the pack a band of elk jumped up on the other side of the willows, about 50 yards from where we were standing. There were 2 bulls, 4 cows and 2 calves. We were not prepared for them, so they got away scot free. The following day the wagons returned to the post, taking all superfluous luggage with them, and we did not start so early as usual. Our course was up a branch of the North fork of Crazy Woman. The troops went ahead, and I, with the pack train, brought up the rear. In some way the soldiers lost the guide and went off on a trail by themselves, and the pack train took still another trail. After a good deal of hard work and tumbling over windfalls and into sink holes we finally met just before crossing the summit. There we found our first snow. It was hard climbing on account of the slide rock, and a fool mule, that wanted to be funny, slipped, went down, and, rolling over and over, vanished from view. She may be going yet; anyway, she had a good start. We made camp at 1.45 p. m. on Ten Sleep creek, a beautiful stream, full of trout.

On August 4th we began our march at 6 a. m. through a beautiful little valley, flanked on either side by heavy pine timber. We stopped at Ten Sleep lakes from 8 a. m. to 2.40 p. m. Imagine yourself going up a gradual incline through heavy pine timber, the ground so thickly carpeted with pine needles as to muffle all footsteps. Through the stillness there comes to your ear a puzzling sound. It seems as though it was directly under foot, and you involuntarily step aside for fear of breaking through the upper crust of some subterranean cavity. The sound is caused by water flowing from the lakes through the rocks under your feet. In approaching the lakes you come upon an apparently circular pile of huge, irregular blocks of stone, several feet higher than your head. Surmount this pile and you see, a few feet below you, the first lake—so cold and deep and clear it seems a deep indigo blue. On one side, where a sandstone cliff towers above its surface, is a shore line for a short distance. Everywhere are the huge broken rocks; some of them 40 or 50 feet across, and tumbled about in helpless confusion. This lake is alive with trout, and has some large ones, too. The majority of them, however, average about 1¼ pounds. The upper lake is toward the mountains, or Northeast.

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* Afterward General Henry, now dead.

The timber around it is thicker. The water is ice cold in both lakes, and no better water is found anywhere.

From the lakes we went to the Meadows, a large park surrounded on 3 sides by timber. Next morning, on account of some pack mules having strayed off, the troops did not start until 7. The infantry received orders to go back to the lakes, camp there 2 days, and then return to the post. After going 15 miles we camped, at 12.45 p. m., on a little creek, tributary to Paint Rock, which flows into the Big Horn basin.

On August 6th the troops moved off at 6.45. We were approaching the Big Horn basin, which lies below the Western slope of the Big Horn mountains. We rode through huge sage brush, whose tops we could hardly reach when on horseback. The mountain slope is cut into steps by the projecting rim rocks. Everything was soon covered by the fine dust kicked up by our horses.

On the trail we passed the place where a young Englishman chased a big horn sheep over a precipice. A granite monument now marks the spot. At noon we reached John Luman's ranch, on Paint Rock, and went into camp. Mr. Luman sent us some sweet corn and new potatoes, which tasted delicious after so much bacon and hardtack.

The next day we began the ascent of the Western slope, and could again see Clouds Peak to the Southeast. We made 18 miles before camping.

August 8th was a cold day; water froze in the canteens. The first 5 or 6 miles of our march was over an exceedingly steep trail. Crossing Shell creek, we saw bear tracks in the mud. From that point grass became more abundant and the country grew better. Timber was large and clear of underbrush.

At 1.15 we crossed the Sibley battle ground. There, on the 29th day of July, 1876, 30 men—U. S. Cavalry—headed by Frank Grouard, escaped from a surrounding chain of over 1,500 Sioux. We reached the town of Dayton at 7.30 p. m., after riding 46½ miles since morning. We were off the next day at 7.15 and reached Sheridan at 12.45, where wagons from the post met us. I have neglected to say that after leaving Shell creek we traveled on the Phil Sheridan trail several miles, and as far as we followed it, found it as distinct as though made the year before.

Arrived Piney crossing at 12 m., August 10th, after a ride of 26 miles. There I left the troops at 4 p. m. and rode on home—16 miles.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY GEO E. SPRANGE

SAIL SKATING AT PETOSKEY, MICH.

NOT ONE GOT AWAY.

E. W. HUCKINS.

Did I ever tell you how many black ducks I killed at one shot? No? Well, here goes, and I think you will at least give me credit for telling the truth after you hear the story.

It was in October, '82, that I received a letter from my friend Dan, of Nantucket, telling me to come down as soon as I could; that he had a flock of black ducks marked down that he had been saving for me all summer; that they had not been disturbed and he wanted me to have the first crack at them.

I got the letter at 6 o'clock and retired early. Could not sleep; heard the clock strike every hour. Must have dropped into a doze once, for a single "quack" startled me. I jumped out of bed, looked at the clock and found it had just struck one. Went back and tossed till it struck 2, and 3. Got up at 4, packed my grip, got my gun and started for the train.

Left Boston on the 1 p. m. train; reached Wood's Hole, the terminus of the road, at 4 and took the steamer "Island Home" for Nantucket.

After a tiresome sail we got within a mile of the pier when the steamer ran on a sand bar and stuck. Gee! How impatient I was to get ashore and tackle that bunch of black ducks! But there was no help for it; we must wait for flood tide before we could get off.

What's that? A steam launch on portside. Came out to see if any passengers wanted to be put ashore.

Well, I should reckon.

"Throw us your grip and tumble in," said the skipper.

What luck! I shall get in after all. How good it seems to be moving again. I tell you, I'm in luck.

"Say Cap, this is a fine boat. How much does she draw?"

"About 2 feet. Say, did you feel that jar? That means that she draws a leetle more than there is here. Yes, I'm a lobster if she isn't hard aground."

"By thunder! I wish I had stayed on the steamer. Some men never do know when they are well off, and I guess I'm one of 'em. Why did I get on this little toy, anyway? How long shall we have to stay here? Well, I can't swim ashore, so I shall have to make the best of it. Cap, do you ever try drown your feelings?"

"Eum—eum. Well, once in a great while."

"Here you are. Drink hearty."

"Stranger, I'm a codfish if that aint the smoothest sherry I ever tasted. How's that? Whiskey? Well, you may bore a hole as big as your head below the water line of this boat if it isn't the gentlest whiskey I ever got outside of. Tastes splendid. And there's no kick to it. Let me sample it again, will you? What brand did you sav it was?"

"I didn't say, Cap; but it is called Old Reserve. Old, I suppose, refers to its age, and reserve to something that is waiting for you the next morning."

"I don't care what they call it; it's the best stuff, as far as taste goes, I ever put down. But, as I said before, it lacks the kick. Have one with me, pardner, out of the same bottle, and I'll make it all right when we get ashore."

"All right, Cap; plenty of it. Here's hoping we don't have to stay on this blooming old bar all night."

"Well, bubby, we might be worse off. You can enjoy a drink on a sand bar just as well as on a —hic—scuse me, pard; wooden bar. See that slick over there? That greasy place on the water; right over there where those gulls are? Them's blue fish. Never catch one? Come out with me some day and I'll catch a barrel of 'em for you. What! On a shooting trip? I've got a team up in my barn you can take any time you want 'em. Say! you may keel haul me if that sherry of yourn aint beginnin' to make me feel at peace with all the world, and liberal to a generous degree. I feel like making you a present of the whole of Nantucket island. Pass that bottle again, bubby, if you don't mind. I'm afraid you and I will part company soon. Do you see that cat boat over yonder, heading for us? Well; she's comin' to see if she can do anything for us, and I know as you are in a hurry to get ashore I shall have to bid good-b-bye to you, and old reliable—hic—'scuse me, pard, I mean old reserve; but reliable is a good name for it, as I can testify to the kick which has come to—hic—'scuse me—stay."

"All aboard the cat."

"See here, you scrap islander! What you trying to do, run us down?"

"Hello, Cap, what's the trouble?"

"Trouble? Do I look like I was in trouble? Never felt better in my life. Say, Skipper, got a friend here, from Boston. Old reliable—that's all right, pard. You forgot to tell me your other name. Wants to be put ashore."

"All right; I'll take him."

"Steamer went up agin the bar, so I took him off, and darned if I didn't find bottom, too. Say pard, I'm blowed if that old steamboat hain't slid off, and she's heading for the point. So long, pard, I'll see you in town."

"Cap, it looks as if the steamer would get there ahead of us."

"Yes, I think likely. The wind is dead against us and we shall have to beat in. Look there! The launch is afloat, too, and is heading for the point. Guess you'll have a cold supper to-night. You ought to have stayed on the steamer."

We got in one hour after the other boats and I immediately went to my friend's house. After supper I went to bed, as we had to start at 3 the next morning.

At 2:30 while drinking our coffee and eating our bread and sausages, Dan said:

"Now Tom, about 4 miles out across the plains is a pond about 10 times the size of this room, and in that hole I have counted 15 black ducks; bred this year. They have never been shot at. The pond is surrounded with bushes,and it will be dead easy to crawl to the water's edge. My son, Eddie, would like to go with us, as he wants to get in some work with his old muzzle loader after you get through with the bunch."

"That's right, Dan, let him go; I am glad to know he enjoys black ducking. Between us we will not let many of those ducks get away."

"That's all right. You fill your pipe and mine, too, while you are at it; I'll go and push the old mare between the shafts and we'll be off."

Oh! that morning! how I wish I could live it over again. When Dan sung out that he was ready, I went out to the team, or rather fell out (there were 3 steps instead of 2), and as I lighted my pipe I saw in the wagon some decoys, the dog and guns, a pail of oats for the horse and a bottle labeled wife beater. Then the match went out and I stood there in the dark perfectly happy and contented, until Dan yelled out:

"Why in thunder don't you get in?"

I told him I was wondering how many of those ducks would get away. Dan is a good driver, in day time, but in the dark he is about like any other driver. In going out of the gate he tore the whole side of the fence off; but he didn't seem to mind it much. He said he had often thought he must either trade his wagon off or take the fence down.

Out across the plains we had plain sailing. Every little while we could hear a yellowleg whistling, or a "scaip" from a snipe, and in going past a clump of bushes in a hollow we could hear some ducks. I wanted to get out and try my luck at them, but Dan would not let me.

"We will take these in on our way home. That's why I brought those decoys. We will not need them at the first place we are going to. Now Tom, we are pretty near the slough hole. You and Eddie get out and crawl to it. It is easy crawling and after you get in the bushes you will be all right."

We started in and finally got there safe. It was just beginning to get light, and after we got in the bushes I whispered to Eddie to keep perfectly still. He was back of and a little to the right of me, and I was just going to tell him to move up a little when I heard a splash. I pushed the bushes aside, looked out on the water and, Great Scott! Right there before me, within 25 yards was Dan's bunch of ducks. I counted them. There were 15, 6 right in a line with me, broadside, or with their heads under water feeding. Every second or 2 a tail would bob up straight in the air as the duck struck a little deeper place in the water.

Talk about buck fever! I must have had a fowl chill. I was numb with cold and shivering like a leaf in the wind. I turned to Eddie and whispered in his ear:

"I'll give 'em one barrel sitting, and when they rise you soak 'em with that 8 bore of yours. Then I'll finish them with my second barrel."

I got in position again; poked my gun through an opening in the bushes, sighted her and let her go. Then again, with the second barrel, and about the same time Eddie's cannon went off.

We rushed to the edge of the water to take care of the winged ones, but nothing was stirring save a little smoke curling up over the edge of the bushes. I told Eddie to pick up what he could find on the left and I would attend to the rest. The 6 that were feeding were belly up, right in a row, and a little to the left were 3 more. Eddie came back with 6, and as we laid them in a row on the edge of the pond I said,

"What do you think of that, my boy? You wait here and watch 'em and I'll go and yell to your father to come with the team and load up."

I went out through the bushes, and when I got in the open I yelled "Dan!" He didn't answer, so I yelled again, "Dan, Dan!"

No answer. I'll make him hear this time, I said, and puttting my fingers between my lips gave an old screecher of a whistle. Then something hit me in the back and I heard my wife say:

"For heavens sake, Tom, what's the matter with you. I thought you were going to Nantucket this morning. Here it is 5 o'clock, and you haven't your grip packed yet, and the train goes at 5:30!"

A PENOBSCOT BEAR.

P. P. BEAL.

In November, '91, I had finished an arduous term at the academy in Lee, Me., and was about to return home for the holidays. As I wished to take some venison home with me, I engaged Horace Cushman, a well-known guide, to pilot me on a short cruise into the surrounding game regions.

Early one morning we started for the Old Corry Farm, 5 or 6 miles back in the forest. Cushman carried an old Sharps 45-105 rifle, a regular cannon in weight and effectiveness. Its owner told many interesting stories of its past performances. One of these, which I remember severely taxed my credulity at the time, recounted the killing of 3 caribou with one bullet from the old gun. They chanced to be standing in such a position that the ball passed through 2 and entered the third. Strangest of all, but one animal was seen when the shot was fired. My own gun was a Winchester Repeater, 38-56, in which I placed great confidence.

We tramped briskly over the frozen ground toward the farm. Once we stopped to test our sights by a few shots at an old jackknife. On our way we flushed 2 grouse. Cushman located one of them in a cedar and dropped it with his revolver. No meat ever tasted so sweet and juicy as that when broiled on a stick at noon.

Not long after this we came to a cedar swamp and several windfalls. One of these showed the path of a veritable cyclone, a thing extremely rare in Maine. There was a clean cut path, 2 or 3 rods wide, through the heavy hard wood growth for miles. Giant yellow birches and maples were piled in an almost insurmountable barrier. The width of the swath was clearly defined and great branches were torn from the sides of trees along its course. This storm had evidently occurred the previous summer, as full grown leaves still clung to the prostrate branches.

Beside finding an occasional "bear stump" or getting a sniff of a deer, which my guide affirmed he could detect at quite a distance, we had no excitement that day. Toward evening we reached the lumber camp where Cushman had planned we should stay. The following day we scoured the country about Third lake finding but few deer signs.

On the second day, however, as we were returning to camp after a long and fruitless hunt, we were startled by a crashing of twigs and dry leaves at some distance ahead, and caught a glimpse of 3 deer disappearing over the ridge. Hardly had the leaves in their course ceased fluttering when, from the same spot another animal bounded into view and dashed on a dead run in the opposite direction.

Quick as thought my guide threw his rifle to his face and fired. I had hardly made up my mind that it was really a bear, when the heavy ball caught it, and down it went, with a yelp of pain. It seemed impossible that any man could have hit that jumping, bobbing thing amid the heavy timber and fully 150 yards away. The next instant the bear had regained his feet, but a few more shots at shorter range finished him.

It was all we both could do to lift the bear. It must have weighed at least 350 pounds. We got a man from camp to help carry it to an old barn, where it remained a few days while we continued our deer hunt. Luck was against us, however, and we had to be content with bear steak.

THE DUCK HUNTER'S CALENDAR.

FRANK C. RIEHL.

When the wind is in the West,
  Ducks are apt to fly the best;
When the wind is in the East,
  Ducks are prone to fly the least;
When the wind is in the South,
  Nimrods guard the river's mouth;
When the wind is in the north,
  Every pot shot sallies forth.

A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

I have a little son who is an enthusiastic sportsman, and a first class rifle and shot gun shot. He has a good .22 repeating Winchester, Lyman sights, with which he has done some exceptionally good field work. He is 14 and quite small and slight. He is also using my 16 bore Greener. He shoots woodchucks, squirrels, snipe, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, gophers, curlew, upland plover, and ducks in the early part of the season. He is quite unconscious of being anything out of the usual. He and his little sister spend a great deal of time in the woods during the summer vacation. I send you a photograph of him.

F. W. Hodson, Ottawa, Ont.

THE SAVAGE BACHELOR.

"I know something I won't tell," sang the widow boarder's little girl, as little girls have done ever since language was invented.

"Never mind, child," said the Savage Bachelor, "you'll get over that habit when you get older."—Indianapolis Press.

ELFLEDA.

EDITH B. EDWARDS.

Elfleda is a blooded dog
To whom we point with pride;
But then when our Elfleda points,
We wish we hadn't tried.

Her sire, we're told, caught feathered game
And hunted long and well.
Elfleda, too, hunts feathered game,
But hunts it in the shell.

Our Plymouth Rocks are common fowls,
No match, we all agree,
For a hungry, hunting pointer
Who has a pedigree.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. D. COCHRAN.

A SMALL CATCH.

A coroner's jury in Georgia delivered the following original verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had failed in business:

"We, the jury, find from the doctor's statements that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see fur enough ahead."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SPORTSMAN.

RUFE BARMBY.

The genuine sportsman, as markedly as a member of any other clan or class whatever, has his characteristics and peculiarities, by which he may be easily recognized. First of all, he is utterly devoid of false pride. He is not ashamed to be seen in his old clothes. A tawny, plain canvas dress is his uniform. The soldier in no small degree derives dignity and courage from the mlitary garb of his nation. The sportsman, on the contrary, must be possessed of stability of character from his necessity of facing the world in humble attire.

"No doubt," says Thoreau, "my dusty and tawny cowhides surprise the street walkers who wear patent leather shoes, but they do not consider how absurd such shoes would be, in my vocation, to thread the woods and swamps in. C—— was saying properly enough the other day, as we were making our way through a dense patch of shrub oak, 'I suppose those villagers think we wear these old, worn hats, with holes all along the corners, for oddity; but Coombs, the musquash hunter and partridge and rabbit snarer, knows better. He understands us. He knows a new and square cornered hat would be spoiled in one excursion through the scrub oaks.'

"When a citizen comes to take a walk with me I commonly find he is lame and disabled by his shoeing. He is sure to wet his feet, tear his coat, jam his hat, and the superior qualities of my boots, coat and hat appear. I once went into the woods with a party, for a fortnight. I wore my old and common clothes, which were of Vermont gray. They wore, no doubt, the best they had for such an occasion, of a fashionable color and quality. I thought they were a little ashamed of me, while we were in the towns. They all wore their clothes badly but myself, and I, who, it chanced, was the only man provided with needles and thread, enabled them to mend them. When we came out of the woods I was the best dressed of the party."

No doubt his friends were inclined to be ashamed of him at the start, and yet it is safe to assume their disdain gave place to a wholesome respect before the return, in spite of his rude dress.

The sportsman is sure to be a thoughtful, observant man. Let the civilian have a care how he presumes to hold in light esteem the long and austere schooling which the man of the woods has undergone. Profitably may he bear in mind what Emerson, the poet, sage and seer says of him, after having made his acquaintance in the Adirondack wilderness:

> "Look to yourselves, ye polished gentlemen !
> No city airs or art pass current here.
> Your rank is all reversed: let men of cloth
> Bow to the stalwart churls in overalls:
> *They* are the doctors of the wilderness,
> And we the low prized laymen.
> In sooth, red flannel is a saucy test
> Which few can put on with impunity."

A sound and healthful physique is usually the priceless possession by which the devotee of sports afield may also be recognized. The sallow cheek and lustreless eye are ordinarily not the accompaniments of an active and vigorous life in the open air. Disorder and disease find a far more attractive mark in the devotee of indolence, luxury and indulgence than in the abstemious and self disciplined sportsman, who of old is inured to hardship and exposure.

The medical profession, at large, is coming more and more to recognize the value and importance of outdoor life, and is already asserting that a closer association with nature is the crying need of the vast majority of the nervous and delicate inhabitants of our great cities.

> "Better to hunt the fields unbought
> Than fee the doctor for the nauseous draught.
> The wise for cure on exercise depend.
> God never made his work for man to mend."
> —Dryden.

How can one fail to recognize and acknowledge the superior physical vigor of the man who will unflinchingly face the heats of summer and the chilling blasts of winter; who will penetrate the pathless thicket and forbidding morass, and derive from it all a real pleasure?

Association with the sturdy oak and the hardy pine can not but leave its impress on the character. Evelyn says, "Innumerable are the testimonies I might produce concerning the inspiring and sacred influence of groves, from the ancient poets and historians. Here the noblest raptures have been conceived; and in the walks and shades of trees poets have composed verses which have animated man to glorious and heroic actions. Here orators have made their panegyrics, historians their grave relations; and here profound philosophers have loved to pass their lives in repose and contemplation." From the depth and seriousness of their life, breadth of opinion and genuine sympathy with all that is worthy and exalted, the children of nature, nurtured after her own way and training, are to be known.

But perhaps the most marked and universal characteristic of the true sportsman is his whole souled enthusiasm for his chosen vocation. The truth of this fact was brought home to me some years ago, in an incident of my own experience.

I had been invited by a friend to spend a few weeks with him, at his home in Northern New Hampshire. It was then late in the year, and, as may well be imagined, being an ardent disciple of the fields and the woods, I carried my breechloader with me.

My entertainer had never experienced or acquired a love for dog or gun. Consequently, though I tried my best, I was unable to inspire him with any desire to venture with me on a trial of fortunes in the chase. As a result of my endeavors in that direction, he promised to introduce me to a gentleman of his acquaintance whom I would be sure to find a genuine sportsman.

Accordingly, on the following morning, we set out together to exchange friendly greetings with this ardent huntsman. During the previous night a light snow had fallen, covering hill and valley alike, with a mantle of sparkling white. As we walked along the road, bordered on either side with stately firs and spruces, bedecked in their shining array, my blood fairly tingled, to my finger tips, with an intense desire to plunge into the midst of their solemn precincts and dispel, with the ring and echo of my gun, the breathless silence which everywhere pervaded their depths.

When we had walked half a mile or so beyond the village we came to a small but tastefully constructed farm house, nestling cozily in the midst of a clump of balsams. Its general air, as well as the newly painted farm building, and the orchard with its regular rows of trees adjoining, indicating that its owner was possessed of no small degree of thrift as well as of an eye for the beautiful.

My friend unceremoniously entered the house, crying out at the same time, "Is Uncle Silas in?" although, as a matter of fact, there was no necessity for such a query. That individual was not only in, but was evidently trying to be everywhere about the house at once, so assiduously was he hurrying from room to room. On seeing us, however, he hastened to greet us, with outstretched hand and hearty words of welcome.

"In? Of course I'm in, and glad to see you, too!"

"A friend of mine, Silas, and a sportsman," continued my companion, introducing me, "and he wants you, some day, to show him a bit of our woods."

The old man surveyed my glistening shot gun critically, meanwhile assuring us, while his eyes shone with excitement, that he would have me on the trail of some sport within 30 minutes; for he was, as he said, at the moment of our arrival preparing for a hunt, having just discovered signs of game.

"Prepare us some lunch, Matilda; we may need it," he called out to his wife as he hastened about again, bringing out his long, muzzle loading rifle, powder and ball. In a few moments his preparations were completed, and, bidding adieu to my friend, we started for the woods.

For half an hour I followed the steps of my guide through the deep evergreen woods, wondering what variety of game it could be which had so excited him. As I was about to try to draw him into conversation on the subject, unable to restrain my curiosity longer, he suddenly came to a halt in a narrow ravine and pointed triumphantly at the ground. There, in the soft snow, were the footprints of an enormous bear.

We took up the trail, and started along it at an easy trot, my companion leading, and I following close behind him. We continued in this manner until about noon, when we stopped for luncheon and a brief rest.

"Curious he ain't hibernated yet," whismy friend under his breath. "He seems to be puttin' straight for the heart of the White mountains. Guess he intends to go into winter quarters there!"

Much to my surprise my comrade, without a word of explanation, suddenly returned the lunch to his pocket with this remark, before we had fairly begun on it, and, rising to his feet, motioned me to follow. A little longer rest as well as a few more mouthfuls of the excellent bread and cakes, so typical of New England cooking, would have been most acceptable to me just at that time, but under the circumstances I felt it not my place to object, and I hastened after him.

Through the deep twilight of the primitive forest we wended our way, through bogs and swamps, thickets and swamps, and over windfalls and deep ravines, until at length the gathering darkness rendered any farther progress, through the tangled underbrush, practically impossible. Every moment I had expected my leader would give up the chase and turn homeward in disappointment, but instead he kept continuously on, his eyes fastened on the trail, every move and action indicating that his zeal was momentarily increasing rather than abating. And now, instead of turning back in dismay, he on the contrary proceeded to build a fire at the foot of a huge fir, remarking that he guessed we would stop there for the night.

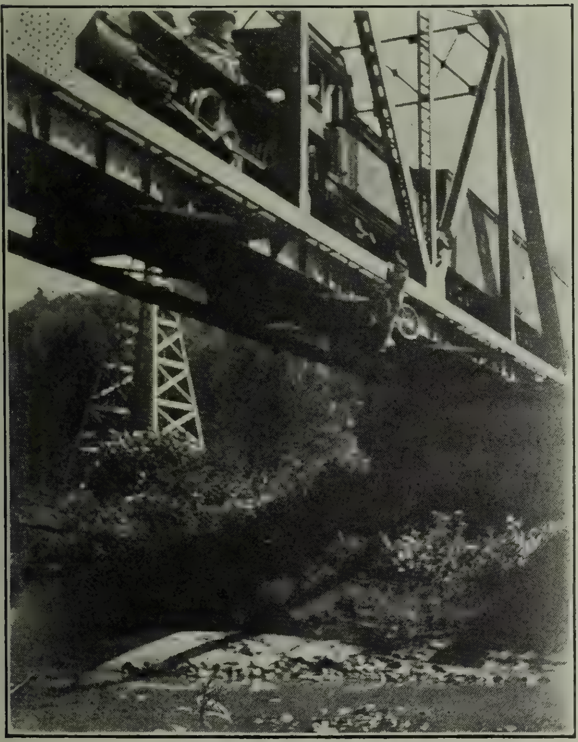
"Partake sparin'ly of the lunch," he cautioned me, "for we may need to make it hold out some time yet."

I was too astounded to reply. The possibility of a night in the woods had not, to that moment, occurred to me; but I determined to make the best of the adventure and observe a discreet silence, inasmuch as there was no other way out of the predicament. Indeed, there was something novel in the situation which one could not but enjoy in spite of the sparsity of rations.

Slowly the long hours of the night wore away as we sat before the glowing fire, and with the first gray streaks of the dawn we were away again at a rapid trot along the trail. Late in the afternoon we came on bruin, away up among the foothills of the White mountains. A heavy crashing in the underbrush, quickly silenced by an ounce ball from the long rifle of my comrade, and a charge of buckshot from my double gun, ended our long chase.

At the nearest settlement, 11 miles away, we secured refreshment and assistance, and by the evening of the third day we arrived home with our noble prize. My chief anxiety had been lest my friend should have been worried over my protracted absence; but he welcomed me with a bland smile and a merry twinkle of the eye. In fact, as afterward came out, he had been at one time prevailed on by Uncle Silas to accompany him on one of his excursions; and knowing what the conclusion was likely to be he had deliberately turned me over to the veteran hunter with the expectation that thereafter he should hear no more from me about the glories of the hunt.

Although I was out again with Silas in less than a week, I must admit it was not without having made preparation for several days in the woods.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY B. J. FORSYTHE.

A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

SUSPICION.

J. A. COLL.

I loved the birds and built a cozy home
Deep in the boughs of a full blossoming tree;
I coaxed the morning messengers to come
And rear their tender nestlings, trusting me.

Vain thought! Can they forget the harder hand
Which slew the brother birds on heath and hill?
And vainer kindness! Old suspicions brand
This harmless home a snare to trap and kill.

"What's the matter with the Albino girl to-day?" asked the fat lady. "Oh, I suppose it's her old trouble," replied the tattooed girl. "Pink eye."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Sourwed—I was thinking of our courtship—those blissful days!

Mr. Sourwed—So was I—that blissful daze!—Puck.

SOME MORE OF THE MICHIGAN BREED.

Chas. Bouton and Chas. Johnson returned Tuesday from a fishing trip. They only caught 294 of the speckled beauties. Next.—Michigan paper.

Answering your postal card of 25th, as to catch of 294 trout. You are out of the way as to numbers. It was 494. My fishing partner was Mr. C. L. Bouton. In the afternoon we tried for bass and pickerel, in the pond just below the creek, and caught about 75 pounds. This is not much of a catch for our waters, as many more than this are caught. We have some fine fishing here.

I enclose a snap-shot photo which I made of a party consisting of Mr. F. W. Fincher and friends, showing about a half day's catch of bass, weighing nearly 100 pounds. They were taken last season at Bass lake, 3 miles from here. The same season a fisherman in the same waters, in 3 days, caught about 300 pounds. He was fishing for the market.

C. R. Johnson.

Your card of 23d at hand. Yes, it is true that my friend, C. R. Johnson, and I made a nice catch of trout, but you are mistaken as to the number. It was not 294, but 894 trout. Caught them with flies. If you should happen this way we will duplicate the number and show you how it is done.

C. L. Bouton, Pentwater, Mich.

Mr. Johnson is a lawyer, and, presumably, an intelligent man. Strange he has not learned how disgusting such work is to all good people. I wish he would take this hint and reform.

The newspaper report says these 2 men caught 294 trout; Mr. Johnson says 494 and Mr. Bouton says 894. Who is the liar? The truth is evidently bad enough in this case. Then why exaggerate?—Editor.

First Fish—What's the matter with Finback? He looks seedy.

Second Fish—Yes; he's drinking like a human being.—Puck.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

GAME IN LUZON.

I am a great admirer of RECREATION. While in the States I had no trouble in obtaining it; but here, if I fail to go to the newsstands as soon as a mail arrives, it is impossible to obtain a copy.

Game is abundant in these islands, and it is getting more effective protection just now. The protection, however, is incidental and not intentional. The islands are infested with ladrones, and as all the towns within a radius of 100 miles are garrisoned by U. S. troops, the natives are strictly prohibited from firing guns. The troops are permitted to discharge firearms only when in pursuit of the fleet footed ladrone. Scarcely a day passes without a band of the latter being rounded up in some one of the interior towns, with more or less "good" natives to show for it.

On a recent trip up the Pasig river and into the Laguna de Bay, on every sand bar numerous snipe and white and brown cranes were seen feeding. On the approach of the steamer they would fly up, only to settle down again a short distance away. In the lake I saw numerous ducks; none of them seemed wild, merely getting out of the way of the boat.

At Los Banos the soldiers had a small deer only about 15 inches high. These little animals are said to be plentiful in the mountains. About a week before I came the natives brought down a large deer. They had hamstrung it and had tied its feet together with stout cord. They carried it by means of a pole run under the cords that bound its fore and hind feet together. They are a most cruel people. When I first came here it was a common sight to see them carry a large hog in the same manner, with the cords cutting deeply into its flesh. The Americans have made that a prison offense, and the natives now adopt a more humane method of carrying live animals.

Besides the snipe, cranes and ducks I spoke of, doves are found in the lowlands; while in the mountains grouse and quail are plentiful. Of 4 footed animals, besides deer there are monkeys, wild hogs, civet cats and wild cats. And along the interior streams are found the wild cariboa, or water buffalo, which is exceedingly dangerous, and readily attacks a man without any provocation. We have the tame cariboa in the towns. They furnished all the government transportation for months until the army mules were brought here.

If a person is not satisfied with the game I mentioned, the numerous ponds and swamps are fairly alive with crocodiles; one 18 feet long was caught a while ago near the Laguna de Bay. As the streams are full of fish, a fellow can have his choice of sport.

I have never seen or heard of rabbits in these islands; but we have the English sparrow, and he is the same pest here that he is in the States.

Charles M. Stone, Manila, P. I.

GAME DEALERS KICK.

New Yorkers who delight in a hot bird and a cold bottle are likely to have to go deeply into their pockets to pay for gratifying their appetites this winter, and game suppers seem destined to become a rarity.

Game dealers in this city declare the federal game law which was enacted last winter, will make it impossible for New Yorkers to get more than one-quarter or one-third part of the game that has heretofore been consumed here, and that so far as they can see their business has been killed.

New York has been the greatest market in the country for canvasback, mallard, woodcock, quail and all the other birds that give sport to the gunner and delight to the gourmand. More game of all kinds was consumed here than in all the other cities of the country put together.

But the sportsman has been making his way into scarcely settled regions, and as game grew scarcer, or, more wary, he has induced the State Legislature to draw legal cordons about it. State after State was prevailed on to pass strict game laws, and finally, to add to these clauses absolutely prohibiting the exportation of game; but with New York's moneybags for the temptation these laws proved insufficient, and game still found its way here.

Smugglers continued to ship venison from Wisconsin marked as fence posts. Prairie chickens went out as butter' and quails were labeled eggs.

All of these shipments centered in Chicago, where the law protected them, and when the open seasons began here there was a ready source of supply that was equal to the demand.

The new United States law is designed to end all this, and dealers declare they see no way in which it can be evaded. Under its provisions every package must be marked so as to show the name and address of the shipper and the contents of the package, and it makes a penal offence for any one to ship, or for any common carrier to transport any game the shipping of which would be unlawful under the statutes of the State from which it is taken. The penalty is a fine of not more than $200 for each offence; to be laid on both shipper and carrier.

The only great game producing States from which game may be lawfully shipped are Nebraska and Missouri, and bills have been prepared in these States to prohibit it.

In addition to the Federal law there is a new State game law which cuts this city off from the supplies of game which have heretofore come from the interior. This law prohibits the shipping of game in any part of the State or that coming from anywhere within 25 miles of the border, except when accompanied by the owner, and limits even such to a small quantity.—New York Herald.

Yes, it is hard on the game dealers and the epicures, but they deserve it. The dealers have gone on violating the laws and inducing market hunters to do so till the game is threatened with extermination. Hence the Lacey law.

Now let the game dealers handle barnyard fowls, and let the hotels and the clubs serve these with the cold bottle.—EDITOR.

GETS HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Recreation is doing yeoman's service in convincing sportsmen and the public that our game and song birds, as well as our game animals, need more protection than they now receive.

I don't see how Mr. Black, of Hastings, Mich., can give up the magazine. If he does not like roast pork he could let it pass by and land on some other fellow's plate. If he can not see $1 worth in Recreation outside of the pig pen he must be stuffed with sawdust. I feel that I get my money's worth from each and every department of the magazine, aside from the stories and illustrations.

I often see where you rub it into the users of ferrets. They are used everywhere in this Province. Cottontail rabbits are not protected by law and are not considered game. Most farmers think them a pest, and hunt them at all times when they are of any use.

There is a class of sportsmen whom I consider worse hogs than those who kill all they see. I refer to those men who hire the right to shoot over a large area of farm land and then put up notices and keep every one else out. If they owned the land, or if they stocked the place with game, I would not complain. But the government provides the game, and these men, because they have a little more money than the rest of us, can buy up all the privileges and shut us out.

One paper has been advising farmers to sell licenses to shoot on their land, to sportsmen. It says that the farmers could make enough money that way to pay their taxes. What kind of business would you call that? It seems there are all kinds of hogs in the sporting crowd. I often pick up other alleged sportsmen's magazines, yet never see a word in them about protecting game; it is all kill—kill—kill.

Harry Culver, London, Ont., Can.

GAME HOGS THAT HUNT IN TEAMS

> A shooting match was held Friday which was severe on game but great sport for the sportsmen.
>
> Lindon Hazen and Will Shaffer agreed to shoot more game between 3 and 11 o'clock in the morning than H. H. Keith and Policeman Frank Hendricks could bag in the same of length of time. Keith and Hendricks went out one morning and incidentally took a good shot along to carry the game and perhaps kill a few. Plover, pigeons, blackbirds and doves were to count in running up the points. Keith, Hendricks and friends scored 476. That was a good record but the next day Hazen and Shaffer went out and in the same length of time scored 880.—Topeka (Kans.) paper.

Not wishing to do these brutes any injustice, I wrote Hazen thus:

I understand you and William Shaffer recently indulged in a shooting contest with Frank Hendricks and H. H. Keith; that plover, pigeons, blackbirds, and doves were the game killed and counted in the match, and that you jointly scored 1,376 points. Please inform me whether this is true and oblige.

Here is Hazen's answer:

Editor Recreation:

We left Topeka in the morning at 6 and returned at 11 o'clock. Points—Hazen and Sheafer, 846; Keith and Hendricks, 436.

L. D. Hazen.

Don't chuckle over your dirty work. You should be ashamed of it, and your neighbors should form a posse and kick you 4 game butchers out of town.—Editor.

A VOICE FROM MAINE.

I am heartily in sympathy with the objects of the League, and trust a division may soon be formed in Maine.

Early in the winter I often heard guns at early dusk; doubtless ruffed grouse were being shot, contrary to law.

I was interested in the letter of Mr. Bortree, of Chicago, in Recreation and glad to see he condemns shooting on Sunday. In every State Sunday should be made close time, as it is here, and the law should be enforced. I know the enforcement would be difficult in the big woods, but it could be accomplished in populated sections.

The law is practically a dead letter in this State, and our Commissioner Carlton so admits in a letter to me, but he might do much to change this.

Sunday evening, March 26th, I saw a team pass with 3 men, a hound and a pile of rabbits. Next day I learned the men were from Belfast, and shot 20 rabbits in a swamp near this village that day. They made no pretense of hiding their work. The game was not even covered.

Some of our laws concerning game, passed last winter, are in the interests of protection. The sale of ruffed grouse was forbidden and the open season on grouse and woodcock was made to begin the same day.

W. C. Baker, Searsmont, Me.

A POSSIBILITY.

I am glad to see Recreation is scrapping right along, and that it is a stayer. When the game hogs shall have all passed away or reformed, when their bristly backs and pot bellies shall no longer blot the landscape, when their wheezy grunts and the rattle of their blunderbusses shall be no longer heard, then the sportsmen's millennium will have arrived, and the decent sportsman will have a pretty good time of it.

He will then hie away to cool, shady forests where game abounds, or to sparkling streams containing fish in plenty. After securing a goodly catch or bag, and spending a day with Nature, he will return invigorated by this trip and happy in the thought that there are other hunting days coming, with plenty of game to hunt, and fish to catch. Nor will he then be in danger of having his hide converted into a porous plaster, or of being blown off the earth by the shot and shell of some tin plated idiot attached to the wrong end of a gun.

Also, in that happy time, sportsmen pilgrims will come from far and near to worship at the shrine of RECREATION; while the birds which it has protected will hover about the office doors, singing pæans of praise to the magazine that has done more to protect all Nature's works than any other publication in America.

A. L. Vermilya, Columbiaville, Mich.

HOW TO POLISH HORNS.

Reprinted, by request, from RECREATION for November, 1896.

Boil the horn well, to loosen the flesh and pulp. The pulp can be pulled out after it has been boiled. Then, with a knife similar to a common table knife, but curved at the end, the horn can be cleaned and scraped on the inside as well as on the outside.

When thoroughly clean, taper a block of wood so the horn will fit over it. Slip the horn over this, being sure to make a good, tight fit, so the other end of the block can be put into a vice. With a knife and a wood rasp you scrape the horn until it is quite thin. That is where the beauty of a polished horn lies. When you can almost see through it, take a coarse file, and file the horn evenly all around. Then use a thin file; and lastly, a very fine one.

Rub the horn with coarse, medium and fine sandpaper; then put some powdered pumice stone, on a piece of old bag cloth and rub thoroughly with it.

When polished until all scratches disappear, get a box of Putz pomade and apply with cotton waste. Polish by rubbing up and down constantly. Then take the horn from the block and with the palm of the hand, rub for a day or two. This gives the final polish.

Alfred F. Mentzel, Milwaukee, Wis.

KNEW WHERE TO FIND IT.

I took out my shooting license November 1st, and with 3 friends drove back 12 or 15 miles to the deer country. Our hunting ground was a great marsh, through which ran a willow bordered creek. At one spot the windings of the stream shaped a peninsula about 40 acres in extent and with a low ridge across its neck.

My friend Kelly was on the ridge, and I was following the creek. I heard a rustling in the willows and called to my companion to watch out. At the sound of my voice a big doe broke from the cover and made toward the ridge. She was followed, an instant later, by 2 bucks and another doe. The first doe I caught in the shoulder at 200 yards with a .30-30 Winchester bullet, and she wilted in her tracks. I took a snap shot at one of the bucks and put a bullet through his ribs, but without stopping him. Then Kelly began shooting, and when I got to him I found that between us we had cleaned up the bunch. We remained 6 days and killed in all 11 deer. The last one we shot was a buck weighing over 200 pounds. There is plenty of game in Wisconsin for those who know where to find it.

Buckskin Dan, Antigo, Wis.

YOU'RE ANOTHER

I take RECREATION and like it. I like, especially, the way you give it to the game hogs. Ducks, quails, chickens and rabbits are plentiful in this part of Iowa. A friend and I were out a short time ago and shot over 50 quails in less than 4 hours. I killed 20, sitting in the snow, at one shot. We are 2 of the best shots in this part of the State and are great sports.

W. L. Roland, Des Moines, Ia.

ANSWER.

You say you like the way I give it to the game hogs, yet by your own confession you are one of the lowest and most vulgar of the whole lot. The man who would shoot quails sitting on the ground and then boast of it deserves 5 years in State prison, and I wish I could be the means of sending you there. You say you are great sports. Possibly; but not sportsmen by about 500 per cent.

The fact that you and your friend killed over 50 quails in one day should debar you from respectable society for the remainder of your lives, but if you had killed them all in a decent manner you would not have gone quite so low in the scale of brutality. I trust your State Legislature may soon make a law that will provide justice for such as you.—EDITOR.

WORK NEEDED IN ONTARIO.

Game laws are poorly enforced in this vicinity. You may go from one end of the country to the other and not see any posters giving the game laws of Ontario. Between the supineness of our wardens and the energy of our hogs, game of all kinds has been almost exterminated in this region. Private citizens have restocked the waters with fish to some extent, and have also imported Texas quail and stocked some of the woods. I think if we had an association here more interest would be taken in the preservation of game and the observance of game laws. As you well know, it is quite impossible to do anything individually, but if we had an association of sufficient strength something might be accomplished. I should be glad to receive blank applications for membership in the L. A. S., copies of any circulars issued by the League, and any instructions that would aid in organizing a local division. A number of my friends, to whom I have already spoken, have promised me their assistance.

A. E. Ruby, Berlin, Ont.

Since the above was written we have organized a good, strong working division in Ontario, with Mr. C. A. Hammond as Chief Warden. Every sportsman in the province should now join and help in the good work the Ontario division is doing.—Editor.

A GOOD CAMPING GROUND.

Our hunting club has gone on a camp hunt each fall for the past 10 or 12 years. Last year we went down the Big Fork river, in Minnesota. We found plenty of moose, bear, deer, ducks and fish. G. W. Squires killed a large bull moose near Little Bowstring river. J. T. Cook and Bud Davis got another near the same place, and Rube Jones and Si Taylor bagged a bear on Big Fork. We killed all the deer and ducks we wanted, and caught fish until we were weary. Visiting sportsmen can enter the country from Deer river, where they will find hotel accommodation and guides. Charley Rife and E. E. Wally, of Deer river, can be relied on to find any game from moose to bass. Some members of our club hunted last year in Colorado, about 40 miles Southeast of Meeker. They were in camp 10 days. Deer were abundant, coming down from the mountains in bands of 5 to 20. Our secretary will be glad to give sportsmen information regarding regions that our club has hunted over.

Recreation Hunting Club,
Princeton, Mo.

THE SALMON RIVER COUNTRY.

M. W. Miner is mistaken in saying, as he does in December Recreation, that Ketchum and Hailey, Idaho, are on the Salmon river. Ketchum is on Wood river. So, I think, is Hailey. At least I know it is not on Salmon. Sawtooth City, at the head of Salmon river, is 40 miles from Ketchum. There is a wagon road between the 2 places, and it continues about 40 miles down the river to Stanley basin. Beginning at Sawtooth City there are 12 lakes in a line along the Sawtooth mountains. All contain red fish. The largest of the lakes called by some Redfish and by others Alturus, is 12 miles long. It is more picturesque than Yellowstone lake. The Sawtooth mountains are the home of the goat; but in all my hunting there I never saw a sheep, nor the track of one. There are a few sheep on the East fork of Salmon river. The sulphur springs, of which Mr. Miner speaks, are at Cape Horn, on the middle fork. A few elk and goats come there to lick.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

RABBITS IN MISSOURI.

My favorite sport is rabbit hunting. In December, '99, we had a 4-inch snow, on which Molly Har' could run in fine style. My brother George and I were early afield. He took his .22 caliber repeater, and Colonel, a monster Newfoundland dog. I carried a 12 bore shot gun, and my pointer pup followed me. Scarcely had we started when we jumped a rabbit and my companion put a bullet in him on the run. We crossed a bushy pasture, George taking one side and I the other. I saw a bunny sitting on his form. Not liking to pot him I said "Shoo!" He shooed like a race horse; and though I tried with both barrels I failed to stop him. A little way on I found a fresh trail and followed it, putting up another rabbit only to miss him. Then George made a long running shot and picked up his second rabbit. After that I had better luck. In the next lot I got several rabbits and 2 quails. George did as well. When we went home we carried 17 rabbits.

F. H. Felt, Chillicothe, Mo.

A CALIFORNIA PRIZE.

I saw in March Recreation a note by the Editor saying he did not believe there was a deer in the hills that would dress 350 pounds. Three years ago, W. R. Williams, of this place, killed a buck mule deer which was estimated to weigh, dressed, about 400 pounds. Its horns were the finest I ever saw, and so large they could not be taken through an ordinary sized door. After the deer was dressed and the legs cut off at the knees it took 2 strong men to load it on a horse. Even then they could not do it until they got the horse on the lower side and had one man pull while the other lifted. The horse, though a large, strong animal, found the load so heavy that he would lie down every chance he got. My father helped bring in the buck, and says it weighed at least 375 and more likely 400 pounds. The buck's head was not preserved, nor were any measurements taken. Mule deer are often killed in this country that weigh up to 300 pounds.

Ned Cady, Susanville, Cal.

Estimates don't go. What we want is actual weights, verified by one or more witnesses.—Editor.

ANOTHER EDITOR OF THE RIGHT SORT.

I enclose a clipping from the Roland Record of August 22d, 1900:

> It is but a few days till the open season for prairie chicken shooting is at hand. This sport is getting to be rare in this State but it can be kept up if every true sportsman will observe the game laws and see that others do the same. There is no excuse for killing game out of season. What sport there can be in killing young birds that scarce can fly is beyond comprehension. That game is decreasing is admitted by all, not only in these more thickly settled regions, but in the North and Northwest. This is caused by the reckless butchery of men who think themselves sportsmen, but who in reality are nothing but mean, measly swine. Just the other day we saw a picture of 3 fellows standing over the carcasses of a dozen deer. These fellows thought they deserved distinction for their day's work and stood there with a "we're hot stuff" look on their bilious faces. Such fellows have killed off our buffalos and now they are killing off our deer. Give'm a kick.

The open season for prairie chicken shooting began September 1. There has been a notable increase in the number of quails in this neighborhood during the past few years. Other game is decreasing.

H. H. Birkeland, Roland, Ia.

SUE THE GAME WARDENS.

> Chilton, Wis., May 19.—John J. Hanby of Stockbridge. Wis., who was implicated in the arrest made on April 28 by the game wardens on Lake Winnebago, and who received a bullet in his leg fired by the wardens in attempting to make the arrest, has engaged Atty. George C, Hume to bring an action for damages against the wardens, —Milwaukee (Wis.) paper.

You are on the wrong trail, John. Of course it hurt, but you are not the first man who has been shot while violating game laws, and I hope you may not be the last. There are a lot of other fellows who deserve it. The way of the transgressor is hard, and you may consider yourself mighty lucky that you did not get it in the neck instead of in the leg, in which case there would have been a better show for the law officers to preserve the game in your State than there can be while you are at large. The law recognizes the right of an officer to use force in making an arrest, and you might just as well sue the sheriff who locked you up in jail as the man who wounded you and took you in.—Editor.

SHOULD JOIN THE L. A. S.

The Carolina Gun Club is an organization formed for the purpose of protecting fish and game by enforcing the game laws, and for the advancement of its members in the art of wing shooting. The club was organized in 1896 and has 25 members. Interest in the preservation of game is increasing each year, and we hope to hear of many other such clubs being formed throughout the country. We hold weekly shoots throughout the spring and summer, the proceeds from which are used to meet the expenses of the club. We recently liberated, in different parts of our neighborhood, 60 pairs of quail, purchased through one of Recreation's advertisers, Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kan. The birds were not turned out on grounds controlled by the club, but on grounds where all persons have equal rights to shoot in open season.

F. N. Brown, Carolina, R. I.

ARRESTED FOR TRAPPING SONG BIRDS.

> Game Warden H. W. Loveday and Secretary Harry A. Sullivan of the Game and Fish Protective association secured the arrest of J. Maul, charged with violating the game laws. The case has been on trial in Justice Hoage lund's court and yesterday the justice took the case under advisement, announcing he would render a decision Friday. Maul is accused of trapping song birds such as the goldfinch and robin.—South Bend paper.

I think the officers mentioned in the foregoing should be complimented by Recreation on their good work. I wish there were such men in every community. We have in the West end of this city a lot of miserable Poles and Hungarians. These wretches prowl with shotguns through the surrounding country, and kill every bird they see, even down to little song sparrows. I am no dyspeptic crank, but I love the birds, and it exasperates me to see them slaughtered by the riff-raff we foolishly invite to this country.

R. D., South Bend, Ind.

GAME NOTES.

Little game is left in this part of the State, except cottontails and a few quails and prairie chickens. We seldom see ducks, geese or cranes. Twenty-five years ago this prairie in spring was literally alive with feathered game of all kinds. Beaver creek, once one of the best fishing streams in the State, has been dry most of the time since '94. Most of the fish were of poor varieties, such as suckers, bullheads and buffalo; but there were many pickerel, some bass and sunfish, and numerous other small fish. Now there is nothing in the stream but a few bullheads. Even our song birds are getting scarce. Not one to-day where were hundreds 20 years ago. Long live Recreation and prosper its good work of protecting game, song birds and fishes.

L. W. Ellis, Berkeley, Ia.

The account of a giant deer seen in the Southwest, reminds me of an experience of my own. In October, '93, John Davis, Ruben Callet and I, all of Vernal, Utah, were camped at 3 Springs, Rio Blanco county, Colo., hunting deer. The last day we hunted, when I had but one cartridge left, I found an enormous buck. I thought at first it was an elk, but its color disproved that. After snapping my lone cartridge at him about 25 times, I ran to camp and got some .40-65 W. C. F., though my gun was a .40-60 Marlin. The shells worked all right when I found the buck; but as I could not also find the right trajectory I did not get him. Mr. Davis had 4 shots at him the next morning while we were picking our game, but failed to connect.

C. F. E., Philipsburg, Mont.

Mr. Wines, in his letter in October Recreation made a curious mistake. He says the "decent sportsmen" tried in vain to have a law passed which would prohibit the killing of reedbirds, ortolans and marsh blackbirds save on alternate days. Such a law was passed. It now allows the shooting of reedbirds, ortolans and marsh blackbirds on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only, of each week, from August 20th to February 1st. This opens the season a little too early, in my opinion, but it prevents the shooting on Labor Day, a fact much complained of by some local sportsmen, yet a good thing, nevertheless, as that was the day on which slaughter ran rampant.

A. H. Pinney, Washington, D. C.

We are going to try to have a law passed prohibiting spring shooting of wildfowl in Jefferson county for 3 years. Why can not the sportsmen of our sister counties join with us and make the law cover the entire State? Many sportsmen believe that if the spring shooting of wildfowl could be stopped the birds would breed in this State in large numbers and give us good sport all through the fall months. The spring shooter says they would not, and he has had his own way in this matter a hundred years. He may be right; but why not pass this law next winter and settle this question.

W. H. Tallert,
Jefferson Co. Sportsmen's Assn.,
Watertown, N. Y.

By all means let us do so. The L. A. S. will advocate such a bill, and it can be passed if all good sportsmen in the State will join us and demand it.—Editor.

When we had that severe cold weather last winter my brother and I were skating on Lake Michigan. The lake was frozen for a half mile from shore. We saw a flock of ducks on the ice near the shore. By crawling along the bank we got near them. About 50 ducks were gathered around a dead duck. Over the deceased stood a large male duck, quacking vigorously. We watched the proceedings a while. At last the squaw drake seized the dead duck, flung it over his back and carried it to the water, where it was deposited. All the other ducks followed, walking 2 by 2. I was sorry I didn't have my camera there to photograph them.

R. C. M., Chicago, Ill.

In January Recreation I noticed an article from E. A. White in regard to destruction of crops by deer. If Mr. White will visit me in the summer I wil convince him that he is slightly mistaken. I had a patch of potatoes entirely destroyed by deer last year. They nipped the tips of vines till the potatoes were partly grown; then they began pawing them out, until there were not enough left to pay for digging. Deer will entirely destroy tame grass or carrots, unles they are fenced so they can't get at them. I am surprised that Mr. White should live 30 years on the frontier without learning that deer destroy crops.

George Monroe, Hyampom, Cal.

I have just read a letter by William Wells, of Cora, Wyo., in March Recreation. I think he is as unprincipled as Grizzly Pete, and that the truth is not in him. A man who claims to have piled up a ton of meat with a .44-40 is a blower; especially when he adds that he has a .303 and can not hit a barn with it after using it 2 years. I have a .30-30 I have used 3 years, and I can put every bullet in a 2 inch circle at 100 yards.

Game is becoming more plentiful here since the passage of our new game laws. Elk are abundant. I saw 40 in one band last fall.

W. H. Boren, Camas Valley, Ore.

In regard to importing quails from Kansas and other Southern States to the North, I can say to W. S. Harris that it can be done with good success in Pennsylvania at least. We have been trying it for several years back, and have more quail this summer than ever before.

Quail should be brought in the spring, after all danger of snow is past.

Mr. Harris tells of a man who tried to stock his farm with quail from Tennessee and 3 years after could not find a bird on his place. It is almost impossible to keep quail on any one farm unless it be well wooded.

G. V. Murray, Potts Grove, Pa.

During the last part of March, '99, my partner and another dog puncher went on a hunt up the Klondyke about 120 miles. While on the trail the third night out we came on a great pile of something heaped up in the middle of the trail. This something proved, on close inspection, to be moose and caribou meat to the amount of 7½ tons. It was on its way to Dawson, where it was sold for 45 to 75 cents a pound by the quarter. I know of 2 men who killed, during last winter, 168 caribou, 28 moose, and 14 mountain sheep and goats.

Geo. E. Lucas, Dawson City, N. W. T.

On the morning of the 7th I started out with my 2 dogs to have a day's sport with the birds. I am not a very good shot on the wing and only got 6 grouse, but if I had been a good shot I could have killed 25 or 30. I got at least 12 coveys up. I killed 4 rabbits and could have killed 3 more easily, but I had all I could carry and all I needed, so I quit. There are a few squirrels, and I have fine sport with them sometimes. Fifteen miles from here, in Jefferson county, 2 boys killed 18 in one evening.

The coming of Recreation is always looked forward to with interest.

Paul Hobbs, Brookhaven, Miss.

In '94 I was shooting ducks with Harry Gordan at Red Rock lake, Mont. Gordan was walking along the lake shore, and I was 100 yards or so back from the water. I flushed a prairie chicken and it flew toward the lake, but behind my friend and far out of range. When above the water it turned and took a course which would give Gordan a good shot. He was watching a duck coming up the lake, but on my crying "Mark!" he turned and saw the chicken also. Both birds were flying at the same height and in opposite directions. As they came in line Gordan fired and killed both with one shot.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

We have been doing some hard work in this State under our new game law. Although handicapped for lack of funds, we have accomplished a great deal in the way of putting a stop to the illegal killing and sale of game. There seems a general disposition among sportsmen to aid in the good work. It is my opinion that half the quail crop was saved last season by the new law, backed by a goodly list of prosecutions in which fines were imposed. Game of all kinds is more plentiful in this part of Illinois than at any previous time within my memory, and the future promises much.

Frank C. Riehl, Alton, Ill.

Last year was one of the best all round shooting years for a long time, and there is an abundance of game left. Deer are more plentiful than for years. Chickens are scarce, as last year's coveys were ruined by the floods in June. Quail are on the increase, and though shot at unsparingly, many flocks escaped. Snipe are still plentiful. Plover are here by the thousands, and many are killed daily. Turkeys were hunted by the best of our old hunters, and some large gobblers were killed within 10 miles of the city. Our laws are respected more than heretofore, and all game is becoming plentiful.

C. L. Bering, Houston, Tex.

Two or 3 months ago I sent 4 subscriptions to Recreation. As you are making the magazine better all the time, and fighting the battle of the weak against the strong, I send herewith names of 6 more subscribers. Shall add others before July 1st, and will then make choice of a premium. That is a secondary matter. I am a lover of game, fish and birds, and admire the dexterity with which you remove the cuticle from the pachyderm game butchers. Go on with the good work until you have converted the short bristled one and made the long bristles ashamed of themselves.

Dr. W. H. Mean, Marionville, Ind.

Few people realize how much game is destroyed by cougars, lynx, wildcats, etc. I know of stumps, beside game trails, in different parts of our State, to which cougars have resorted to watch for and spring upon passing deer, until the stumps were worn smooth and the ground about them covered with the bones of slaughtered deer. I think it would be well to demand a bounty on carnivorous animals. Then hunters would hunt them instead of deer. The bounty need not be large at first, because the animals would not be hard to find; at least, in a deer country.

Lester Martin, Nez Perced, Idaho.

I have heard at different times of numbers of ducks that are caught in gill nets set in the lakes. If the reports are true thousands of wild ducks are needlessly killed during the spring and fall. Three tugs brought to Dunkirk last spring 2,500 ducks that were caught in the nets in one day. Countless thousands must be caught in the same manner along the immense coast line of the great lakes.

A. R. King, Syracuse, N. Y.

This is a calamity. Can any reader of Recreation suggest a remedy.—Editor.

Most of the readers of Recreation frowned at first at your severity on the game hogs, but it goes to the spot. I notice that already those who used to kill game before the season opened and boast of it are a great deal more careful now. I venture to say that in a year from now all intelligent sportsmen here will side with Recreation. We have one grave defect in our game laws. The season on sage hens opens July 15th. This is entirely too soon. The law should not permit the hunting of them before August 15th, or 1st at earliest.

R. C. Petermann, Diamondville, Wyo.

Deer, elk, bear, coyotes, ducks and rabbits were plentiful the past season. Grouse were scarce on account of the heavy snows and frosts of last winter. Rabbits and coyotes are the only legitimate game we have to hunt in winter. As there are now about 20 inches of snow bunny will have a hard time rustling his daily bread and keeping out of the coyotes' clutches. I noticed more song birds last summer than ever before. Doves were fairly plentiful. Fishing was good. The supply of trout is holding out well, considering the immense numbers caught.

J. J. McNamara, Cimarron, Col.

Mr. H. B. Carr, a cattleman of this place, shot and killed 2 silver tip bears a few miles from here. One weighed about 800; the other was not so large. They were killed with a .38-55 Winchester carbine, using a copper jacketed bullet. The larger one was knocked down by first shot, but was shot 3 or 4 times after for safety. The smaller one was wounded, and followed up the next morning and killed. They had killed a large, strong and active horse. Mr. Carr laid for them and did the shooting about dusk. He does not understand how they succeeded in killing the horse.

J. M. G. Beard, M. D., Fruita, Col.

Coyotes are numerous in Montana. Although we trap and poison them, they still seem to hold their own. From March, '95, until recently the State paid a coyote bounty of $3. Now it has been reduced to $2, and few people care to hunt the brutes for that reward. I have trapped in the West 20 years and have caught most kinds of animals. The hardest of all to fool is the coyote. If the sheep and cattlemen had their way the bounty would be $5. That would give a few men a chance to make wages, and others a chance to try their skill.

Chas. Marble, Aldridge, Mont.

Last fall a party of us visited South ponds in the Adirondacks. On our way in we stopped at a lumber camp. The men there told us deer were plentiful. We spent 2 weeks in the vicinity of South ponds and Griggs lake, and not a deer did we see. On our way home we stopped again at the lumber camp. That time we found a reason why deer were scarce in that locality. Nailed to the side of a building we found 66 deer tails! That was one year's score for the men in that camp. Earlier in the season a party of 5 Watertown men succeeded in killing 5 deer in that region.

T. W. Vallet, Jr., Watertown, N. Y.

The amount of good which your persistent warfare against evil doers in our fields and forests has already accomplished, is beyond computation. That the game laws of Nevada are yet often grossly violated can not be denied, but there is a growing public sentiment favoring their observation. The unreasoning destruction of our forests also still continues, but it is encouraging that many of our citizens are working to preserve our timber tracts.

Ferdinand Beck, Virginia City, Nev.

Game of every variety is becoming extremely scarce here, and our sportsmen have concluded something must be done to protect it if we are to have any shooting in future years. Many of us have agreed not to shoot any game for 2 or 3 years, to protect it as much as we can, and to feed quail in winter. We should like to organize a local branch of the L. A. S. and have a local warden here.

L. A. S., West Park, O.

Sail in. Send me 25 applications and we will take steps to organize you into a chapter at once.—EDITOR.

James Pritchard, a sportsman who lives near Lake Koshkonong, saw a bunch of 5 passenger pigeons as he was coming to town this morning. He was close enough so there was no possibility of his making any mistake. They flew cross the road just a short distance ahead of him, so he had a distinct view.

H. P. Pettitt, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

We have no large game here, but quails and squirrels are abundant. Wild turkeys, grouse, pheasants and prairie chickens are nearly exterminated. In 1896 a law was passed in Iowa prohibiting the hunting of wild turkeys, pheasants or grouse prior to 1900.

C. E. Baird, Albia, Ia.

I am a reader of RECREATION and like the way you go for the game hogs. I believe in the protection of game, and wish you every success. We have here all kinds of birds, and deer are plentiful; also game hogs. Still, the deer hold their own so far.

F. B., Smith River, Cal.

Game laws count for little here. Last winter tons of grouse, ducks, chickens and quails were sold. One dealer sold moose and deer meat. Trout can be bought at any time. If respectable people refused to buy game such traffic would stop.

L. H. Whiteman, Butte, Mont.

The outlook is good here for an abundant grouse crop, if the pot hunters don't get all the birds. We have poor game protection in this State. Ducks and geese are beginning to come into the creeks and lakes.

Lynn Parker, Crookston, Neb.

Mr. A. Leeds, a guide of Darby, Mont., writes to a friend in the East: "I never sold a head or scalp in my life, and I don't think it is right to kill game just for the sake of the head. We are doing all we can to stop this sort of work, for if it is not stopped we will soon have no game left."

I am heartily in sympathy with your work in behalf of game protection, and hope to see things in better condition soon. I don't hunt often, but when I do I like to see a little game, whether I get any or not.

Grant Luzader, Pennsboto, W. Va.

I have November RECREATION at hand and have laughed myself sick over the reply to the Ohio man who has ferrets to sell. You are right in the stand you have taken.

T. Buchanan, Milwaukee, Wis.

I noticed in June RECREATION a cut of a game hog being nailed down in a coffin. If you keep on with the good work I think you will nail down the last one in a short time. I will add a nail every chance I have.

Hurbert B. Sutherland,
Worcester, Mass.

The prospects for quail and chicken hunting have not been so good for years. You can see as you ride through the county more quail along the road than you could have seen in a day's hunt 2 or 3 years ago.

Bert Smith, Princeton, Ill.

Can any reader of RECREATION give me pointers on raising pigeon squabs for market? Does it pay to raise them? Would appreciate information from some one who has made a success of the business.

Robert Harvy, Jr., Walton, N. Y.

Quail and rabbits are plentiful in this locality. The winter was a favorable one for quails, there having been little snow. Ducks have been flying for several days and I expect to try my luck soon.

George J. Bicknell, Humboldt, Ia.

Was up North with my partner after deer last fall. I got 3 in 8 days of hard hunting. Only fired 3 shots on the whole trip. My rifle is a .30-40, '95 model, Winchester, and I want nothing better.

A. F. Lehman, St. Paul, Minn.

I have hunted curlew in Montana with a Stevens rifle, shooting them on the wing. If you kill one bird and lay it where others can see it they will hover over it, affording an almost stationary mark.

R. C. Talmage, Sisseton Agency, S. D.

We have plenty of deer, grouse, quails, pheasants and squirrels. Elk were once plentiful here, but have been hunted almost to extinction by hide hunters and game hogs.

Oral W. Miller, Agness, Ore.

Game is abundant here. Geese are numerous and prairie chickens are whistling in every direction. Deer and moose are plentiful South of the Assiniboin river.

A. W. Brosseau,
Portage La Prairie, Man.

For many years I slaughtered game in season and out, but thanks to you and to that best of all sportsmen's periodicals, RECREATION, I now know better.

A Reformed Game Hog,
Minneapolis, Minn.

I like the way you roast the game hogs. Although only a boy, I was a thorough hog with well developed bristles. I have changed since I began to read RECREATION.

R. C. Trumbull, Hamilton, Mont.

Game is not so plentiful here as it was a few years ago. Still, if the game laws are strictly enforced, and I think they will be, we shall have game for a number of years.

Jas. R. White, Kalispell, Mont.

We have a few grouse, quails and rabbits. It is reported that deer have been seen near Douglas, a few miles from here. Foxes are abundant and troublesome.

S. F. S., Millville, Mass.

Hunting was unusually good here last fall, owing to the game laws being respected. Ruffed grouse wintered in fine shape, and I see many every day.

W. A. Beers, Petroleum Centre, Pa.

We have ducks, geese, sage hens, grouse, pheasants, jack rabbits, cottontails, curlews and doves. There is also big game in the mountains.

J. T. L., Levingston, Mont.

Keep up your crusade against the game hogs. You have more sympathizers than you believe. RECREATION is the best sporting magazine out.

Ernest F. Osterman, Elizabeth, N. J.

Here is one more individual down here in Virginia who wishes to add his voice to the thousands applauding your work for game protection.

E. L. Dupuy, Blackstone, Va.

Game has wintered well, especially grouse and gray squirrels. We keep the foxes cleaned out; over 50 were killed here last winter.

E. H. Smith, Brookfield, Vt.

Game is not plentiful here at present, as people hunt the year round; but with a little hard work I hope we can stop the slaughter.

Jos. Kothgassner, Crescent City, Cal.

Rabbits, quails and prairie chickens are plentiful. Coyotes are occasionally seen. Ducks and geese are abundant in the spring.

A. A. West, Volin, S. D.

Geese, duck and ptarmigan (willow grouse) eggs are plentiful; also many varieties of water fowl, waders, swans, cranes, etc.

L. L. Bales, Nushagak, Alaska.

Game here consists of prairie chickens, quails, rabbits and squirrels. Public sentiment favors the enforcement of game laws.

H. H. B., Roland, Ia.

Ruffed grouse are plentiful here, and no one shoots them out of season. Keep up the war on the game hogs.

W. R. Collins, Morrisville, Vt.

I like your style of missionary work among game and fish porkies. Lace it to 'em. I wish you all possible success.

F. Radek, Ashland, Wis.

The abundance of some varieties of game in this vicinity is almost wonderful in these days of semi-extinction.

J. L. DeVany, Bear River, N. S.

Quails are numerous here. Rabbits becoming scarce, as they are unprotected and hunted much with ferrets.

O. K. Todd, Vermillion, O.

This town was once set aside for King Philip's hunting grounds and still has abundant game and fish.

E. M. Brastow, Wrentham, Mass.

I have read RECREATION a little over a year. It is A No. 1, and the best sportsmen's journal published.

J. T. L., Levingston, Mont.

Game protection is becoming popular in this section. I think RECREATION is a great civilizer.

J. A. Wood, Cortland, N. Y.

Keep up your good work against the hogs and they will soon be exterminated.

W. R. F. & C. F. E., Franklin, Mass.

Quail wintered nicely in this locality, last year, and we have good fall shooting.

M. L. Mason, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Game is scarce around here on account of being killed whenever seen.

W. R. F. & C. F. E., Franklin, Mass.

Small game is plentiful as yet in Eastern Texas, but it is going rapidly.

Linn C. Turner, Tyler, Tex.

Deer are fat this fall and winter, and cats are slick and swift.

L. L. Goodrich, San Antonio, Tex.

THINKING OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?

How would a subscription to RECREATION strike you for each of 5, 10, or 20 of your friends?

I received the Mullins duck boat O. K., and am more than pleased with it. I would not take twice the price asked for the boat if I could not get another.

M. T. Conklin, Elmira, N. Y.

A Pneumatic mattress is a joy at home or in camp, and 25 subscriptions will earn you one. Send them now and you will do yourself a kindness as well as me.

This is the time to provide your camping outfit for next summer. You can get a tent free by sending me 8 subscriptions, and a larger tent for 25.

I received the Webber hunting coat, and am pleased much with it. Thank you for your promptness in sending it.

L. W. Brooks, Chico, Cal.

Received the Abercrombie tent, and it is a beauty. Thank you.

R. F. Babcock, Mattoon, Wis.

FISH AND FISHING.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15 to November 30th. Haunts: The surf, mouth of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea. July to September. Baits. Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head, April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: Skinner clam. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Blackfish—Tautog, April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tide ways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling, pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts; Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weak-fish, Frost-fish. November to May. Haunts: The Surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide; Daytime not affected by tides.

TUNA RECORDS AT CATALINA.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor RECREATION:

Tuna fishing at Catalina island was excellent last summer, and many large and gamy fish were taken with rod and reel. June 10th the record for number of tuna taken in one day was broken. Eight large fish were brought in. Miss O. B. Clark is the first lady to capture a tuna unaided. Two fish were hooked and played at the same time from the same boat, and Miss Clark brought her fish to gaff in 50 minutes. It weighed 118 pounds.

Mr. H. D. Gaines, of Boonton, N. J., brought in a tuna which was partly eaten by sharks while entangled in sea weed on the bottom. As the fish had evidently weighed over 100 pounds, Mr. Gaines was given a button and made a member of the tuna club. Mr. O. O. Orr also caught a tuna weighing 89 pounds, after a battle of 6 hours.

Mr. J. C. Connor and M. J. Connell, of Montana, also captured their first tuna, both of which weighed over 100 pounds. Mrs. J. C. Connor took a tuna weighing 116 pounds.

June 11th was another record day for tuna, 21 being taken. Mr. Griswald, of New York, was high man, taking 5 tuna in 6 hours. Mr. Griswald's record for 10 days' fishing was 13 tuna, the combined weight being 1,411 pounds. Mrs. Gardner was the third lady to land a tuna, her fish weighing 136 pounds.

June 16th 2 tuna were taken. On June 22nd Gen. A. W. Barrett took his first fish, weighing 98 pounds, breaking both rod and reel before coming to gaff. Sir Winbour Anstruther caught a tuna weighing 118 pounds. That fish was also attacked by a shark and almost bitten in 2, breaking its spinal column 18 inches from the tail. Time of landing that tuna was 2 hours and 35 minutes.

June 24th was a good day for tuna, several large fish being taken.

Gen. A. W. Barrett brought in the largest tuna taken last season, weighing 164 pounds. He also hooked another large fish, but it parted his line after fighting 45 minutes. Gen. Barrett is having his large tuna mounted.

Mr. S. S. Manning broke all records for time in landing a tuna. He landed 2 fish in 9 minutes of actual fighting. The first weighed 112 pounds and was brought to gaff in 3 minutes. The second, weighing 92 pounds, was brought to gaff in 6 minutes.

June 26th Col. R. A. Eddy took 3 tuna in quick time. They weighed 95, 102, and 114 pounds, and the time was 7, 9, and 20 minutes, respectively.

The Tuna Club is having plans drawn for a commodious club house, and expects to have it completed before the season closes. It has also been decided not to admit ladies as members of the organization, but suitable prizes will be given them.

B. C. Hinman.

SOME MISTAKES OF PROTECTION.

For 30 years I have worked to protect game, and now I am almost discouraged. My efforts date back to the time of the first fish and game commission. It was composed of eminent and zealous men, but the result of their work shows clearly that many sad mistakes were made through lack of practical experience. Our laws are full of loopholes through which fish and game may be destroyed, and in New York, at least, the end seems near.

Year after year millions of trout are sent out in early spring and dumped into streams, only to be swept away by freshets. Fish are planted in waters that contain antagonistic species. Rainbow and California trout fry are planted in streams containing brook trout. In one instance a 6 inch native trout was caught an hour after such a planting with 27 of the fry in his maw. German brown trout are now being mixed in with brook trout, with the result that few of either survive. Waters in which native trout were fairly plentiful have, after being stocked from State hatcheries, shown a marked and continuous decrease in the yield of fish.

Even brook trout from different waters will not fraternize when placed together. During the past season 2 expert anglers fished a certain trout water 6 hours a day for 6 days, and caught only one fish. Ten years ago that water was stocked with mixed native and brown trout fry, and carefully protected afterward. Before stocking, native trout were there in abundance. A gradual decrease followed. Careful study showed antagonism of the breeds, and they were actually seen devouring one another. The larger fish surviving showed the scars of fierce combats.

Another cause of discouragement is the constant settlement of game law prosecutions out of court. Few actions are carried to their legitimate conclusion. In most cases threats of prosecution scare the law breaker into settling for perhaps one-quarter of the legal penalty. This savors strongly of blackmail and degrades the law in public opinion.

Many circumstances might be mentioned to show how little benefit is derived from a large expenditure of public money. The appropriation is ample, but through loose knowledge and lax laws it is wasted.

In 2 things only is there hope for our game: Rigid protection of private preserves, and prohibition of the sale of game.

G. Q., Utica, N. Y.

GAME HOGS AS FISHERMEN.

The wisdom of enacting and enforcing laws for the protection of fish is proved by the increasing abundance of them in the marshes at St. Clair Flats and in the bays and streams tributary to the lake. Those who have visited the fishing grounds this season testify that the fishing has greatly improved over last year, which is no doubt due to the abolition of nets, under the vigorous work of the State game and fish department.

There have been several splendid catches at the Flats this year, and true sportsmen find it possible to secure a day's enjoyment in quest of bass, perch, pike, pickerel and other game fishes. The genuine sportsmen fishes for the excitement and pleasure of the thing, and not to gratify his vanity or greed He is satisfied with a catch of a dozen or so of bass and feels amply recompensed with them.

But the "fish hog," who masquerades as a sportsman, is satisfied with nothing but his own physical exhaustion and a catch large enough to load his boat to the gunwales. We have heard of several enormous catches by alleged sportsmen—catches aggregating as high as 50 and 60 bass. No fisherman, who fishes for sport can possibly make use of so many fish at one time. True, he can give them to his friends, but in the majority of cases there are more than he can conveniently distribute among these. He must either throw the dead fish back into the water or sell them.

The man who catches fish to sell is not a sportsman. He is on a par with the fishermen who make a business of fishing—the market fishermen. He doesn't challenge the admiration of sportsmen, but is regarded by them as a parvenu. He is the man who poses before the camera to perpetuate his hoggish characteristics. The man who goes out and lands a string of fish of modest proportions, who knows when to quit, and is satisfied to return and exhibit his trophies and give what he does not desire to his neighbors, is the true sportsman. Those who haul in by the score and load down their boats with fish that can not be used except as a commercial asset have a distorted sense of pride and a greed that is disgusting to all disciples of Isaak Walton.—Daily Journal, Detroit, Mich.

One by one the great newspapers are coming into the ranks of the pork roasters, and we may soon see the finish of the fish hog and the game hog who stands up beside his string and has himself photographed. When all the daily newspapers in the land shall refuse to print these disgusting pictures, then RECREATION can cease to offend its readers by reprinting them. When the dailies quit exploiting these chaps RECREATION will quit branding them and fish and game will be plentiful everywhere. So mote it soon be.—EDITOR.

DOMESTICATING GOLD FISH.

C. H. Miller asks in June RECREATION if gold fish can be propagated in house aquariums. I have quite a few gold fish, both imported and American bred, but haven't had them long enough to spawn, as they were too young last spring.

I have been quite successful with Paradise, or nest building, fish, which I consider the most interesting of all aquaria fish. I have now in my 20 gallon aquarium several hundred little Paradise fish, only a few days old, and they are healthy and lively. They were spawned and hatched in the same aquarium which they now occupy. I also have another nest which will hatch in a day or so. It is interesting to watch these fish build their nest, and to see the care the male takes of the little ones for a few days after they hatch. The male fish builds the nest of small bubbles in one corner of the aquarium, and when it is completed the female spawns in it. The eggs hatch in about 36 hours. After they hatch the male zealously guards them from the female, not allowing her near the nest, as she devours the little ones at every opportunity. He will also take any of the little ones, which have strayed from the nest, into his mouth and eject them again into their home; he considers them able to take care of themselves in about 2 weeks and leaves them to their own resources.

I consider it best to remove the parent fish 4 or 5 days after the eggs hatch, as the young fish seem capable of taking care of themselves. It is, however, necessary to add a little stagnant water every day, so the little fish can subsist on the minute animal life it contains.

I should like to hear from other readers of RECREATION in regard to the propagation of aquaria fish, as it is a subject of great and general interest.

D. E. Bivins, Bartow, Fla.

TAPERED FISHING LINES.

Why are some fish lines tapered? What are the best ways to have them tapered? What end should be fastened to the reel? Why?—Chas. H. Scheuer, Mishicot, Wis.

ANSWER.

The inquiry you have put to me is most difficult to answer, because it rests more in theory than in actual practice. As far as I have been able to study the matter out, the tapering of lines arises through an effort to relieve the light bamboo rods from as much weight of line as possible in casting. Little over 50 or 60 feet are rarely employed in practical casting, and the tapering is an endeavor to take as much weight as possible, as well as to minimize resistance from wind. It is only applying to the line the old practice which formerly prevailed of braiding the leader until it reached a single thread. This has been discarded in favor of the single thread, although some anglers still adhere to the practice of braiding.

As to the best way to have them tapered, that is beyond my knowledge. All I know is that I buy tapered lines. The manner of tapering is one of intricate machinery, I am informed, and may be better answered by a manufacturer than by an angler.

Tapered lines are supposed to be tapered from the center to each end so as to give the purchaser 2 lines, and it is immaterial which end is fastened to the reel. Some anglers, economically inclined, cut the line in 2 at the middle, and fasten the middle end to a first-class linen line of 100 yards, for the reason that the small portion of the line is used for casting. The linen line can just as well be employed to control the fish in its long run. It also, of course, lengthens the life of the other half, which necessarily is affected by water and action of the reel.—EDITOR.

HOW SMART ALECK REPORTERS MAKE TROUBLE.

Sam Humes and Edward and Ray Fox have returned to Seattle from a fishing expedition to Arlington. They met with excellent sport, catching 720 trout during the last three days of their stay.—Seattle, (Wash.,) paper.

I wrote the men named above and asked if the report were correct. Here is a reply from one of them:

Your letter was forwarded from Seattle to my present address.

The report you received must have been based on an unauthorized report which appeared in a local paper, and which was a surprise and a source of regret to me and my companions.

We camped 3 days on Canyon creek, Snohomish county, Washington, and although fish were plentiful and took the fly readily, we were satisfied with enough for our morning and evening camp table and with bringing home a single mess for our families. Half of 20 I brought home were caught by my brother.

We are gentlemen and wish to be classed with sportsmen, as we have been in the past, and will be obliged to you if you will publish this in your magazine, knowing it will thereby reach the local sportsmen and vindicate us.

I heartily approve of your war against the hogs.

Ray S. Fox, San Rafael, Cal.

NIBBLES.

The fish, the photo of which I sent you for entry in your competition, weighed 23 pounds and was 3 feet 4 inches long. It was not measured around the chest, but I should judge it would have measured 22 or 23 inches.

The lucky angler was A. W. La Ferge, 700 Sewall avenue, Asbury Park, N. J. He has fished along the shore here for a number of years, and this was the first time he had ever struck a striped bass. He was as happy as a boy with a new top when he got the big fish safely on the beach. I had the picture all arranged in my mind and was just waiting for some one to land the bass when Mr. La Ferge showed up with his prize.

F. L. Wilcox, Asbury Park, N. J.

This photo was entered in RECREATION'S 5th annual competition, and is reproduced on the cover of this issue.—EDITOR.

Your magazine is undoubtedly the sportsmen's own book. If the other magazines in the country would adopt the principles which dominate RECREATION one would not meet so many fishermen along the trout brooks with 3 and 4 inch trout in their creels. Few anglers here will throw back anything they can get their hands on. I have read RECREATION for 4 or 5 years. On my trout rod is a 5 inch mark, and anything under that length that I catch goes back to the water. I wish every man and boy in this country would read your magazine and learn to obey the game and fish laws.

Stanley Manners, Scranton, Pa.

George and Morgan Westenhaver were arrested last week for placing dynamite in the Baraboo river to kill fish. They pleaded guilty, and were bound over to appear in Circuit Court this fall. There has been considerable of that kind of work going on here for the last 2 years, but our game warden could never catch the guilty ones before.

Quails and chickens are plentiful now. Shooting was poor last fall, but we have plenty this season.

F. A. Moore, Baraboo, Wis.

Do you know of a country place near New York where army officers can go to spend their summers, finding plain, country board, good bathing, good bicycle paths, and good fishing, both pier and boat? Likewise, where the dude does not exist.

Col. F. W. Roe, U. S. A.,
Madison Lake, Minn.

Will some reader please answer Col. Roe direct?—EDITOR.

Goshen, Ind., Aug. 30.—Last night Deputy Fish Commissioners E. E. Earle and E. C. Sala captured William Hawkins, George Mason, Joe Patterson and Joseph Grimes, of Millersburg who were spearing fish on Lake Wawasee. When arraigned before the justice they pleaded guilty and each paid a fine of $23 60. Earle and Sala have made it exceedingly warm for fish pirates in this part of the State.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

It really begins to look as if fish hogs and game hogs had no rights which game wards are bound to respect.—EDITOR.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

WANTS A BETTER 22 CALIBER.

Washington, D. C.

Editor RECREATION:

I have been a rifleman over 40 years, and although not a particularly good shot, still I know what a good weapon is. The Winchester I have known ever since its birth; and I own a '94 model .38-55 and .22 calibers galore.

Why does not some one make a rigid 22 caliber repeating rifle that will repeat, that will shoot as accurately as the Stevens single shot rifle, and that will not become a complete wreck as soon as the thinnest skin of metal is worn off where there is the most friction. There is no satisfactory small caliber repeating rifle in existence. Leaving out of the question the old model '73 Winchester, veritable cannon, we have the but 3 22 caliber repeaters offered—the Winchester, the Colt, and the Marlin.

The Winchester does not meet all the requirements indicated. It is not rigid, being a take-down; and, worse than all else, it has a rattling, unstable fore end, being a left hand slide action. I could stand the take-down arrangement if it would remain firm enough to make the use of a tang peep sight practicable; but this loose and rattling fore end slide is more than I can bear. It is uncertain in shooting, awkward in the hand and distasteful to the eye. The violent change from the feel of the big lever to that of the little slippery slide is exceedingly disagreeable. Yet if that same gun only had a lever action, light and graceful, the whole vexed question would be settled. We would all throw away our rattlers and get guns we could dote on and recommend to our children; for be it known the 22 caliber rifle is the rifle of the future in this country, as large game is fast vanishing.

The same objections may be urged against the Colt, with 3 grave additional indictments: Filling the magazine is difficult, and tends to mar the bullets; the barrel is not rifled to get the best results from either of the 2 cartridges it is designed for, but is a compromise between the proper twist for the short cartridge and that for the long. The long should never have been provided for; it should not exist in fact, as it is a most unsatisfactory cartridge. The gun being chambered for the long cartridge, the short fails to fill the chamber, and the gas flies back into the action at each discharge, fouling it and lessening the force behind the bullet. Here is where the Winchester is strong. No gas escapes, and the reason is that it is chambered for the cartridge used. No misfit there.

The Marlin is a lever action; it is handsome, pleases the eye, the hand, and the judgment, and at first flush strikes us as the ideal. Yet its place is at the bottom of the list. You must have experience with this gun to discover its weakness. So much is claimed for it that we are likely to buy it on its looks, as the farmer buys gold bricks. We want to try a gun that will shoot anything from the conical flobert to the long rifle cartridge; so we buy it and a lot of assorted ammunition, and proceed to try the long rifle cartridge. It shoots beautifully; not, of course, so accurately as a gun twisted to the proper turn for that particular cartridge, but it shoots the cartridge and passes it through the magazine all right. Presently a shell misses fire. You throw down the lever to eject it. You see the shell fly out; powder is scattered about. You are surprised, but you have already closed your lever and another cartridge is in the chamber. You shoot and you get a swelled barrel. The reason is that the bullet of the first cartridge was not extracted. It remained in the barrel while the shell pulled away from it and scattered powder through the action. A little more such experience will convince you that no repeating rifle can handle the long rifle cartridge, and that that cartridge should never be used in a repeating rifle. The shell is not crimped tightly enough on the bullet to draw the bullet out in ejecting.

You know by experience that you can get no good results from the 22 long, and so you tie to the old reliable 22 short. You find the gun shoots them excellently for distances from 10 to 100 yards. You will find difficulty, however, in shooting the head off a snake close at hand, and you wonder why. After satisfying yourself that the gun positively will not shoot true close at hand, it begins to dawn on you that the trouble is with the short twist in the barrel. It spins the ball like a top; the vibrations being at their widest about 10 feet from the muzzle. Your snake has a chance to bite you or to get away. You try to pump your magazine dry on him, but at the third or fourth pump something jams in the action. You shake it and work the lever. No use. You are dead stuck. You let that snake go, and fall to taking off the side plate of your gun. The plate off, you are astounded to see 2, 3, 4, or more cartridges in the action. You also find after a little time that the habit of letting 2 or more cartridges back into the action is growing on the gun. Investigation reveals that the lower edge of the carrier is worn against the lever; worn already, before 500 cartridges are used, and the gun is practically useless in consequence. You have already found that in using the 22 short this same gun sheds nearly as much gas out into the action as it does from the muzzle, making constant cleaning of the action necessary. This is because the gun is chambered for the long rifle cartridge, a case of misfit.

Is the task of making a satisfactory 22 repeater insuperable? Can it not be done? Are the manufacturers satisfied with their present work? The enterprise of the Winchester Company ought to do something for us here. If they will only put a lever and a rigid fore end on their '90 model they will earn our undying gratitude, to say nothing of our shekels.

Chas. S. Wheeler.

THE ARMY RECORD OF THE SMALL BORE.

The report of Lieut. T. B. Mott, 73d Artillery, inspector of small arms practice of the Department of the East, to the War Department, has just been made public. It covers the small arms practice in the Department of the East for the past year.

The report says: "No sharpshooter using the rifle made 85 per cent. of the possible score. Many of the averages were below 50 per cent., both with the rifle and the carbine. With the carbine only 22 men in the department qualified as sharpshooters, and only 2 of that number had scores above 80 per cent. With the rifle 27 men qualified, one man making 84.25 per cent.; but the remainder fell below 80 per cent."

Though much of this poor showing may have been due to the inefficiency of recruits, an unusual number having been enlisted the past 2 years, yet that cause alone could not have lowered the percentage to the above figures. In all previous reports of small arm practice when the 45 was handled by green men, the scores did not fall so low.

As to the killing and stopping power of the small bore, all reports from the front prove that a wound from the Mauser or Krag Jorgensen does not put a man *hors de combat*. And if the power of the small bore is not adequate to disable a man, how much less would it operate against a large animal.

For my part, in stopping an elephant, a hippopotamus, a rhinoceros or a buffalo, I would trust to my 8 gauge rifle; for bear, moose, and elk, to my 50 caliber; for wildcat, panther, wolf, caribou, and deer, to my 45; for woodchuck and fox, to my 38; for beaver, skunk, and opossum, to my 32; for squirrels, rabbits, and quail, to my 25; and for rats, weasels, and mink, to my 22.

It is not entirely the range which makes a hunting weapon; no one would use a long range target rifle for hunting game. Extreme accuracy is required for range work, while killing power is the thing desired in hunting. Even in India and Africa to-day the 8, 10, 12, and 14 gauges are favorites for large, fierce game.

The army, within the last year, has been entirely equipped with the small bore Krag Jorgensen. I doubt if even the most recent volunteer regiments use the Springfield 45. So the poor showing in marksmanship is undoubtedly due to the use of the small bore.

Our National Guard would be ashamed of such a score, yet they have but one or 2 days of practice a year, and that, too, with the 45.

With such statements to confront, I am surprised at the persistence of the small bore advocates. Perhaps when the 45 came into popularity against the 58, 60, and 68, these same small bore champions may have been as valiant defenders of the then small bore 45 as they are now of the 30. But I tremble for them should the day come when the 30 becomes universally popular. I do not know what next smaller caliber would become a goal for these vacillating champions to defend.

E. E. Stokes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AN OLD-TIMER ON THE 30-40.

Dawson, Y. T.

Editor Recreation:

A week ago I received a dozen copies of Recreation, some a year old and one as late as April, 1900. I have had a treat reading them. I prize them more highly than the largest nugget I have seen in a sluice box this year.

It amuses me to see such a wide difference of opinion relative to small caliber, high power guns. The 45-70 was all right 10 years ago; so was the flint lock 100 years back.

I admit the 30 caliber does not strike the sledge hammer blow that the big 45 or 50 gun does. Guns taking metal patched bullets are not so long lived as the old style weapons. But the 30-40, with soft nose bullets, will kill anything that walks with four feet on this continent, and at twice the range that a 45-70 will. I have used nearly all makes and calibers and have hunted from Texas to Montana, and from the Missouri to the Pacific coast, and for the past 3 years in Alaska and Northwest territory, so I speak from experience.

In the latter 70's I thought there was no beating the 45-120 Sharps, or even the 44-105 Sharps. In '83 and '84 I was hunting in Middle Park, Colo., where game was plentiful and tame. There I gave up the big gun and took to a 44-40 '73 model, Winchester. I still believe it is the best gun for brush shooting, being short, light, and compact.

But what good are they on the plains, or in this country where game ranges high on the bald hills and, in winter, is hard to approach?

While in this country I have used 30-30, .303, and the 30-40 Winchester. The 2 smaller ones are not in it with the 30-40, but are far ahead of all black powder guns. As to the 30-40, there is no room for an argument.

Mr. Wells, of Cora, Wyo., says, in Recreation, that he would shoot his 45-70 up to 1,800 yards against any smokeless gun ever made. He makes me laugh. I should like to meet Mr. Wells, and think I could convince him that a 30-40 is all right. He, like a few others, has got into that old 45 rut, and perhaps will go to the end of it before he finds it out.

I lived in Wyoming during '85-6-7 and 8, and hunted over the greater part of it when game was plentiful. I had splendid shooting at Jackson's Hole, and at Shirley Basin on the Snaski and Savory. But in those days any kind of gun was good enough to kill camp meat.

I am heart and soul with Mr. Wogaman, of Quincy, Ohio. The pump gun is all right. It is not the gun that makes the hog, but the hog that makes the gun an exterminator. I think the 12 gauge Winchester lever gun is the champion of all field guns.

In one year more I expect to go back to civilization for the remainder of my days. I should then like to enter into this gun chewing contest. But by that time perhaps all guns will be obsolete. Possibly all we will have to do then will be to pull a string and have venison, all cooked and buttered, shot at us through a pneumatic tube.

J. B. Hubnick.

MY GUN AND HOW I LOAD IT.

It is a Remington hammerless, 12 gauge, 28 inch right cylinder bore, left full choke; barrels of ordnance steel, which are recommended by makers to withstand heavy loads of nitro. For brush shooting, the cylinder bore is just the thing. Should I get an occasional long shot, the other barrel will stop the bird as far as any gun made. As I shoot a good deal, I am thoroughly accustomed to this gun. Later in the fall, I go deer hunting, and take the best gun I can find, which is no other than this same Remington, with the addition of a set of rifle sights and an auxiliary or inserted rifle barrel, also of Remington make, using a 45-90 cartridge. With this gun I have better success than with any other, partly for the reason that, using but one gun, I am perfectly familiar with it, and again because it is accurate and properly loaded.

One of my earliest recollections is of my older brothers experimenting with buckshot, trying to devise some method to control the spread. All their efforts were failures, or nearly so. During the past 2 years I have given the matter considerable attention, and can now load buckshot so as to make any desired pattern, from a 6 inch to a 6 foot spread. To my surprise, I found that nitro gas would not burn a fine silk thread; so, shaving up a little lead from each buckshot, I strung them on a thread by welding the lead back with the thread in the cut. Not a shot will leave the thread, and all will go into a small circle.

Another way is to cut the string into 3 pieces and load with a thin wad between each set of 3. Best of all, unless you want an extremely close pattern, is to attach a tail of medium sized cord to each shot. These tails should be 2 to 4 inches long; the longer the tail, the closer the pattern. The tails act as rudders and keep the shot from curving. Use shot that chamber 3 in smallest place in barrel, if choke bored. Try this method. It will surprise you. My gun will scatter the shot over a 10 foot circle at 10 rods without this method of loading. With the string tails, it will throw them all in a 30 inch circle at same distance.

I believe if more of our deer hunters would use the gun with which they do their quick wing shooting, fitted with a Remington rifle barrel, less wild shooting would be done, and consequently fewer wounded deer would be left in the woods. Two years ago I got 3 deer with buckshot in thick brush where I could not get a rifle shot. Last year the rifle did it all. To be ready at all times and under all conditions, you need the gun and loads I have described.

E. A. Kemp, Greenville, Mich.

ACCURACY OF THE .30 U. S. RIFLE.

I have just been reading some of my old copies of RECREATION and note Jay Bee's absurd article on high power rifles in the March number. It is a well known fact that the .30 U. S. magazine rifle is more accurate at all ranges than the .45-70-500, and the following figures, taken from the Scientific American Supplement, prove it beyond a doubt. They show the radius of the circle that will contain 10 consecutive shots fired by an average marksman, from the .30 Krag-Jorgensen and from the .45-70-500 Springfield, at ranges of 100 to 1,800 yards:

Range. Yards.	.30 U. S. Mag. Rifle. Inches	.45-70-500 Springfield. Inches.
100	1.2	1.3
200	2.1	2.7
300	3.3	4.2
400	4.7	5.8
500	6.2	7.6
600	7.7	9.5
700	9.3	11.6
800	11.1	13.8
900	13.0	17.0
1000	14.9	21.4
1100	16.8	
1200	19.1	
1300	21.8	
1400	25.0	
1500	28.7	
1600	33.0	
1700	38.0	
1800	44.0	

No records of the accuracy of the Springfield rifle have been obtained beyond 1,000 yards, although it was shot up to 3,500 yards. It must be remembered that these tables were published over 2 years ago. Since that time ammunition for the .30 U. S. has been much improved, and no doubt even better results could now be obtained with it.

Jay Bee says no high power rifle is fitted with sights that will compensate for drift. I presume he means a wind gauge. In this he is also wrong, as the '95 model .30 caliber Winchester military rifle is fitted with an excellent wind gauge sight of military pattern. I am expecting a single shot rifle from the Winchester factory soon which will be for the .30 U. S. cartridge, will weigh 9½ pounds, and will have a 30 inch round band, fitted with military wind gauge sights. I believe this arm will be very near perfection for long range target shooting.

Jack Pattern, Orange, N. J.

EFFECT OF CERTAIN CHARGES.

Will some scientific reader of RECREATION tell me why most rifles shoot higher with light than with regular charges? I mean by light charges, the powder loaded loose in the shell and the bullet set in the muzzle of shell as in regular loads. I have tried them in 4 different rifles, a .40-70 Ballard, a .50-110 Winchester, a .38-72, '95 model, Winchester, and a .32-40. All excepting the Ballard shoot 4 to 6 inches high at 40 yards when the gun is sighted point blank. With the regular charge in the Ballard the sighting remains the same for all loads at point blank range. How a bullet can rise above the line of the bore and still shoot accurately is more than I can understand. They all seem to shoot as accurately at short range as the heavy loads. Why the Ballard should shoot all loads the same and the others not is still another stumbling block for me. The only difference I can see is that its bullets do not fit so tightly as the others do. The .40-70 loaded with 20 to 40 grains of black powder and a bullet from 175 to 240 grains makes a fine cartridge for short range. I find that an air space of 1/8 of an inch causes the .38-72 to shoot high. Is there no way to overcome this difficulty? Does the factory loaded short range ammunition give the same trouble?

C. V. Oden, Roseburg, Ore.

ANSWER.

The peculiarity of rifles shooting different charges with the same sighting is a matter that has been noted many times. It may be caused by a great many special conditions, as, for example, the fit of the bullet, force of recoil, etc. If the direction of the barrel could be kept in identically the same position, the heavier charge would always shoot highest, but there is an invariable flip to the barrel which varies with different arms and different charges. Just what the cause is in the particular cases referred to in your letter it would be impossible to state without going carefully into the whole matter in each case and doing considerable experimental work. It may be interesting to state in this connection that the .45-70 Government rifle has been known to shoot 2 very different charges with the same sighting at certain distances and the .25-40 rifle at short range has been known to shoot the regular charge and place the bullets lower than when shooting the .25-20-77 charge in the same gun.—EDITOR.

A BALL THAT GLANCED.

The editor says, in February RECREATION, that he doubts if any ball fired from a modern rifle and propelled by a full charge of powder ever glanced from a bear's skull.

I used to have a 45 Winchester, and was conceited enough to think I could kill anything in the mountains without any trouble. In the spring of '83 a friend and I went hunting, and on our return to camp ran up against a good sized silvertip. I was something of a tenderfoot, and my friend, who carried an old 45 Sharps, said to me, "Now, don't run and leave me if he comes after us, and we will surely get him."

My friend took a position on a large pine log which lay across a dry gulch, and I stood on the bank. He was to count 3 and we were both to fire at once. He counted, but had to stretch up a little to get good aim, and in so doing lost his balance; his gun went off at an angle of about 45 degrees, and he fell backward into the gulch among the dead timber. The bear had seen us and sat looking at us. I thought I would just blow the top of his head off. I pulled for right between his eyes for my first shot, and was much surprised to see him start at once toward me, with a whole head and a full load of rage.

I had 4 other cartridges in the magazine, and I shot them at the old fellow as he came on until he reached the edge of the gulch. Then he fell, rolled to the bottom, and could not get up. After due deliberation, we ventured to make an examination of our game, and found my first shot had cut a slit about 2 inches long in his scalp, starting 1/2 way between the eyes and ranging diagonally upward. I also had put a shot through his neck, one through a foreleg above the knee, one through a hind leg, and the fourth had cut about 1 inch into the lower part of the heart. I am satisfied that a ball did glance from this bear's skull. I used regular Winchester cartridges, loaded at factory, and the bear was 50 or 60 yards from me at first shot. I now use a 30-30 Winchester, but am not looking for any more shots at a bear's face.

W. F. Chalmers, Lander, Wyo.

EXCELLENT TARGETS.

I have a '97 model Winchester repeating shot gun. Are the targets given below, made while testing the gun recently, good or not? Cartridges used were Winchester factory loaded Leader shells, with 3 drams Dupont smokeless and 1 1/8 ounces No. 6 chilled shot. In a target 9 1/4 x 11 1/2 inches, at 48 yards, I put 57 shot; in a target 8 1/2 x 9 1/2, distant 50 yards, I put 28 shot; and in a 24 inch circle, distant 48 yards, I put 150 pellets. With a load of 3 1/4 drams Hazard black powder and 1 1/8 ounces No. 5 shot, I put 43 pellets in a 6 x 6 inch target at 27 yards.

J. T. Maris, Sayre, Ohio.

ANSWER.

I referred your question to the Winchester Arms Co. and they say:

"Mr. Maris's records are extremely good as compared with anything we expect of our shot guns here. We try our guns ordinarily in a 30 inch circle at 40 yards, and expect to get about 70 per cent. of the entire charge on that target. Mr. Maris's figuring on the rectangles which he mentions in his letter gets about 90 per cent. This is better than we can do here. The whole charge of 1 1/8 ounce No. 6 chilled shot contains 253 pellets; 70 per cent. of this would be 1.77. If we lay a rectangle, 9 1/4 x 11 1/2 inches on this pattern where the shot are thickest, we can count usually about 46 pellets, whereas Mr. Maris gets 57 at 48 yards. He also gets 150 pellets, or about 59 per cent., in a 24 inch circle at 48 yards. The best we could do with the same charge at that distance was about 50 per cent. It is possible he has a gun that shoots very closely about the center. The best and usual way to test a shot gun is to shoot at a sheet of paper large enough to catch the entire charge, placed 40 yards away. Strike a 30 inch circle on this pattern, choosing the thickest part as the center. This is a more reliable test of the shooting of a gun than can be obtained by firing at small targets."

30 CALIBERS AND OTHERS.

Articles like that signed "Rifle," in September RECREATION, make me tired. Men start for a hunt and take along a 30 caliber. They see its wonderful power and its smashing effect on game and conclude it is the only gun made. An electrical gun built to kill game 3 miles away by simply pressing the button would find a good sale to just such people. A 30 is not too powerful for grizzly; but I rank the man who uses a 30 on deer and such game alongside the fellow with an 8 gauge shot gun. The man who can not place a 38-55, or a 45-70 at least, so as to kill a deer, should stay out of the woods. The 30 caliber is a strictly military arm, as was originally intended, and is a great gun in that line.

Of course, black powder is behind the times, but ammunition for black powder guns can now be procured loaded with smokeless powder. I have seen a small bore shoot through ½ inch of iron and 3 feet of oak. It would not have killed a deer any quicker than a 38-55 or a 45, but it might have spoiled more good meat. For years the old 44-40 killed most of the large game shot throughout the world. The 44-40 is not the most powerful nor most accurate of guns; but there are the 32-40, 38-55, 40-70, 45-70, and 45-90 to select from, and they are good enough for any game in America. Why are so many 30 caliber men crying for a heavier load with the same velocity? A 38-55 suits me all right, and I have plenty of backing. Coquina made some fine kills in the past, with that old 40 caliber pill driver of his, though Mr. Vandyke and others think a cannon the thing needed. Some more of you 38 and 45 fellows stand up for your pet pill driver.

F. H. Shaw, Ironton, Ia.

REPEATING SHOT GUNS.

G. R. Rucker asks in November RECREATION for information about repeating shotguns.

I have been using a Winchester repeater 4 years. To have 6 shots always ready is an advantage in hunting ducks, especially where they are not plentiful.

I think a repeater as safe as, if not safer than, nine-tenths of the double guns. You can never pull the wrong trigger and miss a bird, nor pull 2 triggers at once and get a bruised shoulder. When the gun is at half cock it is impossible to open it or to explode a shell in the chamber. On the Winchester the trigger guard is small and will not catch in twigs, yet is large enough to admit the finger.

My gun has been in use at least 4 days of every week since I got it, shooting game and targets, and is as good as when new. I carry it on horseback, on the bike, in wagons, and give it rough usage, shooting black and smokeless powder.

I never had any trouble with my gun, and have used it in rain, sleet, snow and in extremely cold weather.. I never heard of a repeating gun bursting, and can see no reason why they should.

I bought a Winchester because the price was low. Also, because I had studied the merits of different double and repeating guns and decided the Winchester was the best for the price, all points considered

I think the repeater is a better all around gun than the double barrel. I do not speak from the standpoint of a game butcher, either. A person can slaughter game with the double gun if he is so inclined.

J. J. McMamara, Cimarron, Col.

HAS FAITH IN THE .32-20.

In my young days game in great variety was plentifully distributed over this region. We had elk, deer, wild turkey, prairie chickens, quail, and squirrels; also wolves by the thousand, and an occasional bear. Amid all this plenty I hunted but little. It was not until after our civil war that I had leisure to indulge in field sports.

I have hunted buffalo, antelope, and deer on our Western plains and in the Rocky mountains. My favorite rifle was a Whitney breechloader, 42-75, Russian model.

Finally, I was so unfortunate as to discharge the gun while a straw was in the barrel. This made a groove in the metal near the breech, and caused the gun to shoot wild. I then got me a 38 Winchester repeater, and did excellent work with it. My hunting companion, who had always preferred a 45-70 or 50-90 until he saw the work of my gun, insisted on my letting him have it. So I parted with the 38 and bought a 32-20. With this I have done some fair target practice, but I have not had a chance to try it at large game.

I am favorably impressed with the Savage rifle, though I think that frequent use of the jacketed bullet is certain to wear the rifling. As to caliber, the .303 or 30-30 is destructive enough for any game in this country. Still, I have faith in the 32, and shall depend on it for all my deer and turkey hunts.

Occident, Sedalia, Mo.

THE .30-30.

Last July I bought a .30-30 Winchester, take down, half octagon, full magazine. I consider it the best shooting, best balanced and most accurate gun I ever brought to my shoulder. The first shot I fired at game was at a hawk perched on a tree about 250 yards away. When the gun cracked the hawk came to the ground.

The next day I got a shot at a deer standing about 200 yards distant and looking at me from behind a large spruce tree. I could see only one ear and a shoulder. I aimed at the shoulder. The deer turned, ran about 50 feet and fell. The bullet went through shoulder and paunch, and on through the hip, smashing the bone.

The light weight of the .30-30 is a great point in its favor with me, as I hunt deer entirely on foot. I have used several makes of guns, and not one would stop a deer better than the .30. I am a stickler for light guns and as light a bullet and powder charge as will kill the game one hunts. I believe in trying to kill my game with the first shot, if possible, and not in whanging away to empty the magazine.

I have read and heard a great lot about the .30's and other mushroom bullets causing bloodshot meat. I have seen game killed with the .303 Savage, the .30-30 and the .30-40, and not one ounce of the meat was injured, except what the bullets actually hit.

J. J. McNamara, Cimarron, Col.

SMALL SHOT.

If the use of shotguns for bird shooting could be prohibited, and hunters allowed to use only rifles, the birds would have more of a chance to get away and there would be better hunting.

A. W. K., Merrill, Wis.

ANSWER.

I should say the birds would have a better chance to get away. If a man should hunt quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock, and snipe with a rifle, it is safe to say that 99 out of every 100 birds flushed would get away. A man who might be fortunate enough to have a dog that would tree ruffed grouse and bark, could get many of them; but of the other species named nearly all would escape.

A. W. K.'s scheme is not practicable at present. Broadly speaking, I am in favor of anything that will give the game a better chance for its existence than it now has; but so long as we allow men to shoot or to hunt these birds at all, we must allow them to use shot guns.—EDITOR.

In answer to various inquiries regarding Ithaca guns, would say I have owned 2 12 bores of that make. One, a 30 inch, 10 pound gun, taking a 3 inch shell, was particularly effective for goose and duck shooting. Loaded with all the f f f g powder the shell would hold, together with 3 layers of buckshot, it was deadly at extremely long range. The other gun I had made to order. It weighed 8½ pounds, and had 32 inch Damascus barrels bored for field shooting. No gun I have used is more deadly up to 60 yards. I have fired thousands of shots from it, and it is still as tight and perfect as when made.

Daniel Arrowsmith, Ellsworth, Ill.

Some of your correspondents waste lots of ink in abusing the repeating shot gun and men who use it. I shoot a pump gun because no better arm can be had at its price. Just how that makes me a hog I do not understand. If a $16 gun makes a hog, does an $8 gun make a pig, or does it run the other way? And what makes a man a piglet, the possession of a $4 gun or of a $64 gun? Let us have more light on this subject, dear Chappies. I am trying to figure out whether the owner of a $400 hammerless ejector is a gentleman sportsman or a wart on a hog's ear.

Snap Shot, Stillwater, Minn.

I should like to hear from users of .25-25 Stevens rifles as to range and accuracy. Also, if anyone has reloaded with low pressure smokeless powder.

I have a Stevens Ideal rifle, No. 44, .22 l. r., with 28 inch barrel and Lyman sights, that can not be excelled. With it I killed 2 great blue herons at one shot, at a distance of 125 yards. While not a table bird, they tasted mighty good to my partner and me, for we were out of grub at the time.

C. O. M., Columbia Barracks, Cuba.

My choice of rifles for deer and smaller game is the '86 model, Winchester. I own one made as directed by me. It is a 38-56, 28 inch barrel, nickel steel. I had the factory stock removed and replaced by one made after my own fancy. I use the open rear sight with the ivory bead in front. Have used Lyman sights, but have obtained best results with the former.

A. A. Divine, Elk Rapids, Mich.

What is the price of a model '99 Savage rifle? And what is the extreme range of that arm?

I. W. Payne, Tuttles, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I have requested the Savage Arms Co. to mail you their catalogue. The extreme range of the full jacketed and expanding Savage cartridge is 2 miles. It is exceedingly accurate up to 2,000 yards.—EDITOR.

NATURAL HISTORY.

NATURE'S PROVISION FOR WINTER BIRDS.

SARAH T. WOODWORTH.

When the summer is past and the young birds have been safely reared to maturity, the great tide of bird migration begins to set backward from the Northern woods. This is the time of year when frugal Nature forgets her economies and is in a bounteous mood. Through the long summer days and sunny autumn, while insects and caterpillars furnished ample repasts for her feathered children, she was accumulating treasures of seeds, grain and berries against the return of the wanderers, to whom she gave such stinted largess in the spring. Nearly every tree, shrub and vine holds a store of food. All the gay meadow possessions of the past season—grass, sedge and flaunting flowers, even coarse and unsightly weeds—are heavy with harvest. This is the season when birds need a generous diet. They are thin and worn with the care of young and the moulting and renewal of their plumage. Why wonder then if they give themselves up to banqueting?

At this time families are broken up. The various tribes gather in flocks, forgetting their song, and proceed leisurely to literally eat their way through to the South. The insect eaters pass through at a comparatively early date, but the seed and berry eaters remain until driven Southward by the cold. Numerous as these are, it is impossible for them to exhaust the seeds, but by the time the last travelers have departed most of the berries are consumed. All the low growing varieties of *Cornus*—white, black and blue berries—are swept clean. One morning you may find a tree of *Cornus florida* literally alive with robins and golden winged woodpeckers, and an hour later not a berry of its shining red coral will be left.

The ash trees bear a wealth of winged seeds fashioned like tiny Indian paddles. These hold out for perhaps a month, but even they gradually disappear, until naught is left of summer's garnering but a shower of empty seed cases beneath the trees. Successive flocks of hungry birds hold high revels here. One day it will be the pine finches, on another the chattering thistle birds, and again the redpoll linnets, their rosy plumage gleaming like satin in the morning sun.

Out in the open fields and roadways numerous flocks of the sparrow family find rich harvesting. Great patches of pig weed and climbing false buckwheat form tangled coverts where security and plenty are assured. A quiet approach to one of these spots will afford a surprise. Not a feather is in sight, but beneath you can hear the birds feeding, the cracking of seeds and the clicking of innumerable little bills swelling to quite a volume of sound. Shake the thicket and out rush the birds with a great whirring of wings. Tree sparrows, whitethroats, song and swamp sparrows, goldfinches and juncos are there, the twinkling white feathers of the latter showing conspicuously as they pitch about in their peculiar flight. For a moment they appear like a torrent of leaves swept before a November gale, and then disappear in the next tangle of weeds.

For the most part the birds feed silently, but the tree sparrows always sing light little notes, sweet and tinkling. When November has past, most of the summer visitors and birds of passage have departed for the South, that land of plenty and perpetual summer. Were it not for this wise provision of Nature the food supply, great as it is, would not hold out until the coming of another warm season.

Under the working of this migratory impulse there is comparative plenty left for the winter residents. Pines and hemlocks hold within each scale of their cones the tiny nuts which the hooked mandibles of those erratic wanderers, the crossbills, will open later. The waxwing likewise has his own especial preserves. There are the blue green berries of the cedar and the frozen fruits of orchards and wild apple trees, which grow in thickets and hedgerows. The waxwing is the cultured gentleman of his tribe, quiet of tone, gentle and refined in manners, never quarreling over his food.

A friend assures me he has seen a row of these birds sitting on a bough and systematically passing a frozen crab apple up and down the line, each one taking a bite and passing it on to the next, just as convivial souls would send around a bottle. That was in the hungry time of the year, too, when the instinct of self preservation might well engender selfishness.

The fruit of the sumac and bittersweet seem to be reserved for necessity, for only late in the spring, when food is scarce, have I seen any birds attempt to eat it; but the white berries of the poison ivy are acceptable to many of the finches. Almost anything will do for the jays and crows. They are omnivorous, taking any thing they can get; but the grubs and larvae imbedded in the trunks and limbs of trees furnish food for the woodpeckers. Their stout bills are able to chisel through almost any intervening bark and wood to reach them. Some species eat ants and crickets, and often disappoint the entomologist by opening the cases of chrysalids and drawing out their contents. Many a time have I struggled through a tangled mass of osier or cat brier for a promising cocoon, only to find that the enterprising woodpecker had been ahead of me.

The white, wax-coated fruit of the bayberry, or *Myrica cerifera,* is the favorite food of the yellowrump, or myrtle bird; and wherever there is an abundant crop of those berries there the myrtle birds may be found in great abundance. The myrtle bird is the only one of the large tribe of warblers that can endure the cold of our winters.

The others of this numerous family wend their flight Southward early in the season, and many cross the Gulf, going as far beyond the equator as the Argentine Republic. With the exception of kinglets and humming birds, these are the smallest of our birds. Think of those tiny, slender wings crossing that vast extent of country twice a year!

The myrtle bird, however, defies the cold of a Northern winter, trusting to the bayberries, which furnished another hardy set of adventurers on these harsh shores with a light to cheer the cold gloom of a New England winter. In the days of the Puritan the wax-coated fruit of the bayberry was gathered and boiled in water. The wax was then skimmed off and run into candles. These must have burned like incense, as every part of the bush is aromatic.

When the snows lie deep and heavy on the fields, the weeds and grasses hold above them an abundance of food for the seed eaters. One of the pleasant sights in winter is the imprint of many little feet among the scattered seeds beneath these clumps. The bird-lover feels glad when he sees these signs that for one more morning at least the hunger of the birds has been satisfied. Few things are more appealing than the trust of a bird for the continuance of its food. One winter, during a cold and driving storm, the hunger-driven birds overcame their timidity sufficiently to come in at the open kitchen door for the food which we scattered near the threshold, and after satisfying their need they flew away to some unknown shelter. The next morning we arose considerably later, and on the freshly fallen snow of the porch was evidence that the birds had come again seeking food. They had alighted on the steps, hopped along half the length of the porch, and the trampled footmarks at the kitchen door showed they had waited patiently for some time, expecting it to open. It has been my custom for several winters to hang up bones and bits of gristly meat in some trees before my window to attract the birds. I am rewarded by the sight of woodpeckers, nuthatches, chickadees, and brown creepers coming almost daily to nibble on these tidbits.

Toward the end of February, the food supply of the birds is greatly diminished and the demand increased by the first arrivals from the advance rank of the spring migration. Then if a heavy fall of snow occurs, ending in what may be called a glacial period for their world, the birds are in a sad plight. The insect eaters are a little better off than the seed eaters, for even with wet, clinging snows and ice-incrusted forests one side of the trees is usually exposed; but by this time most of the seeds from weeds and grasses have been beaten to the ground by the fierce winter storms and lie beyond reach until a thaw uncovers them. At such times very shy birds are sometimes driven by hunger to seek refuge around barns and dwellings.

Two springs ago, after a late March snowfall, a fox sparrow made a filibustering expedition among the English residents of my back dooryard. It is frequently asserted that the English sparrow will wage successful warfare on any of our native birds; but the fox sparrow's visit disproved it. The latter is a shy and retiring bird, even in his native thickets, and his stay with us in the spring is a brief one of 2 or 3 weeks. When I first heard his feeble "seep" in my garden, he was sitting in a lilac bush, with drooping, storm-worn plumage, in a dejected and humble attitude. But never did prosperity work a greater alteration of character. He soon developed the most despotic manners, and, finding the English sparrows gave way to him, he allowed them to take nothing he coveted. I could see, even by the way he hopped, how his arrogance grew daily. His poor subjects might well have asked "Upon what meat does this, our Cæsar feed, that he hath grown so great?" For a brief period he was an interesting study, but with the melting snows he vanished from sight, to resume, no doubt, his onward journey to the summer land of his desire.

THE MUSKRAT DOES EAT MEAT.

New York Zoological Park, N. Y. City.
Editor RECREATION:

In April RECREATION, one C. W. Morgareidge, of Wolf, Wyoming, severely criticises Mr. Avon Woods, who made a few truthful statements about muskrats. The cutting remarks which Mr. M. uses are more appropriate for himself. In fact, his whole criticism is notable for the ignorance it shows.

While it may be true that "no one ever saw a muskrat eat flesh of any kind," yet it is a well established fact that they do. When I used to drive the cow to pasture by the tail, I had to pass a series of old brick ponds infested with muskrats, and frequently stopped to catch turtles. I remember often hearing an old Irish woman, who lived in a hovel near by, cuss the rodents for killing her young ducks; and she even accused them of stealing the ducks from their coop. If Mr. M. has never heard of anyone's baiting muskrat traps with meat, he should listen while I tell him I always do, unless I am trapping in runways, and that it is the surest bait that can be used. I have even known muskrats to kill each other and eat part of the flesh. Along the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna river I have seen bushels of clam shells heaped under a stone, a log or the roots of a tree, by muskrats, after they have feasted on the contents of the shells. In one place, while canoeing down the river from Cooperstown, I passed a strip about 3 miles long, that was particularly thick with clam shells. While gliding silently along close to shore, I surprised a muskrat on the bank. After it had rushed into the water, I landed and tracked it in the soft mud to a spot a few feet from the shore, where it had stuck a fresh clam in the mud to be opened by the sun. This accounts for the large number of shells that are found unbroken in the heaps. Several old fishermen from whom I inquired said also that they were the work of muskrats.

Grubs, snails, and insects form a principal part of the food of our Eastern chipmunk, and had Mr. M. read the different criticisms on the beneficial and harmful qualities of the red squirrel, that have extended through several numbers of RECREATION, he would have been convinced that it is not only the carnivorous animals which eat meat. I have caught the following rodents in traps baited with raw meat: Woodchuck (*Arctomys*); Columbian ground - squirrel (*Spermophilus*); several other species of ground-squirrels; about half a dozen species of woodrats, both smooth and bushy-tailed; chipmunks (*Tamias*); cotton-rats (*Sigmodon*); many species of white-footed mice (*Peromyscus*); meadow mice (*Microtus*); red-backed mice (*Evotomys*); grasshopper mice (*Anochomys*); harvest mice (*Reithrodentomys*); jumping mice (*Zapus*); and once a little chief hare (*Lagomys*); though I am inclined to believe the hare was not attracted by the bait, but stumbled into the trap accidentally.

I wish some of your numerous readers would tell me where I can buy beaver or otter. In fact, I should like to communicate with anyone having live animals or birds for sale. J. Alden Loring,

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I notice in RECREATION a communication from C. W. Morgareidge, who doubts if muskrats eat flesh. I have never seen one do so, but have seen one chase and catch a water-dog, or lizard. Four years ago a friend and I were driving by Nichols lake, near this place, and we noticed some animal swimming under water, chasing another animal. I pulled up the horse at the edge of the lake. The water was calm, and the sun shining, so we could see everything clearly. My first thought was that it was a mink trying to catch a trout; but I soon saw what the pursued was. The water-dog twisted and turned quickly, but his enemy was as quick as he. Finally, when the 2 were about 3 feet apart and 25 or 30 feet from shore, the pursuer made a sudden dash, caught the water-dog and rose to the surface. Then I saw the pursuer was a muskrat. It swam partly out of the water, so I could indentify it beyond doubt. The rat swam off with its prey. What it did with it I don't know. If it killed it just for the fun of the thing, or to make a record, I suppose it should be classed as a game hog and dealt with accordingly. But my impression is animals that kill meat do so because they wish to eat it.

E. R. Warren, Crested Butte, Colo.

I notice in your August number a letter from C. H. Ames, of West Newton, Mass., *in re* muskrats eating flesh. I am of the opinion of C. W. Morgareidge, of Wolf, Wyo., that they are not carnivorous. Muskrats here live on roots obtained in the marshes. I once shot more ducks than I could carry out of a marsh and left some on a rat house, intending to return for them the next morning. When I did so the rats had completely covered them with grass and rushes, as they were preparing for winter; but not a feather of them had been touched nor were there any signs of the muskrats' teeth in the birds. The natives of this country say muskrats do not eat flesh.

T. I. Tait, Carman, Man.

WONDERS OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

It is estimated that there are about 480,000 different species of animals that have been studied and described, although there are only 150,000 different species of plants.

The following table is interesting:

No. of species of insects in the world	50,000,000
Described species of insects in all orders	300,000
No. species Coleoptera ...	130,000
No. species Lepidoptera...	60,000

No. species Hymenoptera.....	40,0000
No. of species of birds	12,000
No. of species of mammals	2,500
No. of species of reptiles, about	4,250
No. of species of batrachians, about	1,250
No. of species of fishes	12,000
No. of species of mollusks	50,000
No. of species of worms (vermes)	6,150
No. of species of echinoderms..	3,000
No. of species of snakes, about	2,000
No. of species of venomous snakes, about	400
No. of species of amphibia, about	1,250
No. of species of arachnids.....	20,000

In the Museum of Natural History at Berlin, the largest collection in the world, there are some 200,000 species of animals represented by about 1,800,000 specimens.

F. M. Bream, Gettysburg, Pa.

CUTE TRICK OF A RED FOX.

In 1849 I was trapping red foxes in the Tioga valley, New York. I caught several, but there was one that for a time was too sharp for me. I laid awake hours scheming to get him. He ate the bait off the bed regularly, but never sprang the trap. Finally I went to the barn one cold day and caught a mouse. I set him up on a beam in position as in the act of jumping and left him there until he was frozen solid. Then I placed the mouse directly over the pan of the trap, which I set so lightly that the least pressure would spring it. That trick discounted the fox. He wanted that mouse. He got it, and got caught, too, the trap nipping a corner of his lower jaw and hooking over one tooth. I trailed him across the field to a rail fence, where he had traveled up and down to find a hole to crawl through with the trap head on. He failed to find it. Then, judging from the signs on the snow, he sat down to think out a way to get through. He succeeded by digging a hole under the bottom rail and bucking through it, pulling the trap after him. The trap stuck fast in the hole and the fox in pulling broke his tooth off and escaped. I found the tooth fast in the trap and went home, vowing to get the rest of the fox. I put my foxhound on the trail, ran Reynard to his den, dug him out, and found his right lower canine tooth missing.

R. H. Patterson, Rockledge, Fla.

HOW TO POISON ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Please give exact and detailed description of how to prepare arsenicated wheat to poison English sparrows.

Dr. J. C. Hierholzer, Allegheny, Pa.

ANSWER.

Take one part by weight of white arsenic to 15 parts of cornmeal or grain. Paris green and London purple would be just as valuable as white arsenic except for their bright color, which arouses the sparrow's suspicions. If cornmeal is used, the arsenic should be stirred in dry, and the mixture afterward moistened. It should be fed moist. If whole grain is used, it should be moistened before stirring in the arsenic. It wil be found advantageous to add a little gum arabic to the water used to moisten the grain, as it causes the poison to adhere more firmly to the kernels. The grain should be dried before using. Wheat is preferable to all other grain, because the sparrows feed on it more eagerly.

These directions are the result of experiments made by Dr. A. K. Fisher, and are taken from the U. S. Department of Agriculture bulletin on the English sparrow, 1889, page 174.—EDITOR.

AN ALBINO ROBIN.

In looking over June RECREATION, I notice an article by R. S. Consol, of Lostant, Ill., saying that a man had seen a white bird resembling a robin. In early May of last year I took down an enormous English ivy from my sitting-room, placed it on the grass outside, showered it and left it there a few hours to dry. When I went out to get it I found a white female robin entangled in the twine with which the vine had been looped up in the house. I released the bird, held it in my hands a few moments, showed it to neighbors, and then gave it liberty. I traced it to its nest in a large cottonwood tree near my house, and saw it many times afterward. Its mate was a red robin. The bird had a pure white body, with wings and tail of the same color as any ordinary robin. Later the nest was destroyed, and the white bird was missing; but I saw the mate moping about for several days afterward. I greatly deplored the destruction of the nest, as I was anxious to see what color the young would be.

C. H. Wilbour, Austin, Minn.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

In looking over your August number, which is up to the standard of excellence, I find an article by one "Sparrow Hawk" in regard to the pestiferous sparrow. When he speaks about "the beautiful mottled eggs of the robin" he is sadly in need of something which nature fails to provide.

Referring to Mr. Clayton's article on the purple grackle, I am afraid that on closer inspection he would have found a white rumped shrike instead of a grackle.

But of all the ridiculous statements that in regard to the cat's means of defense is the most absurd. The cat referred to had probably been eating old white fish and diseased rats. That diet would explain the odor.

I congratulate you on your work against the game hogs, and I know of at least one case where it did good. That man would do it again, but he says he hates the kind of type you deliver.

J. E. Denton, Detroit, Mich.

In a recent RECREATION Avon Wood accuses the muskrat of killing ducks. The charge is manifestly absurd. The muskrat is as strictly herbivorous as the rabbit. Its teeth are of the same class, and when its mouth is opened to the widest possible extent there is not ¾ of an inch of space between its upper and lower incisors. How could an animal with such a mouth and such teeth hold or kill a duck? No living animal is better supplied with its natural food. Wherever roots grow in mud, there the muskrat's table is spread. Ducks feed day and night in the marshes, where there are dozens of muskrat houses. Would they do so if the rats molested them? When Avon's friend splashed the water with his foot in imitation of the sound made by a duck, he was mimicking as well the splash of a muskrat. The rats that were attracted by the noise were looking for a companion of their own kind, not for a duck.

S. B. Brown, Rutherford, N. J.

A friend living in this city is the possessor of a pair of foxes. The dog fox is about 2 years old and quite tame, eating from the hand. The vixen is exceedingly timid. They are confined in a yard made of chicken netting, adjoining which is a comfortable house for shelter. Near the roof of this house is a hole that was cut previous to the present tenants' occupancy to admit pigeons. Although the aperture is 10 feet from the floor the vixen managed to make her escape through it to the roof of the den, from which she jumped to freedom. After remaining away a day and 2 nights she reappeared and deliberately entered capitivity through the opening by which she had escaped.

N. Lett, Ottawa, Can.

I noticed in August RECREATION an inquiry as to how to poison English sparrows. Arsenic will not kill any kind of a bird, but a mixture of henbane and corn meal or wheat will do the business every time. If used during the winter, when our other birds are gone, it ought to exterminate the English sparrow in this country in a few years. Let every sportsman make a note of this and next winter destroy the sparrows in his immediate vicinity. Then in a short time we shall hear the song of the robin, the bluebird and the song sparrow instead of the harsh scolding of the little English ruffian.

W. H. Tallert, Watertown, N. Y.

Will you kindly give me some information in regard to the best method of feeding bears, kind of food, etc.

W. W. Sargent, Fitchburg, Mass.

ANSWER.

Polar bears require fat meat, fish, and bread. Other bears require cooked lean meat, bread, boiled vegetables, and rice if they will eat it. They must have sleeping dens that are dry, and pools in which to bathe daily.—EDITOR.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion:

A yearly subscription to RECREATION furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to RECREATION means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with checks in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipients will be.

I received the copy of "Cruisings in the Cascades," and it is great. I speak from experience, having been over the territory it covers. It is like taking the trip over. Its accuracy and the pleasing manner in which it is written are sufficient to recommend it to all.

J. J. Reid, Blue Earth City, Minn.

An 18 months' experience in the Copper River country, Alaska, enables me to speak in the highest terms of the Primus oil stove and the Kenwood sleeping bag, advertised in RECREATION.

Dr. L. S. Townsend, Beaver Falls, Pa.

The Syracuse gun you sent me for 40 subscriptions came all right. It is A1 in both looks and shooting qualities. Am much obliged to you.

Chas. Ballard, Old Town, Me.

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VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Franklin Stearns, Chief Warden, 13 N. 11th St., M. D. Hart, Sec.-Treas., 1217 East Main St. Richmond.

WASHINGTON DIVISION.

J. S. Stangroom, Chief Warden, New Whatcom; J. B. Scott, Sec.-Treas., Fairhaven.

WISCONSIN DIVISION.

James T. Drought, Chief Warden, Milwaukee; Dr. A. Gropper, Sec.-Treas., Milwaukee.

WYOMING DIVISION.

Dr. Frank Dunham, Chief Warden, Lander; H. E. Wadsworth, Sec.-Treas., Lander.

Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 23 W. 24th St., New York.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW YORK.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
New York,	Conrad L. Meyer,	46 W. Broadway.
Livingston	M. De La Vergne,	Lakeville.
Nassau,	Willett Smith,	Freeport, L. I.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
"	R. R. Mathewson,	Binghamton, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Cortland,	J. A. Wood,	Cortland, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle,	Hendy Creek, N. Y.
Erie,	E. P. Dorr,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	W. H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
Franklin,	Jas. Eccles,	St. Regis Falls.
	W. J. Martin,	McColloms.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport, N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
	J. Hampton Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville, N. Y.
"	Chas. Seacor,	57 Pelham Road, Naw Rochelle.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley, N.Y.
Rockland,	A. Woodward,	Ramapo, N. Y.
Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners, N. Y.
Broome,	John Sullivan,	Sanataria Springs, N. Y.
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis, N. Y.
Onondaga,	James Lush	Memphis, N. Y.
Yates,	B. L. Wren,	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Dutchess,	Chas. H. DeLong,	Pawling, N. Y.
Dutchess,	Jacob Tompkins,	Billings, N. Y.
Queens,	Gerard Van Nostrand,	Flushing, L. I.
"	W. S. Mygrant,	46 Elton Street, Brooklyn.
Ulster,	M. A. DeVall,	The Corners.
Jefferson,	C. E. Van Order,	Watertown.

LOCAL WARDENS IN OHIO.

Stark,	A. Dangeleisen,	Massillon.
Franklin,	Brook L. Terry,	208 Woodward Av., Columbus.
Cuyahoga,	A. W. Hitch,	161 Osborn St., Cleveland.
Clark,	Fred C. Ross,	169 W. Main St., Springfield.
Erie,	David Sutton,	418 Jackson St Sandusky.
Fulton,	L. C. Berry,	Swanton.
Allen,	S. W. Knisely,	Lima.
Hamilton,	W. C. Rippey	4465 Eastern Ave. Cincinnati.
Knox,	Grant Phillips,	Mt. Vernon.
Lorain,	T. J. Bates,	Elyria.
Ottawa,	Frank B. Shirley,	Lakeside.
Muskingum,	Frank D. Abell,	Zanesville.
Scioto,	J. F. Kelley,	Portsmouth.
Highland,	James G. Lyle,	Hillsboro.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Norfolk,	Orlando McKenzie,	Norfolk.
Norfolk,	J. J. Blick,	Wrentham.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

Mercer,	Jos. Ashmore,	124 Taylor St., Trenton
	Edw. Vanderbilt,	Dentzville, Trenton.
	Arthur Mitchell,	739 Centre St., Trenton.
Middlesex,	D. W. Clark,	New Brunswick.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
Morris,	Chas. W. Blake,	Dover.
Morris,	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
Somerset,	G. E. Morris,	Somerville.
Sussex,	Isaac D. Williams,	Branchville.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M. Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Venango,	G. D. Benedict,	Pleasantville.
Northumberland,	W. A. Reppard,	Shamokin.
Potter,	Byron Bassett,	Coudersport.
Crawford,		
(West half)	Jasper Tillotson,	Tillotson.
(East half)	Geo. T. Meyers,	Titusville.
Cambria,	W. H. Lambert,	720 Coleman Ave., Johnstown.
Beaver,	N. H. Covert,	Beaver Falls.
McKean,	C. A. Duke,	Duke Center.
"	L. P. Fessenden,	G anere.
Lack,	Wm. Weir,	Moosic.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MICHIGAN.

Kalkaska,	W. H. Dunham,	Kalkaska.
Kalamazoo,	C. E. Miller,	Augusta.
Sanilac,	W. D. Young,	Deckerville.

LOCAL WARDENS IN VIRGINIA.

Mecklenburg,	J. H. Ogburn,	South Hill.
King William,	N. H. Montague,	Palls.
Smythe,	J. M. Hughes,	Chatham Hill.
King & Queen,	R. D. Bates,	Newtown.
Louisa,	J. P. Harris,	Applegrove.
Henrico,	W. J. Lynham,	412 W. Marshall Richmond.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leek, F. L. Peterson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MONTANA.

Beaverland,	Wm. Sedding,	Dillon.

LOCAL WARDENS IN TENNESSEE.

Montgomery,	H. P. Gohlson,	Clarksville.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Rochester, N.Y. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.
The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver, Col.
James Acheson, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ontario. Sporting goods.

TO NEBRASKA AND MISSOURI SPORTSMEN.

The New York Produce Review (the organ of the game dealers) in its issue of September 12th, prints a long editorial denouncing the Lacey law and complaining of the hardship which it inflicts on game dealers and market hunters.

The editor says all States and Territories in the Union, except Nebraska and Missouri, have laws prohibiting the export of game out of their limits, and that all game dealers throughout the Eastern States must now depend for their supply of game entirely on these 2 States.

How do you like the outlook?

Do you feel inclined to supply quails, prairie chickens, ducks, turkeys and deer to feed all the gourmands of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis and all the other towns and cities East of you?

Have you not made a great mistake in neglecting thus far to enact a non-export law?

Is it not strange that you should have

allowed all of the other 46 States and Territories to precede you in this important movement?

Will you suffer the present state of affairs to continue another year?

Do you realize the desperate effort that is now being made by all the game dealers East of the Mississippi to draw game from your State?

Do you know your State is being flooded with circulars from hundreds of Eastern game dealers, offering fancy prices for game?

Do you know what this means to the market hunters, the farmers and the game hogs?

You know as well as I do that hundreds of carloads of game have been shipped out of your State every year for the past 20 years.

Do you realize that the amount will now be doubled, tripled and perhaps quadrupled?

Do you know this traffic is going to be continued straight through the winter, without regard to the close of your legal season?

This League is ready to help you secure an amendment to your game laws, at the next session of the Legislature, to prohibit the shipment of game beyond your State limits. Will you accept our aid?

We have done the greatest service ever rendered to the cause of game protection by securing the passage of the Lacey bill, and you should get into line as quickly as possible, in order that you may reap its benefits in common with the other States.

Now why do you not join this League? Why should you not contribute $1 a year to aid in the great work we have yet before us?

The same editorial referred to above says the game dealers throughout all the Eastern States are moving to raise a great fund to test the constitutionality of the Lacey law; and to secure amendments to the Lacey law which would practically amount to a repeal.

There is no organization in the United States that could cope with these game dealers except this League. That has been demonstrated time and again. We needed the assistance of the millions of sportsmen in the United States to secure the passage of the Lacey bill, but we had the help of only 3,000 of them. Now, shall this little band be compelled to fight this issue all over again, through the courts and before Congress. Or shall we have the help of the others?

Will you put up your $ and do your part? I once more appeal to you as a brother sportsman, as a friend of the birds, as a lover of field sports, to come to the aid of the L. A. S.

GAME DEALERS ON THE WAR PATH.

The New York Produce Review (the organ of the game dealers) in its issue of September 12th prints an editorial in which it states that the game dealers of this city and of the entire country are thoroughly aroused in opposition to the Lacey law. They have determined to raise a large fund for the purpose of testing its constitutionality in the courts. Also for the purpose of making a determined effort to have the law amended by the next Congress in such a way as to allow the sale of game at any time of year, if imported from another State in open season.

Thus the L. A. S. has another great piece of work cut out for it. It will devolve upon this League to fight the test case which will be brought in the courts, and to carry it to the United States supreme court. There we shall be victorious, as we were in securing the passage of the law; but this means a year or more of persistent and unceasing labor for the officers of the League. It means an expenditure of perhaps several thousand dollars, for attorney's fees and other necessary expenses.

Furthermore, the officers of the League will be required to spend several weeks in Washington next winter, fighting the proposed amendments to the Lacey law. No officer of this organization desires or would accept a dollar for such services; but their expenses, while engaged in such work, should be paid. We have thus far been paying all such costs out of our own pockets, but the time has come when we should be relieved of this drain.

It may therefore become necessary to ask League members to contribute to a fund for this work. It would not be if the other 999 would do their duty. If all the sportsmen who are interested in game protection, and who have expressed their approval of the good work of this League, would join it and contribute $1 a year each to its work, we should have all the money we should need to fight the game dealers to a finish.

What other organization is there in the United States that could successfully cope with the great national octopus which seeks to hoard up game in cold storage houses, for sale all through the year? There is none. No combination of the most powerful local organizations in the country could successfully fight the game dealers when they go before Congress and ask for amendments to the Lacey law. This fight can only be successfully waged by the great national organization which secured the passage of it. Shall the 3,000 men who won that victory be compelled to go down in their pockets to fight the issue all over again? Shall they be required to employ lawyers, pay court costs, printing bills, hotel bills, railway fares, and all other expenses out of their own pockets? Gentlemen of the 999 class, this question is up to you.

ANOTHER VALUABLE WARDEN.

Eugene D. Ramsay, Vergennes, Vt.
Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of a letter enclosing clipping stating that you arrested Francis Lamb, of Somerville, Mass., and John R. Vinton, Jr., of Granville, Vt., for catching small trout. Will you kindly give me particulars.

To this letter Mr. Ramsay replied as follows:

I arrested Francis D. Lamb and John R. Vinton, Jr., with 157 short trout. They had 163, but 157 were 1¾ inches to 5 inches. Six inches is the law. These men were fishing in the feed streams where trout grow, but do not stay, as there is not water enough for them after they get to a certain size.

I work for the State as a special, doing the most of the work that a paid man should do. I have 6 men bound over to the next term of court in this State. I am the only L. A. S. man here, but have 2 applications now and promise of more by the 5th of August. So you will have some more members here shortly.

E. D. Ramsay, Vergennes, Vt.

Here is a warden of the right sort.—EDITOR.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE LEAGUE.

In August last E. M. Dixon & Co., of this city, obtained from the State Fish, Game and Forestry Commission a permit to set a large number of pound nets in Lake Erie near Buffalo. This firm promptly shipped a stock of nets to Buffalo, which, it is said, cost $2,500, and were on the point of sending them out on tugs, when Mr. Thomas C. Welch, the League's attorney at Buffalo, learned of the scheme and took measures to have the license revoked. It was held up temporarily.

A week later Mr. Welch and I went before the Board of Fish, Game and Forestry Commissioners, at Albany, and Mr. Welch made a strong appeal to the board to cancel the permit. Dixon's man offered, as a compromise measure, to pay the salary of a special warden, to be appointed by the board, and who should see that all black bass taken from the nets should be returned to the water alive. The League and the State accepted this proposition; a warden has been appointed and several League members in Buffalo have been detailed to watch him. If we find that the fishermen violate their pledge by sending black bass to market then Dixon's permit will be promptly revoked.

GO, THOU, AND DO LIKEWISE.

Ex-Gov. W. A. Richards, of Wyoming, who is now Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office, at Washington, has recently sent in 5 applications for membership in the L. A. S., with his check to cover. The men named in the application are personal friends of the Governor's, and I am led to believe he has paid their first year's membership out of his own pocket. This is a kind of missionary work that hundreds of other League members could well afford to do. There are thousands of good sportsmen in the country who believe in the principles of this League and who intend to join it, but they put it off, from time to time. If some friend should put in their names and put the men in a position to receive the League's bulletins for a year, all of them would at the expiration of that time renew their memberships. Try it on a few of your friends and see.

In regard to the L. A. S., I am sure you have reason to be not only satisfied, but proud of your work. While there are stingy fellows, there are also others. One man, who supports a family on a small salary, asked me to call and get his dollar for the L. A. S. Another, a young farmer, sent his dollar to me by his sister.

D. Lange, St. Paul, Minn.

God bless 'em.—EDITOR.

A yearly subscription to RECREATION is one of the most practicable and useful Christmas presents you could possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography.

All boys instinctively love the woods. RECREATION teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature let him read RECREATION. It costs only $1 a year, and would make him happy 12 times in a year.

The Sidle sight you sent me as premium, mounted on a 22 Stevens Favorite, is just the thing for small game. The glass has all the good points of a snap shot.

Oscar Elmer, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

FORESTRY

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford, of same institution.

RIVER-DRIVING.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

We had seen the woodsmen at their trees, the sawyers, the gutters, the swampers, at work. We had lived in a lumber camp, with the icicles in a chaste lambrequin about the low windows, and had watched the men as they came out and went, from creamy dawn in the evergreen forest to purple night creeping along the crystal hills.

We had explored the tote roads with the snow 4 feet deep, whipped up between the hoof tracks. We had seen the loading at the skidways, and the unloading at the dump. One spectacle, one experience, remained for our unenlightened curiosity, the river driving of the early spring, when the logs are floated down the creeks and into the rivers with the spring freshets and so to their final destination at the sawmills.

As appropriate preparation for this experience, we had listened to the tales of lumbermen, in the log room in the long evenings. We had artfully encouraged the reminiscences of the grizzly boss of many a lumber camp. We had held our breath in suspense over accounts of the perils and excitement that accompany a river driver's work; the nimble toeing of the logs as they roll and reel beneath the spiked boots of the drivers; the infinite dexterity with which the men handle their poles and cart hooks as they guide the logs down stream, riding atop of them; the log jams that pile up around the sharp bend or against a rock midstream; the thrilling moment when the jam is broken, either by dynamite, from which the men must flee in an instant after the fuse is lighted, or by pole and hook from the river boats; and, when the key log is loosened, the scurry for shore, to escape the doom of the tumbling, tumultuous logs. With all such information were we primed, and such pictures as would fitly illustrate Bowery melodrama floated before our eyes as we set out in pursuit of the spectacle.

Our first difficulty was to ascertain the exact time when the drives would be on. With New York as a point of departure, reliable information from local authority in the mountains was not obtainable. Lumbermen friends who were to keep us posted on the drives wrote vaguely of drives they had heard were beginning on inaccessible streams. The more keenly our desire became manifest to see said drives, the more remote and inaccessible became said streams, and the more indefinite and unsatisfactory all knowledge of their condition. Finally, armed only with a vast inquisitiveness and a layman's docility, we set out for the headquarters of our chosen lumber company in the North Woods. It was the middle of May, and we had noted in the New York papers that the ice was breaking up in the headwaters of the Hudson. We were not longer to be trifled with.

But river driving does not thus easily lend itself to the tourist's observation. It is as elusive as the pursuit of the nightingale's song in England, which the English friend informs one was heard "the night before in this very spot," or a "mile from here, as plenty as blackberries," but which, somehow or other, one never really hears, following always the vanishing record of it, like a will-o'-the-wisp. It was with the river drives as with the Queen's jam in Alice in Wonderland. One is furnished with it every other day, yesterday and tomorrow; but never to-day.

Arrived at Beaver river, the drives were over there, but the next week they would sluice the logs on Fulton chain.

Arrived at Racquette river, the creek driving was over, except for the rear of the logs on Cold brook. They would be brought down soon. Except for a few logs lodged along the rapids, there was nothing to be seen of the skilful manipulation of the logs in the swift current. There was only still water floating, and that could be seen any day on the river. What day? They could not exactly tell. Where on the river? They could not exactly tell.

We doggedly persisted, and took a boat to row up and down the placid Raquette, thinking at least to see the miles-long jams which we were told obstructed the river from a point below to Tupper lake, and from a point above to Raquette rapids. That particular below and above were never reached. Our boatman meandered about among the sloughs (local pronunciation *sloos*) that insulate the real river, and failed to arrive even at the modest spectacle of a still water jam. We had, however, a pleasant row among the trees of the plowed lands, heard the drumming of the ruffed grouse from the hillsides, like miniature thunder, and watched the quaint, dipping flight ahead of us of certain water birds that someone named "fly-up-the-stream." We feasted our eyes on the tender, shimmering greens of white stemmed poplars, the glistening bronze of swamp maples, blended with the purple gray of maples not yet burst into leaf, and all mistily reflected in the quiet gray of the water. We heard the determined woodpecker knocking for dinner on his favorite doors, and the gurgling cries of blackbirds from tree to tree in the swamps.

We returned home a bit cynical as to the reality of river drives, only to have our faith reinspired by more fascinating tales from the lips of our guides and friends, and our imaginations stimulated by photographs of the fair sights we sought in vain.

Truth compels me to add that we did in the end see the river drivers break up a jam, but in a tame and spiritless manner that only added fuel to our smouldering resentment. We were rowed by a small boy some 2 miles up the river in the wake of another boat, containing 2 alleged drivers, going up stream to break up an alleged jam. The jam was a solid floor of logs spread calmly out and arranged as if by system, neatly side by side, across the river. The men walked out on this floor, which gave slightly under their tread, rising and falling with the motion of the current, and poked out a few of the leading logs that had caused the obstruction; when all others meekly followed their leaders down stream.

The Frenchy, for my special benefit, finished with a little pyrotechnic display of skill, riding off alone on a big log that turned under his feet, while he balanced himself like a barrel walker at the circus.

Of the many anecdotes with which our minds were stored, one in particular remains, and concerning its hero we now proudly say, "I knew him." An Adirondack lumber company, managing from a New York office an extensive tract of timber, with its corresponding quota of camps and mills, its forces of mill hands, sawyers, skidders, and drivers, has for boss of the river drivers a canny and forceful mountaineer. A mill superintendent from the office that is the connecting link between New York and the camps went up to the creeks when the river drives were on. To his inexperienced eye the inevitable jams, with their dynamite explosions, seemed a bungle and a blunder. He reported to the New York office that the river drives were being bungled. The New York office telegraphed, "Stop the drives." The mill officer sent a messenger on horseback 20 miles up into the mountains, "Stop the drives." The boss of the drivers knew his business. He knew that the loss of a day meant a waste of time, of labor, and the risk of not getting the logs through before low water. Waist deep in the icy stream, pole in hand, he paused to read the telegram.

"To hell with the New York office," he cried, "and on with the drive."

THE FORESTS OF CUBA.

I. G.

One is surprised to find so much of the island of Cuba bare. Even in the mountainous districts the forests are sparse and thin. Immense areas have been cleared for cane and tobacco plantations, and fires have been constantly set to improve the pasturage. Wood and charcoal are in great demand for fuel. There is also a great need for fence material and poles for the drying of tobacco.

One of the best woods of Cuba which has been practically exhausted is the Cuban cedar, *Cedrela odorata*. This is a magnificent tree, not very different from mahogany; in fact, both belong to the order *Meliaceæ*. The wood of the West Indian cedar is extensively used in the manufacture of cigar boxes. It is claimed that this wood imparts to the cigar an agreeable flavor.

The Cuban pine, *Pinus heterophylla*, is still quite common in Pinar del Rio and the Isle of Pines. This pine is common along our gulf coast, in the Bahamas and in parts of Central America.

Trees are a great necessity in tropical regions, especially on plantations, to temper the fierceness of the tropical heat. In fact, shelter is necessary for the production of certain crops, such as chocolate and coffee. Northern crops may be raised in Cuba if they are sheltered from the sun. An excellent tree for Cuba is the eucalyptus. It drains the soil, reduces the danger of malaria, affords shade to other crops, and produces a useful crop of wood in a short time. The eucalyptus tree will grow in Cuba at the rate of 10 feet in height each year. Trees of this species have been extensively planted in Italy, Algeria, South Africa, California and Jamaica.

The glory of Cuba is the royal palm. It is everywhere abundant, along watercourses, in fields and in long avenues on plantations. From this tree the native gets materials out of which he builds his hut. It forms an excellent and cheap building material for the poor classes of the island.

Another common tree in Cuba is the silk cotton tree, or ceiba. It grows to immense size, and is supported against the tropical gales by huge buttresses. Its wood is soft, and the trunk and limbs are usually festooned with masses of epiphytic plants, which cling with ease to its soft bark. It was under a ceiba tree, now known as the "Surrender Tree," that the Spanish general surrendered his sword. It marks the loosening of the last grasp which Spain had on the New World.

Cuba has an excellent climate, a fertile soil and limitless possibilities. It is quaint and picturesque. It is full of that intensity which characterizes all tropical regions. When the sun shines it shines with tropical fierceness; when it rains it pours, and when the flowers bloom they burst forth into a gorgeousness of color.

A tropical forest is not so beautiful as a Northern forest. There is not that mild and soft light which characterizes a beech forest. The leaves of the trees are often large and leathery. There is not such marked periodicity of leaf fall and there is a lack of those beautiful simultaneous changes in color which occur in Northern woods. The forest is uneven and there is a stronger struggle between the species of the forest for light and space. Cuba is in need of people. Acres of fertile soil are idle. It needs orchards, forests and gardens. It needs modern implements and energetic people. It will respond to the slightest touch and is capable of yielding an immense quantity of valuable material.

WOOD PULP AND FORESTRY.

The serious attention of the lumber trade is being directed to the rapid depletion of the American forests, and the application of scientific forestry in place of the present wasteful and destructive methods is being inculcated by the forestry section of the Department of Agriculture. Some indication of the immense consumption of timber in the manufacture of news paper in this country is given in an excerpt from an exchange which claims that while it is a well-known fact that the newspapers of the world are using up the forests for their supply of paper, there are probably few people who will not be startled at the announcement made by one of the chief New York papers that its Sunday Easter number used all the wood of 40 acres of virgin forest. This journal claims to use in its morning and evening editions some 11 acres of woodland, producing about 7,000 feet to the acre. Something like 280,000 feet of timber was used for the supply of reading matter to New York by this one paper alone.

Forestry, as has been pointed out by an authority on the subject, has been too generally regarded as an esthetic fad, and its scientific application merely an agreeable avocation of the wealthy. It is, however, an importance to our natural well being far beyond mere esthetic considerations, powerful though these may be. It means the utility of vast areas of non-agricultural lands in every part of this country. By its application we are assured of the permanency of our lumber supply and the stability of the lumber trade.

The regulation and conservation of the water supply of our principal rivers is largely dependent on the timbered lands, and the favorable influence of tree culture on climate has been well set forth by our forestry experts.

The application of scientific forestry, however, owing to the slowness of the growth of the trees, is not within the means of any single person or organization without the control of great wealth. The work is for State or Federal governments, unless the taxation on forest lands shall be abolished or reduced to a minimum.

One of the methods advocated for the introduction of scientific forestry where the destruction of the timber and non-agricultural lands has been most marked, is the establishing of national parks. An association has been formed in Chicago to urge the parking of a large area in Minnesota; and in Asheville, North Carolina, the Appalachian National Park Association has been organized for the protection of the magnificent forests of the Southern Appalachian Mountains by placing them under the regulation of the Government as a national park.

These efforts are strictly in accord with the teachings of the forestry section of the Department of Agriculture for the support of which the nation makes a liberal appropriation. That Congress will take suitable measures to give to the country the parks petitioned for, with the vast economic reforms which they represent, may reasonably be expected.—The Inland Printer.

THINKING OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?

How would a subscription to RECREATION strike you for each of 5, 10, or 20 of your friends?

For 8 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION, I will give you a Davenport Brownie rifle as premium. You can take these subscriptions easily, among your friends. Send them in.

Why not send me 25 subscriptions and earn a Syracuse double hammerless shotgun as premium? I have a few to offer on that basis, and the opportunity is a rare one.

Five subscriptions to RECREATION will earn for you a Harrington & Richardson revolver. Why be without one?

I received the gold watch you sent me as a premium and am well pleased with it.

R. K. Hutchins,
Mountain Home, Mont.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

RICE AS A FOOD.

Most of us realize that rice is the most important food stuff of the Orient, but doubtless few realize the extent to which it is raised and eaten in the United States. In the year 1898 the United States used over 190,000,000 pounds of imported rice, besides the home grown crop of some 120,000,000 pounds. In the same year this country produced in addition to the amounts consumed at home nearly 25,000,000,000 pounds of common cereals, such as maize, oats, rye, barley, and wheat, which was exported.

S. A. Knapp has prepared an interesting report of the rice industry in the United States. He says, "Rice forms the principal food of ½ the population of the earth. It is never the exclusive food of the people, except under necessity for short periods, but it has just claims to a wider and more general use as a food material than any other cereal. Where dense populations are dependent for food on an annual crop, and any considerable diminution in the supply would result in starvation for many, rice has been selected as the staple food wherever the climate permits of its cultivation. Among dense populations, certainty of supply is of first importance.

"Rice cultivation is older than authentic history. It is associated with traditions and mythology of primeval nations. The rice plant was undoubtedly a native of Southeastern Asia from Madras to Cochin-China, but was first cultivated by the Chinese. It was known to the early Greeks and Romans, and had spread throughout the tropics before the commencement of the Christian era."

The rice producing regions of this country are limited to the South Atlantic and Gulf States. For about 200 years after its introduction, South Carolina and Georgia produced nearly all. Some was grown in North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Quite recently Louisiana and Texas have increased the area devoted to rice culture, and now produce about 2-3 of our total crop. Rice was grown in Virginia as early as 1647. It was introduced into South Carolina in 1694. A sea captain, homeward bound from Madagascar, was compelled to seek shelter in the harbor of Charleston, and while there visited an old friend, Thomas Smith, the landgrave and governor of the province. The governor had also been in Madagascar, where he had seen rice growing. He expressed a desire to try it in a moist piece of ground in his garden, and the captain gave him a small bag of seed which was among the ship's stores. From this small beginning the rice industry of South Carolina developed.

According to Mr. Knapp, rice is nutritious and easily digested. In comparison with other grains, it is poor in protein (albuminoids), and fat and correspondingly rich in non-nitrogenous substances (carbohydrates).

"Analyses show that 100 pounds of rice contain 87.6 pounds of total nutriment, consisting of 7.4 pounds protein, 0.4 pound fat, and 79.4 pounds carbohydrates. In comparison with this, 100 pounds of wheat flour contain 87.5 pounds of total nutriment, consisting of 11 pounds protein, 1.1 pounds fat, and 74.9 pounds carbohydrates.

"The relative food values of rice and wheat, based solely on the amount of albuminoids they contain, are in the proportion of 10 to 19; based on the value of total nutritive material, the proportion is 87 to 82.54. The ease with which the deficiency of albuminoids and fats can be supplied wih legumes and the almost absolute certainty of producing a crop every year are the principal reasons why rice is the staple food in many densely populated countries.

"It is claimed that boiled rice is digestible in one hour, and hence is an admirable food for the last meal of the day. Rice should be at least 3 months' old before it is used as food. In rice producing countries, rice is used as a daily substitute for Irish potatoes and wheat bread. At every meal in Oriental lands rice is the principal food. It is eaten alone, with a little dried fish for seasoning. In well-to-do families bits of preserved ginger, beans boiled and preserved, soy sauce, mushrooms, barley cake, and sweets are used as relishes with the rice. There is also generally a vegetable or fish soup with which boiled rice is eaten. In the rice districts of the United States rice is used in place of the Irish potato. Dyspeptics will find great relief in substituting boiled rice for potatoes."

DIETARY STUDIES OF NEGROES IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.

Recently the Department of Agriculture conducted a series of dietary studies among the negroes of Eastern Virginia. Part of the studies were made in the region bordering the Dismal Swamp. The houses in which the people lived were small and made in a rude and simple manner. They were generally board cabins instead of log cabins, like those found in the Black Belt of Alabama. The cabins were not lighted in the evening except by the open fire. Nearly all the families studied had little means, and in many cases food was none too abundant. Hog and hominy literally formed a larger part of the diet. Side bacon was the principal meat, and with some fish and a little milk formed the major portion of the animal food. Large quantities of fish were obtained from the neighboring Chesapeake bay. Frogs, turtles, and even snakes were not infrequently eaten by some of the families at certain seasons of the year. Unbolted corn meal, costing about a cent a pound and containing a large amount of bran, furnished a great proportion of the nutriment of the diet. Bread was made by simply wetting up the meal without salt or leavening material, and it was baked, as a rule, in the ashes. This is called ash cake. Drinking water was almost invariably obtained from shallow surface wells. The water was, as a rule, stagnant and brackish, often muddy. Cook stoves were unknown, almost all the cooking being done in the open fireplace, which formed an important feature of all the cabins. The frying pan was the principal kitchen utensil.

A number of the dietary studies were made in Elizabeth City county, Virginia. Some of the families selected lived in a primitive way in poor cabins. Others had been more or less under the influence of Hampton Institute, and had comfortable homes. Generally speaking, food was purchased in small quantities. Little milk or butter was eaten, even by families owning a cow. The children were allowed only sour milk or buttermilk to drink, as the milk was all used for making butter, which was exchanged for groceries. Even in the well-to-do negro families a pound and a quarter of butter would serve a family of 6 a week. Housekeeping as practiced in most of these homes did not require much time, and most of the women worked on the farm with the men.

The cost of food per man per day in the 19 studies varied from 4 to 21 cents. The protein in the daily diet ranged from 55 to 169 grams, and averaged 109 grams. The energy in the daily food ranged from 1880 to 5350 calories. It is noteworthy that the average amount of protein was as large as or larger than the average amount found in the daily diet of white persons in moderately comfortable circumstances, and was nearly as large as that called for in the tentative American dietary standard, namely, 125 grams per man per day. The reason for the larger amount of protein is doubtless the close proximity to salt water, which made fish an important article of diet. While the diet in most instances was abundant enough, it would not have been called appetizing by most white families, except, perhaps, in one or 2 cases. It is interesting to note that the negro families who had come more or less under the influence of Hampton Institute had modified and improved their diet in a marked degree. The range in the quantity of nutriment consumed per man per day was much larger than is ordinarily found among white families in much the same financial condition. A possible reason for this was suggested by the observed fact that when there was plenty of food on hand large quantities were eaten, after which, during the period of less plentiful food, much smaller amounts would be consumed, without apparent discomfort or ill results.

PERSIMMONS.

One of the pleasant things of the Southern woods in autumn is the persimmon tree, with its crop of ripe, sweet fruit. Many a hunter has stopped for a while his pursuit of squirrels to enjoy the ripe persimmons. This fruit grows wild in nearly all the Southern States, and as far North as Rhode Island and the Great Lakes. The fruit, in the green or partly ripe state, is intensely astringent or puckery to the taste, but usually loses this property on ripening. It varies in size from ½ inch to 2 inches in diameter, and resembles in appearance a reddish brown plum, though perhaps it is generally more spherical. Each fruit usually contains 4 to 8 seeds, larger than those of a watermelon. The fruit ripens from August to December. Frost apparently aids in the ripening process of some varieties, but is entirely unnecessary with others, as is proved by the fact that many trees ripen their fruit long before the appearance of frost. Persimmons have been cultivated to a greater or less extent, and it is believed this industry has great possibilities. The Japanese persimmon has large, somewhat pointed, brilliant red fruits, which in appearance suggest a ripe tomato. They are frequently seen on fruit stands in fall and winter. An average fruit weighs about 4 ounces. The Japanese persimmon has been grown in this country since about 1875. Japanese scions are generally used on American stocks. Like all pulpy fruit, the persimmon contains a large amount of water, about 65 per cent. It is especially rich in sugar, containing about 20 per cent. Some fibre, a little protein, fat, etc., make up the remainder. Judged by its sugar content, the persimmon is perhaps the sweetest of our common fruits.

Persimmons are usually consumed in the fresh state. They keep well, however, and when stored in a cool place can be made to preserve their freshness for weeks. Some varieties are especially suited for drying. They may be preserved by placing the ripe fruit in a glass jar and pouring over it a syrup made of granulated sugar and water. It is not necessary to heat the fruit before canning. They may be used as occasion demands for making puddings, etc., and in other ways which will readily suggest themselves.

WHITE BREAD AND WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

The statement is so frequently made that whole wheat bread is superior to white bread, and it rests on so little besides personal opinion, that any scientific work on the subject is of interest. Some experiments on this subject were recently reported in the Analyst. In addition to the usual statistics of weight, etc., extended analyses were made, as well as artificial digestion experiments, with ordinary white bread, ordinary whole wheat bread, and a patent whole wheat bread. The latter was made from a flour in which especial attention was paid to fineness in grinding. The experiments include salivary digestion, gastric followed by pancreatic digestion, and pancreatic digestion. The principal conclusions follow, "Although we do not desire to draw any sweeping conclusions from the experiments, owing to their limited number and somewhat restricted character, we feel justified in saying that they tend to bear out the opinion now generally held in scientific circles as to the great superiority of white bread as far as digestibility pure and simple goes. It is usually believed that whole meal bread contains considerably more nitrogen than the white article, but this was certainly not the case in the breads examined by us, and although they were selected with care there was sufficient variation in ordinary flours to account for this apparent anomaly. The whole meal breads certainly contain considerably more ash, phosphoric acid and soluble matter. The results obtained with the patent brown bread in which the grain and husk are finely comminuted support the contention that the digestibility and wholesomeness of whole meal bread can be greatly improved by careful and thoroughly grinding and disintegration of the cellulose."

BOOK NOTICES.

A VALUABLE BIRD BOOK.

A. R. Dugmore's "Bird Homes" is a most interesting and valuable book. "If a man would catch trout he must put his heart on the hook," and if a man would see birds as Mr. Dugmore has seen them he must certainly have his heart in the work.

The chief aim of the book is to portray our feathered friends in their home building and domestic life; but the keen observation and loving patience of the author throw many a side light on every form and stage of bird life. His photographs are a most pleasing and effective feature of his work, conveying, as they do, exact information, and placing within the reach of all a comprehensive knowledge of nest formation, egg markings, bird plumage, and all the accessories of bird existence. The camera enables the naturalist of today to accomplish some things which even an Audubon could not hope to perform with pencil and brush; and the best of it all is that it has largely replaced the shot gun as an instrument of scientific research. It brings the birds to hand and liberates them unharmed. Mr. Dugmore's pictures stir up vivid recollections of boyhood days — "sweet summer days, that were as long as 20 days are now"— when we found the arched nests of the corn bird and the meadow lark, the unobtrusively exposed domicile of the grouse and the quail, the cunningly secure nesting place of the woodpecker and the blue bird in the hollow apple tree, and the pendant home of the vireo and the oriole. It is indeed a notable book, and one to be coveted in every home where dwells a love for the feathered songsters that help so much to make this world a beautiful place to live in.

If I have any criticism to make, it is that too little is said about bird protection. The author, it is true, mildly deprecates the destruction of birds and the indiscriminate collecting of eggs; but he does not insist with sufficient force on the absolute and pressing necessity of the enforcement of laws for bird protection. Here is a book that will go into thousands of homes and exert a potent influence on its readers, both old and young. What an opportunity to preach the gospel of protection in no uncertain tones! What a chance to impress on the minds of unthinking people the urgency of preserving these beautiful creatures for the benefit of ourselves and those who come after us! If all writers on ornithology would copy the example of Prof. D. Lange, whose charming little book entitled "Our Native Birds," is a strenuous exhortation on this subject, the birds would sing songs of praise and thanksgiving under their windows.

Mr. Dugmore will write other books about the birds, because he loves the subject and because it is of inexhaustible interest. Let us hope his next volume may be as good as this one in all respects and better in one—namely, the ardent and forcible advocacy of bird protection. This is the only exception I take to Mr. Dugmore's valuable book.

BIRD STUDIES WITH A CAMERA.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

Mr. Chapman is known not only as one of the most active and prominent of the younger American ornithologists, but, through his numerous popular books, is becoming known as one of our most entertaining writers on birds.

Many books dealing with birds in a popular way have appeared in recent years, all of them written with a laudable purpose, but not all by persons who had scientific training or who were able to observe correctly, or to judge intelligently as to the meaning of facts or acts observed in the life histories of the birds. Mr. Chapman's training as a naturalist enables him not only to see things as they really are, but to interpret their meaning in a rational way.

Mr. Chapman was one of the first in this country to take up bird photography, and in this delightful book of 218 pages and more than 100 beautiful illustrations he presents some of the results of his work. The photographs are, in many cases, surprisingly beautiful, and show what can be done with a fair amount of skill and patience. Those of young birds, though perhaps the easiest of all to obtain, are interesting and valuable.

The directions to those who wish to try bird photography will prove helpful.

The text is well written, and many of the chapters, particularly those on "Two Days with the Terns," "Percé and Bonaventure," "The Magdalens," "Bird Rock," and "Pelican Island," are delightful reading.

In writing "Management and Diseases of the Dog," John W. Hill has added another valuable book to his long list of works on animal medicine and surgery. That this technical book has reached its fifth edition is sufficient proof of its merit and one wonders how much suffering it has relieved among those dumb but faithful friends of ours. It is finely illustrated and is a good sample of the printer's art. Aside from its exhaustive treatment of canine diseases, it is an interesting and valuable book of reference regarding the standard of points for judging dogs, and should enable an owner or a buyer to fix values at least approximately. The Macmillan Co. are the New York publishers, and the price of the book is $3.50.

"Highways and By-ways in Normandy," by Percy Dearmer, M. A., is a charming book to ramble through at leisure, as one would ramble through the scenes described. Normandy is an ideal country for a bicycle trip. Its fine roads, excellent inns, and low prices appeal to the practical cyclist, while the beauty of its scenery, its interesting old cathedrals and its picturesque castles delight the artistic sense. The book is elaborately illustrated with exquisite drawings, by Joseph Pennell, that suggest wide horizons and sunny skies. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price $2.50.

Booth Tarkington, whose "Gentleman from Indiana" was so eagerly read last winter, has surprised the world by covering an entirely different field in "Monsieur Beaucaire." This dainty little romance of Bath in the days of flowing curls and silver buckles, moves gaily and swiftly forward to the vindication of true manhood and the triumph of sweet womanhood in a novel and unexpected way. The story leaves a smile of sympathy on the reader's face and should bring Mr. Tarkington added laurels. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price $1.25.

Under the title of "The Green Flag," McClure, Phillips & Co., New York, have published a new volume of short stories by A. Conan Doyle. These are tales of war and sport, recounted in the graphic, fascinating style of which Dr. Doyle is a master and which causes his stories to lend themselves so readily to the drama. It is impossible not to love his cool heroes and to glory in the skill with which they extricate themselves from impossible situations. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price $1.50.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

TWO GREAT BEAR STORIES.

The December number of RECREATION will be a treat to all big game hunters or lovers of adventure. Among other good things it will contain 2 of the best bear stories I have ever read, and they will be illustrated by 2 of the greatest animal painters in the world—Ernest Seton-Thompson and A. B. Frost.

One of the stories was written by George B. McClellan, an old time Wyoming cowboy, and the style is typical of that class of men. Anyone who has ridden or camped with cowboys has admired the peculiarly terse, forcible vernacular which prevails among them. Here is a sample:

Two cow punchers, who were making a long ride, halted at noon at a farm ranch in the foothills. The owner was a little sawed-off man, about 4 feet 6, and his wife was 2 inches shorter. They had 3 or 4 children who were also sadly abbreviated. They could not help it and no one blamed them.

After lunch the 2 range riders saddled up and hit the trail. They rode probably 2 miles without exchanging a word. Then the man in the rear said to the leader,

"Say, Jim, that's the first outfit I ever struck where everybody had to sit in a high chair."

Another story is of 3 cowboys who crossed the Gros Ventre range one day in the dead of winter. They found the snow so deep on the summit that they had to leave their horses, go ahead on foot and break the trail. Even then the little cayuses could only wallow through. The men finally got over the divide, rode down into the valley and called at ex-Governor Richards' ranch. The Governor and his wife of course welcomed them in typical Western style and asked them what on earth they meant by undertaking to cross the mountains on such a day as that.

"What's the matter?" said one of the boys.

"Why," said the Governor, "this is the coldest day of the winter. The mercury did not get out of the bulb until 11 o'clock this morning, and now stands at 42 degrees below zero."

The cow punchers stood in front of the fire smoking cigarettes, as if nothing had happened. Finally one of them turned to the other and said, "Say, Mike, I thought it was a little chilly on the mountain this morning."

But to return to the bear stories: McClellan, who wrote one of them, is a typical cowboy. He wastes no words, but makes every one count. He makes no effort at word painting, yet he tells his story in such a way that as you read you can see the bear tracks in the snow; you can hear the muffled "thump, thump," of chunks of snow falling from the cedars; you can hear the distant growl of a bear as the trail grows hot; you can hear the brush crack, as it grows still hotter, and you can finally hear the sharp angry growls and yelps of the dogs as they close in on the 4 grizzlies. You can hear the smashing of logs, the tumbling of rocks and the din of battle as the 4 bears charge the 9 dogs, and you can hear the rapid music of the rifle as the big brutes are sent, one after another, curling and tumbling, to their long homes.

But I must not tell you too much of the story. You must read it.

The other bear story I refer to is the work of the Hon. T. C. Koch, a prominent banker, and an ex-member of the Nebraska Legislature. This yarn is told with equal force and snap, but the circumstances are entirely different. In this case 3 men surrounded an immense grizzly in a thicket. The fight grew hotter and hotter from start to finish. One of the men rode in on his horse, in order to get a better shot, and his courage came near costing him his life. The bear killed the horse and the man escaped by a hair's breadth.

No single issue of any magazine ever contained 2 such hair-lifting, blood-curdling yet true stories of grizzly hunting as these. You should tell all your friends about them and advise them to read the December number of RECREATION.

THE CLOVEN FOOTED DESTROYER.

The four footed locust—otherwise the tame sheep—has invaded the great game range in the Teton country. Pathetic reports come from many correspondents in Jackson's Hole of the devastation being wrought by this curse of the West. The sheep may be a necessary evil, but it is one that should be regulated by law, and that speedily. The grass that grows on government land belongs to everybody. Cattle and horses may legitimately be raised on it, and have been since the days of the pioneers. These herds do no permanent damage. They may eat the grass off clean one year and it will spring up as strongly the next year.

But the sheep is a destroyer. He shaves the grass to the ground. Then he eats or pulls up and destroys the roots. His sharp hoofs cut and mangle any that escape his teeth. His droppings are poisonous to plant life. He leaves a stench in the land that is deadly. **A jack rabbit can** scarcely live on a tract of land that has been devastated by a herd of sheep; and a cow, a horse, a deer, an elk, or an antelope would starve to death if confined to such ground.

In these days sheep have developed into mountain climbers, and will go almost anywhere that a goat can go. So, not only the deer range and the elk range are being turned into deserts, but the home of the wild sheep is also invaded and laid waste.

The big horn is driven from his accustomed haunts. Not only this, but he is contaminated by the scab, and is fast falling a prey to the influence of civilization, even as the Indian is.

As a rule I do not favor violence, but I should delight in seeing the settlers of Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Nevada and California rise up *en masse* and drive out from the game ranges and the cattle ranges this pestilence of the West.

As I have said, the sheep is a necessary evil; but the bad effects of his presence may be reduced to a minimum. The men who choose to breed and handle sheep should be compelled to keep them under fence, on their own land. It is a well established principle of law, that no man shall exercise his right of property to the detriment of the general public. Yet this is what the sheep man of the West has been doing for the last 25 years. He has gradually encroached on the cattle ranges, the horse ranges and the game ranges until there scarcely remains a county anywhere in the West that has not been overrun and desolated by the cloven footed scourge.

And now come reports that the sheep men are deliberately setting fire to the grass, in the foothills of the Tetons, and burning millions of acres of timber in order that there may be better feed for the sheep next year! How long with the catttlemen stand this? How long will the settlers stand it? How long will the sportsmen stand it? How long will the United States Government permit this sort of vandalism to prevail? The government is expending millions of dollars in guarding and caring for the forests; yet this incarnate devil drives his thousands of sheep into the foothills and spreads fire over these timber reserves, that his flock may fatten next summer.

There will come a retribution one of these days that will be as fierce, as wide spread and as summary as has been the destruction wrought by the sheep man and his herds. Blood will flow from every hillside and every mountainside; and it will not all be the blood of sheep, either.

LEARN TO RIDE, TO SHOOT AND TO BE A SOLDIER.

Do you want to be a Rough Rider and with the Rough Riders ride? Do you want **a year's training in the best military** school of its class ever established? Do you want muscles of iron, lungs of leather and a constitution like that of a bronco? Do you want to learn to shoot on the run? To mount your horse as he runs? To pick up your hat as your horse runs?

Well, you can learn all these and hundreds of other useful, wonderful things in the Rough Rider Military Encampment in Colorado.

And you can win an appointment to this great cavalry school in a month.

The camp will be in operation winter and summer. Nominally its headquarters will be in Colorado, but the Rough Riders will dash into New Mexico, Arizona and Utah on their hunting trips and forced marches. Occasionally, some real work will be given the young fellows of the command, when some desperado or train robber or some band of cutthroats takes to the hills. Last winter Black Jack and his band held forth in an arroyo near Cimarron, N. M., after having held up and robbed 2 passenger and express trains in Colorado. The authorities trailed them a long time, and then, in the fight that followed, the bandits had decidedly the better of the encounter, killing a deputy sheriff and one member of the posse. Had there been a band of several hundred Rough Riders within summoning distance it is probable that Black Jack would have thought twice before holding up a train, and that he would have moved to a less dangerous locality to ply his trade.

Many of the recruits who have already joined the new school are college men, who are in search of health and recreation, and who believe that a year or so of the rough life in the saddle will be their physical salvation. The camp will have accommodations for 5,000 men, and already 2,500 applications have been received. The operations will be in charge of well known military men, and the plan has received the sanction of Governor Thomas of Colorado and other authorities. Its successful operation will do for the cavalry branch of the United States service what the State militia has done for the infantry arm.

See announcement on page xxxvi of this issue of RECREATION. It tells you how to win the scholarship. It will take some hard work, but is worth it.

Send for a package of sample copies and sail in. You will never have another such chance.

BACK UP YOUR GOOD ADVICE.

In every mail I receive a dozen or more letters containing reports of some slaughter of game or fish, some violation of game laws or some exhibition of swinishness on the part of would-be sportsmen. Those who send me the reports invariably urge me, in strong terms, to roast the hogs. The writers also assure me of their entire sympathy and approval of my crusade against the game hogs. In many instances, however, when I reply to such letters, asking the writers to join the League of American Sportsmen and thereby help carry out the only practical plan ever offered for the protection of game, I hear nothing further from them.

I am always glad to be advised of any destruction of birds, game or game fishes, and am glad to use the full force of Recreation against the destroyers; but why do I not have the financial support of every true sportsman in this work? Why are so many content to sick me on, without putting up a dollar to aid the cause?

I am spending every hour and every dollar I can spare to further the work of the League. Many other sportsmen are doing the same; but not until every true sportsman in the country is willing to put his shoulder to the wheel and his dollar into the treasury can the League accomplish all it seeks.

Whenever I roast a game hog I make enemies of him and of his friends. If any of them are subscribers to the magazine I lose them. I am perfectly willing to meet all this; but meantime it costs money to educate these people and to turn public sentiment in the right direction. Therefore, send in your dollar. Join the League and help while help is most needed.

THE RECREATION GROUP.

The Recreation Series in the Zoological Park has recently been increased by the addition of a pair of black ducks which were presented by A. R. Smith, of Syracuse. Mr. Smith has been very successful in rearing black ducks from wild stock. He lives about 500 feet from a small pond, and every morning after he gets through feeding the ducks the oldest drake rises 20 feet in the air and flies for the water. Usually he stays there 3 or 4 hours, and returns about noon. During the afternoon he is always at home to callers. His favorite sleeping place is under the wheelbarrow in the yard. Mr. Smith announces his intention to take some photographs of this drake while on the wing.

The Zoological Park collection of water fowl now contains the following species: Trumpeter swan, Canada goose, black brant, white fronted goose, lesser snow goose, Coscoroba swan, black swan, mallard duck, mandarin duck, Tadorna shelldrake, black duck, Java tree duck, wood duck, East India black duck, white pelican, brown pelican, ring billed gull, herring gull, and cormorant. The species of ducks and geese are now so numerous that next spring the ducks' aviary will be divided into a number of separate enclosures to facilitate the identification of species by visitors, and also breeding.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion: A yearly subscription to Recreation furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to Recreation means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

I have written at least 5,000 personal letters to Nebraska sportsmen within the past 5 years, urging them to take prompt action to protect their game. Not more than one in 100 of the men addressed has been polite enough to even acknowledge receipt of my letters, or to answer in any way. Yet, even as the dripping water wears away the solid rock, so has this constant hammering finally aroused the Nebraska sleepers. This shows the result of persistent effort in a good cause. There are yet thousands of alleged sportsmen in Nebraska who go out and shoot prairie chickens in June and July, when the birds are no larger than quails; but I shall continue my work on them as long as I can swing a club, and it is to be hoped we may eventually reform them all and get them into the League.

I want 10 copies each of February, March, April, and May, 95; January, February, and July, '96; September, November, and December, '97; July and October, '98; August, September, and November, '99, Recreation. Subscribers who have these on file, and who do not care to keep them, will confer a favor on me by mailing them to this office, wrapped flat.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

HOW IS YOUR CAMP OUTFIT?

Now that the long evenings have come, people like to sit down and read. Sportsmen are naturally looking for stories of the fields, the mountains, the lakes, the river or the brooks. It is therefore easy to get subscriptions to Recreation at this time of year. You can get 25 or 50 in a day. Thus you can replenish your camp outfit or your photographic outfit for next season. Do you not need something in this line?

Here are some articles which would no doubt come handy to you next summer or fall. Why not stock up now, while you can do it easily and cheaply? Do you not need

A few cans of Laflin & Rand's smokeless powder,
A Davenport rifle,
A Davenport single barrel shot gun,
A Bristol steel fishing rod,
A Shakespeare reel,
A Syracuse gun,
A Forehand revolver,
A tent,
A pneumatic mattress,
A Primus camp stove,
A folding canvas boat,
A camera,
Or some photographic supplies of some kind?

If so, your friends will furnish the money and you can furnish them a year's supply of delightful reading matter.

Sample copies of Recreation, for use in soliciting, furnished on application.

WHERE?

A reply to an inquiry, in verse, by Mr. William J. Lampton, in the New York Sun, entitited: "Where Runs the New York Central?"

Where the sleepers sleep in sleepers
  Slipping o'er the sleepers (ties);
Where steel ribbons, smooth as velvet,
  Scarcely kiss the wheel that flies.

Where the smokeless, dustless, noiseless,
  Jarless joys of life abound;
Where rare, costly, cushioned comforts
  All day passengers surround;

Where ability, civility,
  Intelligence and worth
Provide nomadic pilgrims with
  The grandest trains on earth;

Where every hour of every day
  Of every week, month, year,
The millions travel tranquilly,
  Securely, without fear;

Where river, woodland, mountain, lake,
  Are kodaked on the mind;
Where "all the comforts of the home"
  Are found—correct, refined.

There you'll find the New York Central—
  The Colossus—King of Roads—
Knitting, welding men together,
  Their affairs, hearts, modes, abodes.

—Joe Kerr.

GET YOUR SALARY RAISED.

If your employer should say to you, "John, here is a little book. If you master its contents I will raise your salary $2 a week"; you would find time to do it, wouldn't you?

This pertinent question is asked by a writer in the official paper of the International Correspondence School, of Scranton, Pa. It explains the purpose for which these schools were founded. Any man can have his salary raised by becoming more valuable to his employer. This he can accomplish by taking a course of study by mail, when otherwise he might not have a chance to get the necessary instruction. Thousands of men are availing themselves of the opportunities offered by the Correspondence Schools to learn new trades and professions. Such men are rising in the world. Why not be one of them?

Write for a circular to The International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., and say you saw their ad. in Recreation.

A BOOK FOR CAMPERS.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson street, New York, has issued a little book entitled "Useful Information," which is well named. It contains several pages of practical points on camping, camp outfits, camp cooking, home cooking, remedies for the more common ailments, how to care for clothing, how to clean carpets, tables of weights and measures, and a few of the cardinal points of business law.

In the back of the book is a calendar for 1901, which is timely and handy.

Incidentally the book tells something of the merits of the famous Borden's condensed milk and cream, and several of the cooking recipes give valuable hints as to how to use these products in cooking, either at home or in the woods.

This is a mighty useful book, and every camper and every housekeeper in the United States and Canada should have a copy of it. It will be sent free to anyone asking for it and mentioning Recreation.

PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion: A yearly subscription to RECREATION furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to RECREATION means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with checks in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipients will be.

A NEW CAMERA.

The Blair Camera Co. has put out a folding pocket camera which is sure to prove popular at once. The lens is a double rapid rectilinear of extra quality. The shutter is of the latest design made by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., with Iris diaphragm which permits of any size of opening; can be varied in speed from 1-100 of a second to any time required and operated by bulb or finger release. A brilliant reversible finder, socket for use of tripod, and accurately adjusted focus scale are provided.

The method of loading is such that no parts are removable other than the back cover, and the film cartridges can be removed and replaced in the open air with safety. The mahogany polished front bed, the nickel trimmings, morocco grain covering, lacquered brass shutter and leather bellows of maroon shade, create a contrast which without question makes one of the neatest cameras in existence.

HANDY BOOK FOR TRAP SHOOTERS AND SPORTSMEN.

This handsome little book contains up-to-date game laws of the different States, Territories, and the British Provinces; also trap shooting rules, live bird rules, rifle and pistol rules, and a great deal of information of interest to all classes of sportsmen. There is a lot of interesting information in it about the product of the King Powder Co., such as King's Smokeless, Semi-Smokeless, and Quick Shot Powder; as also of the long line of loaded shells and metallic ammunition that have made the Peters Cartridge Co. famous.

This book will be sent to any address on application to The King Powder Co. or The Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, or to T. H. Keller, 80 Chambers St., New York city, who is the Eastern agent for both these companies. Mention RECREATION.

GET ONE.

The Laflin & Rand Powder Company has issued another novelty. It is a memorandum tablet cut in the shape of a shotgun shell. By turning the red side of the shell toward you, it reads, "The Load that Wins," and on each leaf is given a resume of the events in which John S. Fanning has shown what Laflin & Rand Smokeless is capable of doing.

On next to last leaf the loads that Mr. Fanning uses for inanimate target shooting and for live birds are described. The covers of the shell, one side being purple and the other red, are indicative of 2 leading shells, the purple being the U. M. C. Acme, and the red the Winchester Leader.

A copy of this little book can be had by asking for it and mentioning RECREATION.

WITHOUT A FAULT.

The Laughlin fountain pen, made by the Laughlin Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich., is all right. I can say this conscientiously, because I have carried one of them nearly a year, and have used it frequently and infrequently, by turns. It has always been ready for service. I have never lost a minute in pumping it up, oiling the bearings, tightening the nuts, or in any other way.

Several of my employees also use the Laughlin pen, and invariably pronounce it entirely satisfactory.

It is a great satisfaction to have a good fountain pen with you when away from home, and if you get a Laughlin pen you will have a good one.

In writing to the maker, please mention RECREATION.

HONORED IN ANOTHER COUNTRY.

One of the most deserved gold medals awarded by the Paris Exposition was that received by Messrs. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn., for their club cocktails. In this country the Heublein club cocktails have long been known for their flavor and excellence, and thus they have gained an entrance into the hands and on the sideboards of the best families abroad as well as at home. These goods are concocted from only the best materials, are always alike, and the Heublein name stands back of every bottle as a guarantee. To be honored by the foreigners makes them international favorites.

I call attention of RECREATION readers to the advertisement of John Schweyer & Co., distillers, Chicago, Ill. This house ships whisky on orders for one gallon or more, by express, charges prepaid, to all points east of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico; or 5 gallons by freight, prepaid, to the Far West. This plan should be convenient for readers contemplating an outing, if whisky is included in the list of supplies, as orders placed with this house are forwarded by express or freight the day they are received, and may be consigned to railway point nearest destination. The house is an old and reliable one, and their immense sales certainly attest the excellence of their goods.

The Winchester catalogue for 1900 is a whole library of information on rifles, rifle shooting, rifle sights, ammunition and reloading tools. Everything you can think of in these lines is illustrated in this book. If you read it carefully, from start to finish, you can not fail to learn a lot of things you did not know before. You should send for a copy at once. Address Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., and please mention RECREATION.

Carlton, Oregon, June 19th, 1900.
Mr. Charles Payne, Wichita, Kansas.

My dear sir: Some 3 or 4 years since I received from you a shipment of 65 or 70 quails. Turned them out on my farm here and they have done remarkably well. We now have a great many quails scattered throughout this section of country, with every prospect for their spreading over the entire Willimette valley.

Yours truly,
W. A. Howe.

The interest in revolver shooting, which has been stirred up by the International Revolver Match, just shot off at Paris and Greenville, N. J., the results being sent by cable both ways, is shown by the demand for the French target, which may be had on application to either The King Powder Co. or The Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, or to their Eastern Department, 80 Chambers street, New York City.

Mr. W. E. Davis, G. T. M. of the Grand Trunk Railway, tells me his road carried over 40,000 people into the Muskoka district during the summer and fall. This shows the value of advertising space in RECREATION. The Grand Trunk carried a full page in this magazine all through the summer and fall, and Mr. Davis says they have been swamped with inquiries for their literature, nearly all mentioning RECREATION.

The Stevens Arms Co. has recently brought out a new 28-30-120 target rifle which has met with favor at the hands of Mr. H. M. Pope, Mr. Herrick, and other well known riflemen.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. has made a cartridge to fit this rifle, and their expert, Mr. U. M. C. Thomas, has pronounced it a success, having made some remarkable targets with it.

That tireless inventor, Mr. J. H. Barlow, has now gotten up a tool for extracting broken shells from rifles, and every rifleman will bless him for this latest product of his ingenuity.

Write the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., for a circular, and when you read it you will certainly order one of the extractors.

Dr. Ashley A. Webber and Mr. S. M. Van Allen shot a match at 100 live birds, at the Interstate Park. Dr. Webber won, killing 97 out of 100; 3 fell out of bounds. Mr. Van Allen killed 95 birds. Both gentlemen shot Charles Daly guns. Mr. Van Allen used shells loaded with Walsrode powder.

Sept. 20th Mr. N. P. Leach resigned hls position as General Manager of The Robin Hood Powder Co. on account of ill health.

I received the No. 44 Stevens rifle, and I never shot such an accurate rifle in my life. I killed a hawk 12 rods away, at the first shot I made with it, and 3 of my friends hit a penny at 10 paces, one after the other, off hand.

L. E. Haring, Cedar Springs, Mich.

The Shattuck gun was a surprise, both to my friends and me; also to the jolliers. It is one of the best shooting guns I ever handled, and I don't see how you can give such valuable premiums.

J. V. Gailor, Mechanicsville, N. Y.

"Would you call a cat herbivorous, carnivorous or omnivorous?" asked the man who is learned, but tedious.

"Neither," answered the man who yawns; "merely vociferous."—Washington Star.

The Gundlach camera you sent me for 25 subscriptions is beautiful, and I am highly pleased with it. Shall work for RECREATION whenever I can.

W. H. Poss, Lynn, Mass.

RYE
RYE
RYE
RYE

Pure Rye Whiskey

Direct from Distiller to Consumer

Four Full Quarts for $3.20

Express Charges Prepaid

Our entire product is sold direct to consumers, thus avoiding middlemen's profits and adulteration. If you want **pure** whiskey our offer will interest you.

WE will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship in plain packages; no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if not satisfactory, return at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Our Distillery was established in 1866. We have enjoyed 34 years' continual growth, until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using Hayner's Whiskey, which is an evidence of true merit. We give you absolutely pure whiskey at the lowest possible cost.

SUCH WHISKEY AS WE OFFER FOR $3.20 CANNOT BE PURCHASED ELSEWHERE FOR LESS THAN $5.00

References: Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton; State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis; or any Express Company.

Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for **20 quarts** by freight prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

226-232 W. 5th St., DAYTON, OHIO **305-307 S. 7th St., ST. LOUIS, MO.**

Write Nearest Address.

I guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees.—EDITOR.

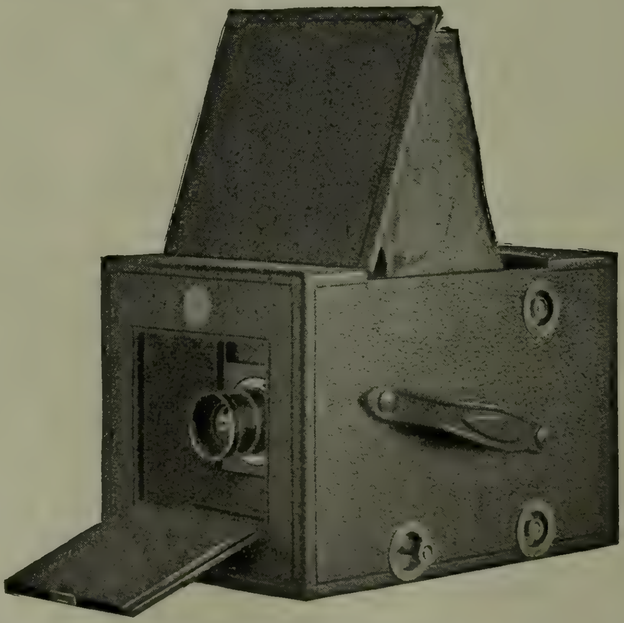
A FOUL TIP OFF THE BAT.

THE REFLEX CAMERA CO., of Yonkers, N. Y., at present make one style of their

New Patent Reflex Hand Camera,

in three sizes: 4 x 5, 5 x 7 and 6½x8½. The above print is a reduction from a 6½x8½ negative and corroborates what we said on another occasion in this magazine, that the **full size picture** can be seen **on the finder** up to the very **moment of** the **exposure** on the sensitive plate.

The **only Hand Camera** made which can be focussed **without removing Films or Plates.**



Especially adapted for **instantaneous work,** animal studies, portraits of children and other difficult studies.

The Reflex Camera is the **only one** on the market that possesses this feature, and those using them say it is a positive delight.

REFLEX CAMERA CO.,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Catalogues on application.

Mention Recreation.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions ana to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

CAMERA NOTES.

GENE S. PORTER.

I have just returned from a picture-taking jaunt, and with both eyes wide open for everything photographic I noticed that there were even more cameras in evidence this year than ever before. Fully half the cameras in use were arranged for focusing. Last year the fixed or universal cameras held sway, and extension fronts were rare. Almost every camera I saw this year was accompanied by a tripod, and their users gave evidence of doing careful work. I met only 3 or 4 cases of rank folly in many hundred miles of travel by land and water. One young thing, with an excellent kodak, did the St. Clair flats in a perfect carnival of snapshots. She snapped straight against the sun, and snapped under black storm clouds, in a stiff wind. It seemed to fill her soul with glee to watch the finder and reel off exposed film; and at each exposure she would joyfully cry, "I got that!" It is many moons since. I wonder if she feels she has "got that" now.

At the Soo, where we crossed to Canada, was another girl with a 5 x 7 extension camera. Tripod, case, and all the accessories were the best of their kind. She had her instrument set up and focussed on the locks, waiting to take a big boat as it came through, and she had aimed straight at the sun. It is a mystery to me how anyone could know enough to get together an outfit so complete and yet be ignorant of the first principles of its use.

Another young woman made a great show of carrying a costly outfit. One day I told her of the girl of the locks. She smiled at me loftily and said, "I have a lens myself so fine that I can take pictures with it almost directly against the sun." I asked her what make her camera was, and she said, "I really don't know, but it was made in Germany." Later I suggested to her father that she seemed devoted to her camera. "Yes," grunted the bluff old gentleman; "at the present moment it is her fad. She has carried it from Florida to Canada, and I've footed the bills; but I've never seen a picture, and I never expect to." That was what I wanted to know!

The worst of all, and I wish I could truthfully say it was a man, but it was not, was a woman who said she had been crazy for a camera and Fred bought one before he knew what she wanted. He bought a thing that had to be screwed on legs and pulled out in front. She had to put her head under a cloth and look through in the back, and a plate had to be put in every time she took a picture. She said that after all that fuss she didn't get 6 decent prints out of a dozen. She said the only thing to have was one of the box kind, with a lot of plates in. All you had to do was point it at a thing and press a button. Then you could send the plates to a gallery and you got the finest pictures made every time. She said she was going to sell her camera as soon as she had a chance, and get a box one. One of the party suggested that she wouldn't sell it soon at that rate, and she replied that she didn't wish to work off a thing like that on her friends. She was saving it for someone she wanted to even up with.

Against these there was an army of well equipped, serious, painstaking workers. They were out after pictures. They studied every situation and took nothing but pictures.

In the upper peninsula of Michigan, I have located a camera paradise, and have made arrangements to start next year in May, when the bear and deer are running and the trappers are holding high carnival. My paradise has 3 lakes and 2 trout streams, well stocked; and Molly-Cotton pathetically remarked, when she shouldered her little 22 caliber Stevens, "Seems as if I need a bigger gun when there's everything in the woods but lions." Pulling into a little bay one morning on my return from a picture taking trip, I saw a big golden eagle, a bunch of wild ducks with purple and green markings on their necks and wings, and the biggest crane I ever saw, rising clumsily from the water and sailing away with a bullfrog in its bill, struggling for freedom.

Yes, Belovedest; I had 3 cameras with me, and every reflex and snapshot plate was gone. So were the birds, before I could set up an extension front. I groaned and watched them sail away; but I have pre-empted a spot and engaged a guide 6 feet 4; weight, 250; strength of Sandow. I am going back there again. There were others that didn't find me out of plates, or sail too soon.

Everywhere I found Recreation and the fruits of its good work. Occasionally I met a man who set my soul singing for joy. One man told me I could vastly improve my pictures if I would carefully study the Porter articles in Recreation. I told him I would.

To make honest outdoor pictures of birds and game in their native haunts and wild state requires earnest, conscientious, faithful work, coupled with superb physical condition, unlimited patience, and plenty of time. You must be able to climb, wade, or swim; to bake in the sun, or shiver in a gully; to keep your head level in a tree top or a rocking boat; to walk miles and carry loads like a pack horse. All this aside from your ability to catch your subject at its best pictorial aspect, and the outcome of your plates afterward. I know of no harder labor; but it is ecstacy, when you risk your life for a plate, to have it come out even better than you had hoped! If you have a private opinion that it is easy, read Frederic Irland's article, "In the Gamelands Our Father's Lost," in the September number of Scribner's Magazine. He traveled hundreds of miles, spent hundreds of dollars, and made a splendid physical effort. He has written entertainingly, and his article is copiously illustrated—with pictures of trails, mountains, pack horses, dead game, and mounted specimens. There is not one live wild animal picture in it! An article by Clarkson Peters in the September issue of the Metropolitan is illustrated by pictures extremely suggestive of zoological gardens. After describing the wildness and sensitiveness of a horned owl and going into detail as to the difficulty of securing a picture of one in its dark and woody lair, Mr. Peters gives an illustration of a horned owl sitting in broad light on a horizontal pole the thickness of a broomstick, between 2 bushes, without a vestige of the tree or bush of which it could be a part in sight. The picture is funny to one who knows the woods.

I am constantly being asked what causes the numerous little defects in plates, small, yet the ruination of a good picture. Some of them are with the plate makers, and more of them are with the plate users. It is hard to account for fog. Usually it is caused by white light being admitted by the operator at some stage of his work. It may come from long over exposure, grease in the emulsion, plates having been kept long in a damp place, or having been wrapped in tinfoil or some colored paper. Tear drops are caused by the uneven drying of plates, and can be avoided by lightly swabbing the surface of the negative after the last wash with a tuft of absorbent cotton, or going lightly over it with a rubber roller. A few seconds' immersion in an alcohol bath, after the last washing causes a plate to dry quickly and evenly, and adds a little to its density and snap; but it has a tendency to make the negative brittle and to cause cracks. If you have the ill luck to drop water on the face of a negative, do not try to wipe it off, or doctor the spot. Immerse the whole plate in water a few seconds, and dry as at first. Pinholes are due to dust specks. Dust your plate well before exposing, and wash well before developing, especially plates that you have carried far in field work. Frilling, if caused by the manufacturers, is due to grease in the gelatine, over cooked emulsion, or dirty glass. If caused by the amateur, it is generally due to hot weather, warm chemicals, too much alkali in pyro developer, or too strong or too weak fixing bath. About one to 5 is the right proportion for hypo. An alum bath is the best preventive of frilling. The plates should be developed as usual and then immersed a few minutes in a 3 to 5 per cent. solution of chrome alum. Ranald Douglas suggests running a stick of paraffine around the edge of a plate before development to prevent frilling. That keeps the developer from getting under the emulsion. He recommends the alum bath after developing, and advises the use of alcohol on plates that have a tendency to frill. Chardon recommends, for frilling, soaking the plates in alcohol before developing, and using the alum after. In extreme cases of frilling, and where the plate is valuable, he advises the use of double the amount of pyro, and compounding the developer with ½ water and the other half alcohol. For amateurs, I advise the separate baths and the usual developer, just a little weak in alkali.

In making prints to be reproduced in RECREATION, do your best on them. We all want RECREATION to be second to none in every respect; and with a camera department that is steadily growing in demand all over the country, we should take especial pride in our photographic illustrations. The only photos desired for RECREATION are those which show hunting, shooting, fishing or cycling subjects, live wild birds or game, or sport. For these, the greatest possible skill and the finest lenses are required, especially as nearly all such photos must be snap shots. Unless you are snapping with a $100 lens, don't cut off the photos with 1-100 to 1-1000 of a second. With common cameras costing, say, up to $50, many snaps are made that would be much improved by having a fraction of a second more time. If it isn't a bird on the wing or a lightning express, try a 25th or a 50th of a second, and see if your image is not just as sharp and your whole picture 50 per cent. better. Then weaken your normal developer ½, add 2 or 3 drops of 10 per cent. bromide solution, and take your time. It may take ½ an hour or longer to coax out your image, but what matter? It is for RECREATION, and the end justifies the means. Surely if Mr. Shields can afford to spend hours of precious time and dollars by the hundred to protect the birds and the game, enrich-ing and beautifying the country for us all, we can take a little extra time and make an extra effort to send in the best possible illustrations we can for his magazine. After development, if there are strong evidences of under-timing, intensify. Negatives properly timed and developed do not need intensification; but the trouble with snap shots is they are never properly timed. Therefore it is difficult to give them proper development.

I wish to call the attention of readers of the camera department to the picture, Salmi of Duck, by John H. Wheeler, in the September issue of RECREATION. From an artistic standpoint, I do not see how the grouping of those birds could be improved. Notice the skill with which the size, shape, and color of the birds are brought out. The finest, largest specimen is placed in the middle, and thrown into still more prominence by having a small bird placed back of it. On either side are the darkest birds of the lot, so that its full white breast stands out plump and rounded. Notice the dark head of the little one to the left, with the white breast of the one under it for a background, and the small one to the right, with its back showing. Also the bill, foot, and wing arrangement. The focusing is as masterly as the arrangement. The bodies are plump and stand out well; every necessary detail is given, and yet they are just enough out of focus to take the edge off. They look like real, rounded, feathered bodies, pleasantly blending into the background, and not like the shapes of ducks sawed from a block of wood. Not only is every detail of light and shadow judiciously brought out, but the exposure is just right; hence the plump bodies, round heads, and detail of feathers. I have nothing but admiration and high praise for this picture in every particular.

In a recent number of the Philistine, in setting forth his religious creed, Elbert Hubbard reserves the right to change any article of his faith as he grows older, wiser, and gets more light. His is such a shining example that I shall follow it in my camera creeds. I reserve the right to change any formula or advice I may give, if in further study and experiment I discover or adopt anything new that gives better results. This is the only road to progress. In discussing the use of alum to prevent frilling, I have a hazy recollection that I once advised a fixing bath containing hypo, citric acid, and alum, to be made by the jugful and used until discolored. I tried this myself, and after much experience I discarded it as a dirty and a lazy method. On a plate in a normal condition use a hypo bath, and let it do its quick, clear, clean work on the plate. Afterward use an alum bath to do the scavenger work. Hypo will do better, quicker work if used alone than if some other agent is at work on the plate at the same time.

Then throw away both hypo and alum; they are cheap, and it is better to use a fresh fixing bath each time.

If it be true that "where your treasure is, there your heart is also," then my heart has been in a baggage room most of the summer; for there, pitched by boats, jiggled by cars, and smashed about by baggage masters, went a chest. The treasures of my heart that it contained were a 6½ x 8½ Wizard camera, with 3 sets of lenses, one for portrait work; an extra rapid wide angle rectilinear, for outdoor work; and a telephoto, for long distance work; one of the new Reflex cameras, 6½ x 8½, fitted with a superb Goerz lens worth $100; a 5 x 7 camera; a 4 x 5 snapshot and lenses; hose and photographing paraphernalia galore, not to mention boxes on boxes of plates. I could not keep from watching when I knew it was being handled. When I saw it pitched 3 and 4 feet through space, my hair stood on end; but it was so strong and so strapped and packed that it made the trip and landed my treasures safe at home. Now my anxiety is transferred to the dark room. Many and anxious are the hours I shall spend there; long and fervent will be the prayers that my plates are not covered with dirt or rubbed in the jarring of travel.

Most amateurs feel that when a print comes from the last wash their troubles are over. Really one of their severest troubles has just begun. The great test of an artist is to know what part of a picture is picture, what is needed accessory, and what should be cut off. Do not use stiff bordered enamelled cards, the size of the plate. One who does that is almost sure to mount his prints full plate size, to fill the card; whereas fully 9 prints out of 10 can be vastly improved by judicious trimming. Trim your print down to the heart of the subject, without giving the mount a thought. When you have your picture, there will be time enough to hunt up a mount to fit it. The most artistic mounts I know of are sheets of cardboard in tans, greys and greens. For most subjects I have a strong preference for the greens. Beware of ovals. They are a delusion and a snare. Not one print out of 50 will yield a successful oval, if, indeed, there is such a thing as a successful oval outside of miniature work. I can not recall an oval print in the recent Salon of Photographic Art in Chicago.

I recently saw something new in the line of portrait lighting. Face full front, hair in heavy, rough pompadour roll, *decollete* frock, and the light thrown strongly on the back of the head. That threw the face in the shadow, but it was the face of a Gibson girl. The features were strong and the exposure was long enough to bring them out; while the light encircled the hair like a halo. It was a striking and pleasing effect; but if you try it be sure of your subject's strength of feature, and the rough roll of hair; and don't, as was the case in this instance, use the decollete frock. The light comes over the hair in a pleasing manner, but falls at each side of the neck and over the bare shoulders in white lines, while the throat and hollow of the neck are the darkest parts of the picture. That makes a bad effect. If you try it, by all means drape the throat and shoulders in fleecy white. That will catch and diffuse the light, and will prevent the strong lines down the neck.

H. R. Paff, of Jennings, Ala., sends me 2 prints on which he wishes my advice as to the work of the lens. I give my reply to Mr. Paff, for the benefit of other amateurs that may contemplate doing the same thing. To make a fair test of the 2 lenses, you should have sent me prints from exposures made on the same subject, at the same time and place, with the same lighting, developed and printed by identical methods. The 4 x 5 is a snapshot, taken with a fixed focus, or an extension front set at fixed focus; and snapshots are so universally under timed as to be an unfair test of any lens. The 5 x 7 is taken with an extension front, set so nearly at fixed focus that the extreme distance is almost as sharp as the foreground, and the well defined shadows under the bridge and to the left indicate time. No fair comparison of the work of the lenses can be made from these prints, but judging as best I can I should prefer the work of the one used on the 5 x 7. The best method of testing a lens, and the one expert opticians use, I gave in the December, '99, issue of RECREATION.

Factories should back their plates. It seems they need more urging. We must have backed plates. If the manufacturers will not prepare them we must do it ourselves. It would certainly be easier for them to put backed plates on the market than for the users to prepare their own. It is a nuisance to back plates. It is almost impossible in traveling, yet that is the time when one most wants to be sure of his material; for in traveling every care must be used to get a good picture, as one may not go that way again. Manufacturers are constantly feeling the pulse of trade. If we call for backed plates until they hear us, we will get them; but unless plate users arise and ask in concert, we will go on backing our own plates or else making weak, thin negatives, with traces of halation, because we failed to do so.

I gave the best formula I know for intensification months ago. Use gelatine paper, print and tone carefully. If your result shows a possibility of your being able to do better, try again until you reach your limit and the work you send in is your best. Then when you see yourself in RECREATION you will have cause for pride in your work, and you will have earned the gratitude of a man who is daily doing much for all of us.

There seems to be a new idea abroad in the land, a *poseur*. One artist to pose a subject and a second to expose the plate. I notice many of the latest magazines contain pictures posed by Susy Smith, photographed by John Jones. I prefer to struggle on alone.

Almost every magazine one picks up nowadays contains articles illustrated by photos taken by the amateur. One wonders whether the pictures sell the article or the reverse.

RANDOM NOTES.

F. R. WOODWARD.

This photographic department is rapidly assuming the proportions it should as one of the most important and valuable furnished by our worthy editor in his inimitable magazine. I modestly contribute my mite to assist him, and perchance give fellow enthusiasts a helpful suggestion or two.

Are you systematically keeping a note or scrap book? I have one labeled, "Photographic Notes and Suggestions," and it is fast becoming a mine of information, formulas, etc. Whenever I run across and test a good thing of the kind in any of the periodicals, into the book it goes. The woods, magazines, and annuals are full of formulas for everything. I have one well tested formula for each essential process, and stick to it. I advise every amateur to do likewise. True, there may be a better formula somewhere than the one you use. But if yours works successfully, you will waste more time, money, and patience seeking the better than you can gain.

Don't fail to write the Wager Exposure Scale people for their little book. You will get more for 2 cents and a drop of ink than you ever got before.

That brings me to the subject of exposure. I met a young lady amateur not long ago who was in trouble. She had used grosses of plates, had hardly a good negative to show for all her pains, and didn't know what was the matter. She had habitually and prodigiously over exposed. I told her so, and advised her to use a Wager Exposure Scale. She has obtained some of the first good negatives of her life within the last 3 weeks.

Speaking of over exposure, I find noted in my book the following, from Photo-Beacon: "For great over exposure, soak plate 5 minutes before development in 2 per cent. solution of tartar emetic and use developer strong in the reducing agent and bromide." You will get a good contrasting negative. I exposed a plate 2 minutes (normal exposure 2 seconds), and succeeded as above.

A word about intensification. Some of us have never realized, until we have seen or tried, how much many negatives may be benefited by this simple process. Soak until well bleached in bichloride of mercury, 60 gr.; bromide potassium, 60 gr.; water, 6½ oz. Wash thoroughly; then blacken in a solution of sodium sulphite for moderate intensifying, or in fairly strong ammonia water for greater effect, and wash.

One more suggestion, for landscape work. Get a dozen medium speed isochromatic plates and a ray filter. Use them carefully and see if you aren't glad you have them. Develop with not too strong light. Have ready a tuft of cotton soaked with 10 per cent. solution of bromide. When the sky and clouds are at all clearly defined, go over them with the bromide, and put back in the developer. Repeat if you find they are getting too dense before the other portions are done, and you will have a better landscape negative than you ever had before.

By all means use the fixing bath given in the Wager book. Have the temperature of your solutions right. If you have some new ideas or suggestions, let's have them. We will all thank you.

FOGS AND FRILLS.

There is undoubtedly something about fresh varnish that will fog plates. When using a new plate holder just from the factory, one not infrequently comes across a most unexpected case of fog, and, while certain it is due to the plate holder, can not find a leak. It has been proved that plate holders fresh from the factory will do this. One has only to shut a plate in one over night and then develop it alongside of another plate out of the same box to satisfy himself that this is a fact. Something in the vapor of fresh varnish does the damage, so it is well to draw the slides and give all new holders a good airing before use. A little thing like this, if not understood, is likely to produce a strained feeling between customer and dealer, and as the dealer has enough troubles of his own without any more, I advise him to air all new holders ere he sells them. It's easier to do than to stand a lot of abuse from a disappointed customer, have the holder returned, and have to waste time looking for a leak that does not exist.

Thanks to formaldehyde I have not had a frill or a softening of emulsion all the past hot summer. I've worked, much against my inclination, in a temperature of 100 to 106 with no ice in the solutions, and my prints still came out safe. This is due to a few drops of formaldehyde in the developer or toner. Gelatine can't melt after it has been treated with this invaluable chemical; that is, it can't, under any circumstances likely to occur in photography, and if for no other reason than that, everyone should have a bottle of it on hand. As a preservative of starch paste or other vegetable compounds likely to spoil, a few drops of a 40 per cent. solution of formaldehyde is most efficacious and yet harmless to the prints.—E. W. Newcomb in the Photo-American.

DEFINITION OF SPEED.

What is meant by the speed of a lens being F. 6 or F. 12? Should a Zeiss Series II and a Zeiss Series V have the same speed when working with stops marked F. 18? Why is a wide angle lens slower than a narrow angle lens? Why is the angle of a lens increased by diminishing the size of the stop?

S. R. Cates, M.D., Abilene, Tex.

ANSWER.

By the speed of a lens is meant the relative quantities of light which the different diaphragm openings allow to pass in a given time. A lens whose opening is F ÷ 6 would work 4 imes faster than a lens whose opening is F ÷ 12, since the quantity of light passing through the diaphragm varies as the square of the diameter. If the U. S. numbers were 6 and 12, respectively, the lens would work twice as fast with U. S. 6 as with U. S. 12.

The Zeiss Series II should have the same speed as the Zeiss Series V when worked with stops marked F. 18, if the focus were the same in both; but I believe it is not.

A wide angle lens is slower than a narrow angle lens because the aperture is smaller.

In "Modern Lenses" you will find full information in regard to increasing the angle of the lenses by diminishing the size of the stop.—Editor.

REMEDY FOR SPOTS.

What makes plates spot when set up to dry? There will sometimes be spots from the size of a pin point to 1-16 inch that are not there when plates are set up to dry.

W. P. Brownell, Red Creek, N. Y.

ANSWER.

It would be difficult, without seeing the spots, to properly state the cause. Send a piece of one of the spotted negatives. I suspect it may be due to roaches, or to unequal drying. For roaches, whose marks are holes eaten through the emulsion, place the drying rack in a pan half filled with water. For uneven drying, try putting the plates farther apart on the rack to dry. Put 2 back to back in each groove used, and let there be an inch, at least, between faces.—Editor.

SNAP SHOTS.

Realistic photographs of the famous Montana Bad Lands.

Also of Mexican bull fights, showing this tragic national pastime of our Southern neighbors in all its hideous details from start to finish.

I am making up a large club of subscriptions to Recreation, and will send to any person who will subscribe through me, remitting $1 for a year's subscription, 6 choice, unmounted prints, size 5 x 7, of either series.

References, Douglass & Meade, bankers; or postmaster, Glendive, Mont.

W. C. Baranger, Glendive, Mont.

Some time ago I saw in Recreation a reply to F. S. Jackson in which you said that Nehring's copying ampliscope would produce better nest pictures than the prints forwarded by Mr. Jackson. In my experience the copying lens does not give sufficient depth of focus, as one part of nest will be in perfect focus and another part entirely out. The portrait lens gives a greater depth of focus, and seems better adapted for this kind of work, while the copying lens does perfect work in making copies.

Evan Lewis, Idaho Springs, Colo.

Will you kindly inform me how to use carbonette paper? Also give me a good formula to use with it.

Malven F. Jones, Birmingham, Ala.

ANSWER.

There is no paper on the market called carbonette paper. It is common to call prints on American aristo platino "carbonettes," and I presume that is what you refer to. Get a package of above mentioned paper and you will find full directions for making just such pictures as the professionals make if you have the negatives to do it with.—Editor.

Can you give me any information in regard to toning blue prints bright red, and green? Ed. Myers, Washington, Pa.

ANSWER.

Experiments in this direction generally result in spoiling a good blue print. Green may be had by making a saturated solution of ferrous sulphate acidified with sulphuric acid and then adding an equal bulk of water. Immerse the print in this till green tone arrives. I do not recall any formula for changing blue to red—Editor.

To clean negatives stained by silver, wet a plug of cotton wool with a weak solution of cyanide of potassium, rub gently all over the negative, using a little more force on the stained parts. Well wash. Dry on blotting paper. If necessary to revarnish, flood the plate once or twice with methylated spirit. Let dry, and then varnish in the ordinary way.—Exchange.

Will someone kindly give, through the valuable pages of Recreation, the formula for removing rust spots from negatives? Also repeat the formula given some time ago for making a focusing glass out of an unexposed plate. This was claimed to be, in some features, superior to ground glass.

N. S. Matson, Fargo, N. Dak.

Platinum prints in which the whites have yellowed in consequence of the whole of the iron salt not having been removed, may be restored by immersing them in a bath made by dissolving half an ounce of sodium carbonate and 300 grains of chloride of lime in 8 ounces of water.—Exchange.

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NATIONAL
ROUGH-RIDER MILITARY
ENCAMPMENT,

on page xxxvi of this issue of RECREATION.

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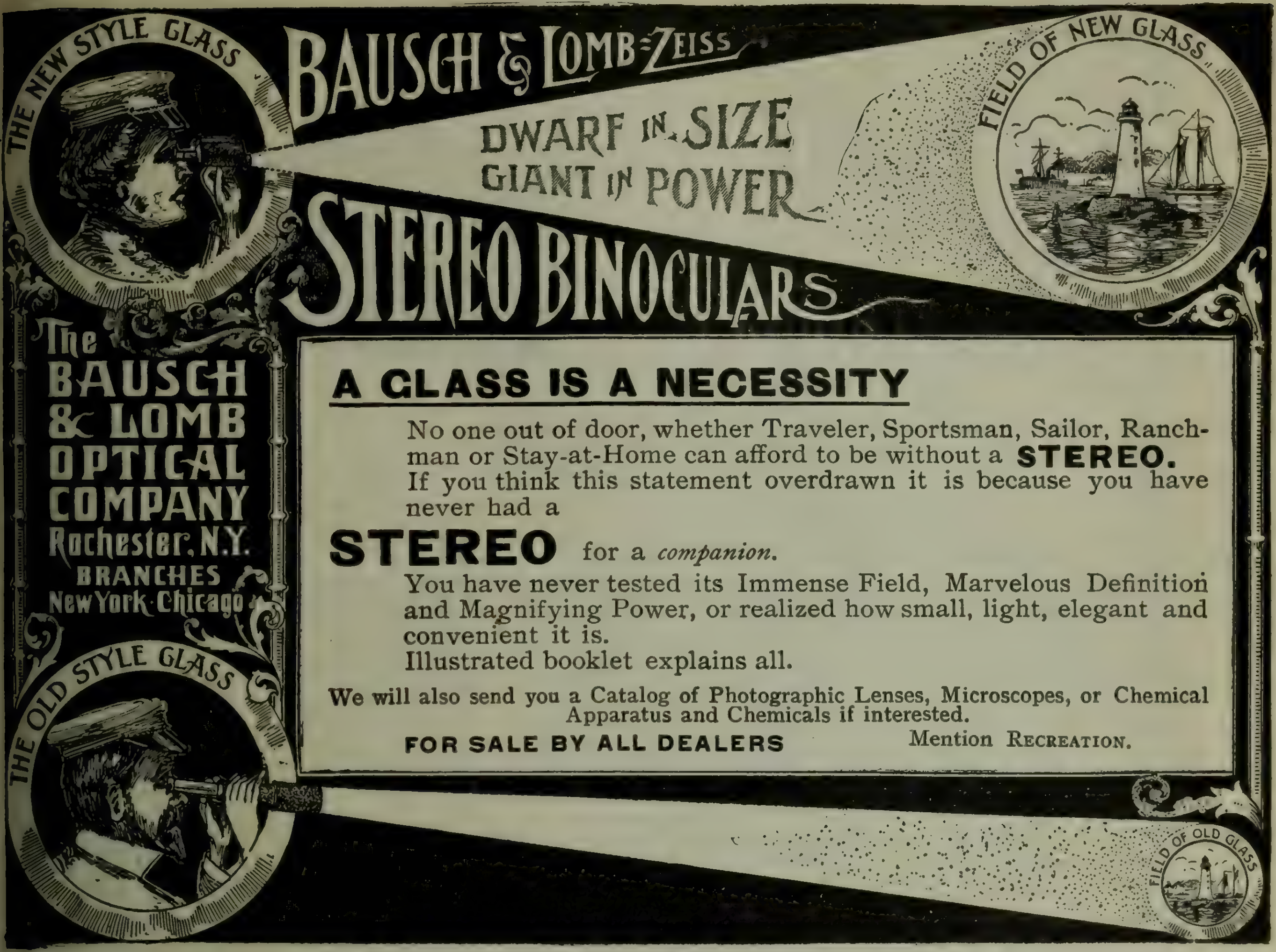

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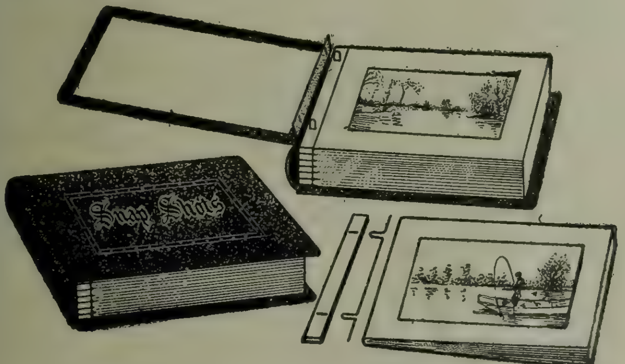

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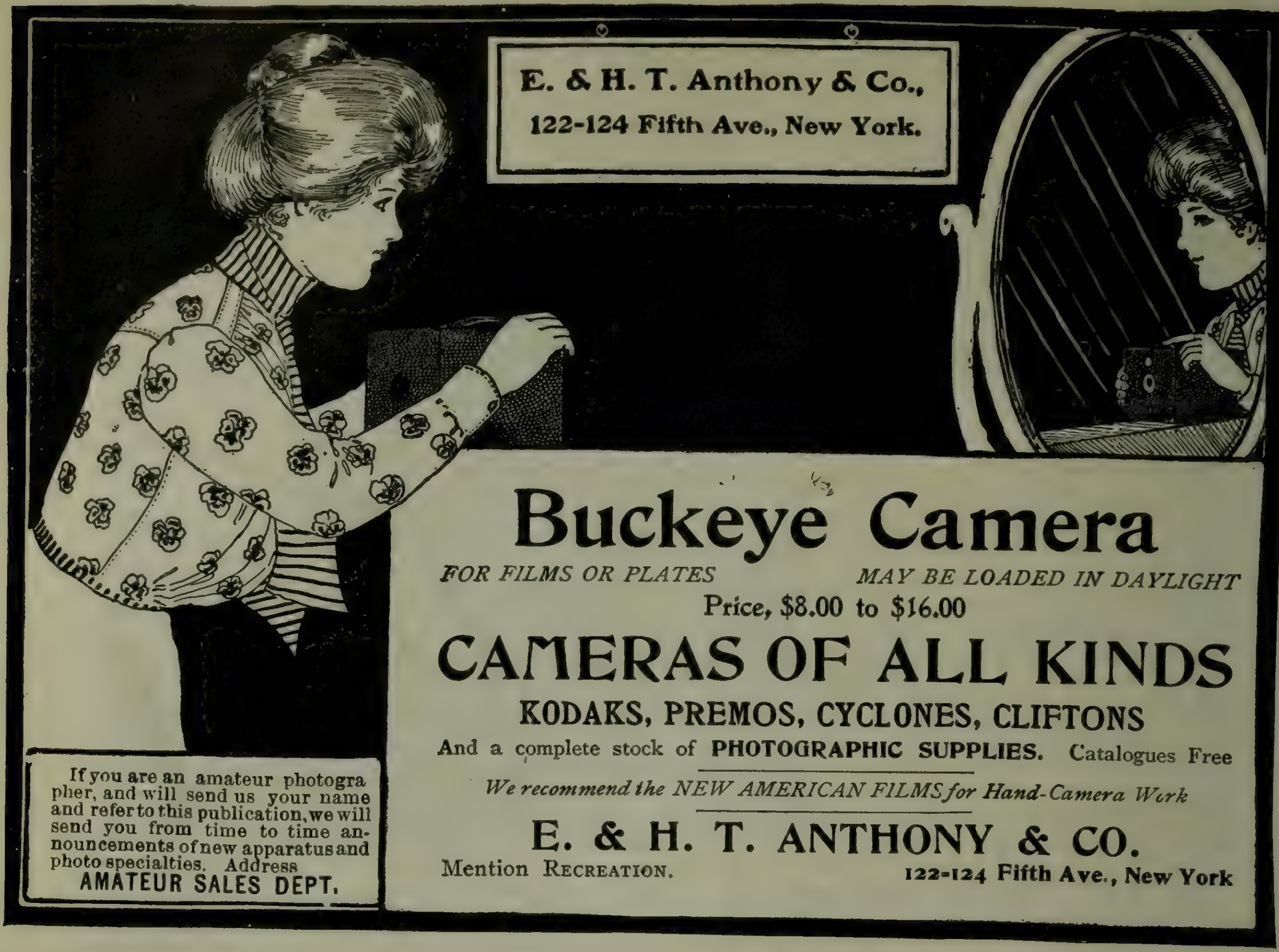

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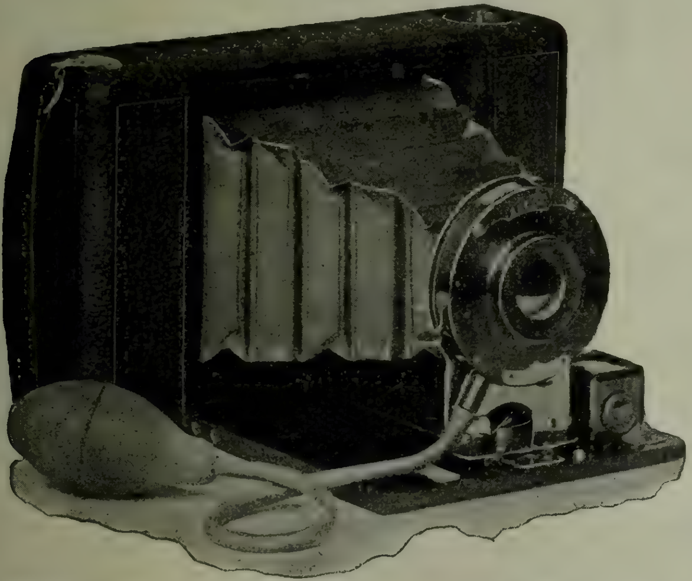

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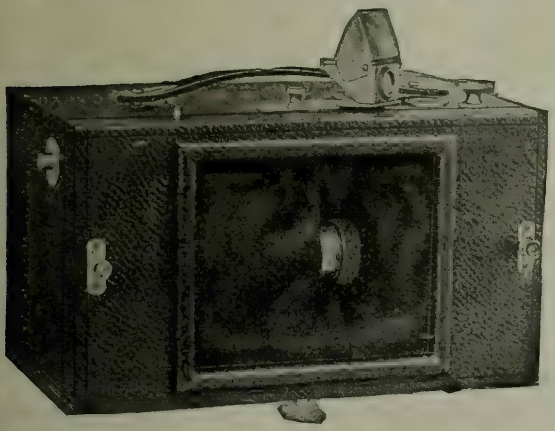

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NATIONAL ROUGH-RIDER MILITARY ENCAMPMENT,

on page xxvi of this issue of RECREATION.

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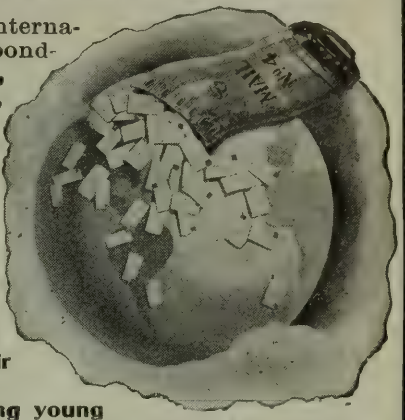

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SCHWEYER'S WHISKEY

PURE PENNSYLVANIA RYE
DIRECT FROMDISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

Saves Middlemen's Profits.

FOUR FULL QUARTS

Eight Year Old $3.60

The prime old wniskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

OUR PROPOSITION.

We will send four full quart bottles of **SCHWEYER'S Pure Pennsylvania Double Copper Distilled RYE**, 8-year-old for **$3.60**; Cabinet 7-year-old for **$3.00, express prepaid.** We ship in plain boxes, no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it is not satisfactory send it back at our expense and we will return your money.

SCHWEYER'S
DISTILLERS
THE PURE
SCHWEYER
PENNSYLVANIA
Aged in Wood
RYE
Double Copper Distilled
JOHN SCHWEYER & CO. DISTILLERS

Prevents Adulteration.

EXPRESS PREPAID

Seven Year Old $3.00

We are the **only Distillers** in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye **to consumers direct.**

Since 1871 we have been distilling and ageing **Pure Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey.** This whiskey is distilled from selected grain and aged in wood under the personal supervision of Mr. John Schweyer. We are selling our entire product direct to the consumer and guarantee every gallon we sell to be **absolutely pure Whiskey.**

Such whiskey as we offer cannot be had for less than $5.00.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,
Address all orders to Warehouse BO. - - - 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.
Orders for Ariz., Col. Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts by freight prepaid.

G.F. Heublein & Bro
THE
CLUB COCKTAILS
The Club
TRADE MARK
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
G.F. Heublein & Bro

Club Cocktails

Famous the world over for purity. They never vary. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled. Be sure you have them in your camp, on the yacht, and on your outing trips wherever you go. They are ready and require no mixing. Simply pour over cracked ice.

For sale by all dealers and Druggists.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.
29 Broadway, N. Y.
and Hartford, Conn.

Mention RECREATION.

I received the Bristol fly rod you so kindly sent me for subscriptions to RECREATION. It is a beauty, and to say I am pleased is putting it mildly. It is all the Horton Manufacturing Company claim it to be. I feel more than doubly repaid for the small effort it took on my part to get the 10 subscriptions.

Harry Straut, Rensselaer, N. Y.

This is the time of year to provide an outfit for your next summer's fishing trips. By sending me small clubs of subscriptions you can earn a rod and a reel that will insure your success next season and make you the envy of your less enterprising companions.

The Yawman & Erbe Automatic reel, given as a premium for securing subscribers, received. Please accept my thanks. I don't see how you can afford to give so much for so little work.

A. F. Crossman, North Clarendon, Pa.

A Wizard camera is a never-failing source of pleasure and profit. You can earn one in a day by sending me 15 subscriptions to RECREATION. This is the time to get them and be prepared for my next photo competition.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

The ... Royal Blue

Camp Stove

The Very Latest!

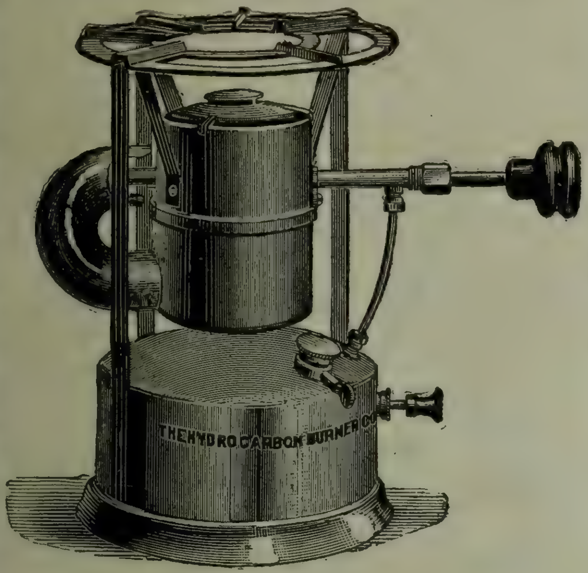
The most powerful Camp Stove in the world.

The burner is self-cleaning, no separate needle being required.

Full power gives 2,000 degrees fahrenheit.

Always under perfect control.

As light and strong as can be made.



Built to last a lifetime.

It Burns Kerosene!

The degree of heat is regulated by simply turning valve handle as you would that of a gas range.

Cooks anywhere—in camp, on yacht, at home—all the same if you have a ROYAL BLUE.

No Smoke.

No Smell.

No Wet Wood.

No Ashes.

Nothing but hot meals and solid comfort.

Send for Catalogue

The Hydrocarbon Burner Co.

197 FULTON STREET - - - - - - - - NEW YORK

23 West 24th Street, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1900.

Dear Sir:

I wish you would read carefully the article on pages 282 and 283 of October RECREATION and consider carefully the facts therein stated.

Are you one of 999? If so, why not take steps at once to transfer to the other class?

Why not join the L. A. S.?

Has it not yet done enough to earn your support? Is it not yet worthy of the use of your name? Can you not afford to contribute $1.00 a year to an organization that has done so much for game protection as this League has?

It secured the passage of the Lacey bill, the most important measure ever enacted for the protection of game, and for this reason, if for no other, deserves your support.

There are other great things to be done in the future, and this League will do them if it can have the financial and moral support it should have. Will you not help?

If you are a friend of RECREATION you should be a member of the League, for their objects are identical.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will write me at once your views on this matter.

Hoping to receive your $ by return mail, I am, yours sincerely,

G. O. SHIELDS,
Prest. L. A. S., and Editor and Manager Recreation.

Thinking of . . . CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

BROTHERHOOD WINE CO.
BROTHERHOOD WINE CO.
VINEYARDS
CHAMPAGNES

Brotherhood Building, New York City

How would a case of wine strike you?
Such as this, for instance:

1 qt. 5X Rye Whiskey
1 qt. Manhattan Cocktail
1 qt. Old Brandy
1 qt. Old Sherry
1 qt. Old Port
1 qt. Brotherhood Extra Dry Champagne

ALL FOR $5.00

1 Screw top hip pocket flsak in each case **free**

Or this:

3 qts. 5x Rye Whiskey
2 qts. Manhattan Cocktail
1 qt. Martini Cocktail
1 qt. Old Dry Sherry
1 qt. Vermouth
1 qt. Sauterne
1 qt. Rhine Wine
1 qt. Old Port
1 qt. Old Claret

ALL FOR $10.00

1 Screw top hip pocket flask, in each case **free**

The holiday season is one of good cheer, feasting and merry-making. Nothing could conduce more to this end than a case of pure, unadulterated, healthful wines.

THIS IS THE ONLY KIND WE MAKE

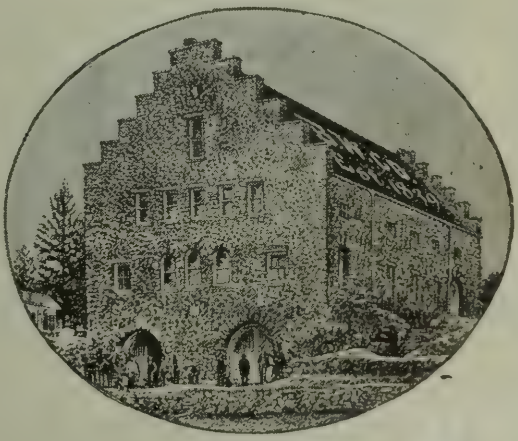
Let us send you a sample case for your own table.

Also let us ship a few cases direct to a few of your friends. Send us your cards and we will place one in each package, so that the recipient will be sure to find it.

What could you give a friend that would be a more agreeable surprise, or that would afford greater pleasure?

If you deal with us once you will be our customer forever after.

Send for price list and testimony of president E. R. Emerson of the Brotherhood Wine Company before the United States Senate Committee on pure Foods and Wines. A complete history of the making of champagne.

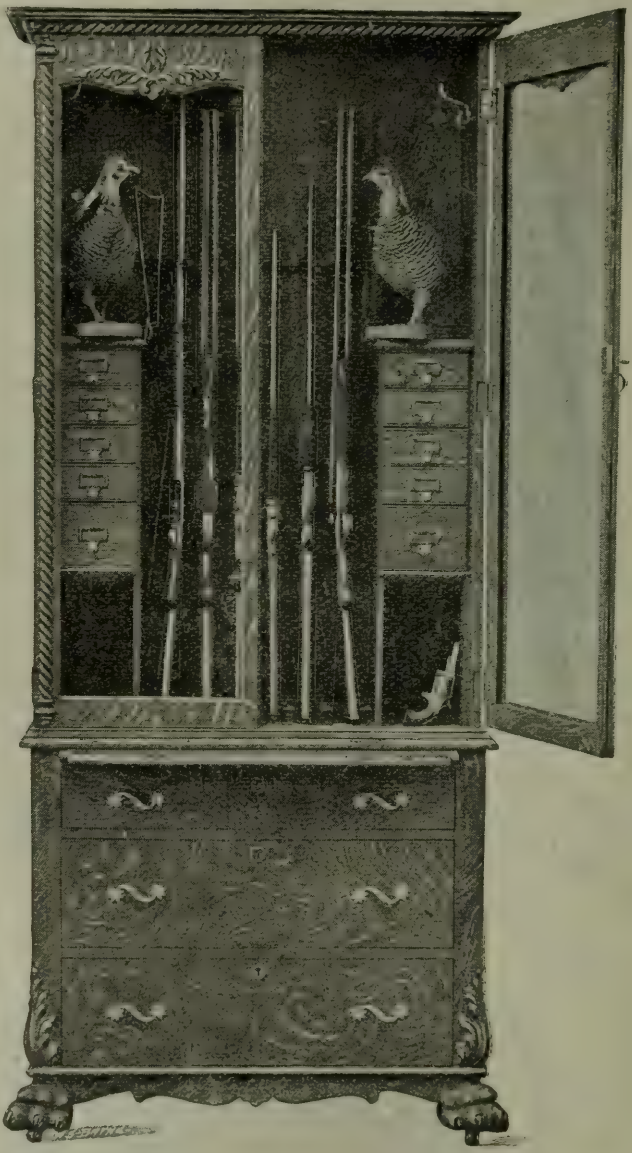


Main Entrance to Old Vaults, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Brotherhood Wine Company

Brotherhood Building
Spring and Washington Streets New York City

Hunters! Fishermen!!



No. 20 Size. 82 in. high; 37 in. wide; 16½ in. deep.

IF you are inclined to hunt and fish some, you need a **SPORTSMAN'S CABINET**, a place in which to keep everything from the rifle to the fish hook. Hunting and fishing are growing in popularity among gentlemen, and is it any wonder? But to get a full measure of enjoyment, you need a

Sportsmen's Cabinet

something you can set in the best room in your house and which will be an ornament to the room. In one of our cabinets you have your sporting outfit all in plain sight, yet under lock and key if you like. It might save your life, as many a man has shot himself by pulling a gun out of a corner or closet and accidentally discharging it.

Quartered Oak Front
Polished Finish Claw Feet
Rifle Twist Molding
Double Thick Glass Doors
Writing and Loading Table
Large enough for 8 Guns

First class workmanship and construction. Well crated for transportation. Write for prices. Persons desiring cabinets for presents should get their orders in early, as last season we were unable to supply the demand.

West End Furniture Company,

Manufacturers, :: :: :: Williamsport, Pa.

Mention Recreation.

The Standard Emergency Ration

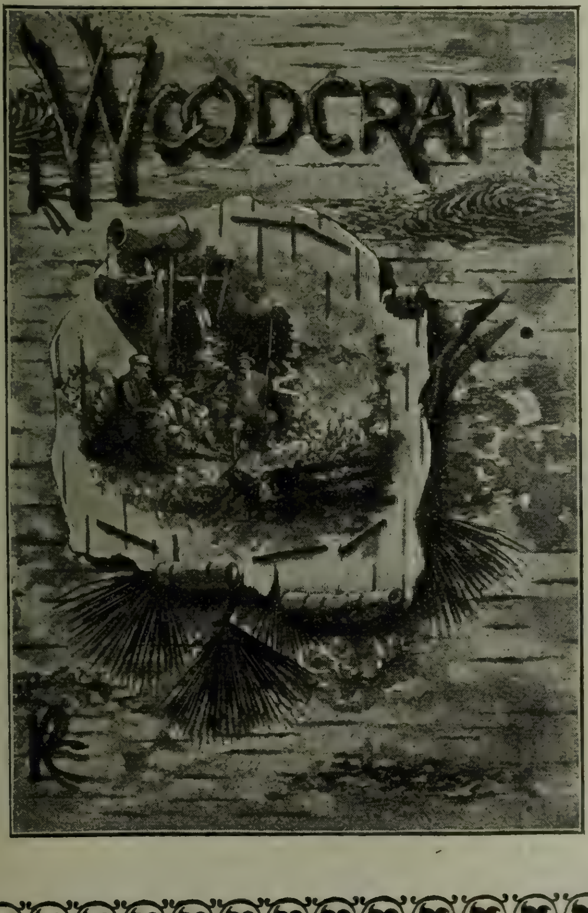
will make in five minutes by the application of water and heat,
the following dishes:

STANDARD
FOODS

Porridge
Fried Mush
Soup
Fried Hash
Hamburger
Steaks

When eaten without any preparation at all the food is palatable, nourishing and digestible, since the ingredients are all steam cooked.

The Standard Emergency Ration is a pocket-fitting can containing 3 hearty, delicious meals, and 2 quarts of choice sweetened tea. It is always ready, never spoils, and is the only insurance against an empty stomach. We have filled 683 orders during past month, from sportsmen, tourists, miners, prospectors and timber hunters, and expect to fill a thousand this month. Let yours be one of them. We will send on receipt of 15 cents to cover charges, a sample of the Standard Emergency Ration, knowing that after a trial you will never be without it.



"Woodcraft,"

our beautiful sportsman's guide which tells all about a trip to the woods, FREE.

◆

Sole Patentees and Manufacturers,

The American Compressed Food Co.

PASSAIC, N. J.

Agents:

VonLengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York.
William Read & Sons, Boston.
VonLengerke & Antoine, Wabash Ave., Chicago.
A. J. DeLamare, 201 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.
Frazer Viger & Co., Montreal.
Bate & Co., Ottawa.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle
} FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Zar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Rifle or Shot Gun Powder, listed at $2; or a Nodark Tin Type Camera listed at $5; or a Snap Shot Album, holding 100 4 x 5 prints, and made by the Buechner Mfg. Co.; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $1; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75 cents.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50.; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a Hub Hawk-Eye Camera, listed at $5; or a Primus Oil Stove, listed at $4.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Yawman & Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a set of Nehring's Convertible Ampliscopes, listed at $5.00; or an automatic, double action, hammerless Revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson, and listed at $5.50; or a Field Glass, made by Gall & Lembke, Union Square, N. Y. and listed at $6

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7¼x7¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $6.50; or a Davenport "Brownie" Rifle listed at $8; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8; or a Hawk-Eye, Jr., Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $8; or a Bull's Eye Rifle, single shot, ejector, made by Remington Arms Co., and listed at $4.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a Wizard A Camera made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10; or a Davenport Ejector Single Shot Gun, listed at $10.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle No. 44, listed at $10; or a Hudson Fishing Tackle Cabinet, listed at $10; or a No. 40 Stevens New Model Pocket Rifle listed at $12.50; or a Field Glass made by Gall & Lembke, Union Square, N. Y, and listed at $10.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Korona Camera, Model IA, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13; or a Peabody Carbine valued at $12; or a No. 5 Sidle Telescope Rifle Sight, listed at $12.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Wizard B Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co. and listed at $14; or a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a 4x5 Tourist Hawk-Eye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $15; or a Davenport Elita Single Shot Gun, listing at $18.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less; or a Viking Folding Canvas Canoe, made by Glasscock Bros., and listing at $20.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Zonophone, listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½x17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less; or an Al-Vista Camera, made by the Multiscope & Film Co., and listed at $25; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25; or a Syracuse double hammerless Shot Gun, grade O, listed at $30.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a Shattuck double hammerless Shot Gun, listing at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less; or a Hudson Gun Cabinet, No. 10, listing at $15; or an Al-Vista Camera, No. 5-B, listing at $30.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a 5x7 Korona Camera, listed at $32; or a Forehand double hammerless Shotgun, grade O, listed at $30; or a King Folding Canvas Boat, listing at $33.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle; or a Reflex Camera, listing at $40; or a Mullins Duck Boat, listed at $20.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Clipper or Elk Bicycle, worth $50; or a Korona Long-Focus Camera, 5x7, listed at $50.

SIXTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Lefever hammerless Shot-gun, Grade H, listed at $44; or an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, double-barrel hammerless breech loading Shotgun, listed at $40.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at $1 each, a high grade Wilkesbarre Shot Gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subcriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic ejectors, listed at $120.

Address,

Recreation **23 West 24th Street**
New York

DO YOU WANT TO READ

**Two of the greatest
Bear Stories ever written?**

Do you want to read of
2 Bear fights that will

**MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND
YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD
YOUR HEART STOP BEATING
YOUR LUNGS STOP PUMPING?**

Do you want to see two of the
greatest bear fights you ever read of

ILLUSTRATED BY
Two of the Greatest Animal Painters in the World?

If so, see DECEMBER

RECREATION

"A Fatal Encounter with a Giant Grizzly"

By Hon. T. C. KOCH Illustrated by ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON

... ALSO ...

"Five Grizzlies in a Heap"

By GEORGE B. McCLELLAN Illustrated by A. B. FROST

If you are fond of stories of adventure these will please you. If you like to read of blood curdling tragedies in the mountains, set to the music of repeating rifles, these stories will do the curdling.

Do not fail to see DECEMBER RECREATION. All first-class newsdealers will have it.

Or you can send 10 cents in stamps and get a copy by mail. Address

RECREATION, 23 WEST 24TH STREET, N. Y.

A Chance to Become a Rough Rider.

RECREATION has been empowered by the National Rough Rider Military Encampment to appoint one man to the enjoyment of one year's instruction at the encampment, and to secure for him, free of charge, a regular cavalry equipment, consisting of horse, forage saddle, bridle, blanket, halter, nose-bag, lariat and pin, saddle bags, bayonet and scabbard, currycomb and brush, spurs and straps, rifle and revolver, rifle ammunition, revolver ammunition, khaki suit, leggins, gauntlets, campaign hat, rubber poncho, shelter tent, canteen, haversack, mattress and pillow, mess, tentage, blankets and Regular Army rations.

The course of intruction comprehends everything pertaining to rough riding, sharpshooting and military tactics, military gymnastics, military signaling, the use of the heliograph, wireless telegraphy, privilege of bicycle and automobile training, with such other instruction as may be inaugurated from time to time.

The encampment is in Montrose and San Miguel counties, Southwestern Colorado, and the young trooper will roam over an area 42 miles wide by 102 miles long. The place is 400 miles from Denver.

In connection with the National Encampment, which it is proposed to make permanent, the projectors of the enterprise have arranged with many colleges in the United States for a series of lectures covering the duties and responsibilities of the citizen-soldier in both peace and war. Among the institutions whose presidents or chancellors have signified their willingness to start the lectures this fall are Yale, Harvard and Cornell, the University of California, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Minnesota, Leland Stanford University, the University of Arkansas, the University of Cincinnati, the State University of Iowa, the University of Georgia, the Ohio State University, the University of Maine, the University of Nebraska, the Western Reserve University, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of Colorado.

A scholarship in this encampment sells at $500, but this one which RECREATION controls will be given to the man or boy who may send me the largest number of subscriptions before April 1, 1901.

Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. A year's training in this institution will make a man of any boy who gets it. It will make of him an expert horseman, a crack shot with rifle and revolver, and will give him a thorough knowledge of cavalry drill and military tactics.

And the year's training, your board and your equipment will not cost you a dollar.

If not successful in winning the appointment you can select premiums from my regular list to the full value of all the subscriptions you may have sent.

Now sail in and show your metal!

Are you looking

for a tailor who does first-class work at moderate prices? If not, do not look this way, for that is the kind of man I am!

I furnish the best goods in the market—if you want them. I employ the best labor to be had.

On account of occupying modest quarters and paying ¼ the rent I would have to pay on 5th Avenue, I can duplicate 5th Ave. goods at ½ price.

Winter Importations now on view.

FRED C. MARTIN

MERCHANT TAILOR,

155 W. 23d Street, New York.

For Sale: At ¾ of cost, Cottage, 5 acres of land and share in Adirondack League Club, Honnedaga Lake. Cottage, built in 1897, contains 5 bedrooms, sitting-room dining-room. kitchen, tinned storeroom and pantry. Brook at side gives unfailing supply of cold water. Write for plan, photo and particulars W. S. Wicks, 110 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

For Sale: One Charles Daly 3 barrel gun, 2-12 gauge shot, and one 38-55 rifle barrel, 8½ pounds, good as new. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. First $50 offer takes it.

N. C. Bosworth,
1271 Euclid Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale: Latest model Marlin repeating rifle, 22 caliber, with Lyman front and rear sights and leather bound canvas case. Will sell cheap. Will send on approval.

B. F. Dooley,
421 Winchester, Ave.,
Martensburg, W. Va.

For Sale: A perfectly marked liver and white pointer, 4 years old; thoroughly broken, intelligent, and affectionate. Unless you want a good dog and are willing to pay for him, do not answer.

A. S. Seaman, Frankfort, N. Y.

LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN
LAUGHLIN

LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN
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LAUGHLIN

FOUNTAIN PEN

The Best at Any Price

A Christmas Suggestion—A gift of never ending usefulness and a constant pleasant reminder of the giver.

Your choice of these popular styles, superior to the

$3.00 STYLES

of other makes, for only

$1.00

Try it a week. If not suited we buy it back, and offer you **$1.10.** We are willing to take chances on you wanting to sell, we know pen values, you will when you own one of these.

Finest quality hard rubber holder, 14k. Diamond Point Gold Pen, any desired flexibility in fine, medium or stub, and the only perfect ink feed.

One Pen Only to one address on this special offer, by mail, postpaid on receipt of $1.00, (registration 8c. extra.)

Ask your dealer to show you **this** pen, if he has not or won't get it for you (do not let him substitute an imitation, on which he can make more profit) send his name and your order to us, and receive **free of charge** one of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders.

Remember — There is no "Just as good" as the **Laughlin,** insist on it, take no chances.

Address—

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.

261 Laughlin Block,

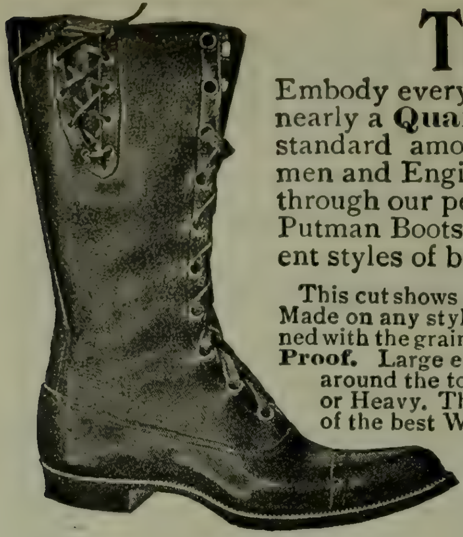
DETROIT, • MICHIGAN.

Mention Recreation.

Bride (emerging from railway tunnel)—Why did you kiss me, dear, in that awfully dark place?

Groom—But I didn't.

Bride—Well, somebody did.—Judge.



The Putman Boots.

Embody everything that is practical in Sportsmen's Footwear. For nearly a **Quarter of a Century** Putman Boots have been the standard among Western Hunters, Trappers, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the very best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are water proof. Send for catalogue of over 20 different styles of boots. Also Indian Tanned Moose Hide Moccasins.

This cut shows our **No. 678** Three Quarter Boot, (14 inches high) Bellows Tongue. Made on any style toe desired. Uppers are special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on (our special tannage) making the leather **Water Proof.** Large eyelets and wide leather laces, also laced at side to fit the boot tight around the top. Furnished in Black, Brown or Straw Color. Sole Light, Medium or Heavy. The sole is genuine Hand Sewed (making it soft and easy) and made of the best Water Proofed Oak Sole Leather. Made to your measure and delivered to any part of the U. S. for.............. **$7.50**

Send for order blank showing how to measure your foot

H. J. PUTMAN & CO.

36 HENNEPIN AVE. **MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

Mention RECREATION.

His Ethiopian Majesty (dictating)—Proprietors Bellin's food, New York. Gentlemen—Please send me at once 6 dozen Bellin's-food babies, like samples shown in advertisement in April number of Scribbler's Magazine, and oblige yours truly, King Rubbernek.

—Judge.

Read the offer of a Scholarship in the . . .

NATIONAL ROUGH-RIDER MILITARY ENCAMPMENT,

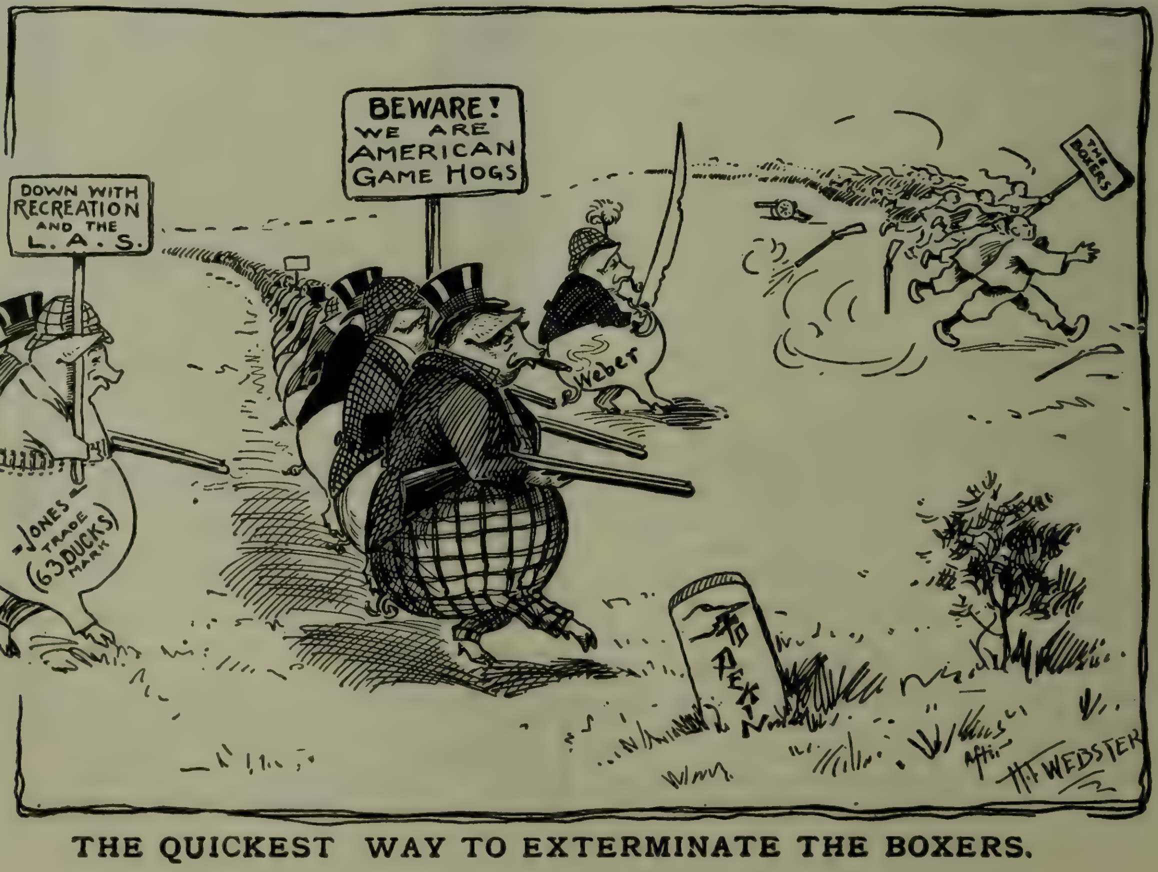
on page xxxvi of this issue of RECREATION.

A RARE BARGAIN.

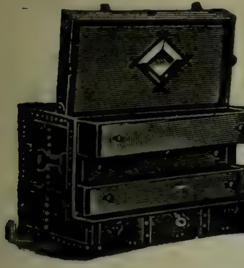
If you have not yet ordered a set of the Hudson pictures, illustrating the poem "To My Gun," you should do so at once. Only a few sets were printed, and about half of them have already been sold. No more will be printed, as the plates were too much worn in running the November edition of RECREATION to make any more good impressions. Only $1 for the 5 full page artist's proofs. Nothing finer could be found at the price, for decorating an office, a dining-room, a parlor or a den.

Twynn—I hear you are living at Mrs. Small-Porshun's now?

Triplett—It is a mistake. I am only boarding there.—Judge.


BEWARE! WE ARE AMERICAN GAME HOGS
DOWN WITH RECREATION AND THE L. A. S.
JONES TRADE (63 DUCKS) MARK
Weber
THE BOXERS
TO PEKIN
H. T. WEBSTER

THE QUICKEST WAY TO EXTERMINATE THE BOXERS.



A New Idea in Trunks

The **STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK** is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN,
87 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

FREE BALDNESS CURE.

WHAT A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE OF A REMEDY DID FOR A SALEM LADY.

MISS EMMA EMOND.

Miss Emond lives in Salem, Mass., at 276 Washington St., and naturally feels very much elated to recover from total baldness. The remedy that caused Miss Emond's hair to grow also cures itching and dandruff, sure signs of approaching baldness and keeps the scalp healthy and vigorous. It also restores gray hair to natural color and produces thick and lustrous eyebrows and eyelashes. By sending your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 1540 Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage, they will mail you prepaid a free trial package of their remarkable remedy. Write for it to-day, you will be delighted.

Mention RECREATION.

MORPHINE

EASY HOME CURE. PAINLESS.

PERMANENT. We will send anyone addicted to **Opium, Morphine, Laudanum,** or other drug habit, a **Trial Treatment, Free of Charge,** of the most remarkable remedy ever discovered. Contains **Great Vital Principle** heretofore unknown. **Refractory Cases** solicited. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially **Physicians.** ST. JAMES SOCIETY, 1181 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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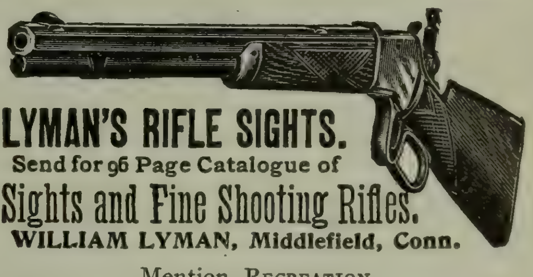

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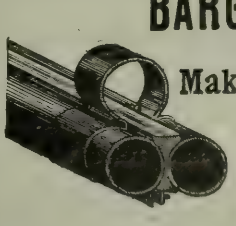

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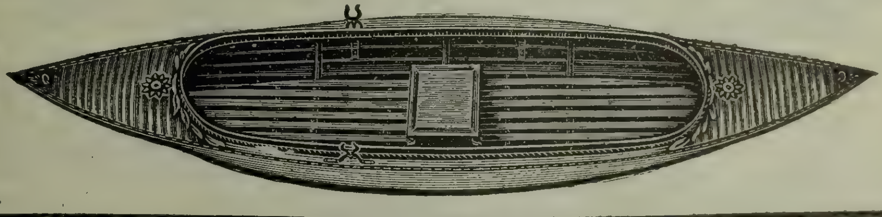

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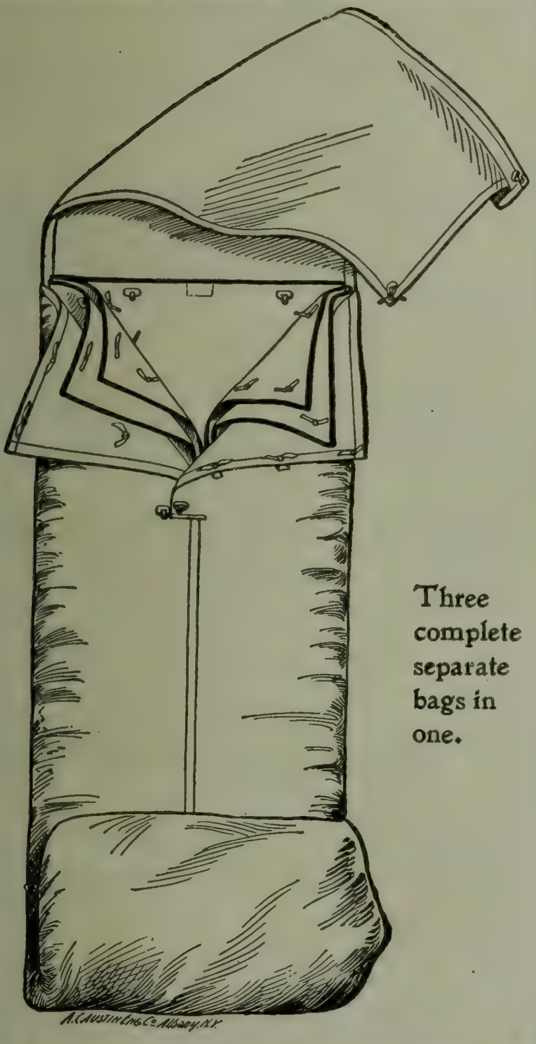
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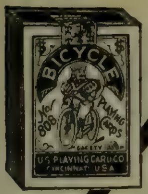

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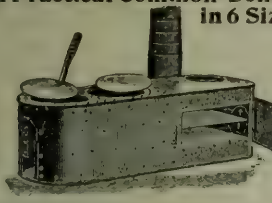

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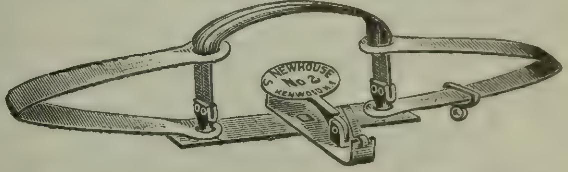

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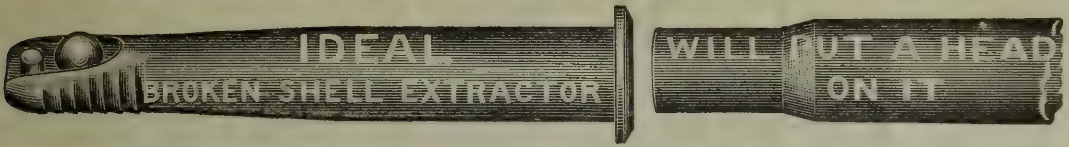

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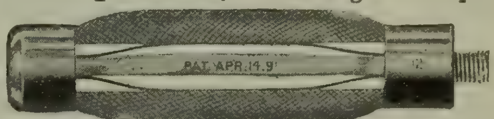

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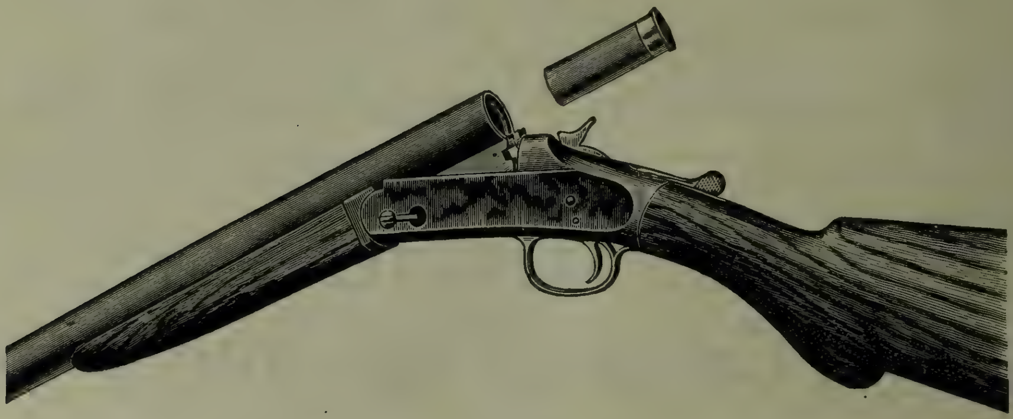

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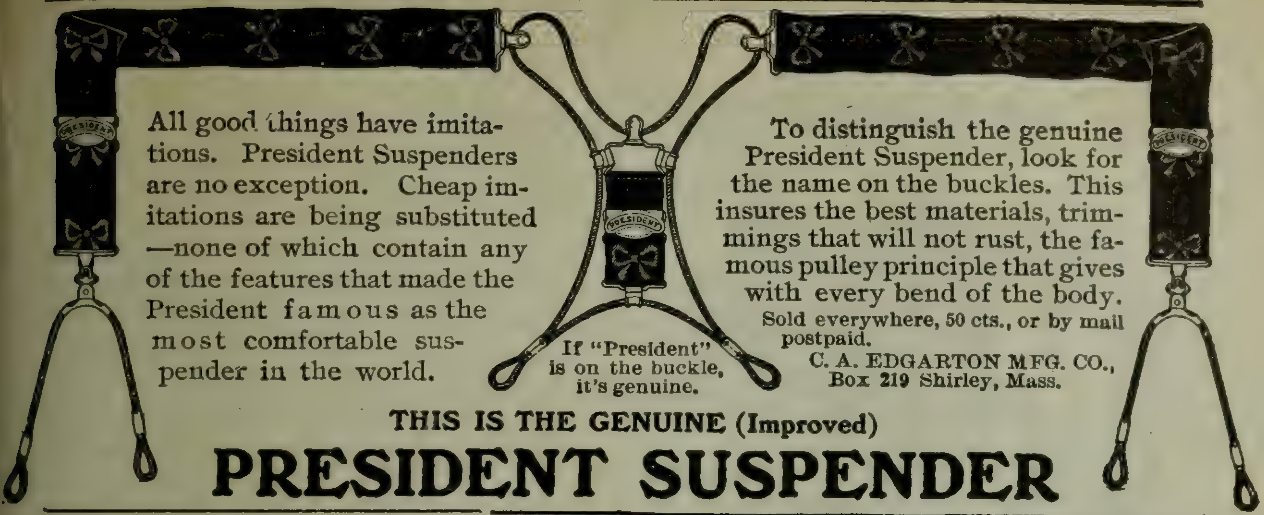

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Pennsylvania	10,392
Canadian Pacific	10,018
Southern Pacific	9,362
Chicago and Northwestern	8,463
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy	8,001
Southern Railway	7,887
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe	7,880
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul	6,437
Union Pacific	5,584

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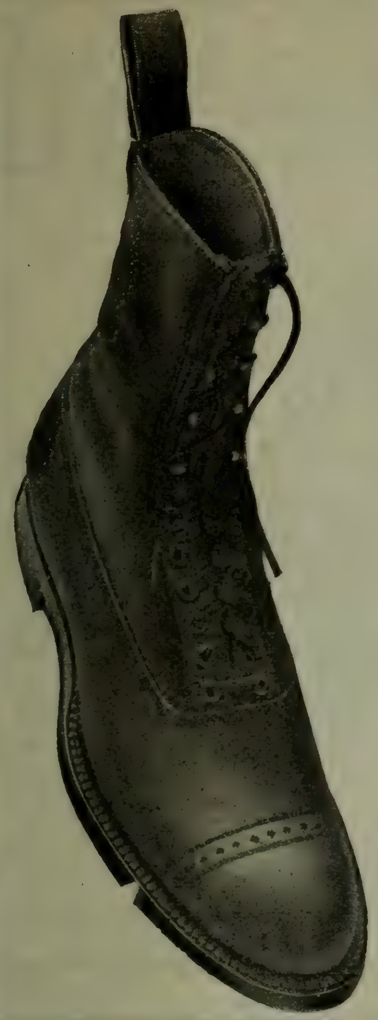

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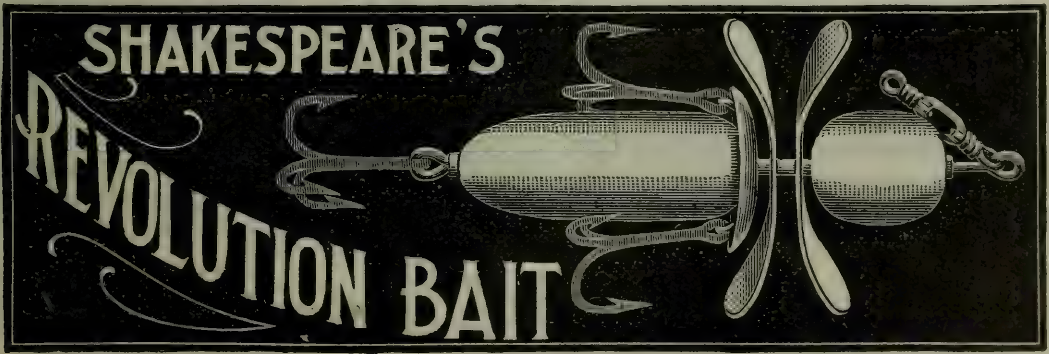

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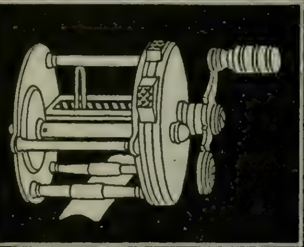

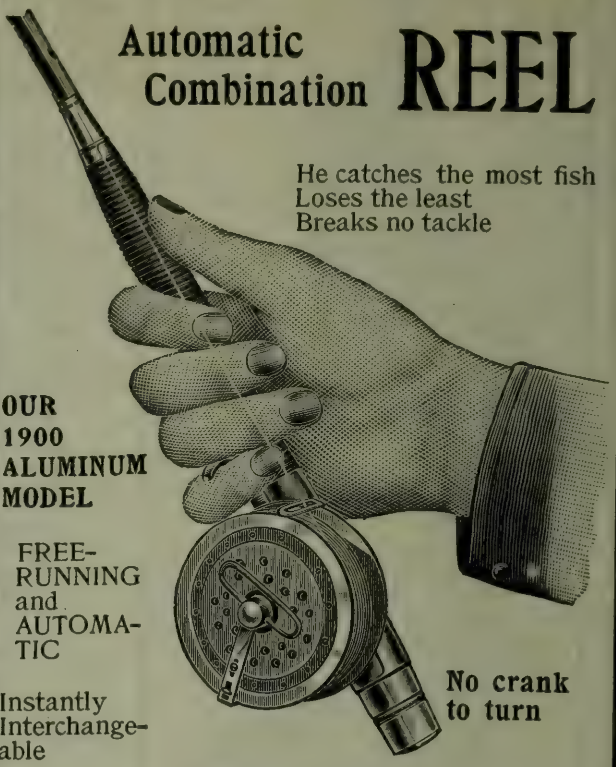

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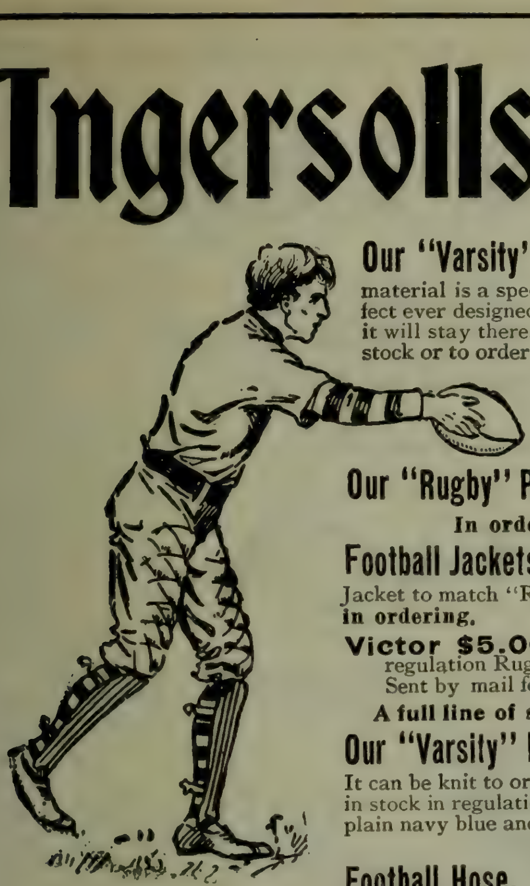

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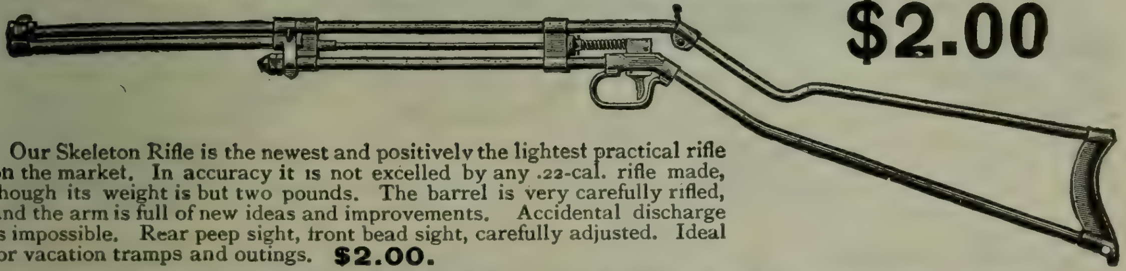

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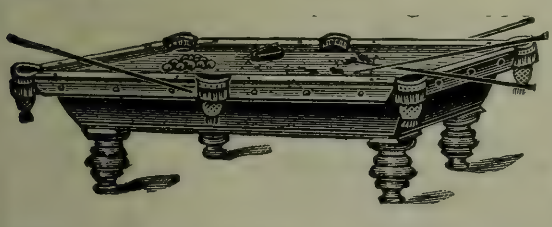

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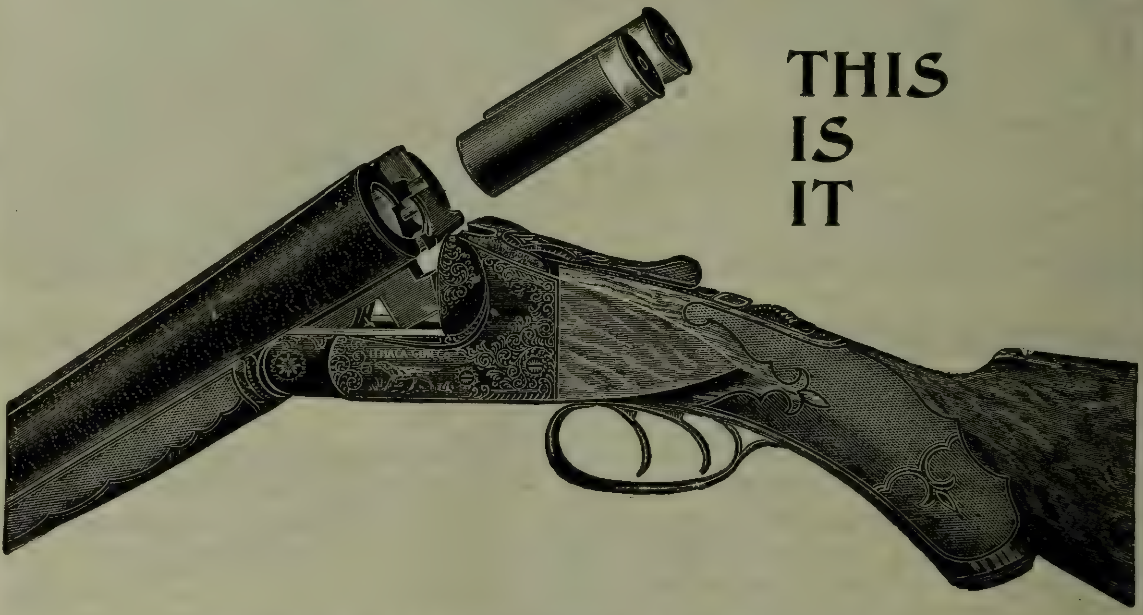
It will never disappoint you.



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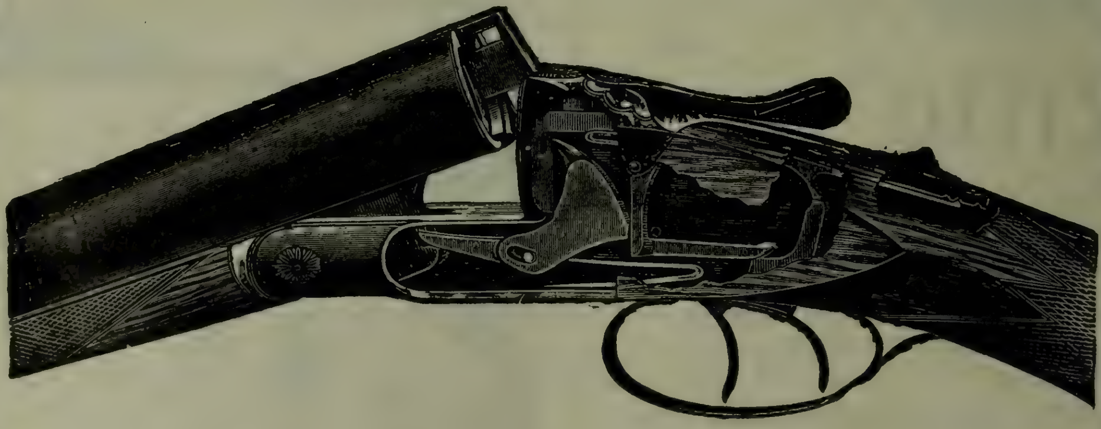

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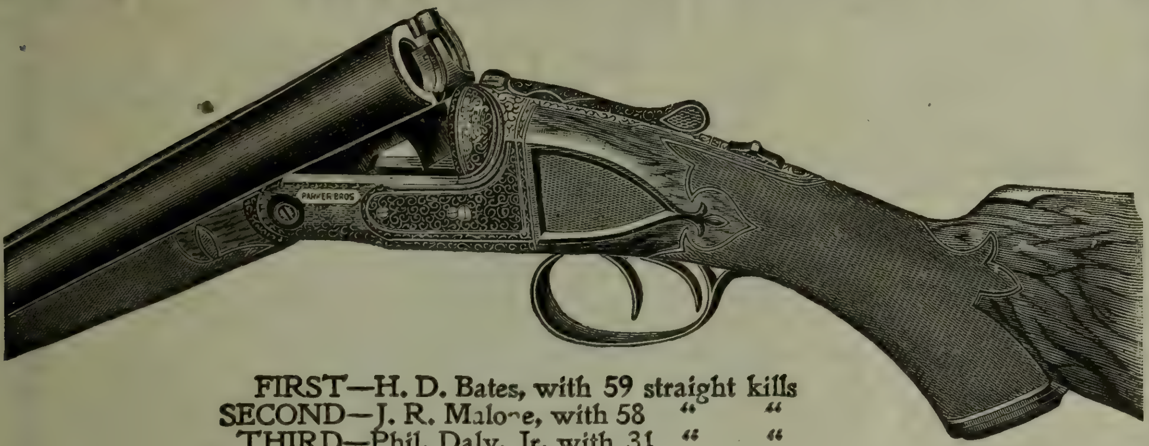

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THIRD—Phil. Daly, Jr. with 31 " "

All used the "Old Reliable"

Also, as the offical records show,
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WON WITH ...A **Baker Hammerless**

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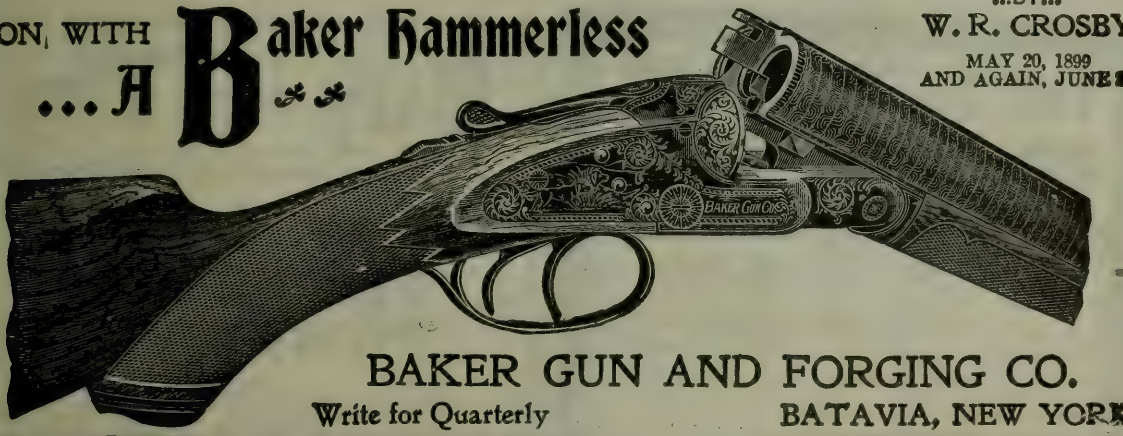

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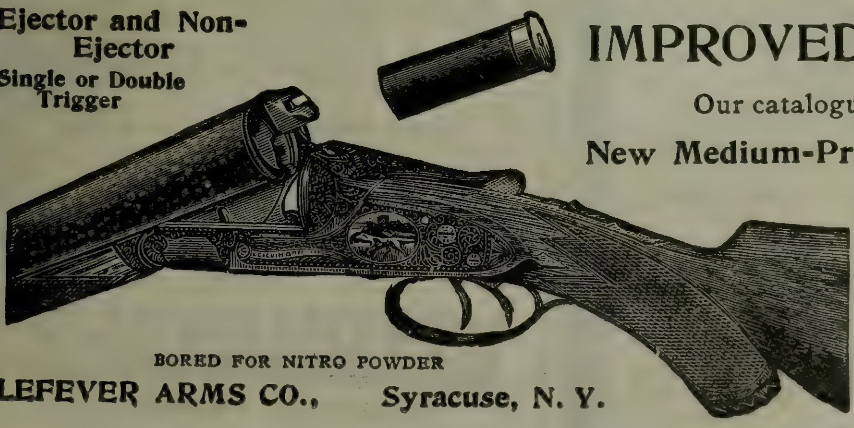

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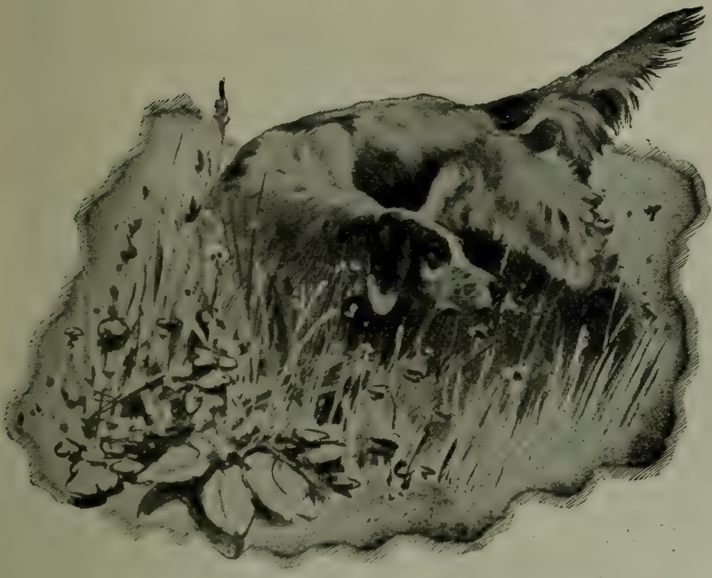
CLEANER, QUICKER and STRONGER

than any other powder on the market.



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ALL WON IN DIFFERENT PLACES BY DIFFERENT SHOOTERS

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To secure one it will be necessary to order at once.

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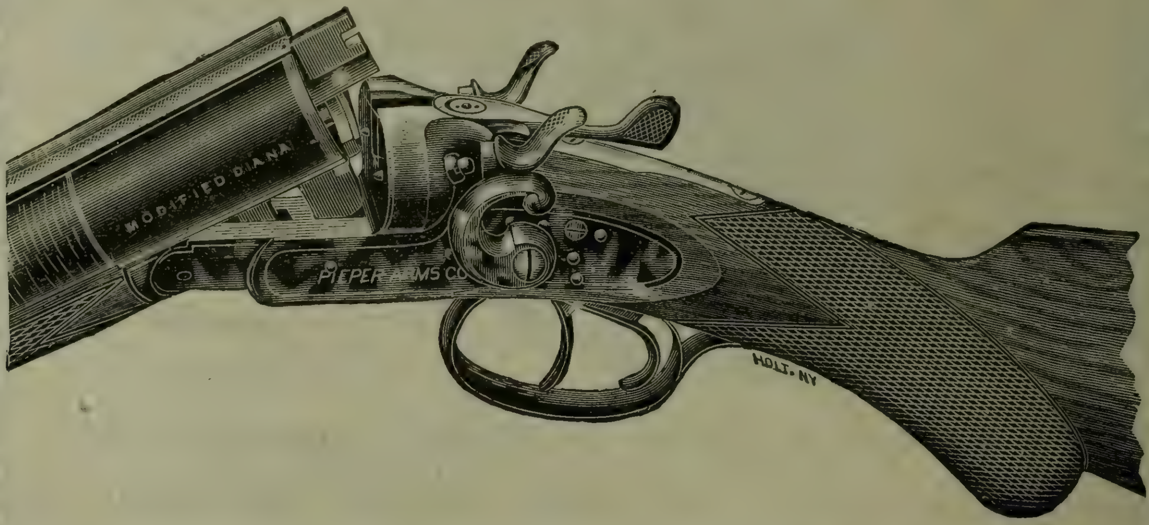

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Price $15.

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We have in stock **Genuine Canadian Oil Tanned Moccasins** which we sell at $3.00 per pair, sizes, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. They are made by the best maker in Canada.

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CORNWALL & JESPERSEN

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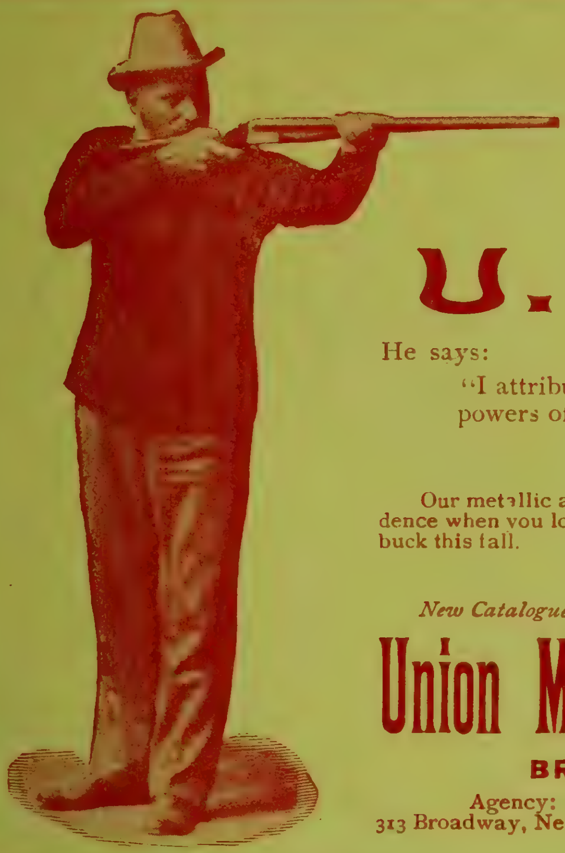
Send for Catalog No. 14. Mention RECREATION.

Ask the editor of RECREATION what he thinks about these guns.



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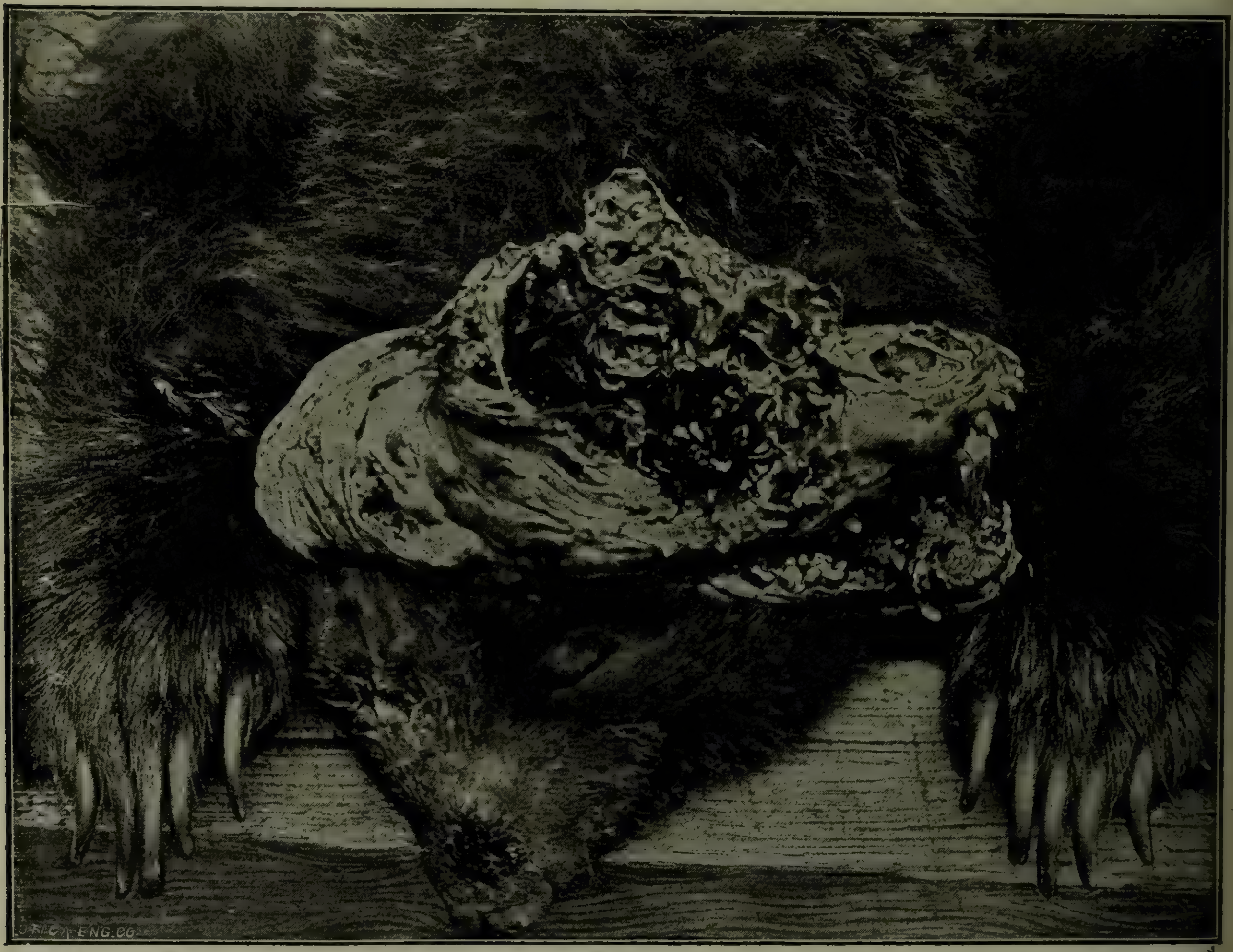

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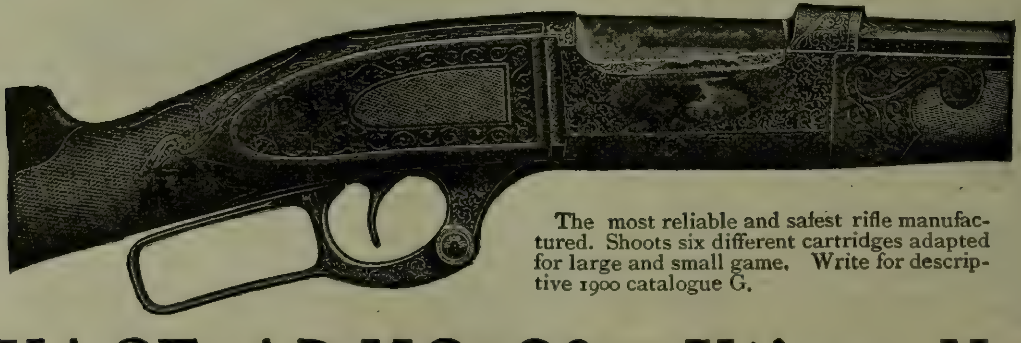

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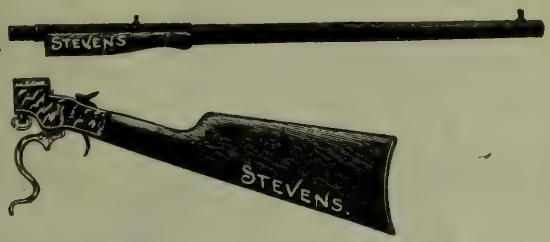

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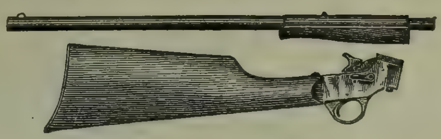

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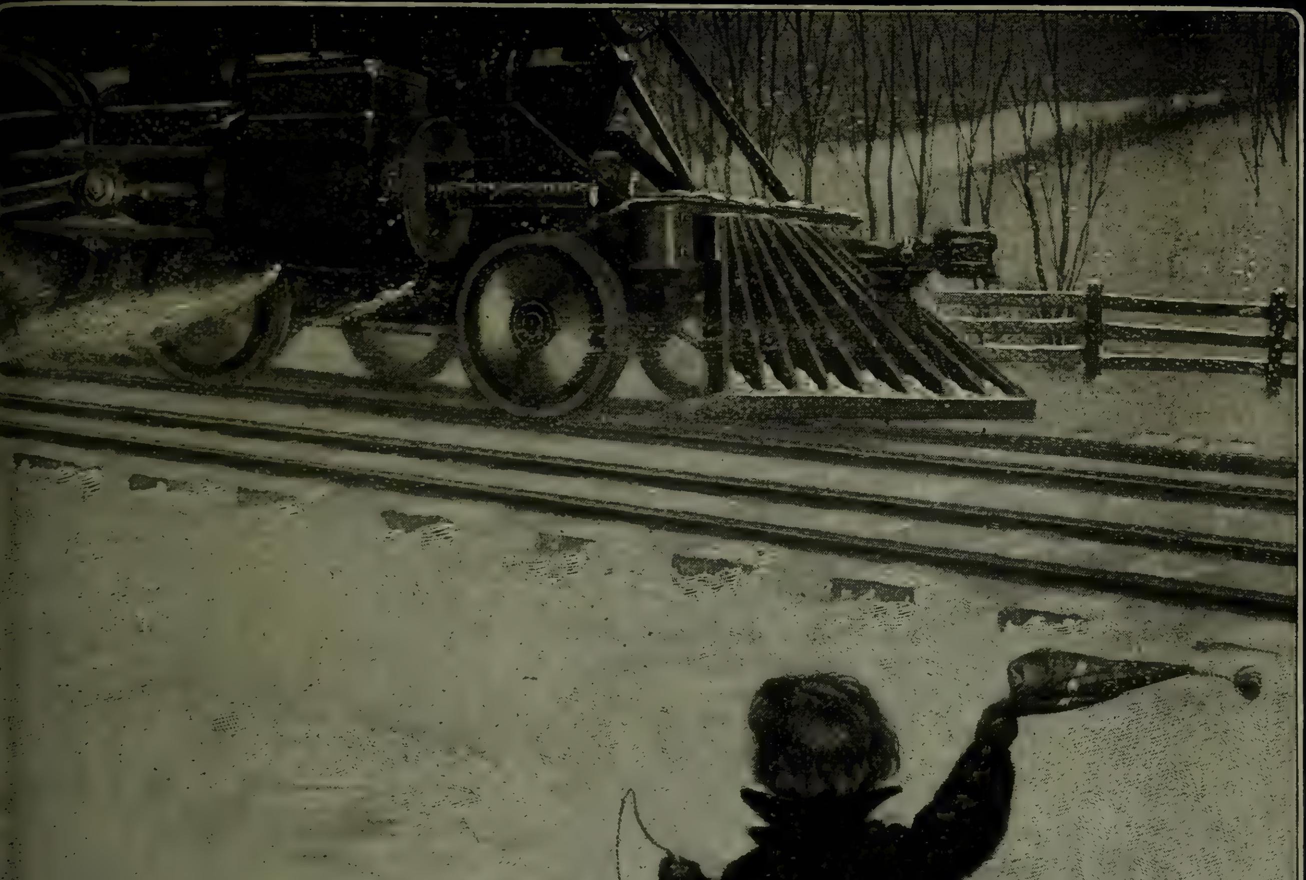
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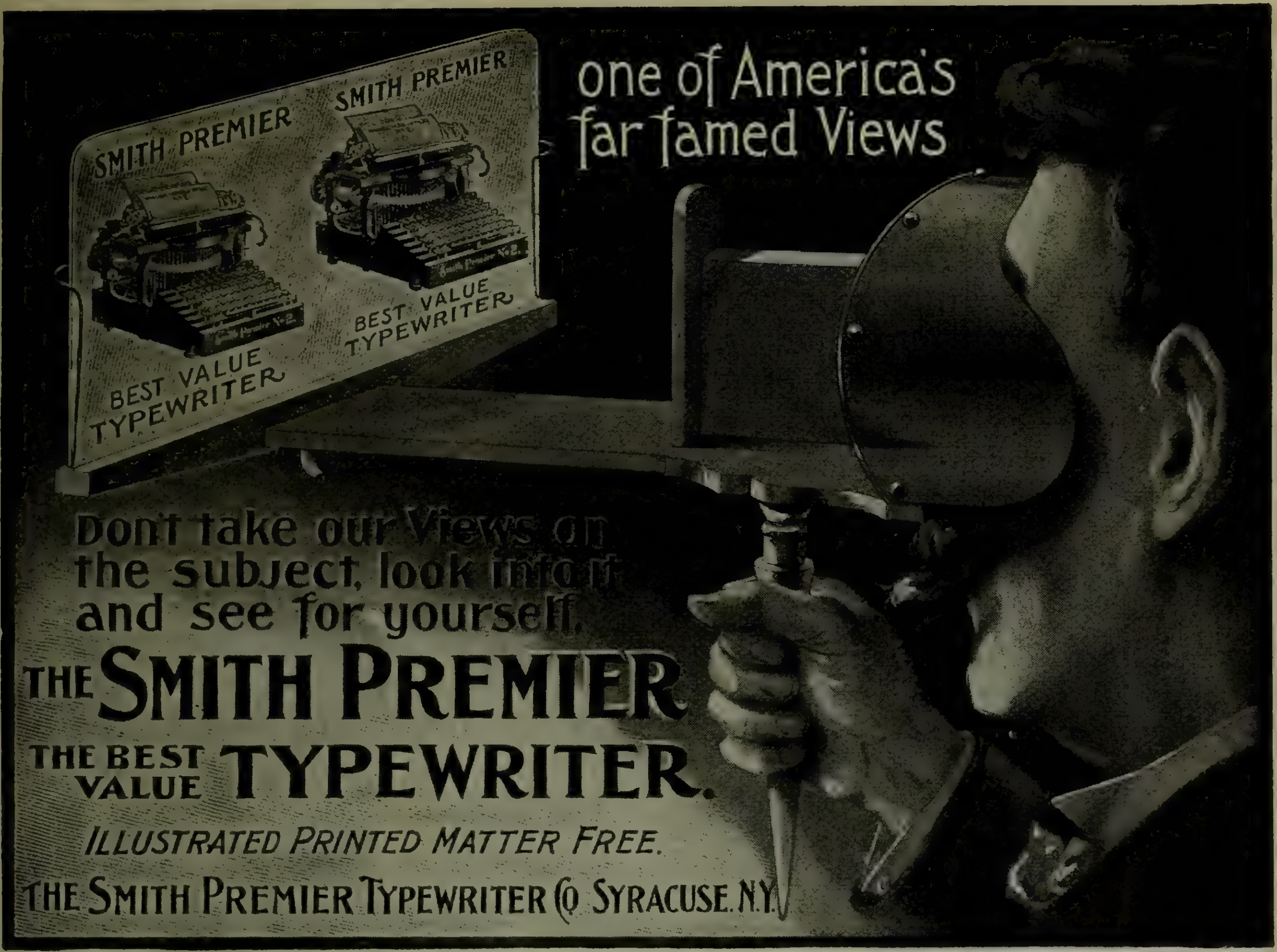
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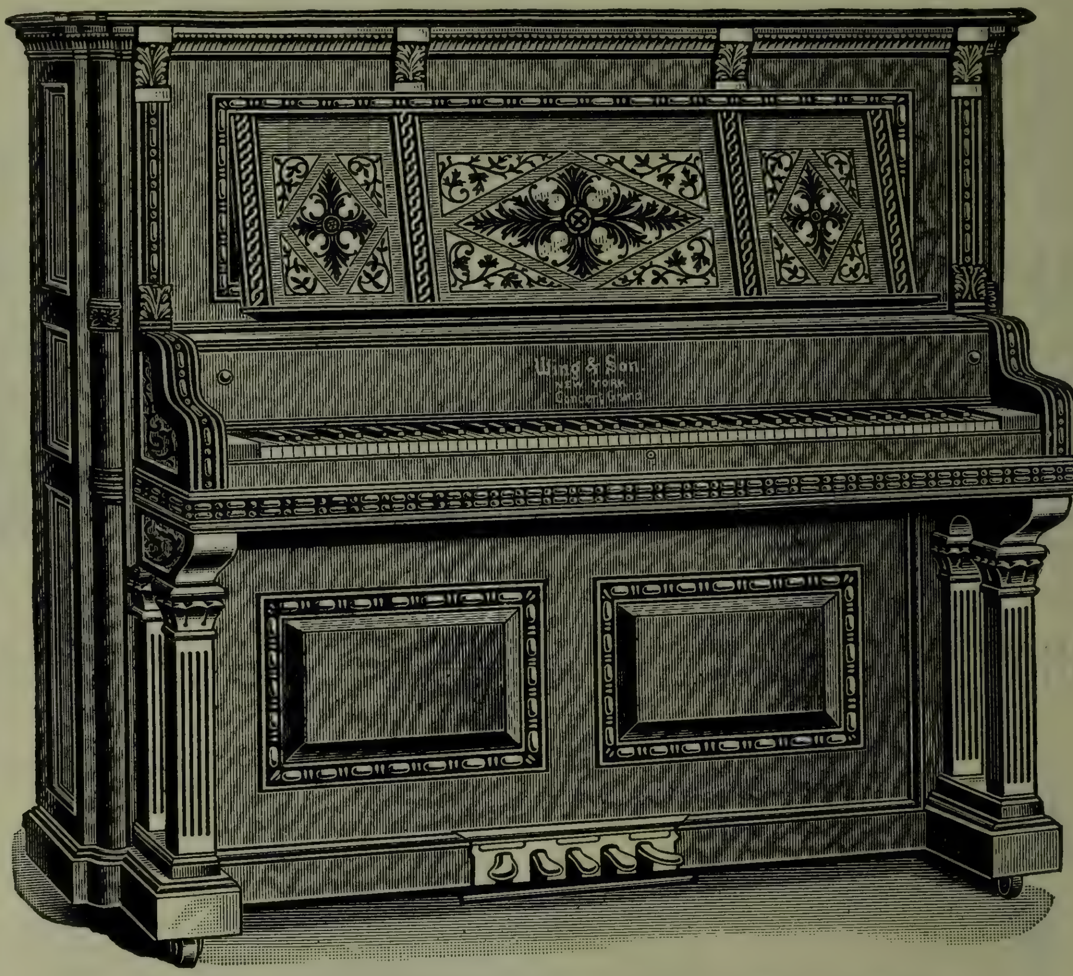

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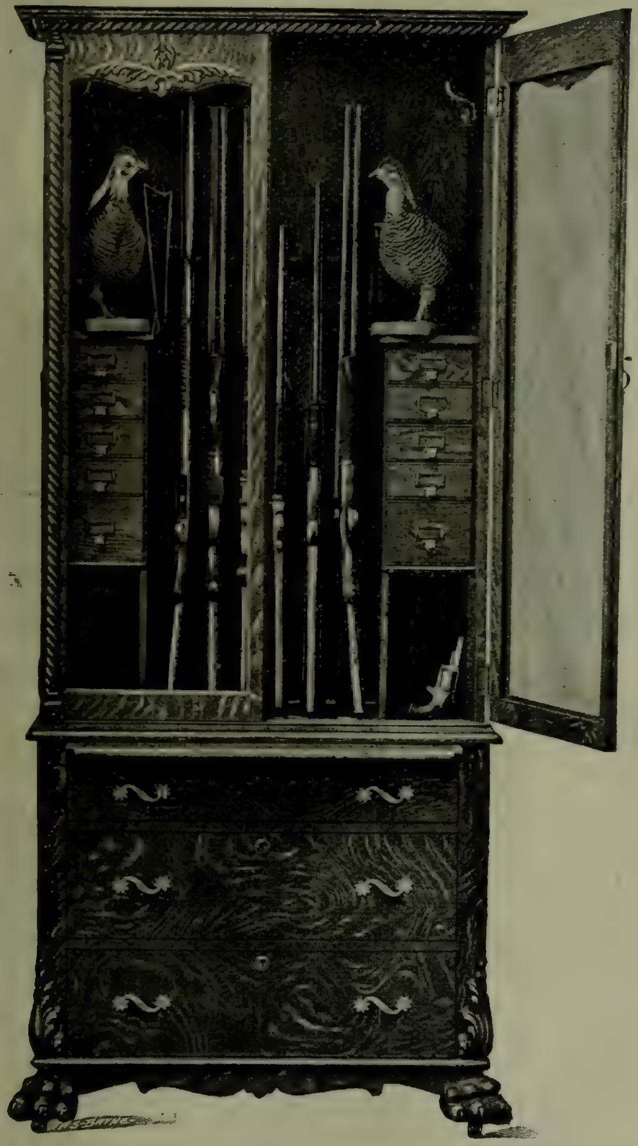

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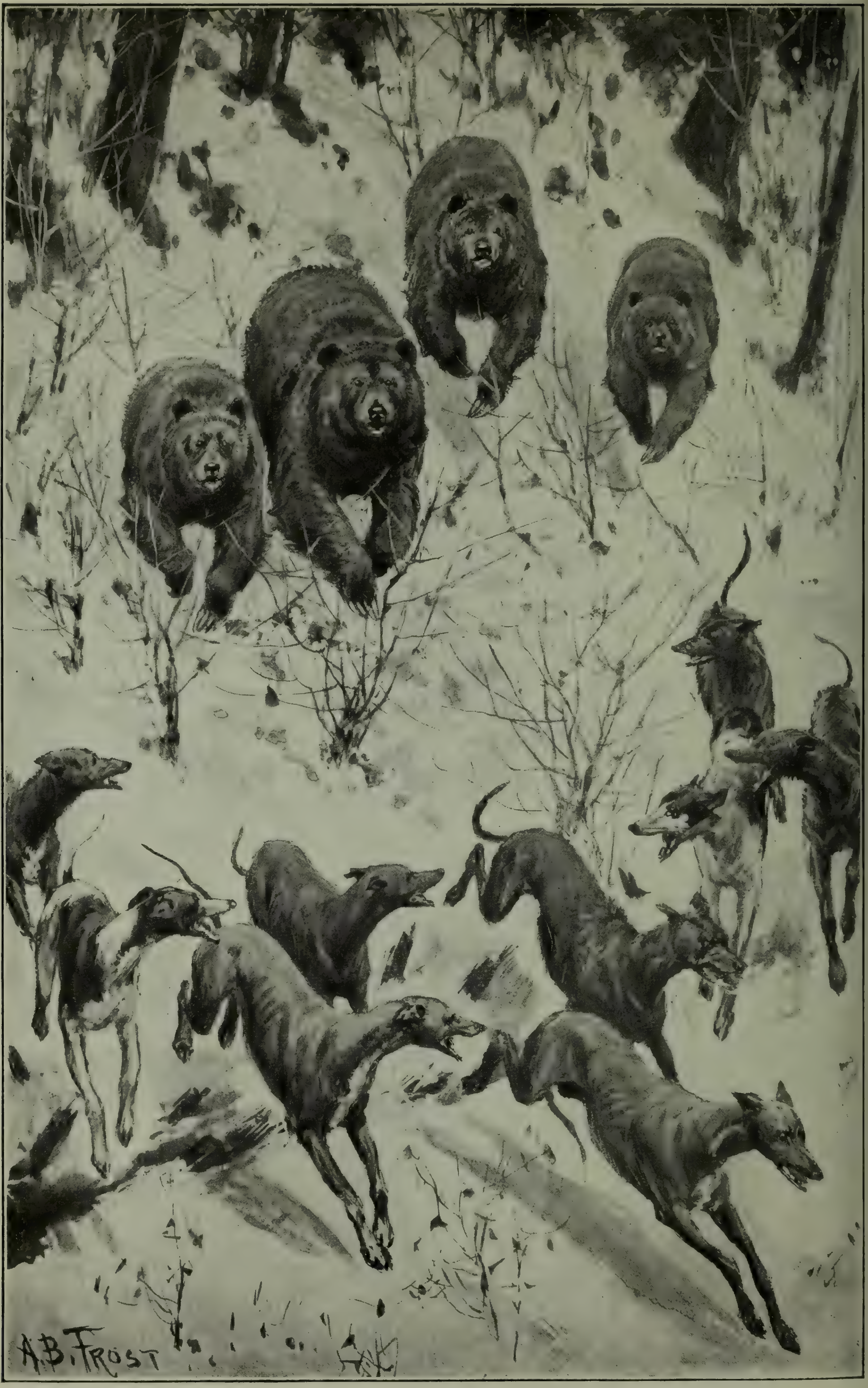


HERE THEY CAME, AS IF SHOT OUT OF ONE OF THE OREGON'S BIG GUNS.

RECREATION

Volume XIII. DECEMBER, 1900. Number 6.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A RED LETTER DAY WITH GRIZZLIES.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

On the morning of October 18, 1899, in company with a friend from California, I left the ranch to try for a deer. There had been a light fall of snow during the night, so we counted on being able to strike a fresh trail and get a buck without much trouble, as there are plenty of deer in the foothills of the Bighorn range, 3 or 4 miles East of the ranch. We had gone only a mile when I struck a big trail in the snow. At first I took it for a cow track, and did not notice it until on crossing it I saw it was different. Then I said:

"This cow has no horns."

I dismounted, made a close examination, and found that an old bear and a cub had passed only a few hours ahead of us. I asked my friend how he would like to change from a deer hunt to a bear hunt. He said a deer hunt was good enough for him; but if I wanted to follow the bear he would go along and help what he could.

We had to leave our horses where we struck the trail, for we were in a small canyon, which was steep and rough. We looked the ground over carefully, for we were not sure but the bears might be in that same canyon, and we didn't want to disturb them too soon.

We followed on down a mile or so to where the trail turned to the right, crossed the little creek and led into a thick clump of junipers and rocks, on a North hillside, which is a favorite place for a bear to lie.

By this time I had found the bears were silver tips. This was more interesting. I pushed into the thicket noiselessly, followed by my companion, who seemed to be losing interest in the hunt. We followed slowly until I could see that the trail led out of the juniper thicket and on up the opposite hill. Then we went briskly until we came to where the bears had gone up through a narrow cleft in the wall of a canyon, at the top of which I knew there was an old bear den, under a large shelving rock.

We tried to get up on either side of the trail, but could not make it. I finally said to my pard that he should, by my assistance, try to climb up through the steep and narrow trail the bear had used.

"No," said he; "if it's all the same, I'd rather you would go first. I don't need any help!"

I made up my mind this was the shortest way out of it, or rather into it. I looked at my Savage, found it was ready for business, and started. It was a hard climb for about 20 feet, then there was a little offset in the rock, from which I could see into the bear den. I landed on this, looked cautiously into the den, and was relieved to find it empty. The trail led across a high bold ridge over to the next canyon, and as soon as my companion gained the top we started out at a brisk walk, which we kept up for a mile or so. Then pard said he could not go any farther at that pace. I told him the bears were evidently going somewhere, and the trail was likely to be a long one. He said he would go back if I would show him the way. I showed him a certain ridge on which there was a wagon road which led to the ranch, and told him when he got there to send one of the boys out with the dogs.

We have 9 greyhounds and stag hounds that I thought were not afraid of the old boy himself. I struck out on the trail alone, and endeavored to make up for lost time. After crossing 2 more canyons I was following along up a little water course when I came across 2 more bear tracks, and as it was now thawing fast and the snow soft, I could not tell what size they were, but they seemed to have met there by appointment and had all jogged along together. I began to think it was not a bad day for bear, and followed on over the ridge into the next canyon, which was a long ways.

Here the bear had gone down through the edge of an aspen thicket into a steep rough canyon, the North wall of which was covered with a dense growth of pine timber. Among the big trees were plenty of dead timber and green jack pines.

The bear went into these jacks, and I stopped there to consider the chances of jumping the bear in that place. Finally I concluded I had better wait until the man with the dogs came up. I was tired and hungry, and the fun did not seem so brisk as it did where I could have a clear view of the trail several rods ahead.

I sat down on a rock to rest and thought of going back to the ranch to get the dogs and some of the other hunters. There were 2 other men out—Governor Richards and one of the other boys from the ranch—and I knew they were both bear hungry. I had not finished resting when I heard a noise, and looking up saw Doll, one of the cow punchers, coming tearing along with all the dogs. This sight instantly revived my interest in the sport. I jumped up and waved my hat. Doll rode up and in a minute I was surrounded by all the hounds, who seemed to know something unusual was up.

The first question I asked Doll was, "Did you bring me anything to eat?"

"No;" said he; "I was in such a hurry to get to you with the dogs I never thought of grub."

"All right," said I; "a bear hunter ought not to think of eating, anyway. It is getting late, and if we expect to see the end of this trail to-day we must be moving. Come, pups; if I were to make a guess now, Mr. Bear, I would guess you would smell brimstone before sundown."

I took the dogs and followed the trail through the thick timber, Doll taking his horse around and meeting me wherever the chance offered. Then I would ride the horse and follow the trail on to the next thicket, then dismount, tie the horse and follow the trail on foot. Doll would come up, mount the horse and ride around and meet me on the other side. In this way we made good time.

I was riding at a lope on the trail, following a hog back alongside of a deep, rough canyon, when the trail suddenly turned down into it. I dismounted, tied the horse, called in all the dogs, and started down through the fallen timber and jack pines, on foot. I had not gone far when I came to where the bears had lain down, but had gone again. When the dogs came to this place they raised their bristles and growled. Some of the younger ones commenced to bark furiously. The trail was evidently getting too warm for them. When I got them quieted I started on.

One of the old dogs kept ahead on the trail, and the others followed. At the foot of the hill the trail turned down the canyon. Here the snow was deeper, and the going was better.

All at once the dogs made a break through the timber, and I heard Doll say,

"Look out, George; here they

come." I looked in the direction the dogs had gone, and in a few seconds here they came as if shot out of one of the Oregon's big guns, with 4 silver tips in hot pursuit. The dogs seemed to be looking for a better country to fight in than the down timber. They came up within about 40 yards of me, struck a little opening, turned, lined up for business and waited for the herd to step into the ring.

The bunch came up, growling fiercely, but would not follow into the open ground. When they stopped the dogs began to bark furiously, but would not charge into the brush. Both sides were bluffing. Both were looking for trouble, but neither seemed anxious to find it. I was now within 35 or 40 yards of the bears, but waited until I could get a good shot at the big old brute that was leading the fight. I was afraid to take a chance shot as that would give them my location, and they were between me and the open ground.

Finally the old bear made a lunge at a dog and came out in clear view for an instant, with her back toward me. I fired at her spine, and had the satisfaction of seeing her go down. She started to drag herself back into the brush, when she turned broadside and another lucky shot finished her.

I then began to look for the other old one, but saw a cub that was trying hard to get in among the dogs, I let him have it. Then I went to shooting whenever I could see a bear, and the fun grew fast and furious; bear roaring, dogs barking, and the little Savage cracking spitefully made lively music.

For a moment no more bear showed up, so I ran down toward them and jumped into a spruce tree with straggling limbs. When I got up 10 feet from the ground I saw a bear sitting on his haunches waving his paws about as though inviting the dogs to come closer. I leaned out from the body of the tree and turned the Savage loose on him. He sank down in a heap without a kick.

Thinking that was all I got down out of the tree, and Doll rode up. I told him to see if the old big bear was dead for sure. I had lots of respect for her, so he rode up and fired his six shooter into her head, but she did not move. I then went up and on looking around found only 3 bears.

"Where is the other one, Doll?"

"I saw one creeping off through the timber."

I looked in the direction he pointed and saw one of the cubs climbing over a big log, but he was so weak he could hardly make it. It took 2 shots to settle him. He was standing almost straight up when I fired the last shot at him, and the 2 bullets struck within an inch of each other, the last one breaking the backbone and tearing a big hole.

We now began an examination to find where the bullets had hit and to note the effect, for I had been wanting to try the Savage on a big silver tip for the past 3 years. The bullets did not go through the old bear, but both went to the skin on the other side, and I have never seen a bear killed more suddenly.

The cubs, which weighed over 200 pounds each, were badly cut up. The bullets all went clean through, and in some cases carried flesh and fat out on the other side in chunks as large as a man's fist.

We started to skin our game, but soon found it would be dark before we could get through, so we simply took out the entrails and skipped for the ranch, which was 10 miles away. The route was through a rough country. We rode and walked by turns, and got home about 9 o'clock. Governor Richards and Judge Vandevanter had returned empty handed, and having heard we were on a bear trail were anxious to know our success. The first greeting from the Governor was:

"Well, did you catch them?"

"Yes; both of them."

"Yes," said Doll, "he got 4 of them."

"Four! Well, how did the dogs act?"

"Oh, all right, except that the bears ran the wrong way, and so did the dogs."

"What? Wouldn't the dogs tackle them?"

"No; they didn't get a chance. The bears tackled the dogs first; but the dogs would have torn them to pieces after they were killed if we had let them."

These 4 bears were evidently coming into the Big Horn mountains to hold up for the winter, and I happened to strike their trail. It was one of my lucky days, and such as I shall probably not have again, although we have a good game country. I thought when that scrap was at its hottest that if I got out of it all right I would not look for any more such, but somehow a fellow never can get enough bear, and I reckon if I should find another trail to-morrow I would follow it, even if there were a dozen bears in the bunch.

BEAVERS CUTTING AND HAULING WOOD. AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. E. BALCH.

Winner of 1st prize in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition.

UP AGAINST A GIANT GRIZZLY.

HON. T. C. KOCH.

John H. Edington, Jacob Snyder and I, after first visiting the Yellowstone National Park, joined the rest of our party, consisting of Joseph Edington, Perry Cooper, of Rochester, N. Y., guide, and J. W. Harwood, cook, at Aberdeen, Mont., and started early in October, 1899, for the West slope of the Big Horn mountains to hunt deer, and, perchance to kill a grizzly.

As had been our misfortune the year before, we were again just late enough to land in the snow storms on the summit, which old settlers say are always certain to come early in October. The dried result to us was poor luck. Only one fawn came to our camp to relieve the monotony of a bacon diet. After the second day the weather was awful; low hanging clouds, fog, and unceasing snow storms. We waited 5 days for a change, and then, in despair, we decided to try our luck in a lower altitude.

The next day found us camped on Lodge Grass creek, a tributary of the Little Big Horn river. Dividing into 3 parties, we started in as many different directions to look for deer signs. Joseph Edington and I came back to camp at noon, and, seeing Jake Snyder, asked him what luck.

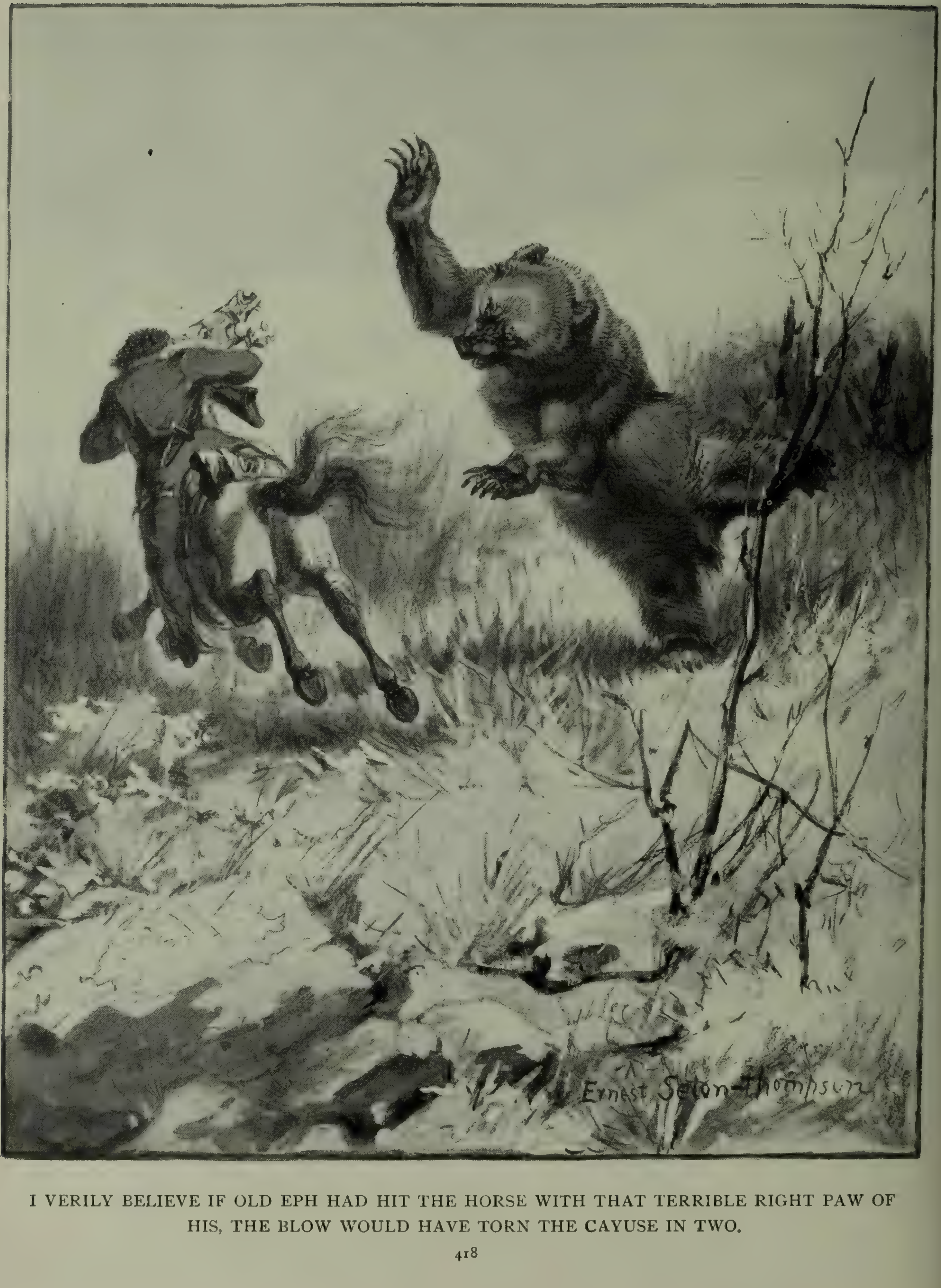
"Saw no deer, but found a bear," was his reply. He added that he and John Edington had come back to get the other boys, including our guide, and to move on our long lost friend in force. We ate our dinner, discussed the disposition to be made of the bear, oiled every joint of our rifles, tested the workings of the magazines thoroughly, and, as the snow was melting rapidly and our guide failed to show up, started, with John and Joe Edington on horseback and Jake and me in a wagon on which to load the bear.

When we arrived at his tracks the team was tied and the hunt commenced, through berry patches and mountain stream shrubbery. We had to cross and recross the creek, following in his trail. Finally I could not follow one of the crossings, as the water was several feet deep and I had on only shoes. Crossing a fallen tree lower down, I lost the trail in an endeavor to get back to Jake. By that time the snow was practically gone, and the Edingtons had to circle the brush patch with their horses. Imagine a dense thicket where willows, white thorn, and choke cherries have grown and died and grown again for hundreds of years, and you have an idea of the bear's favorite hiding place. Looking for an opening to get through the brush, I found one of the bear's runways, a sort of tunnel about 3 feet in diameter, with branches closed in overhead. Twice I entered it, and twice stepped back again under the influence of a feeling I can not describe. Then the thought flashed in my mind, "I can not afford to act the coward now." Say, stranger, did you ever get on the trail of a big grizzly where it was so hot you could smell it? No? Well, let me tell you now, if you ever do your hair will stand straight up—if you have any. If you haven't, well, then, your blood is likely to freeze up and burst the pipes. Your feeling of horror must have an outlet some way.

My hair stood up a while, and then, with my trusty Winchester ready for instant action, I entered again, passing through without incident, expecting to see the fresh footprints of our game. Emerging on the opposite side, I met the Edingtons and asked where Snyder was. John said,

"He is still in the patch," and whistled for him, receiving an answer after the fourth or fifth trial. As Jake afterward explained he had heard the bear then, and, wanting to get a good shot, was afraid to disturb him. I started immediately in the direction whence the answer came, but had scarcely gone 5 steps when, after a cracking of brush, the bear jumped into a small opening and endeavored to sneak away. At his second jump my rifle ball went through his stomach, drawing a terrific roar from the victim. As a wounded bear always charges in the direction of the rifle's crack, I jumped aside toward John; but the bear spied Joe and charged him, clearing 40 feet in 3 jumps. At the third jump John sent a bullet through his heart, and Joe put one in his shoulder.

Then came the most intensely interesting moment of the scrap. John's horse stood motionless as the rock of Gibraltar. I was about 8 or 10 feet in front of him, 40 feet beyond was Joe, his horse somewhat restive; and between us was the bear, growling and snarling, standing erect, paws raised to a level with his ears, none of us daring to shoot for fear of hitting another. Rifles having cracked on both sides of him, the bear seemed in doubt which man to attack. Then suddenly, with mouth wide open, he made a lunge at Joe. The fearful teeth, coming within a few inches of closing over Joe's right leg, are, to this day, most vivid in my mind's eye. Just in the nick of time Joe's old sorrel, with a jump measuring 5 long steps, carried him safely away.


Ernest Seton-Thompson

I VERILY BELIEVE IF OLD EPH HAD HIT THE HORSE WITH THAT TERRIBLE RIGHT PAW OF HIS, THE BLOW WOULD HAVE TORN THE CAYUSE IN TWO.

I verily believe if old Eph had hit the horse with that terrible right paw of his the blow would have torn the cayuse in 2.

Thus missing his aim, the bear came down on all fours again. The rifle flew to my shoulder and another 40-82 plowed its way through the bear's neck, 3 inches behind his ear, a little too low to finish him. That drew the bear's attention from Joe toward John and me. Rising to his full height, he came our way. A hop, skip, and jump took me out of the line of attack. From the back of his fearless horse John's aim cut the bear's windpipe, and Joe again sent a ball through his shoulder. Getting close to John, the bear aimed a vicious blow at him, but, being about finished, missed him and struck the horse's shoulder, breaking the bone, so we had to kill the horse afterward, and sending steed and rider flying into a dry creek bed 20 feet away. The bear dropped dead at that instant, getting another bullet in the head from Joe as he fell, followed by Joe's exclamation,

"He's done for, boys!" which was the sweetest music we had heard for many a day.

All this happened so quickly that, after bravely getting out of the bear's path, I turned and saw John and his horse tumbling over, John falling heavily on the gravel and stone and getting his left leg caught under the horse. Thinking, of course, that both were gone, I muttered something, under the feeling of horror which took hold of me. John says I said, "Oh, my God"; but I can't verify the statement. With a desperate pull, badly spraining his ankle, John freed himself, grabbed his rifle, and pumped another shot into the bear.

"What are you shooting him for now?" said I.

"I want to know he's dead," was the prompt reply.

Jake Snyder, who then came on the scene, said we 3 were as white as death will ever paint us. Temporarily we had forgotten about the horse. John's wonderful self control had not forsaken him a moment. We asked him how he felt when he tumbled.

"Oh, I was not hurt," he replied; "but while I lay there, pinned fast by the horse, the time seeming an age to me, I felt certain the bear was finishing either you or Joe."

After an impromptu census of our company, finding all alive, and practically little the worse for wear, we thought of the bear again. With quickened breath we looked at the motionless heap of fur, unable, at first, to realize that at last our dream to kill a bear had come true, and a prolonged shout of joy expressed our feeelings.

It took 7 shots to stop old Eph, but any one of 6 would have finished him in time.

Our prize would have weighed 1,100 to 1,200 pounds, and was estimated to be 20 to 25 years old.

With considerable difficulty a passable wagon track was found, the bear was loaded, and triumphantly hauled to camp, where he was dressed at once under the directions of our guide, in order to properly preserve the hide and meat.

All our joy, however, was dimmed by the sad fate of the horse—a common broncho of the Western plains. There he lay, his commercial value scarce $10, finding his death because in life he knew no fear. Had he stampeded at the first attack, as many another would have done, one or more of us might have been in his place. We looked at one another in silence after taking a last glance at this homely but noble representative of the animal so truely called man's best friend.

Returning from the mountains, we were informed by settlers and hunters that this bear had infested the section where we found him for the last 5 or 6 years, had killed lots of cattle, and though hunted repeatedly had managed to elude his pursuers every time in the same region.

John Edington, Snyder and I have had the animal mounted life size, and will retain it as our joint property in memory of our experience. It stands in the bank lobby at Fullerton, Neb., where anyone can see it. It is pronounced by old hunters the largest mounted silvertip in the country.

Country Bridegroom—How much do ye git, parson, for marryin' folks?

Meek Parson—Well, the law allows me $1.50.

Country Bridegroom—So? Then here's 50 cents; that'll jest make $2.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY FRED. R. WOODWARD.

OUR DAILY VISITOR.

Winner of 2d prize in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition. Taken on New York Record Plate.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY WILLIAM SCHWARTZ.

TWO MOOSE IN RAT PORTAGE RIVER.

Winner of 8th prize in Recreation's 5th Annual Photo Competition.

THE ATTRACTION AT PARLIN'S.

H. N. BEECHER.

Why didn't I write another letter for Recreation? Well, I'll tell you why, and you will not wonder at my silence if you are a married man. You see, the last letter I wrote addressed to "Dear Phœby" fell into the hands of my wife, and she has warned me never to write for Recreation or "any other of those horrid hunting magazines" again. But she is away from home just now, spending a few weeks near Manitou, doing a little sketching, and I reckon she will be so busy trying to discover in the red boulders of the Garden of the Gods the beautiful scenery so largely advertised by the railroads that she will not have time to read Recreation or anything else.

So I'll snatch this opportunity to tell you about our little picnic over at Parlin's last summer. If you never hear from me again you may know that the hand of Fate has dropped this copy of Recreation down into the sun scorched, dude infested sand gulches of the Garden of the Gods.

For the past few years, as regularly as summer came, there has been a stampede from our camp to Parlin's to fish in Quartz creek, as the stampeders would say. Now I've fished in Quartz creek myself, and never had wonderful luck. There are many places, near, where the fishing is better. I began to wonder what the attraction at Parlin's could be. If the break had been only yearlings and 2-year-olds, I shouldn't have wondered so much, for Parlin's is a nice little one store and post office town situated on the railroad, has a boarding house which is just hotel enough so one can do as he pleases and home enough to exclude hair from the hash. It is an ideal resort for dudes and dudesses. But when a lot of regular old outlaws like Doc, and George, and Frank, and others who know what good fishing is, joined the rush, then I knew there was some attraction at Parlin's that held over fishing. I asked George what it was, but he only laughed and lied to me. I didn't get any satisfaction. Then I tackled the Deacon. He blushed and blundered out something about it's being a nice place to cast aside the burdens of everyday life and commune with Nature; but when I asked him why in thunder none of the boys took their wives along to commune with them, he only blushed blusher than ever and said it was too hard a trip for the ladies.

I saw there was no use in trying to get anything out of them, so I made up my mind I'd join the next stampede myself and put my brand on some of the bunch with a Kodak flashlight. When the Denver papers mentioned the School Teachers' Annual Excursion to Parlin's, I tumbled at once, and when the boys were ready for the start the next week, as I knew they would be, I was on hand with my Kodak, tripod, and some packages of flashlight. The boys didn't seem to appreciate my company. George growled about the dod gasted Kodak, and Doc cussed Kodakers in general and me in particular; but I knew I was enlisted in a good cause, and that my turn would come in time; so I bore it meekly.

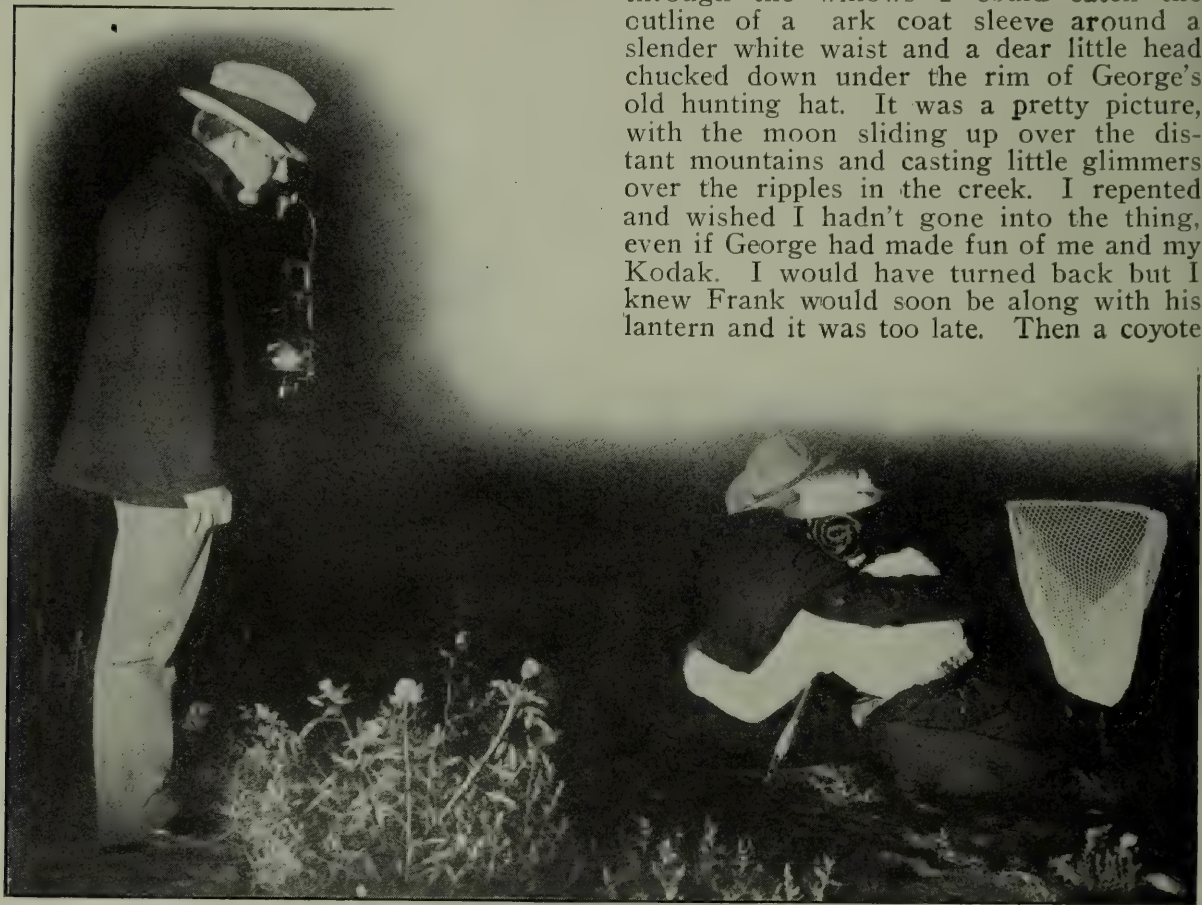
We got to Parlin's the same day the school teachers' excursion arrived, and when I witnessed the meeting of our boys and the teachers, I knew it wasn't their first. I didn't blame the boys much, for there were some mighty fine little critters in the bunch. You see, Colorado school teachers aren't like your down East old schoolmarms.

There was one little girl in particular, from Grand Junction, that I called the White Fawn, because she always wore a white shirt waist and had a way of looking at a fellow kind of scared like and then dropping her eyes that made him think of a young fawn peeping through the bushes just before it bounds away over the hills. She was a dear little deer, and seemed pretty dear to the whole outfit, especially to George, though she showed no preference. She treated them all alike from the Deacon down to the calico pusher; but I could soon see that George held the high card and that Doc didn't like it. I knew I should have a chance to play even with them for cussing me and my Kodak, so I lay low and waited for a bite.

George bit. I got him to let me camp with him in his tent, because the hotel was full, and Doc and Frank camped in their tent next to us. We would all turn in early, as is usual in camp; but I noticed George didn't always stay. He would go out after he thought I was asleep and not come back until midnight. It didn't take me long to guess a thing or 2. I knew he was not going out alone, so one night I camped on his trail. I saw him go to the hotel, wait awhile, and then go down the creek with the White Fawn. They had their fishing outfits, and I knew they were going to try night fishing at the favorite pool down the creek. It was a royal place to fish and was hidden from view by a little bunch of willows.

I crawled back to my bunk and slept

the sleep of the innocent. The next morning I was up long before any of the boys were out. I had my Kodak rigged for a flashlight, and hid away in the willows, just back of the fishing hole. It was swampy on one side and quicksand on the other, around the willows, so I felt sure no one would find the camera during the day; still I was rather uneasy all day, and mighty glad when night came.



BEECHER'S LUCKY SHOT.

At 8 o'clock George and I turned in as usual. At 9 o'clock George stole out, as I was sure he would, and joined the White Fawn. At 10 o'clock I lay tossing on my bunk. At 11 o'clock I got up, went to the tent where Frank and Doc were sleeping and woke them, telling them George had not yet returned to camp; that he left the tent alone, at noon that day, took his fishing rods, and hadn't been heard of since; and that I was afraid he had started home late and got caught in the quicksand or met with some accident. Doc and Frank had been at the hotel all the afternoon playing cards with a crowd of Denver teachers, and they didn't know I was lying to them.

They were up in a hurry. Doc took the trail up the creek, while Frank and I took the lantern and went to look down the creek by the swamp and quicksand. Just before we got there I told Frank if he would take the lower side I would go around the upper trail. As soon as he was out of hearing I cut across to my Kodak in the willows. I was afraid I'd step on a dead branch or make some noise, but Providence was on the side of the righteous. I got through all right, and the creek made so much noise no one could hear much anyhow.

Did I find them? I did. Peeping through the willows I could catch the outline of a dark coat sleeve around a slender white waist and a dear little head chucked down under the rim of George's old hunting hat. It was a pretty picture, with the moon sliding up over the distant mountains and casting little glimmers over the ripples in the creek. I repented and wished I hadn't gone into the thing, even if George had made fun of me and my Kodak. I would have turned back but I knew Frank would soon be along with his lantern and it was too late. Then a coyote howled over on the bluff and gave me courage again. I could see Frank's light coming up the trail. Nearer and nearer he came, but they didn't hear, as I almost hoped they would. Still nearer, and he caught sight of them! He stopped as if he had been shot, held his lantern above his head and looked! I swallowed a lump in my throat and touched off the flashlight!

A little scream! And I felt as mean as I did the day the dogs caught a wounded fawn; but, as I said, it was too late to repent, and I didn't wait to make any apologies. I grabbed my Kodak outfit, rushed back to camp, packed up, and reached the station just in time for the midnight train home.

I got my picture developed and printed by the time the boys reached home the next week, and had prints displayed in all the store windows. There were several camping scenes, but one picture took the prize. The way one or 2 married ladies looked at it was a caution! I won't mention what George said when he saw it, but neither Doc, George, Frank, the Agent, or the Deacon will visit Parlin's next summer. Wherever they do go to commune with Nature, their wives will go with them.

A MODEST BAG.

COMANCHE JOE.

Last fall, early in the spring of the year '63, Roy Johnson and I took a hunting trip in the Rocky mountains. Our first game was a giraffe. This I overshot about 'steen yards, and the brute got it in the neck. A little later we discovered a flock of flies browsing on a hillside, just beyond the horizon. Roy at once threw up his gun and let drive. I chewed soap until I was able to follow his example. We recovered the bullets by chasing them 3¾ miles and catching them in our hats; there were no flies on them.

The next day, while playing euchre to see who should cut firewood, we heard a loud trumping. Looking down, we saw, just at our feet, a herd of 40 elephants fanning mosquitoes to sleep with their ears. They took no notice of us, but by firing 9 shots at them in rapid succession from my rifle I succeeded in attracting their attention. When they charged, Roy drew his cap pistol and snapped it at them, killing 3 and checking the rush of the others. We used the hides of the 3 Roy killed for handkerchiefs and expressed their trunks home.

That night I was awakened by loud yelling. Looking out from the tent, I was horrified to see 31 Indians riding in hot haste toward our little encampment. I grabbed my revolver, and, though it was not loaded, fired 6 shots as a bluff, knocking 3 Indians from their saddles and wounding a pony. As the survivors turned to flee I trained a mountain howitzer on them and downed them all; how, is a question.

My partner was aroused by the shots, and rushed out of the tent. Mistaking him, in the darkness, for an Indian, I split his head open with a sharp cry, killing him instantly. When he found the blood had stained his new canvas spats, he got mad and went home. The last I saw of him he was trying to lasso a jack rabbit with the Oregon State line.

When I returned to the bosom of my family and narrated my adventures, my father said I had improved wonderfully, though I was a good liar when I left home.

THE FALL MIGRATIONS.

MARY DRUMMOND.

A rush of wings through the darkening night,
A sweep through the air in the distant height.

Far off we hear them, cry answering cry;
'Tis the voice of the birds as they Southward fly.

From sea to sea, as if marking the time,
Comes the beat of wings from the long, dark line.

O strong, steady wing, with your rhythmic beat,
Flying from cold to the summertime heat;

O keen glancing eye that can see so far,
Do you guide your flight by the Northern star?

The birds from the North are crossing the moon,
And the Southland knows they are coming soon.

With gladness and freedom and music gone,
Another migration is passing on.

No long, dark lines o'er the face of the moon;
No dip of wings in the Southern lagoon.

No sweet, low twitter, no welcoming song;
These are birds of silence that sweep along.

Lifeless and stiff, with the death mark on it,
This fall migration, on hat and bonnet.

And the crowd goes by, with so few to care
For this march of death of the fowls of the air.

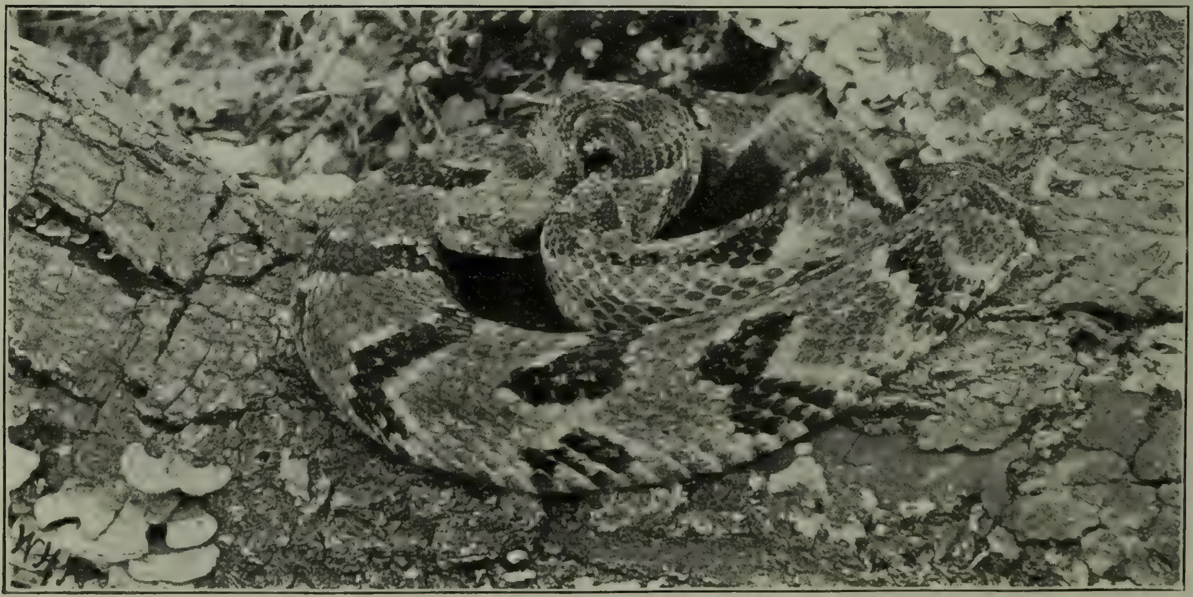
A bier for dead birds—has it come to that—
Must this be our thought of a woman's hat?

—**Exchange.**

AMATEUR PHOTO BY CLINTON SMITH

WHAT DO I HEAR?

Winner of 4th prize in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY WM. H. FISHER.

A DIAMOND RATTLER.

Winner of 9th prize in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition.

BEAVER IN COLORADO.

W. H. BERGTOLD, M. D.

In reading Washington Irving's charming tale of Bonneville's travels in the West, one gathers a fair idea as to how abundant beaver must have been in early days in the Rocky mountain region; and too, alas! the same story sadly tells how persistently and ceaselessly these most interesting animals were hunted and trapped.

In the game laws of Colorado there is a section which declares that the beaver, among other animals, is absolutely protected. On first thought one might take this to be a merry jest, for most of us living in Colorado have an idea there are no beaver still existing alive and wild in the State.

There are, however, a few beaver here, and that law is needful, ineffectually enforced though it be; yet the species is, with us, on the verge of extinction. I doubt if there be in the whole State more than 1,000 living wild beaver, basing this estimate on a somewhat extended inquiry among friends, hunters, and on personal observation. What a contrast to the swarms which once peopled our rivers, creeks, and valleys!

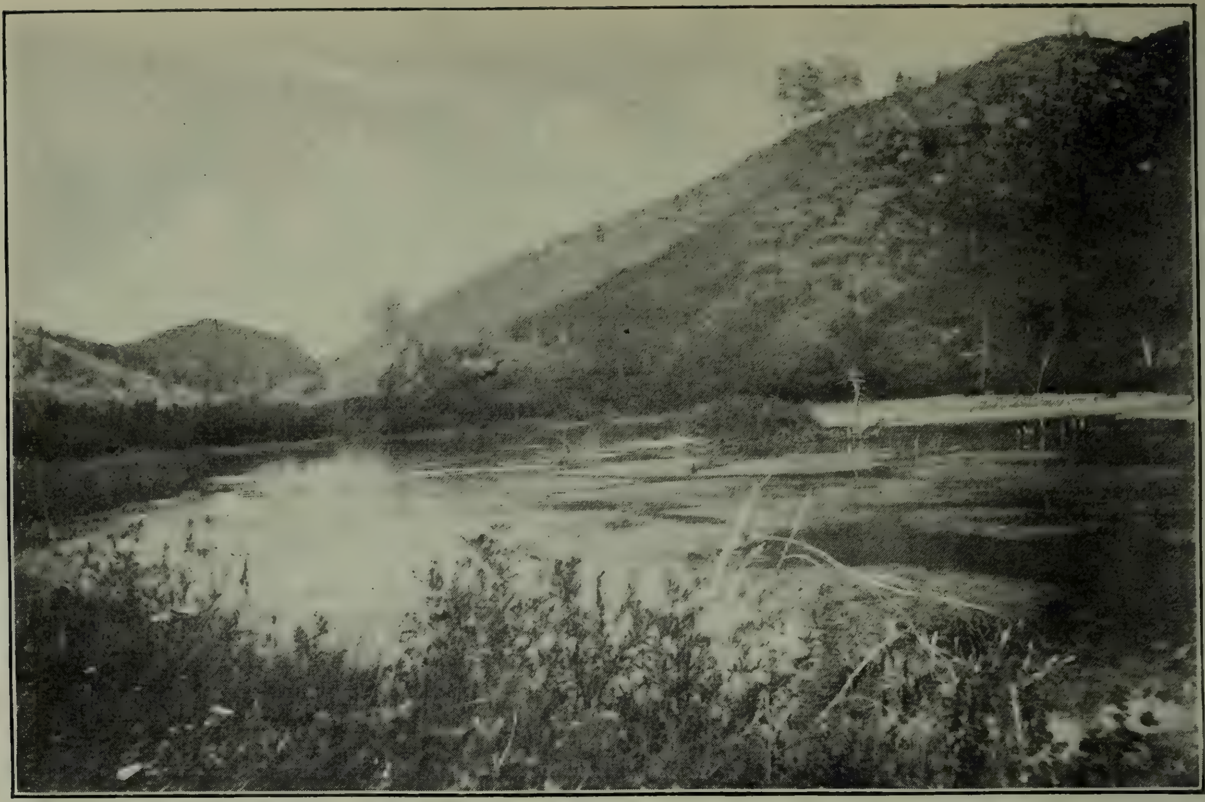
One finds old dams and houses along all the rivers and creeks leading out on to the Eastern slope, in almost all the streams of the mountain valleys, and on the Western side of the range. I have seen numerous dams and beaver meadows in Routt, Garfield, and Rio Blanco counties on the Western slope; on the mountain tributaries of the Platte, and on the creeks immediately North, South, and West of Denver. One of the largest and highest dams I ever saw is on a small stream leading into Marvine creek, which has long since been abandoned. Behind this dam is a large, broad, grass-covered meadow whereon are several mounds, probably the remains of former houses.

There are at least 2 places within easy reach of Denver where beaver's work can

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. BICKFORD

BEAVER HOUSE.

Reprinted by request, from RECREATION, June, 1900.

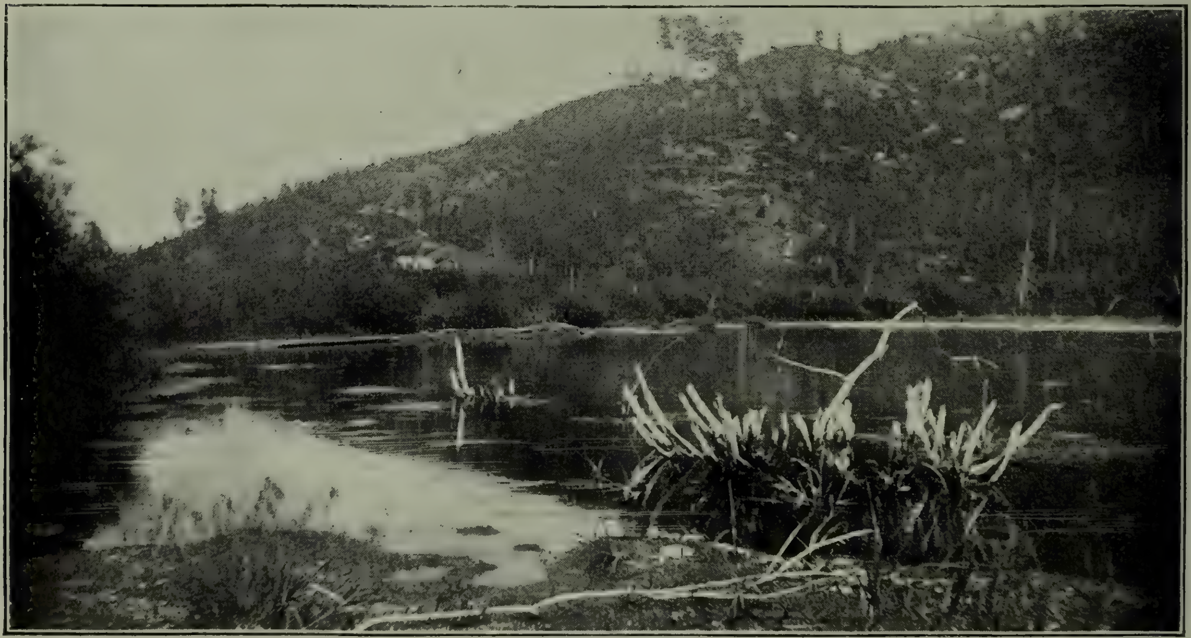


AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. BERGTOLD.

BEAVER POND AND HOUSE.
North Fork, Monument Creek, Colo.

be seen to-day, work done the night previous to one's visit. On several occasions I have visited these spots, to wit, the canyons of the North, and of the South forks of Monument creek. These 2 locations are easily reached by a short ride to Palmer lake, on the Denver and Rio Grande railway. A walk of not more than a mile up the North fork canyon, from Palmer lake, takes one to the town reservoir, and perhaps half a mile farther up is a pond made by a beaver dam thrown across the canyon, which there widens into a fair sized valley. The altitude of this pond is over 7,700 feet. The beaver dam is about 150 feet long, and is in places about 5 feet high. Behind it, at ordinary levels, there is in the center of the pond at least 6 feet of water.

In the deepest water can be seen the house, a huge pile of tangled sticks, near the base of which, during last year's low water, could be seen the entrance, an irregular hole in the still more irregular pile.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. BERGTOLD.

BEAVER POND.
South Fork, Monument Creek, Colo. Low Water; Stumps of Alder Bushes in Foreground.

There is a second smaller dam below this first one, but it is broken and not kept in repair. The town of Palmer Lake and the Rocky Mountain Chautauqua Association are dependent on the lower reservoir for their water supply. During the drought of 1899 the beaver dam held back almost all the water coming down the canyon watershed, while the reservoir below was nearly drained by daily withdrawals. To obviate this, the beaver dam was broken. Each night the busy little animals repaired the break and again shut off the flow of water. Each morning the dam had to be opened, only to be mended and closed again at night. About the shores of this pond I found no evidences of a feeding ground, nor of regular runways, so often seen among beaver colonies where there are many animals and they are undisturbed. There are probably only a few pairs here, or even only a single pair and a few kittens. A pair of beaver can do a great deal of work in a short time. At least they can make a large showing of work in the way of chips, etc. To me one of the chief points of interest about this colony of beavers was its proximity to a large and lively assemblage of people, and the daily disturbance the animals must have been subjected to by passing teams, walking parties, and wandering botanists, without being driven away. It shows how they will persist if not shot or trapped, even when their work is interrupted and destroyed each day. I believe they could be semi-domesticated here, as I understand they have been in New York State.

The colony on the South fork of Monument creek is the more interesting, though the family residence was not discovered. There the beaver have built a fresh dam directly in the center of a small garden ranche, where, all last summer, people worked and were about, yet with apparently little disturbance to the beavers. The new dam was built during the spring of 1899. For a distance above the ranch the canyon widens out into a large, flat meadow, plainly the result of older and former beaver colonies. This level area is well overgrown by willows, alders, quaking asp, and other wild bushes and trees. Across this meadow at irregular intervals are numerous old dams. The lowest and newest dam is a work of skillful engineer-

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. BICKFORD.

BEAVER DAM.

Reprinted by request, from RECREATION, June, 1900.

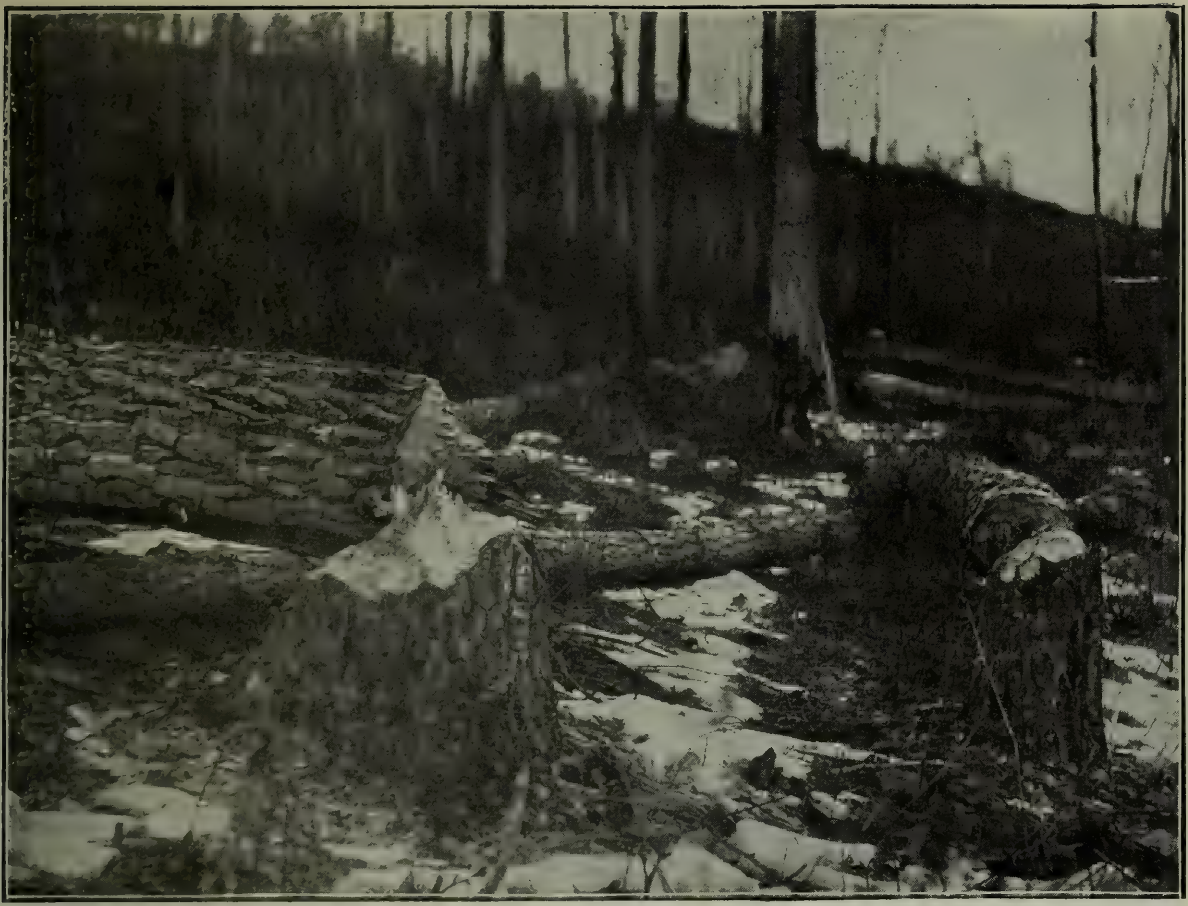
ing, and is built with marvelous adaptation to produce a deep pond. It is thrown across the creek where the meadow narrows again into canyon, and is located just where a maximum depth of water could be obtained, and the creek most easily obstructed, with wonderful adjustment to bank and creek bed. The cut made in times past by the creek over the lower edge of the meadow is there about 6 feet deep and 15 feet wide. Across the meadow at that point is the new dam, laid in the form of a double curve like a tall and straight letter "S." Even the most careless and indifferent observer could not fail to note how extraordinarily it serves its purpose and how surpassingly well it is made. Small willow and alder trees 6 to 8 feet long are used in its construction, the larger branches near the bases of the trees having been neatly trimmed off.

Plainly every tree was dragged down the creek base first, and so placed that the tops, with spreading, small branches, made the curved line of the dam, while the bases of the trees were piled below, forming a wedge or slight point of support for the mass above. The effect of piling the trees in that way was such that the interlacing branches of the tops quickly rose to the level of the creek bank. Then in and on this tangle of branches was placed a layer of mud. So well was all this done that scarcely a drop of water leaked through. One photo shows the pond made by this dam, the irregular branches projecting above the water's edge, and in the background, a short distance away, the ranch barn. The meadow behind this dam is perhaps 1,000 yards long, and 200 yards wide. Across it in many places extend old dams, so numerous that one is reminded of the stream described by Ernest Seton-Thompson in RECREATION of October, 1897. The upper side of each of these dams presents a smooth, perfectly tight surface, most admirably fitted to hold water. The altitude of this beaver meadow is about 8,000 feet.

In Geneva park, at an altitude of 10,000 feet, along Geneva creek, a tributary of the Platte river, there is a large, recently drained beaver meadow, within which are many dams and houses, the latter wholly exposed and giving one a good opportunity to study their structure. One of these dams and a house with its door uncovered by the lack of water are shown in one of the accompanying photos. This dam has a deeply worn game trail along its top, a trail still in use, for the morning I examined it there was in its fresh, moist surface a wolf track. The sagacity of wild creatures in selecting this dam as a crossing place over the treacherous, boggy meadow is noteworthy. The dam made a firm and safe bridge, while above or below any large animal would easily be mired, as I know to my discomfort and chagrin; for I spent an unhappy

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. BERGTOLD.

BEAVER HOUSE,
Geneva Park, Colo. Door Uncovered by Low Water.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. BICKFORD.

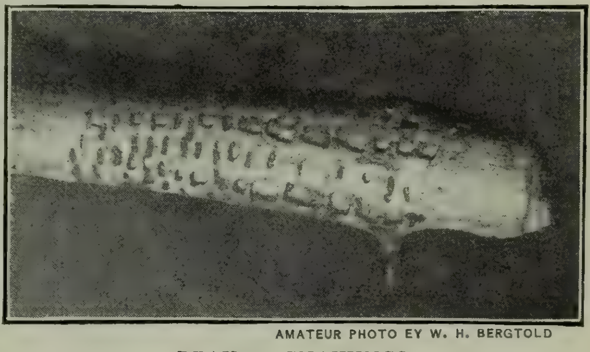
TREES FELLED BY BEAVERS

Reprinted by request, from RECREATION, June, 1900.

quarter of an hour getting my horse back to safe ground after trying to cross the bog.

Within even a shorter ride of Denver one may find traces of beaver and their work. A few are occasionally seen on West Plum creek, and on a creek near Perry park; some just above Littleton; and I am told by Mr. Howard Reed that he has recently detected fresh signs, in the way of chips and cuttings, along the Platte, South of Denver. In the mountain districts along the Platte, besides the work in Geneva park, Mr. T. D. Ross tells me he has noted traces in Beaver gulch, back of Webster's, on the Colorado Southern, in Hall valley, near the same station, and in St. John's gulch, near Montezuma. Farther North, on the Eastern slope of the range, there are still a few beaver to be found, for during the past summer friends of mine found fresh evidences of them in Estes park, and I am told there are still a few along the St. Vrain river.

Almost every stream on the Western side of the continental divide in Colorado has traces of former colonies of beaver, but few fresh signs are to be found to-day. There are still a few in Routt county, especially about Elk Head creek, below McKinley's ranch; in Buffalo park, North of Hahn's peak; and on the White river, near Meeker. There is also a colony about De Beque. Some beaver are occasionally seen in the Grand river, between Rifle and Antlers, but they now never build dams or houses. They live in holes in the river bank, as they are wont to do when much persecuted.

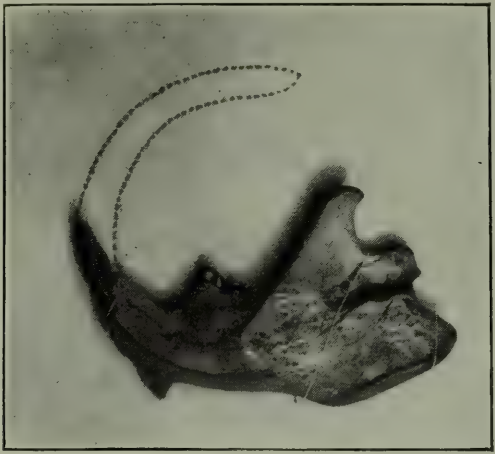


AMATEUR PHOTO EY W. H. BERGTOLD

BEAVER GNAWINGS.

Such an interesting and valuable fur bearing animal should not be allowed to perish. I repeat that it can probably be semi-domesticated, and when given peace and protection it ought to increase. It might possibly, under suitable circumstances, be a source of profit to a property holder.

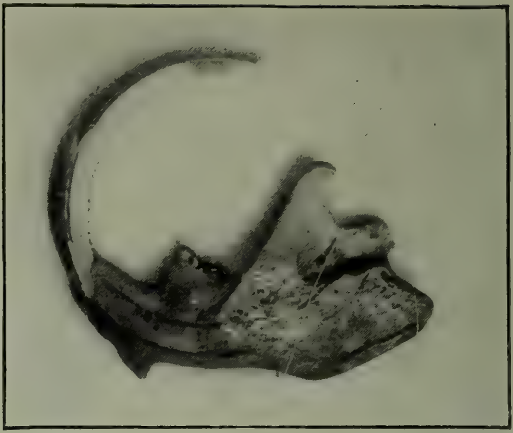
Some of the photographs herewith shown illustrate a beaver's work and its anatomical characteristics. The teeth marks can easily be detected in the picture of a stick with a cut end. I cut this stick out of a dam. One photo of a beaver's skull shows the sharp incisor teeth and the effects of wear on them. As in the case of all rodents, a beaver's incisors are its cutting instruments, and have a hard enamel outside, backed by a softer dentine which wears away more rapidly than the surface enamel. In this way the "knife" is always kept sharp. Were the growth of a tooth stopped, or by some fault or accident the natural apposition of lower to upper incisor prevented, the unapposed tooth would grow to undue proportions, finally piercing the opposite jaw. These cutting teeth have the growing matrix situated far back in the jaw or skull. This is due to a need of hardening the tooth before its end comes into use, and so the distance from the matrix to free edge is great, to allow of crystallization, as it were, of the dental substance. The lower jaw is shown with an incisor tooth *in situ,* the dotted lines on the background indicating the distance and the direction the tooth can be withdrawn before being wholly disengaged, and the interrupted lines on the bone surface outlining approximately the tooth socket. The other photo shows the tooth withdrawn to its full length. What a toothache a beaver might have!



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. BERGTOLD.

BEAVER'S LOWER JAW.

Dotted Line Showing Length to which Incisor Tooth can be Withdrawn.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. BERGTOLD.

BEAVER'S LOWER JAW.

Incisor Tooth Withdrawn to Full Length.

The houses have been of peculiar interest to me. All I have seen have been huge piles of sticks most intricately interwoven, and more or less plastered and piled over with mud. The house in the North fork of Monument creek is a green mound, grasses and weeds having taken root on its mud top. I am led to believe, through my talks with Indians in Canada, from my hunting friends, and from personal observation, that the sticks are first piled up, and the dwelling chamber is afterward cut out. As a dam is building the busy workmen probably scorn to take an hour off for lunch, but take a bite as they work.

The Colorado law protecting beaver is wise. I wish it might be enforced.

She: Do I talk in my sleep, John?

He: No. Not when you are asleep, Maria—thank heaven!—Indianapolis Journal.

"A true poet writes poetry because he can't help it."

"Oh, no; a true poet writes poetry because nobody can stop him."—Chicago Record.

HIS FIRST AND SECOND COONS.

W. H. NELSON.

My boyhood was needlessly barren of ordinary joys. My first proud possession was a dog. I bought him, a 2-months-old puppy, at a sale, paying for him every cent I had, $2. It was my hard earned hoard, the measure not alone of niggardly pay for honest work, but of a boy's self denial. It had been earned by half dimes, dimes, and rare quarters.

I carried the woolly, squirming, roly-poly puppy home in my arms, afraid to take him into the house because of the scolding my stepmother was almost sure to give me, but having no other home to offer him. On the way he whined and licked my face and hands in a way which won all my lonely heart, and I determined that if the roof could not shelter him it should not cover me.

Sure enough, the madam made scant welcome for him, but for once my father, bless his memory, stood by me; and the woman, devoted at all times to her husband, yielded, and became the doggie's warm friend.

Major was a Newfoundland, thoroughbred. He grew rapidly and gathered wisdom even faster than stature, though that, at maturity, was immense. When he was full grown, but still held to his sportive puppy pranks, the hired man and I decided to give him a lesson in coon hunting. The old dog, Nero, had considerable local reputation as a coon dog, and with him as tutor we had high hopes of Major.

It was a hazy Indian summer night in 1860, and a half moon hung in the heavens.

We struck at once for a tract of woodland along the creek bottom, where, if at all, coons could be found. Old Nero, knowing what was expected, dashed off, nose down, tail up, with Major frisking alongside, watching with the greatest interest, bent on learning the new scheme.

John and I walked leisurely along and in a few moments lost all sound of the dogs. Half a mile from home we came suddenly on Major all alone, sitting silent under a sapling, gazing upward with all the dignity of a deacon. He wagged his tail and manifested his gratification when we came on him, but did not bark.

I was for passing on, but John shunted himself back and forth among the trees so as to bring the moon to bear on all parts of the coon tree, and at last declared that either a cat or a 'possum was up there. John at once shed boots and jacket and shinned it up the tree. Presently he called out, "By Gemini, it's a coon, and a big one. Watch out. I'll shake him down."

A few sharp whisks, and Zip, dislodged, came tumbling to the ground. Major sprang to catch him, using a method which he had learned in catching chickens for the dinner pot, namely, holding him down with his paws. This plan did not prove a success, so he turned, as a puppy will do with a kitten, and sat down on the coon. This indignity, of course, Mr. Zip could not endure, and he resented it in a way which sent Major into the air like a rocket. He came down with a clearer conception of what he was up against, and the crackling, crunching bones of the coon testified to the fierceness of his wrath and the power of his jaws. The fight was brief. One or 2 sharp squalls ended the victim's protest.

Gathering up the game, we went on. Nero presently gave tongue, and when we reached him, not far off, we found him tearing at the bark of an oak standing in a corner of the worm fence. Twenty-five or 30 feet high the tree had been broken off, leaving a stump, which still lived and bore its leaves unshed.

John fancied he could see a coon near the top, and, mounting the fence, began to climb. Half way up he suddenly called, "Look out!" and down came a coon, striking the ground on Nero's side of the fence. It dashed under the rails through a little drain, Nero in hot pursuit. As it ran under the fence Nero grabbed it by the rump and Major by the shoulders. Major, powerful fellow, yanked dog and coon both through to his side and proceeded to crush the life out of the game. While thus engaged poor old Nero, exasperated beyond measure at Major's presumption in killing his game, flew at his puppy pupil to give him a lesson in ethics.

The lesson came at an unfortunate time. Major's blood was up. In far less time than I could tell it he had the old dog down and his jaws were at Nero's throat. However, he was too magnanimous to hurt the old fellow, and at once let him go, on parole.

Mounting to the top of the tree, John found another coon. That fell on Major's ground, and was soon dispatched.

Three coons were enough, and we went home happy.

Gallant, faithful Major! I have had many other friends, but never one so generous, so self forgetful, so true. He paid the price of his love for me with his life. Forty years have passed since I laid him down in that long, dreamless slumber which closes in undistinguishing kindness over men and dogs, but my memory has not lost a shred of his love. The darkness which so long has hung over his pillow, ere long will enshroud his master's. The boy whose eyes swam in tears that evil day, so long ago, is an old man now, white haired and feeble, and lonelier than even in his boyhood; but his eyes still grow dim at the recollection of his faithful friend.

Will they meet again, I wonder? The loving master and the devoted follower.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. C. WISNER

NOT AT HOME.

Flying Squirrel. Winner of 7th Prize in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

HILTON R. GREER.

Hark ye, the wind hounds are out to-night!
Hear them bay on the hilltops white
Ere they sweep, full cry, on the downward track,
A deep lung'd, hoarse tongued, clamorous pack!
Chasing the leaves o'er the cheerless plain,
And dashing the sleet on the window pane.
But what reck we of the storm without
When our log built cabin is staunch and stout?
There is cheer within where the firelight falls
On the pelt strewn floor and the antlered walls,
For, wrapt in the warmth and the ruddy glow,
Every tongue is loosed and the fancies flow;
While the evening hours are quickly spent
In song and story and merriment.
Ah, little we envy the man whose feet
Are set in the city's turbulent street;
For here in our realm near the mountain's heart,
Where care and sorrow are things apart,
Where the morning wafts from the steep inclines
A balsamed breath of the purple pines,
Every thought rings true and the soul is free
As the gulls that sweep o'er a stormy sea.

Chopsticks! dingdongs!
Vicious little cue-ers!
Here we are forgetting
All about the Boo-ers!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AN ARCTIC CHRISTMAS.

A. J. STONE.

It is Christmas week, and for several days I have been traveling with sleds, dogs, and men up the Mackenzie delta from the Arctic coast. The weather has been severe, but fortunately no serious storm has overtaken us in our journey up the coast or over the barren region adjacent. Storms here are frequent and much dreaded. One's clothing becomes saturated, and this, with damp bedding, renders one's chances of surviving a bitter storm doubtful.

Late Christmas eve we ran our sleds into the first bunch of spruce we found, and felt something of assurance. Standing the sleds up sidewise, parallel with each other, 8 feet apart, I scooped the snow 2 feet deep from between them with a snowshoe, banking it on a third side as a rear wall. While I was thus engaged the boys cut brush and poles. The brush was carefully and smoothly laid on the bottom of my snow pit, and the poles were slanted from the rear wall upward toward the front. Over these we spread canvas, and a cheerful fire soon blazed in front of all, diffusing a warmth into our shack that gave us a sense of comfort almost amounting to luxury. I was tired. We had traveled rapidly through a long day, and as I intended to resume the journey at an early hour, I soon sought in my blankets the rest I so much needed.

At 3 o'clock Christmas morning, our sleds were moving. The moon, nearly at the full, shining 24 hours every day, was high in the heavens, and looked down from a clear, cold, star-bestudded sky on an earth all wrapped in white. What a beautiful Christmas morning! At home all were yet slumbering quietly, for although 7 o'clock at New York, that would be too early for Christmas rising.

As we advanced up river the dragging grew heavier, the snow being less solidly packed. The sleds moved slowly. I worked the rear one, for by so doing I was much to myself. There was no breath of wind. A deathlike stillness reigned; meet condition for Winter and Night. The faint creak of the sled and the slight swish of my snowshoes were the only sounds. Even the dogs' bells were choked with frost, and gave out no tinkle. No furred nor feathered life crossed our way. All Nature seemed locked in the arms of Death.

I was glad of the silence. Shut away as I was from my own dear world, I could find comfort only in solitude. I moved mechanically, performed my duties like an automaton, assisted the dogs unconsciously. Even the bitter cold was unfelt. My thoughts were busy far away from this region of endless night, in a land of sunshine and flowers. How glad I was to know my dreary holiday was not the Christmas of all the world! My Christmas bells were the dogs' bells, and they were throttled with the frost. Festooned across my sky swung great ribbons of waving white light, the fringes from some celestial curtains heaven-hung by Aurora, extending from Northwest to Southeast. My Christmas recreation must be only bartering in an Esquimo igloo for such rude implements as the polar man could make and might consent to sell. My luxuries were hardtack, salt pork, and tea for breakfast, hardtack and tea for lunch, and for supper plain boiled losche, the poorest fish on earth. This latter meal was restricted thus from the fact that should we reveal our imported food to the natives at our destination they would eat it all.

Here are no means of communicating with mankind. I am wandering in another and a different world. I would better be in the moon, for that looks down on my childhood's home; the home where are wife, baby, and friends. I see streets thronged with happy, hurrying people, firesides warm with blazing hearths and clustering hearts. Though I can not be with the happy ones in person, in every other sense I am beside them. I see the church, the home, the feast, the dance. Alas! I see the crowded tenement, too, with its throng of squalid, hopeless misery. Side by side with luxury is beggary. Dogging the footsteps of measureless Affluence stalks gaunt Famine, hand in hand with Crime. Flaunting in the lamplight, jostling elbows with Pride, is the painted face of Shame. Cheek by jowl with Purity sits bedizened Sin.

In thought I am with the wife and the babe I have never seen, and enjoy in my soul that happiness which comes only to him who is a husband and a father. The sun does not shine for me to-day, but it shines for those I love, and I am happy in remembering it.

I remember RECREATION and its force, and wonder if any of them are thinking of me. Thus in reverie pass the hours of my Arctic Christmas.

A GOOD NIGHT FOR SNIPE.

CHARLES R. JONES.

Two years ago I took a trip down the San Joaquin valley. While in the little town of Hanford I suggested to a friend that game must be plentiful in that section, and expressed a desire to hunt rabbits, ducks, deer, or any other game that should get in front of my Flobert .22. My friend suggested a snipe hunting trip, and it was arranged to start about 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon. He said after dark was the time to hunt snipe. We made a start, and I asked how far we should go, saying 25 miles would suit me with such an easy riding carryall. It would be a pleasure to see the country by moonlight. He laughed a little and said that possibly I wouldn't enjoy the ride home so well.

After driving nearly 9 miles, we got out of the rig, tied the horses to a fence, and started for a piece of marshy ground about half a mile from the buggy.

Reaching our destination, one of the boys gave me a sack and a lantern, which I lit. He then explained to me what I must do, thus: "Stand here quiet and hold the sack, with the open end touching the ground, the lantern near it, 2 feet from the ground. The rest of us will go around that way and holler and shoot off our revolvers and scare up the snipe. When they get near you they will be attracted by the lantern and run into the bag, and there you've got 'em."

The boys started off, getting farther and farther away; so that I was between them and the buggy. As soon as they were out of sight I took a crotched stick I had brought along for the purpose, and, sticking it in the ground, hung the lantern on it. Then, running as fast as I could, I made for the buggy, reaching it just as the boys began shooting off their mouths and their pistols. Getting in, I drove into town as fast as the horses could go, put them in the livery stable, and then went around to the Aborn hotel to wait the arrival of my friends, who had taken me snipe hunting.

About 1 o'clock in the morning came the boys, and, seeing me in front of the hotel, came up to me.

I asked where they had been. My friend who had proposed the trip looked hard at me, but said nothing.

I remarked that they looked tired, that they must have been walking; would they have a shasta water lemonade? They would and did. Never a word about snipe did I hear from any of them.

If you have a grudge against anyone, a game hog, for instance, take him snipe hunting.

A CONVERSION.

LYMAN H. NORTH.

A hunter armed with shells and gun,
Went to a shady wood,
And there he sat, intent on fun
Of killing all he could.

The hours flew by until at last
He saw his chance for gore,—
A little squirrel was coming past
To get his winter's store.

"Aha! you little rogue!" thought he,
"I'll knock you over quick."
And then he raised his gun in glee
To make that squirr'l sick.

The squirr'l sat up and cocked his head
As cunning as squirr'ls can;
Then, strange to say, he feared no lead,
But spoke right to the man:

"How glad I am to have you come
And take my picture here;
Time was when bullets used to hum
Their tune around my ear."

"But that was long ago, before
The harmless camera came;
And now the guns are used no more,
So we have grown quite tame."

The hunter's gun dropped in the grass
With most surprising speed.
He thought, "I'll join the L. A. S.
And Recreation read."

The gun is now left to its fate;
He lets the shooting lag,
And works for game upon the plate
Instead of in the bag.

THE WILLING GUEST.

J. T. HOPKINS.

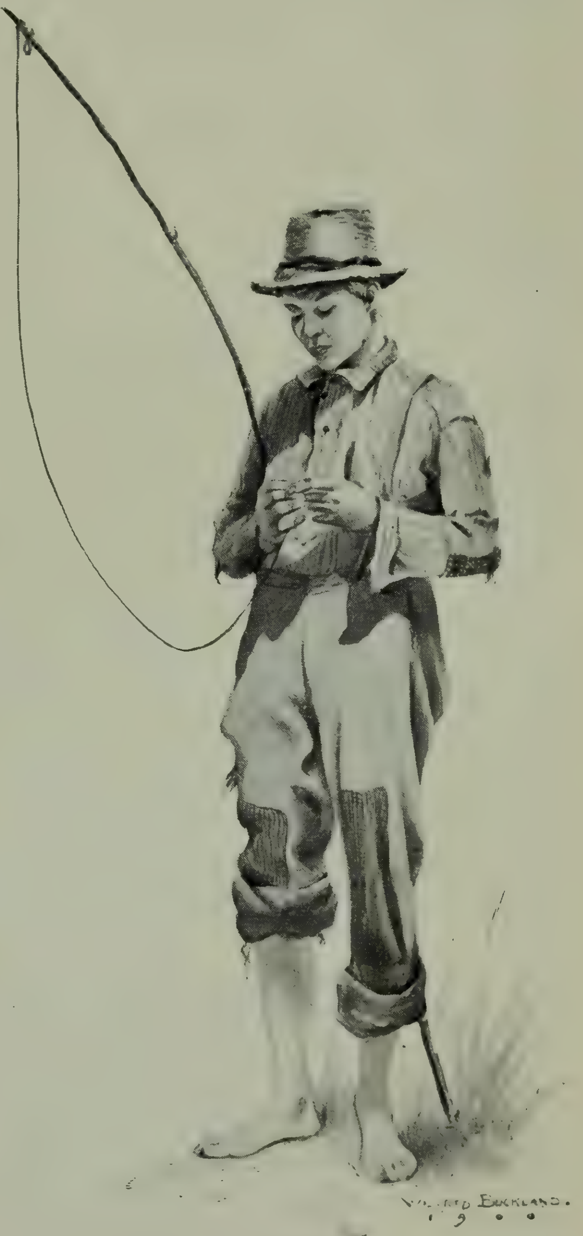
At the foot of a riffle whose sparkling current flows into a stretch of mill water, where there is a dam with a forebay leading to the turbine, in the meager shade of some bank foliage I came on a boy whose age might have been not far either way from the bull or bear side of 16; a type of a class many anglers have met and will know.

There was nothing in the personal appearance of the youth to suggest the fastidious; or that if he should live to be a man he would incline toward foppishness. The twig, not bent in that direction, was growing vigorously away from such servility of fashion. His figure, lank and angular, was not one which the deft modeler in clay would desire to reproduce; and the careless, indifferent abandon of his apparel would appal the admirers of a Beau Brummel. Indeed, the coverings of his anatomy, from head to foot, were of the spectacular. There was a lack of exact gentility in the hat that crowned him, not to be too curious as to where he did get that hat. If, in the beginning, his shirt had been of Alabama check, it was now, in its reinforced augmentation, of the calico of a previous condition of servitude. In the structural basis of his gallusses it was plain that the designer—his best girl, it may be—had not chosen a webbing that a silkworm should be proud of. There was no coat to hide the variegated artistic effect of the composite shirt, and the worthy follower, afar, of Walton, wore no shoes to be criticised.

It was afterward that I learned his name and eked out something regarding the lad that was not apparent on the surface. The estimate formed of him and his attainments did not fall much short of the correct thing.

Pete Higgert, whose ma was Mrs. Higgert, Mr. Higgert being his pa, needed not those extraneous tokens of self respect which are founded on the niceties of dress, for he was better fortified in other ways. He had an open, pleasing countenance; the joy of the smile, which was his own, was not evanescent, and there were unmistakable evidences that he was quite ever so happy as happy can be. Moreover, whether school kept or did not keep was of no concern to be depressing. It is probable, too, that he took no thought of tomorrow, nor the day after; the present, with him, being regarded as something endurable forever. He was a queer boy. If his strange and unaccountable dislike was to hoe corn, or worm tobacco, it was an inherent notion; but it was not thereby demonstrated that he was an idler. By no means; and to intimate as much would be to charge him unjustly. On the contrary, of such very hard work as he held to be congenial he was inordinately fond.

Peter Higgert, of Harrison county, Indiana, of the "rose and expectancy of that State," would sit on a stone by an approved fishing hole the blessed day long and fish over time like some sportive Trojan; it never occurring to him that he should strike for redress as men do in



PETE.

the coal regions. Without a murmur of complaint that predetermined boy would go to his task, and in coming reluctantly away from it he would sigh when out of the twilight would come darkness, and he could no longer see to bait a hook.

Nor did this praiseworthy creature of an environment that uncovers none of those temptations which beguile one from the straightforwardness of duty, at any time show a disposition to shirk. He would fish, fish, fish; that fellow would fish, not for a day, or a week, or a month, but until, by the rigors of a Blue river winter, his aching feet should be driven to the cob-heated stove of the home sitting room, over whose doorway the vine had long since shriveled.

Those admirable traits, that by and by should go to the making of useful manhood, were only discovered in him as we became gradually better acquainted; and I thought I could foresee a time in his career when he should become the object of envy in the hearts of those of his companions who were less gifted.

After the common salutation, in which I wished him good morning, I asked if they were biting any; having no reference, of course, to mosquitoes, or to fleas. He was quick to reply.

"Yep, Mister, they're tol'able peart."

Aware that bait fishing is by some regarded as a degradation, nevertheless I put on a chub minnow and dropped in below Pete in the back swirl of the eddy, taking pains to keep out of his way.

"I'm a thinkin' you'll get nothin' with minners, Mister!"

"Why not?" I inquired.

"Bekase, I've done tried 'em a'ready."

"What are you baiting with?"

"Hell'mites."

"And you have had some luck?"

"Yep, consid'able much. Thar goes one now, Mister; see?"

With the dexterity of a Henshall he swung in a pound and a half bass, made with it to his string, from which depended some 6 or 7 others, and held aloft the big mouthed treasures, that I might have a look and, for all he knew, perhaps become jealous.

"I'm right down glad to git 'em," he remarked. "You see, Mister, our bacon's turned skippery; and ma, which she ain't well, cain't eat it any more to hanker for. That 2-pounder fer her."

I was not long in finding that the bass had no more appetite for the minnow than my friend's ma had for the inhabited meat.

"Have you a hellgramite or 2 to spare, Peter?" I asked.

"Yep, certain; there's plenty for both of us in that gourd thar. Hope yourself, an' welcome."

"You are a generous young man, Peter. Where do you live?"

"Nigh on 2 mile up Corydon way. Not a fur piece from your camp thar at Babcock's."

"Then you know I am of the camp?"

"Yep, sure."

I did not ask him how he knew, content with the assumption that the glitter of my rod and reel, if nothing else, betrayed me. It was not long until I had matched up to his string in numbers and weight, and I made ready to go.

"You have been kind to me, Peter," I said, "and I want to see and know more of you. Will you come over to the camp and have breakfast with me to-morrow?"

"Will I come! Do you mean it, Mister? Well, now, wouldn't I want to the worst way!"

"Very well. Be there not later than 7 o'clock and I shall see that the cook has something to our liking. And, say, Pete, bring more hellgramites and we will go to the riffle again and put in the day. Now, Peter, I hope you are as willing to come as I am anxious to have you."

"Willin'! Great Smoke! Mister, it's more'n that I am, bekase I've got a feelin' in my in'ards that I jist have to. I'll be thar, certain, afore 6."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY GEORGE C. EMBODY.

A CHOICE SPIDER FOR THE BABIES.

Winner of 5th Prize in RECREATION'S 5th Annual Photo Competition.

FROM BABYHOOD TO CHILDHOOD.

I saw a sweet young mother stand
Where snow had drifted o'er the land.
A babe was lying on her breast,
Its fragile form
Against herself she fondly pressed
To keep it warm.

In later years I passed once more
And saw her at the cottage door;
A boy was lying on her knee;
Her look was grim,
And, suffering Joshua! how she
Was warming him!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

AN IDEAL OUTFIT.

GEO. E. MOULTHROPE.

Ten years ago I first tried to decide what was the best camera. At that time amateur photography was nearer its infancy than it is to-day. One could not buy in almost any store on the street the latest developers or some new brand of paper. It was only in the larger cities that one could find what he might wish in the line of high-grade outfits. To find such I had to visit New York, where, of E. & H. T. Anthony, I bought one of the best 8 x 10 outfits they had in stock.

I soon found I had started on too large a scale. With dry plates nearly double their present price and other materials correspondingly high, I found amateur photography with an 8 x 10 outfit slightly expensive. If you do not possess a block of Standard Oil or Ice Trust stock don't buy an 8 x 10 outfit for your first one; 5 x 7 is the size. Get one of the Cycle style, which has a leather carrying case, holding the camera in one end and the plate holders in the other. Then you don't have to take out half a dozen plate holders every time you use the ground glass, as in case of the box series, and, having no place to put them, lay them on the ground where someone walks on one or 2 of them, breaking the plates; or the sun warps the slides so badly that when you draw one to make an exposure nothing will induce it to enter the holder again.

Since buying my first 8 x 10 outfit, I have owned 12 high grade cameras of the leading makes, all 5 x 7 except 3 4 x 5's, one of which I won in the Eastman contest, held at the Academy of Design, New York, January, 1898. I took eleventh place in a contest of 130 prizes and 25,000 entries, from negatives made in all parts of the world.

THE RESULT OF A CLOUD BURST. PHOTO BY GEO. E. MOULTHROPE.

Last spring, on looking through my March number of RECREATION, I opened to the amateur photography department, and the first thing that caught my eye was the ad, "Wizard Cameras are the best."

Pretty foxy, I thought, to put their ad in so conspicuous a place, and I could not get over wondering if the Wizard was any better than many of the outfits I had owned.

Although I still had my original 8 x 10 outfit and several later models including an 8 x 10 copying and enlarging outfit, a 5 x 7, and a 4 x 5, with a large collection of extra lenses, and a first class stereopticon for bromide work, I had never found an outfit that came up to my ideal, or one that I could successfully apply to every branch of photo work. I therefore made up my mind to inspect the qualities of the Wizard, and sent for their catalogue. While awaiting its arrival a friend called one evening and brought over a 5 x 7 Wizard to have me try it for him. It was a beauty; compact, with features not applied so successfully in any other make, and the best finished instrument I had ever seen. Yet all of these advantages would amount to little without a high grade lens and shutter. A test of these would soon decide their value.

The next morning a bad railroad wreck was reported near by, so, filling the holder, I took my friend's new camera and hastened to the scene. The wreck was much worse than I had anticipated. A cloudburst had descended on a private trout pond, and a railroad culvert a little farther down stream had been undermined. When the express came rushing along it crashed into the washout, a complete wreck, injuring everyone aboard and killing several. It didn't take long for the news to spread, and soon there were several thousand people at the scene, almost every other one carrying some style of a camera.

The day, which was anything but favorable, grew rapidly worse, and soon the mist turned into a steady rain. On every side were amateurs who, with the aid of umbrellas and mackintoshes, were trying to protect their instruments while they gave their plates a variety of exposures varying from seconds to minutes in duration. With a friend holding his umbrella over me, I made an exposure. I didn't take much pains in focusing, only using the scale, as I had left my tripod at home, not expecting the day would permit an exposure of any kind. I was therefore compelled to give the plates an instantaneous exposure of 1-25 second each. I was so sure nothing could produce a picture with such a short exposure on a dark, rainy day I left the plates undeveloped several days. When I finally developed them, I was surprised to find the negatives the best I had ever made. I think all of the others over exposed their plates, as no one else got a view of any kind that day.

The result was, I sold over 1,000 of the 2 different views. The exposure was 16 stop, raining hard.

I was not long in ordering an outfit like my friend's. With it I have since made many hundreds of exposures under every imaginable condition, with but 2 failures. Those were the first 2 exposures made with the extra wide angle lens, which requires a longer exposure than a rectilinear. I slightly over exposed those 2.

I can copy a cabinet photo with my Wizard camera, making it larger than cabinet size and better than with my 8 x 10 copying outfit, which cost 4 times the price of the Wizard outfit. After 10 years of constant experimenting with the leading high grade cameras, I consider the 5 x 7 long focus Cycle Wizard, with Bausch & Lomb iris diaphragm shutter and extra rapid rectilinear lens, by far the best outfit one can possibly buy.

JUST SO.

A. L. VERMILYA.

Thomas Tudor, a sportsman, perchance,
Went hunting in Podunk, or France;
  But the fool with a gun,
  Who sees deer where there's none,
Put a ball in the seat of Tom's pants.

Then home went poor Tommy real quick;
His excursion had made him quite sick.
  Now, to carelessly shoot
  Such a guileless galoot,
Was a mean and contemptible trick.

FISHING IN THE OLYMPICS.

BYRON PHELPS.

I am heartily in accord with you in your war on the wanton destruction of fish and game. You may be a little rough and direct sometimes in your condemnation, yet why not call things by the right name? You have done a vast good. I have, myself, been educated by your articles on the unnecessary taking of fish. Though I can't catch enough to be classed as a fish hog, you have taught me to make better use of those I do get and to let the wee ones go. Enclosed I sent you a photograph of one of my catches of which I am indeed proud. Each of these fellows was relished by my friends and myself, who received them fresh and cool.

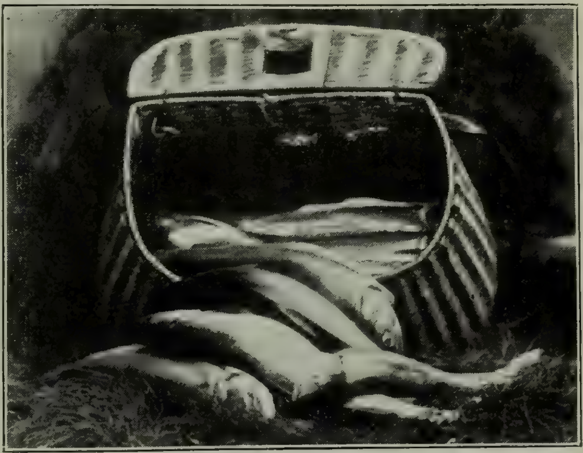
Early in August Dr. Miller, of San Jose, Cal.; Professor Tucker, of the Lick Observatory; General Carr, of Seattle, and I, with our excellent cook and camp manager, Charles Johnson, went to one of the many beautiful streams in the Olympic mountains for a 10 days' fishing and camping trip. After walking a mountain trail 16 miles from Hood's canal, we arrived at the only habitation within that distance, Captain Le Bar's ranch, where we made headquarters.

Such fishing and such scenery can not be fully described. Our trail was through the matchless forests of Washington, the gigantic firs and cedars towering 300 feet above us; here and there a glimpse of the glittering snow peaks, with the ever present roar and splash of a mountain stream. Everything was in a state of nature; not a tree cut nor a sign of man other than the trail and an occasional blaze on a tree.

Before any of us had made a cast, the General said,

"See here, boys; it's hard to resist taking a trout whenever one rises. At the same time we don't want RECREATION to cartoon us as fish hogs; so let us resolve to take care of and make use of every trout caught."

To this we assented, and agreed to put back the little ones. The first afternoon they rose freely. Such sparkling water, so clear, so pure, so cold; and such rainbows! Our baskets were full. Those less than 16 inches long we ate; and during the whole time we carefully cleaned, smoked, and dried all above 16 inches. The largest ones measured 20 inches. Each day, at some time or other, these lungers would come at us. The last day the Professor made us one of the best of fish chowders.



A DAY WITH ROD AND FLY.

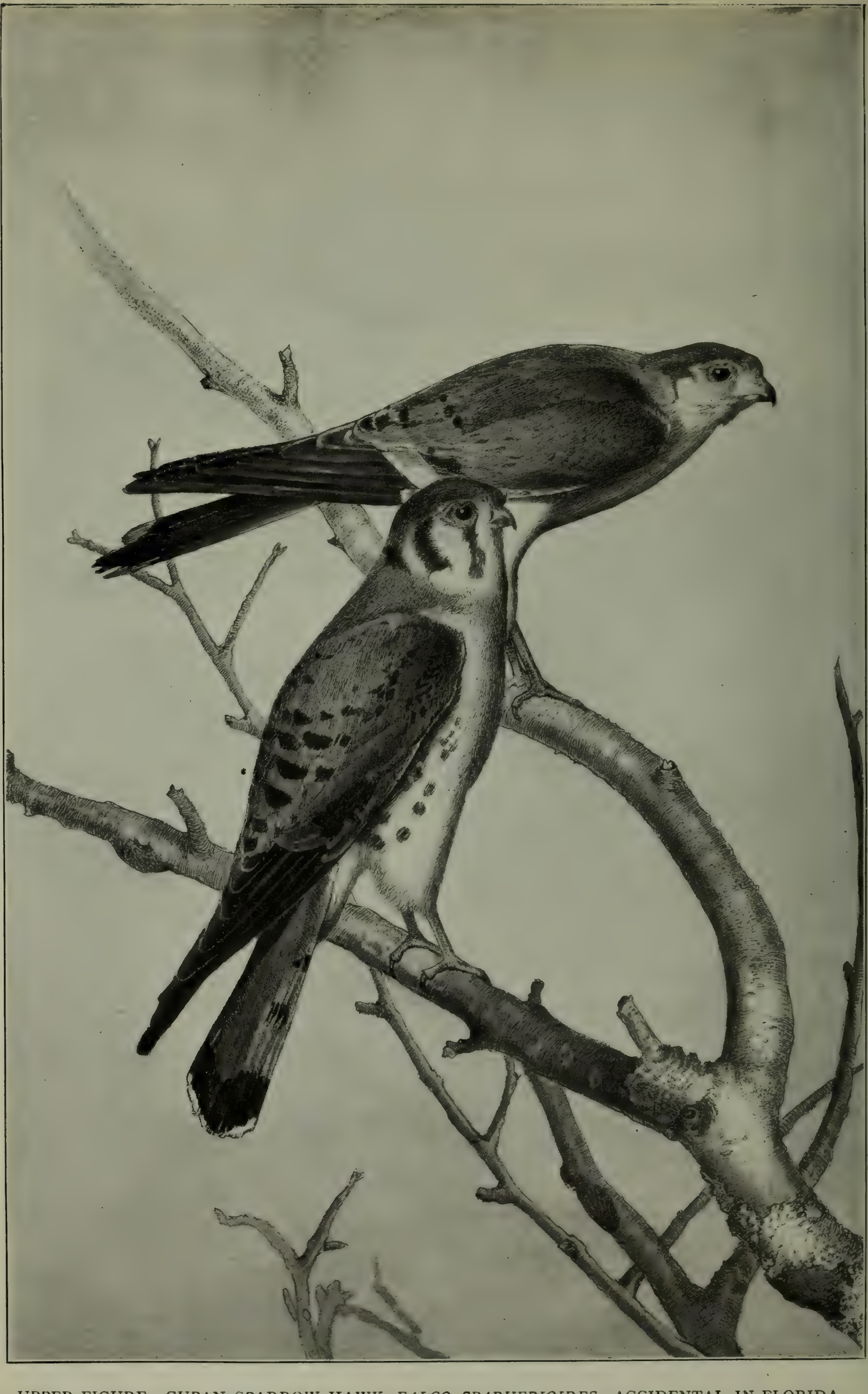
When we returned to everyday, humdrum we each had about 15 as well cured trout as ever one saw, to the delight of our friends, who found them a dainty relish.

The best flies were gray and brown hackle, professor and royal coachman. Bear, deer, and cougar tracks were plentiful, but we did not see any animals on the trip.

We passed our evenings in a spirit of real thankfulness, talking over the day, planning for the morrow, quizzing the Professor about his astronomy and the stars, listening to the General snore, discussing the fish hog question as presented by RECREATION, and smoking our fish. The Doctor and I did not agree on expansion, contraction, or anything else, except to make this and other similar trips, to which we invite the editor of RECREATION. The Doctor argues for the click of his winding reel, while I, with my automatic, call him a fogy. He insists on playing a fish as long as he can; I land mine as quickly as I can. He says I'm no sportsman; I tell him he is a savage.

"Some doctors claim that kisses," said the young man, taking another bunch of them, "are full of microbes."

"Yes," replied the bright girl; "but scientists tell us also that microbes may be frozen into perfect harmlessness by the speedy application of extreme cold—ice-cream, for instance."—Philadelphia Press.



UPPER FIGURE. CUBAN SPARROW HAWK, *FALCO SPARVERIOIDES.* ACCIDENTAL IN FLORIDA.
LOWER FIGURE. AMERICAN SPARROW HAWK. *GALCO SPARVERIOUS.*

BILL'S WATCH.

O. VON ENGELN.

It happened on the annual cruise of the Get-U-Wet Canoe Club. We were on the up trip, and were traveling at night, with the full moon for a beacon. Paddling upstream during a hot, summer day is to "Earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow;" but when the sun sets, and the cool evening breezes commence to blow, canoeing is delightful. The chill is taken from the air by the warm, fragrant breaths which the water, still tepid from the sun's hot rays exhales, laden with the heavy scent of aquatic plants. We are favorably situated for canoe trips as compared with residents of other inland places, for we have 3 rivers, and a canal. This year we went up the canal, until we reached the head of canoe navigation on the Great Miami river. The canal is built parallel to the river for a long distance.

Canoeing on a canal sounds dull, but canoeing on the Miami and Erie Canal is anything but prosaic. This canal was dug through the virgin forests about 50 years ago and a rank vegetation now covers its banks. This vista of forest and stream is broken every now and then by the ruins of an old grist mill, or by fields of waving corn.

We had bad luck the first night. Our outfit consisted of 2 double canoes and a single canoe, with 4 of us to pull them. The single canoe was used as a provision and supply boat, and we took turns in towing it. I had for a canoe-mate, Bill, the hero of this tale. He set the canoe rolling by leaning to one side, thereby causing us to ship so much water that we had to disembark and dry things.

Our particular bad luck did not end there, for we had hardly made a good start, with the provision boat towing behind, when a canal boat loomed up close ahead,in a place where the high banks overshadowed the water. It took Bill, who was bowman, so long to decide on which side we should pass, that we barely cleared it, and the provision boat bumped and scraped along the sides. This was not serious, but when our tow commenced to drag as if she were water-logged, and we discovered a big hole in her side, which we were forced to stop and repair, things assumed a different aspect. When we had made 7 miles we found a short level between 2 locks empty, obliging us to make a carry. Nine miles of this work tired us completely.

We stopped at a spot that was ideal for a camp, but it was forbidden ground. However, we stayed. A spring of clear cold water near by, made the place especially tempting.

After we had pitched the tent and had dinner, Bill took a nap. While he was asleep an old fisherman came up the river in a boat, and stopped to talk to us. Just before he left Bill wakened and saw him.

Some one suggested that we tell Bill the man had given us notice to quit. We all agreed.

"Who is that?" Bill asked.

"He says we have to get out of here to-night."

"No we wont! We'll stay right where we are until to-morrow morning!"

"Suppose he comes around again to-night. What shall we do then?"

"We'll shoot the old skinflint!"

Bill was mad and he swallowed the story whole, which incited the boys to further wickedness.

"If you are looking for trouble, Bill, suppose we shall have to stand guard to-night. You had a good nap; you take the first watch."

"All right. How long shall I stay up?"

"Oh, until half-past 10."

Bill couldn't refuse. He solemnly laid his gun on a stump beside him, filled and lighted his pipe, folded his arms and leaned back against a fence post ready for all comers. We watched him from the tent in high glee.

After a time I dozed and was awakened by the sound of a boat being drawn up on the shore, at the mouth of the little stream which had the spring for its source. I sat up and looked out. Our acquaintance of the afternoon, and a companion, emerged from the bushes which lined the river's edge, and walked up toward the spring. By that time the other boys were awake. Then Bill came into evidence. He strode toward the intruders, and was hailed by them with a

"Hello! You fellows here yet?"

"Yes, and we aint going to get out before morning, either."

This in so insolent a tone, that the other was somewhat offended, and answered:

"Well, you don't need to get smart about it."

"Who's getting smart!"

"Well, your getting pretty saucy, young man!"

This was too much. There would soon be trouble; so, amid much laughter, we shouted: "Shut up, Bill," "That's one on you," "Hurrah for Bill," "Kill 'em, Bill," "Shoot 'em."

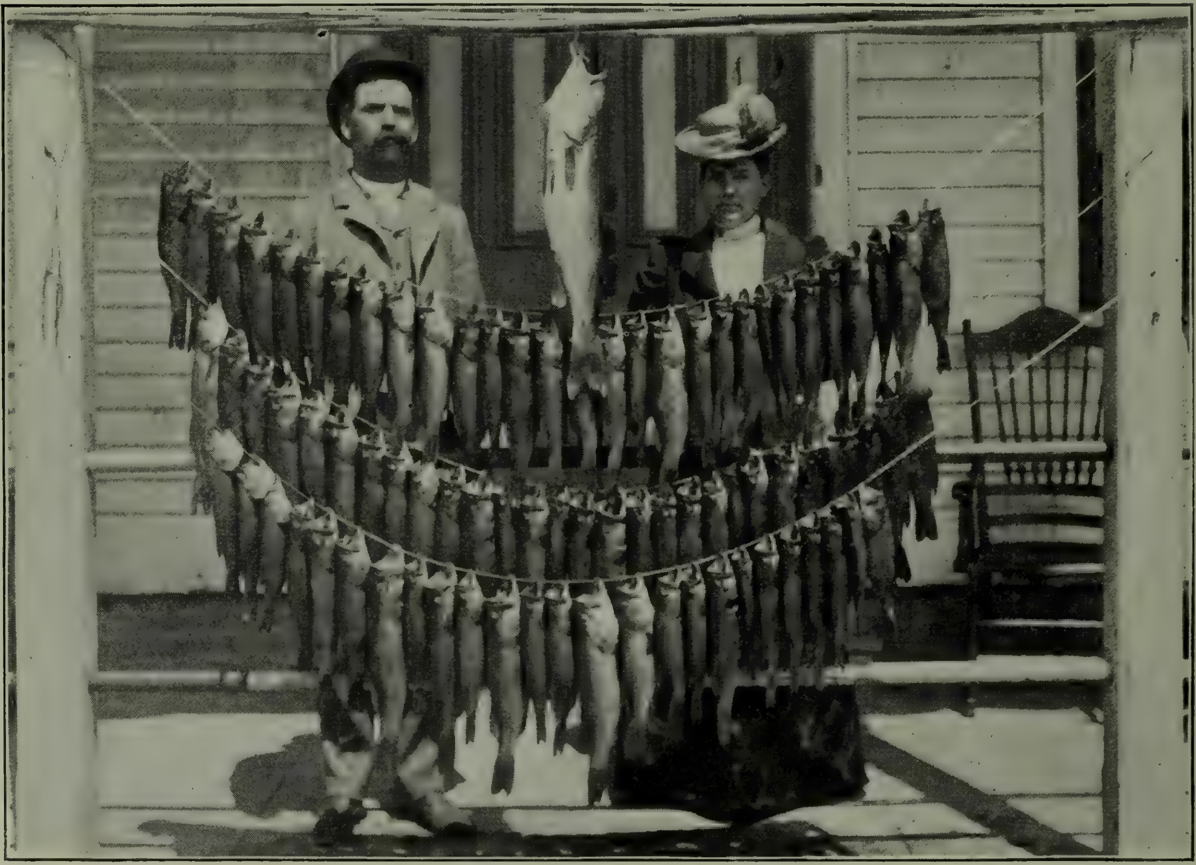
When we could sufficiently control ourselves, we told our story, and the fishermen, who had come after more water, joined us in a general laugh.

Bill couldn't laugh. He thought it was a mean trick, and he thought so all the next day. If you mention the story now, it only elicits a sickly grin from him. But then Bill never was humorous.

A WOMAN, TOO.

My wife and I caught 81 black bass and 3 pike, one of which weighed 6 pounds, all in one day, and nearly all from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. I send you a photograph made on our arrival at home.

C. Paris, Sauk Centre, Minn.



A SHAMEFUL EXHIBITION.

What a revolting picture! Strange that any woman could have been a party to such slaughter! And stranger still that she should have consented to pose before the camera with the evidence of it! Strange that her husband should have dragged her into such a disgraceful scene.—Editor.

Tom: Dick's got a fetching name for his country place; he calls it "At the Sign of the White Rabbit."

Harry—Well, I'll go him one better; I'll call mine "At the Sign of the Welsh Rabbit."—Chicago Record.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

IN DEFENSE OF JONES.

SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

While fully appreciating your untiring efforts for the preservation of game, I think you, like many enthusiasts in other directions, are inclined to carry matters to the opposite extreme.

In August RECREATION poor Jones, so elated over his not outrageous bag of wild fowl, is crushed by your withering sarcasm and no doubt has become your enemy for life. As a wild fowl shooter of long experience I can say there are probably few of your Western readers who have done much duck shooting who have not killed as many ducks in one day as did Mr. Jones.

I do not mean that it is a common event to shoot 63 ducks in a day; but I believe most of us can call to mind a few glorious days when a combination of favorable circumstances enabled us to make a bag equal to, and possibly exceeding, that which you so greatly disapprove.

It is most difficult for sportsmen to judge one another in the matter under question, especially when living in different localities. What might constitute a game hog in one place would not of necessity constitute one in another.

Again, whether or not spring shooting is an evil is wholly a matter of locality and can not be judged from a distance. There is no doubt that where ducks breed in numbers, spring shooting should not be allowed. Even though there be present many species which may breed hundreds of miles to the North of such a place and the killing of which ought do no harm, yet the want of knowledge and discretion of many sportsmen makes it requisite to protect all species in the locality. Another objection to spring shooting is that it lengthens the term of destruction; but this objection is greatly reduced in such places as Manitoba, for instance, where the fall shooting season is necessarily short, and the only chance of duck shooting is the limited period of the spring and fall migrations,

Going back to the Granville incident and the individual you so heavily score, I think his elation at his success, and his wish to have his score recorded in RECREATION, show that the event was an unusual one with him and would probably never occur again.

Therefore I say to him, Mr. Jones, you have had a glorious day's sport, and I congratulate you on your success and skill. I take it for granted you are too good a sportsman to shoot ducks likely to breed in your district, and that being so, you have done no great harm.

And to you, Mr. Editor, I would say, with all respect, that your position enables you to sit in judgment, as it were, on your fellow sportsmen. Before you hold them up to ridicule and contempt be sure they deserve it. Think of the hardships and the blank days that so often fall to the sportsman's lot, and, when he takes advantage of a lucky occasion, do not score him too harshly.

Perhaps from these remarks you may place me in your hog pen; do so if you wish, but in whose company shall I stand? How about the grand old English sportsmen, some of whom I have been fortunate to know, who have many times killed their 100 partridges, pheasants or rabbits in a day? How about Colonel Hawker, the father of wild fowling? How about the present great authority, Sir Ralph Payn-Galway, whose books proclaim him a wild fowler of immense knowledge and a sportsman to the core? These and many others of a similar character would form my company if a game hog is only distinguished by the size of an occasional bag.

But, sir, if you place me with the man who wipes out a whole band of caribou or deer simply to barter their hides, or with the man who kills game before the opening of the season, or with the milliner's bird hunter, then I should consider I was indeed placed with an unsavory crew, who could but expect the scorn and contempt of all true sportsmen.

ANSWER.

You are at least 10 years behind the times in your views. You are the first man to write me a line in defense of Mr. Jones, while at least 500 men have written approving my criticism in unmeasured terms. At least 100 sportsmen who have called on me since the publication of the Jones item, have endorsed what I said of him. Not only did these men approve my treatment of Jones, but of all the others whom I have had occasion to roast within the past 3 years. What conclusion should any man reach in view of these facts? Simply this: That what is said of Jones is substantially true; that practically all decent sportsmen of the country are now pointing the finger of shame at him. That there are a few exceptions is proved by your letter.

I deny most emphatically that spring shooting of ducks can be justified by any local conditions whatever.

I will not go into a discussion of this topic here. It has been discussed and condemned by thousands of progressive sportsmen during the past 10 years, in all the sportsmen's periodicals as well as in the daily press.

There are good sportsmen who still shoot ducks in spring, because the laws permit it; and as long as this is the case, market hunters and pot hunters will kill all the ducks they can find during the spring months. There are, however, thousands of men who are so radically opposed to the principle that they do not shoot a game bird of any kind in spring. Such men have petitioned the Legislatures of nearly all the States to prohibit spring shooting. This class is not yet strong enough to have secured such legislation except in a few instances; but the sentiment is growing, and in 5 years more all the States will have enacted laws prohibiting the killing of any game bird in spring. The sooner you, and other fair minded men like you, join this vanguard of sportsmen the better. We need you with us. You will be with us 5 years hence, and then you will be sorry you ever allowed such sentiments as those expressed in your letter to go in type over your signature; to be bound up into books and placed in hundreds of great libraries, and in thousands of family libraries throughout this country and Europe.

You attempt to justify the swinishness of such men as Jones by quoting the records of certain English gentlemen on partridges, pheasants and rabbits. These gentlemen shoot on private grounds; they breed and raise their own game just as the New York farmer raises domestic fowls for the market, and they have the same right to kill 100 or 1,000 birds that the New York farmer has to go in the barn yard and wring the necks of 100 or 1,000 of his domestic fowls.

One or 2 of the others you quote have written about duck shooting 50 years ago. Some of those gentlemen you tell of have used swivel guns of 1 inch to 1¼ inch bore, loaded with 10 to 20 drams of powder and ¼ or ½ pound of shot. These men often killed 50 to 100 ducks at a single shot. Such methods were common in those days and no one thought of criticising. But suppose an Englishman should go on the same waters to-day and begin slaughtering ducks by the use of such weapons and such charges. Would his friends approve his actions? No. There is scarcely a place on the earth where such slaughter could be carried on as successfully as it was in the times your men write of. Such slaughter as you now defend Mr. Jones for having perpetrated has wiped out the great clouds of wild fowl that went from North to South 50 years ago, and even up to 10 years ago. If Jones had made his record in 1850, or even in 1870, no one would have given it a second thought. Birds were abundant everywhere then, it was all right in theory, and everyone did it. To-day the conditions are different, and I am simply expressing the opinion of all intelligent and progressive sportsmen, everywhere on this continent, when I say no man should kill more than 20 ducks in a day, no matter what his opportunities may be; no matter what his ill luck may have been on other days. I am expressing the opinion and the rule of thousands of still more progressive sportsmen when I say no man should kill more than 10 game birds of any kind in a day, no matter what the conditions may be.

The fact that several States have passed laws limiting the number of birds which any man may kill in a day to 10, or even 25, proves the truth of what I have just said. As a rule, law makers are not sportsmen, and a majority of them are not interested in any question of game or bird protection. They simply enact laws that are demanded by any strong element of their constituency. Hence, when you find on the statute books of Pennsylvania, for instance, a law saying no man shall kill more than 15 quails, 10 woodcock or 10 ruffed grouse in a day, it means that hundreds and perhaps thousands of influential sportsmen of that State have demanded the passage of such a law.

Brother Williams, you will in 5 years from now subscribe to the code of ethics outlined above. You will yourself advocate and demand the enactment of such laws as I have mentioned, and you will deeply regret, then, that you did not take your place in the front rank of progressive sportsmen 10 years sooner. The handwriting is on the wall. Game of all kinds is being swept off the earth at a rate that is alarming to every lover of nature. Several species have been exterminated already, and several others will follow before you and thousands of others consent to stop spring shooting, and to limit your bags to numbers consistent with this rapid decrease of game. Then why not go into the front rank now?—EDITOR.

ON THE TRAIL.

Weiser, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION:

Here I am at Weiser, after a delightful trip from Omaha over the Union Pacific and the Oregon Short Line railroads. Never before, in all my travels, have I found the employees of a railway so exceedingly courteous and accommodating as on these routes; each and every one of them deserves to be promoted to general superintendent or treasurer, and have a 10 per cent. raise in his wages every pay day.

When nearing Cheyenne, our conductor on the Overland Limited told me I would have a half hour there in which to exercise.

At Granger, Wyo., I spent a day very pleasantly, making the acquaintance of Mr. Goff, of the Goff Hotel. He is an ardent sportsman, and the owner of one of the finest pointers I have seen in many a year. Mr. G. reports game reasonably plentiful in the adjacent mountains, and showed me several large heads and rugs, trophies of his skill with the rifle. Duck shooting was at its best while I was there, and Mr. G. said it was possible to secure a large bag of ducks almost within gunshot of the town. Persons wishing to hunt big game, such as elk, deer, sheep, and bear, would find Granger a good point at which to outfit, and would be aided in every way by Mr. Goff.

Leaving Granger on the Oregon Short Line train, I renewed my acquaintance with its crew, with whom I have made so many pleasant trips during the past 10 years. We saw a band of antelope grazing near the track, and as they bounded away on the near approach of the train they afforded a beautiful sight to the trainload of interested passengers. The cry of "antelope" caused quite as much commotion aboard as that of "buffalo" used to in the earlier days.

At Cokeville, on the Short Line, we saw an admirable sample of American push and energy, a whole new town, with brick business blocks, opera house, churches, residences, and coal mines, all built since I passed there last October. It was then but a dreary waste of bad lands and sage brush.

At the station I noticed several English setters, cocker spaniels, and 2 stag hounds, ample evidence that some sportsmen are there in the push. Ham's Fork river was literally black in places with ducks, and not far from Cokeville we saw a second band of antelope. The Short Line railroad surely traverses a hunter's paradise. Near Montpelier, Idaho, we saw a band of nearly 20,000 sheep, followed at a distance of half a mile by 5 coyotes, those musical guardians of the midnight camp.

At Pocatello I spent a pleasant day, and, with my camera, secured several choice reminders of my visit there. The chief amusement was in trying to take snap shots of the numerous Indians who were loitering about. The first glimpse of the camera was enough to send them flying in all directions, except one lot of 5 squaws, who nobly stood their ground, and then advanced to the charge and pelted me with gravel. I held my position like a veteran of San Juan, and got 3 good negatives; also a shower of abuse in mixed English and Bannock.

Shoshone is the next point of interest. There passengers for Hailey and the great hunting grounds in the Saw Tooth range change cars. A stockman whose range is in the foot hills of the Saw Tooths told me big horn sheep and elk were quite numerous there. The deep snow had driven them down into the foot hills, where they could be seen almost every day. He said big horn mutton was no rarity among the settlers there, but that bear were still in their winter quarters. These hunting grounds are easily reached by wagon roads from Hailey.

Weiser is having a genuine boom on account of the building of the new railway from that point to the great copper mines in the Seven Devils mountains. This new road will be known as the Pacific & Idaho Northern, or P. I. N. route, and will afford sportsmen a direct and pleasant trail to some of the finest hunting grounds and trout streams in the West. Mr. Wilkerson, the chief of construction, has promised RECREATION many beautiful photos of the scenery along the line.

On registering at the Hotel Weiser, I was told I could get my meals there and sleep in a chair in the office, but that rooms or beds could not be had in town. The Oregon Short Line is unloading a trainload of people every day. This is the gateway to the Seven Devils mining district, and to the new gold mines at Buffalo Hump.

We have bought our saddle and pack horses and entire outfits, and will soon hit the trail on our annual prospecting and exploring trip. Our arsenal consists solely of my 25-25 Stevens Hunter's Pet rifle and my camera. I have at last learned there is quite as much pleasure in taking a snap shot at game with a camera as with a Winchester. The little 25 will keep us in meat, and the camera will furnish the sport. So much for a modern education.

Game wintered well in the Boise and Snake river valleys, and Bob White's cheerful whistle is heard on every hand in the suburbs of Weiser and Boise.

Duck and goose shooting in the Snake and Boise valleys was poor last spring, few good bags being reported.

[Glad of it.—EDITOR.]

One thing that has impressed me here at Weiser is the almost entire absence of the English sparrow, and the abundance of wild canaries, hundreds of them alighting on the orchards about town.

Boys and men line the banks of the Snake and Weiser rivers all day, near here, and are rewarded with fair strings of whitefish.

Whitefish are abundant in the Payette river and its tributaries, and during the spawning season they frequent certain sandy, shallow waters in great numbers. Just above Great Payette lake last fall, a 6 horse freight wagon load was caught with a small seine, in 2 hours, something over 2 tons of them. In fording the river there during running season a team and wagon will kill dozens of them. This is no fairy tale. I can produce plenty of witnesses who have seen it.

One of Weiser's proudest possessions is a schoolma'am who rides a wheel or a bucking cayuse with equal ease.

M. W. Miner.

MORE INDIAN GAME BUTCHERS.

Kansas City, Kans., Sept. 2, 1900.

Editor RECREATION:

I should like to call your attention to certain conditions which exist in that part of New Mexico adjacent to the Navajo Indian reservation, especially the country around Frisco, Mogollon, and Eagle peak. Every January the Indians from the Navajo reservation swoop down on this country and slaughter all the game they can find. Needless to say they find almost all there is; and, armed as they are with the latest magazine rifles, with plenty of ammunition, their feet clad in noiseless moccasins, as many as 100 hunters in line stretching along the mountain side, few deer escape.

Can nothing be done to prevent this? Now is the time to act, and it seems to me that you and the L. A. S. are the people who can prevent it if anyone can. About the 1st of October the Indians will commence their hunt. Last year they had 175 pack animals loaded with deer and bear meat when they returned to their reservation. Of course they kill does, bucks, and fawns, and the total extermination of the game is only a matter of time unless they are restrained. If you require any further information on the subject, I refer you to Montague Stevens, Horse Springs, Soccorro county, N. M.

Arthur St. Leger Mosse.

Hon. E. A. Hitchcock,
Secretary of the Interior,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: I hand you herewith a letter just received from Mr. Arthur St. L. Mosse, of Kansas City, Kan., recounting the annual slaughter of the game in New Mexico by the Navajo Indians. I beg you to take such steps as may be necessary to prevent a repetition of this revolting butchery during the present autumn.

The agent of the Navajos has ample authority to keep the Indians on their reservation, and I trust you may see fit to order him to exercise this authority.

I should be glad to be advised of your action in the matter.

G. O. Shields, President L. A. S.

The Secretary of the Interior referred these letters to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who answered as follows:

Department of the Interior,
Office of Indian Affairs,
Washington, Sept. 19, 1900.

The Honorable,
The Secretary of the Interior.

Sir: This office has the honor to acknowledge the receipt by Department reference of the 13th instant for report, of a communication dated the 11th instant, from Mr. G. O. Shields, President of the League of American Sportsmen, who transmits a letter of the 2d instant addressed to him by Mr. Arthur St. L. Mosse, of Kansas City, Kan., recounting "the annual slaughter of the game in New Mexico by the Navajo Indians," and requesting that steps be taken by this Department to prevent a repetition during the present autumn of this alleged slaughter of game.

Mr. Shields states that the agent of the Navajo Agency has authority to keep the Navajos on their reservation, and asks that he be directed to exercise such authority.

In reply, I have to say that a letter has this day been addressed to the United States Indian Agent of Navajo Agency, giving him full information as to the complaint made by Mr. Mosse, and instructing him to take such action as may be necessary to prevent, as far as possible, the Indians under his charge from leaving their reservation for the purpose of unlawfully killing game in the region adjacent thereto.

It is hoped these instructions will be sufficient to put a stop to the evils complained of.

For your full information in the premises, a copy of the said letter of instructions to the Indian agent is enclosed herewith, and the correspondence referred to this office for report is herewith returned, together with a copy of this reply.

A. C. Tonner,
Acting Commissioner.

Thus it will be seen the League acted promptly, and it is to be hoped the slaughter of deer by the Navajos has been stopped.—EDITOR.

SPORT WITH THE TERN.

Under a big scare head, the Boston Globe of October 5 prints an article occupying nearly a column, from which I quote:

> PROVINCETOWN, Oct. 3.—The law is off, the open season began Monday, and the gunners were early astir to bag the mackerel, gulls or terns.
>
> The heavens have not been darkened the past 2 days by the wheeling flocks, but thousands of terns circled gracefully above the harbor, where they plunged in quest of the lance with which the eel bowls were stocked.

> The total kill was gratifyingly large, more than 1,000, doubtless 2,000, red legged and red beaked sea swallows falling victims to the gunners' skill. As the birds find a ready sale at 7 cents apiece, the hunters were unsparing of powder, and local ammunition handlers did a big business filling orders for cartridges. Len Swift brought ashore 49 birds. Tony Rogers captured 128; Lew Young, 150; Will Mott, about 300; Frank Rogers 367; John Rich 387.
>
> Two men are reported to have together bagged 350 birds, of which 52 were killed with 4 shots as the flocks roosted on sand bars.
>
> Frank Rogers made a wonderful double shot, firing the first barrel into a flock on a bar, and the second as it rose for flight. He picked up 25 victims as the fruit of that 2-barrel fire; and as he had a lone berth and the birds obstinately returned again and again to the locality, feathers flew in clouds at each discharge of his gun.
>
> The local buyers have stacks in process of packing for shipment to New York, and are expecting further lots during the next few days. All are under orders from big New York concerns, and all hustling to get as large a share of the harvest as possible.
>
> One of the local buyers told The Globe man that last season he shipped 4,000 terns to his New York house, and that those were knocked down in 3 days. One Wellfleet buyer hopes to secure 15,000 ere this season ends, having received orders from New York to ship that number if possible.
>
> Terns were formerly caught for food only, but now the flesh goes to waste, while the skin, with head and tail, wings and all feathers intact, serves to beautify my lady's bonnet.

This shows there is yet a vast amount of work for the League to do in order to stop the milliners from exterminating certain species of beautiful and innocent birds.

To read of such slaughter as is detailed above, by men who are called sportsmen and who probably call themselves such, is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every decent man who owns a gun. Those brutes are no more sportsmen than the men employed in Armour's slaughter house, who kill and hang up thousands of hogs and cattle every day. They are no more sportsmen than the crews on the big barges who drag nets in Long Island sound for menhaden, where these fish are taken out by the ton and made up into oil and fertilizers. The tern shooters are no more sportsmen than the Indians who go on the Pribilof islands,, armed with clubs, and beat to death thousands of seals. It is high time the daily newspaper editors of this country should learn to distinguish between sportsmen and butchers, and it is high time the law makers of Massachusetts should pass a law prohibiting the killing, or having in possession, or shipping of any bird for decorative purposes, or that is unfit to eat. Gulls and terns should be rigidly protected at all times on account of their value as scavengers.

The Massachusetts Division of the League should take steps to have such an amendment enacted at the next session of its Legislature.—EDITOR.

IN THE LITTLE BELT MOUNTAINS.

Big Timber, Mont.

Editor RECREATION:

Last fall, late in October, as the first snows began to cover the mountains, Elmer B., my brother Hank, and I started on a hunting trip with a 4 horse team and wagon, saddle horses, a tent, bedding, and provisions for a week or more.

We had before limited our hunting to the Crazy and Snowy mountains and foot hills. This time we decided to make our permanent camp in the Little Belt mountains.

Early in the second afternoon, when nearing the foot hills of the Little Belts, we saw a bunch of antelope feeding on a ridge. Elmer and I took our rifles and went along the foot of the hill to where we thought a good shot could be obtained; then, climbing to the top of the hill, brought down one each. Mine was over 400 yards from me when I shot, but it soon fell.

While dressing our game I looked for Elmer, and saw him on his back, kicking his feet around in the air. Now and then he would stop and resume his work; then commence kicking again. As I was wondering at this, I saw a bunch of antelope coming toward him. They would stop and watch, and as he went through his foot flagging movements would come closer. When they were within 75 yards he picked out a large one, fired, and brought it down. The rest didn't wait to see what was there. With his 30-40 he had shot that one through the head, and had broken nearly every bone in it.

We stored our game in the wagon, and by evening had reached the mountains. We made camp in a grove of pines. A spring was near, with numberless deer tracks around it, but it was alkali water; so, to make this agreeable to drink, we had to make coffee of it.

We staked out the horses, unloaded our provisions, and, hungry as bears, ate a supper of antelope steak and delicious biscuit; then rolled in and slept soundly.

We were ready for the hunt by daylight. Little snow showers coming up frequently, I left my camera in camp, and, each armed with his rifle, we started for the sport.

The climb up the mountain was difficult, but that once accomplished, traveling was easy.

The first day in this camp I killed a large buck, with fair antlers, 4 miles from camp. Next day, while going after it with the saddle horse, I killed another near the first.

When I reached camp, the boys had not returned, and I took a snap shot at my deer on the pack horse. The sun was not bright enough for a good picture, yet it is fair. The boys killed 3 deer a long way from camp. We stayed 4 days, getting 6 deer and 3 antelope. That was enough game, and we started home.

With deer and antelope in sight, we slowly descended the foot hills, recrossed the Mussel Shell, and reached home the next evening, well satisfied with our 8 days' trip.

Jerome H. White.

DR. KALBFUS NOT GUILTY.

Harrisburg, Pa.

Editor RECREATION:

I notice in RECREATION a complaint from A. R. Williams, First Fork, Pa., that the game laws are not enforced in his section. If that gentleman would be as ready to help the Game Commission as he is to complain, things might be different. We are doing all in our power to enforce the law. We are spending our time and our money for game and bird protection, and it galls us to have statements of that kind sent broadcast throughout the country. That you may fully understand the situation, I would say, the Game Commission of Pennsylvania has no appropriation except $800, limited to the payment of postage and express charges. No one connected with this office receives a cent of salary. The gentlemen composing the Commission pay their own expenses in attending to the work. I, as secretary of the Commission, and chief game warden of the State, have given some attention to the work for about 2½ years. I have attended to the correspondence of the office and investigated every violation that has been brought to my notice during that time. I have looked after legislation during one session of the Legislature, and to date have received about $300 for services. I have traveled over this State many times at my own expense and into your State after violators of our game law.

If Mr. Williams has any evidence to support his statement, I will gladly give my time to seeing that such parties are prosecuted. We have no doubt there are many violations of the game law in this State. We also think some good has been done by the Commission. I refer you to your friend, Dr. H. M. Beck, of Wilkes Barre, who knows something of what we have to contend with and of the work that is being done.

Joseph Kalbfus,
Secretary of the Game Commission.

ANSWER.

Dr. Kalbfus is right. The Pennsylvania Board of Game Commissioners has done a great deal of good work, and the Doctor, especially, has worked like a Trojan in his efforts to enforce the State laws. The simple fact that he came to this State, obtained a requisition for 3 men who had violated the game laws of Pennsylvania, arrested the men, took them back to that State, convicted them, and made them pay their fine, has placed the sportsmen of Pennsylvania under a debt of gratitude to the Doctor that they could not repay by any act short of making him president of the Board for life, with a salary of $10,000 a year. Yet this is only one of the many excellent pieces of work Dr. Kalbfus has done. Nor have his associates been idle.

That many law breakers have gone unpunished is due to the fact that the law makers of Pennsylvania have been too short sighted to appropriate money to carry on the work. All good sportsmen in the State should work diligently during the next few months to induce the Legislature to act promptly and liberally in this matter.—EDITOR.

ETHICS OF GAME RAISING.

I have read with interest your defense of wealthy club men who purchase or lease large tracts of fish and game regions. Who supposes for a moment that the purpose of such men is game protection? It is solely to prolong the pleasures of the chase for themselves alone. Others may be equally deserving, perhaps more so; but unfortunately for them their financial gun has not the range and penetration possessed by those of the aforesaid wealthy men. If it be right for one club to make such a purchase, then it is right for any and all clubs to do the same.

The justice of the principle once admitted, its universal application must be allowed. All desirable game and fish regions are closed to me and many thousands of others who enjoy life with rod and gun. What are we to do?

What man among us financial unfortunates has the submissiveness of spirit to stand by without a murmur and comfort himself with the reflection that although his days of hunting and fishing are over he is law abiding and that a few wealthy men from the cities, perhaps accompanied by some select swells from "Hingland," are on the game preserves with long range guns and costly fishing tackle, protecting the game. The law is wrong that permits such actions, no matter though it be found in our own revered constitution. The man is in error who, after impartially considering this question of monopoly in all its effects, undertakes to excuse such actions.

The men who take advantage of such laws are 100 fold more of game hogs than I am when I shoot enough birds today to last me and my family 2 days.

W. L. Darnall, Dwight, Neb.

ANSWER.

I have already stated my position frankly on this matter and need not again take up space to discuss it at length. If a man has a right to fence in a piece of land to raise potatoes on, he certainly has a right to fence it in and raise deer, or ducks, or quails, on it. If he can forbid his neighbors to go on his land and dig up his potatoes, he can certainly refuse to let them climb over his fence to kill his game.

The admission of this right to cultivate game birds and mammals does not indicate any calamity whatever for sportsmen who are not so fortunately situated. There are millions of square miles of mountain land and marsh land distributed over the continent that will never be preserved by wealthy men and where the poor man ("of whom I am which," as Mr. Nasby would say,) may always have his turn at the game.—EDITOR.

GAME, INDIANS AND RUSTLERS.

Frisco, N. Mex.

Editor RECREATION:

This is a good hunting ground. Deer are fairly plentiful; bears—black, brown and silvertip—are overrunning the country. Lots of cattle have been killed by them. Turkeys were abundant last fall, as the mast crop was good.

Deer would be much more numerous if it were not for the Indians, who come in gangs every fall to hunt, and stay 2 or 3 months. Last fall they took out dry meat enough to load 70 pack burros. An old frontiersman told me that in the spring of '99 he came on a Navajo's camp of the previous fall and winter, and around it counted the carcasses of over 100 deer.

The game laws of New Mexico are good, but the Indians don't have to pay any attention to them. Our ranger or game warden is a good fellow, but owing to a peculiar condition of affairs he is powerless. In the first place he is ranger of this end of the United States Gila Forest Reserve, and in that capacity is not allowed to leave the reserve without permission from his superior officer. As game warden, if he arrests violators of the game laws he must take them to Socorro, the county seat, for trial. What can a poor devil do in a case of this kind?

The Indians don't stop at killing deer, but kill cattle and sheep whenever they come handy. The settlers, both American and Mexican, have several times written the Secretary of the Interior, the Navajos United States agent, and others; but no attention has ever been paid to their appeals, so there is probably no remedy.

Just now our worst trouble is not with Indians, but with outlaws of our own color. They range through the mountains almost at will and have stolen many horses. The only good result they have caused has been the more general introduction of the Winchester 30-40 into the upper circle of Frisco society. Eighteen months ago black powder rifles of any caliber from 32-40 to 40-82 were good enough for Friscoites.

One day a posse armed with 30-30's and black powder rifles went out to rake in a band of rustlers. The latter were armed with 30-40 Government guns. It was no trouble to find the rustlers and, of course, there was a fight. Everyone took to a tree, but the 30-40's cut through the big pines like a buzz saw through a shingle. The myrmidons of the law retired in disgust and great haste. Reaching home they told marvelous tales of the mighty range and penetration of the big 30's, and now no one who aspires to be classed with the *elite* thinks of owing any thing smaller than a 30-40 carbine.

Chas. M. Grover.

ONE RESULT OF GAME PROTECTION.

In July, 1899, a man was fishing with a herring net near Bon Ami Rocks, about a mile below the town of Dalhousie. Happening to look shoreward he saw a moose take the water from Lighthouse Point, close to Inch Arran hotel. An Indian was passing in a canoe; he had been watching the moose some time. Both men gave chase, the fisherman in his flat boat. The Indian caught up to the moose first, and got his canoe rope around its horns.

The fisherman and the Indian had plenty of excitement for nearly 3 hours, trying to tow the moose ashore. Finally they did land him on a bar at the lower end of the town. Fisherman, Indian and moose were all thoroughly played out, the moose being probably the freshest of the 3.

A crowd quickly gathered on the beach. A dozen men took hold of the rope and started to walk ashore along the bar, dragging the moose, but they did not go far with him. He walked quietly for perhaps 50 feet, then suddenly stuck out his forelegs and braced himself. All the men who could get hold of a 30 foot rope could not budge him an inch.

Various plans were proposed to get him ashore. Finally a low truck wagon was brought out. Some of the men took off their belts, and strapped the animal's legs so he could not kick. He was then lifted on to the truck, hauled ashore, and put into a stall, without being hurt in the least.

The fisherman and the Indian thought they had a bonanza, but alas; in the afternoon a lawyer, hearing of the capture, told them they were liable to a fine, so they had to let the moose go.

The animal was 2 years old, his horns were short, and in the velvet. When liberated he trotted through the town along some of the principal streets, and many gazed in wonder, for a wild moose is a sight not often seen even in a New Brunswick town. He took to the woods back of the town, and was seen afterward by several people.

Two years before, a live deer was brought ashore at the very spot where the moose was landed. Several other moose were seen close to the town last summer, and deer were seen in the fields within the town limits. Undoubtedly this is the result of the revision and enforcement of our game law during the last 3 or 4 years. At present the lumbermen are almost the only violators of the laws in respect to large game.

H. D. Chisholm, Dalhousie, N. B.

A WEEK'S HUNT IN THE GRANITE STATE.

One morning in September, our outfit was loaded into 2 buggies, bound for the foot of Mount Sunapee, 4 miles distant, where we were to have a week's hunt. There were 4 in the party, besides the 2 drivers, who were to take the teams back; Mr. Farr, of the Haverhill Trading Company; Bert Spackman, his clerk; my brother, and I.

We followed the highway to the foot of the mountain, then struck into an old wood road through the forest for half a mile. Then, being unable to follow it farther with our teams, we dismissed them and, loading our camping utensils on our backs, took a path toward our destined camp. A 15 minutes' walk brought us to an opening where a fire had cleared the brush somewhat, leaving only 3 or 4 gigantic spruces, bare and bleached. Here was our camp. This, built of logs and slabs, was formerly designed for lumbermen, but had been deserted for years. It was an ideal camp, situated on the bank of a little stream, under majestic spruces, the burned, desolate land in front, and the dark mountains in the rear.

Small game, such as grouse and rabbits, were abundant, making lively sport for us. Of course we did not shoot any deer, as the law there is close on them the whole year. There is good sport, however, in shooting grouse and rabbits in those tangled woods, and though some sportsmen might sneer at our bag, I was satisfied.

The first night in camp I did not sleep well, the babbling brook, the moaning spruces, with the occasional hoot of an owl keeping me long awake. The second night, after a tramp of 6 miles to Lake Solitude and back, I slept soundly. The third day it rained, and kept us in camp, in uncomfortable condition. Our cabin leaked, and we had to huddle in one side to keep dry. The days following were splendid, and we improved them by hunting from dawn till dark.

As I have said, our game account was not large, but we each bagged enough to satisfy moderate sportsmen. At the end of the week we reluctantly packed our camping utensils and pulled for home, where a few days afterward we were hard at work again, with enough enjoyment from that week's hunt to last us till next vacation, when we are planning a longer trip. RECREATION will go with us this year. That was the only thing we lacked on our trip.

Arthur W. Nelson,
Haverhill, Mass.

THE HARE AND THE HUNTER.

Alexandria, Minn.

Editor RECREATION:

RECREATION is far ahead of any other sportsmen's journal in telling of so many short, spicy hunting trips. When one can not take a trip himself, he is glad to read of some other fellow's hunt.

One pleasant morning in February, a friend of mine drove up to the door with horse and buggy and suggested that we chase rabbits. We drove a few miles to a farmer's, and put out the horse. We had a 22 rifle and a Winchester shot gun. Going out on a plowed field we soon started a Jack. Soon we heard ahead a shot fired at the rabbit, but he kept on. A young man ahead of us was seen working away at his gun. A shell was fast. He was another chum of ours. Starting too late to go with us, he caught a ride and got there in time to get a shot at our first rabbit as it ran by him. A short distance farther on we saw a white spot on the plowing. The boys said it was a Jack, but I could see no rabbit about it. Tobe said, "Watch me knock his eye out." At the crack of his gun the bunch of white bounded 3 or 4 feet into the air. We ran up and found a big Jack with both eyes knocked out. Tobe tied it on his belt and we went on a few rods and saw another. Like the small cottontail, they lie close to the ground to hide. Jesse tried his 22 short at about 35 yards and cut the hair from its back; fired again and hit it in the shoulder. It jumped and ran. I fired 3 shots at it with the scatter gun, but only tickled it. Tobe fired one shot with his 38-55, and it dropped. We then agreed to take the game back to the buggy and drive 2 miles ahead, while our friend looked for game.

We soon heard him firing and saw him on the run up a hill. He fired again, then picked up a big rabbit. The first shot running, at 60 yards, had struck the hip; the next broke the left foreleg, but still it ran on, with one foreleg and left hindleg. The third shot killed it.

We soon saw another rabbit, walked to within 40 yards and fired at his head with the 22 rifle. We hit it, but it got up, began to circle, and soon started to run off. At the crack of Tobe's rifle the rabbit dropped, cut almost in 2. He used a 38-55, and is the best running shot I ever saw. He can hit 4 out of 6 shots at Jack rabbits running across his path.

So ended a very enjoyable day. I find my sport in the pursuit of game, not in possession of it.

M. F. Smith.

SA-RAGH-TO-GA NO LONGER A HUNTING GROUND.

The upper Hudson valley, from Troy North for 40 miles, is probably one of the most picturesque sections in the East. Sa-ragh-to-ga, the famous hunting ground of the Mohawk Indians, was the territory now comprising the towns of Northumberland, Saratoga, Saratoga Spa, Moreau, and Stillwater in Saratoga county; as well as Easton, and portions of Greenwich, Fort Edward, and Argyle, in Washington county.

Until recent years its reputation as a sportmen's resort has been fully sustained. Nowhere could better upland grouse shooting be found. Woodcock abounded in the swamps, and ducks and geese in their annual flights tarried in the numerous coves and setbacks which border the river. Pike, bass, and muskalonge swarmed in the river itself.

As game throughout the country decreased, the craving for fish and game dinners increased. The proximity of a great summer resort soon made itself felt in the diminution, to an alarming extent, of the finny and feathered denizens of our woods and waters. Gunners with porcine proclivities would march abreast through the covers in midsummer, piloted by close working dogs. They would literally clean up the woods of young grouse. Cover after cover would be the scene of like devastation, until, when the season opened, the decent sportsmen went abroad to find only silence and solitude. Even the feathered musicians of the woodlands and hills have given up their little lives at the mandates of fashion.

The query naturally arises whether game wardens are an unknown quantity in our locality. Verily, they exist; but are rendered useless by reason largely of their official ties. Our wardens are men who have a pull with local legislators because of services rendered in times of political need. They are careful to not offend, by even a hint of prosecution, fellows whose hostelries have been made famous by dinners of fish and game served regardless of season. Pot hunters and game hogs vote as often as men do, and their votes naturally go to the candidate who can be trusted not to interfere with their nefarious practices.

I hope you will continue to write in the interest of legitimate sport, that our children may, if we can not, live to see the day when our woods and fields will once more abound with game.

B. T. P., Saratoga, N. Y.

TWO MONTHS ON CAPE COD.

Last fall I took a 2 months' hunting trip on Cape Cod. After considerable trouble regarding transportation, we arrived, just at dusk, at our destination. Spectacle pond.

For 3 or 4 days we worked from sunrise to sunset, building our shanty and getting ready for the birds. Then my friend was obliged to return home, which left me alone with my dog. Day after day I watched and waited for ducks. One day a pair dropped in the pond. One I shot, and might have got the other had not the left firing pin been missing from my gun.

After that I shot, at long intervals, one or 2 ducks, 2 coots, a widgeon, a plover, and several snipe. Shelldrake, I am told by the inhabitants, are numerous at this pond later in the season, but I did not see any.

I had some good rabbit hunting. Foxes were plentiful. Grouse, toward the last of my stay, began to come up from the thick woods and were becoming numerous. Quails were abundant, but hard to get. As soon as they are shot at they fly into thick brush, making difficult shooting. During my stay I did not see a gray squirrel, a fact I can not explain.

On the whole, the cape seems a good game region. Deer signs were everywhere. I do not believe the animals are molested to any extent by the natives. I see no reason why deer hunting should not be good at the end of the closed term, in 1903.

The ponds on the cape are well supplied with bass, but for duck shooting they are rank failures. The flight seems to be from one side of the cape to the other, and it is almost impossible to stop a bird.

The people of the cape are sociable and can not do too much for strangers. The majority are for game protection, and use their influence, as best they can, toward that end. They appreciate the work RECREATION is doing.

R. C. Stevens, Elmwood, Mass.

ON TUSSEY MOUNTAIN.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of revisiting my former home, near the foot of Tussey mountain. Many a day in my youth I spent in clambering, gun in hand, over the rocky sides of old Tussey. Often I returned gameless, and often, again, with a good bag of turkeys, rabbits, or squirrels.

Last fall reports came to me that game was plentiful there, and the first day of the open season found me back on my old hunting ground.

The weather was cold and stormy; therefore I did not feel discouraged at getting but one squirrel. The next day I shot 4 or 5, and for nearly 2 weeks hunted squirrels, some days getting as many as 10 or 12.

On Friday of the second week I went to the top of the mountain to look for turkeys. So far I had not seen a sign of them. It was a long, hard climb, but I got there, and followed the ridge Southward a half mile. Still no sign. Coming down, I found a place where turkeys had scratched, though not that day. Farther down I came to fresh signs, and followed the trail to a large ledge of rock. Getting near that, I could hear a sound as of scratching in leaves beyond it.

I crawled to the rock and looked over, and was rewarded by seeing the birds just moving out of sight up the mountain. Clearly, the thing for me to do was to make a circuit and get ahead of them. This I succeeded in doing without alarming the flock. The birds, however, had changed their line of retreat, and I saw they would not come within range. One young cock espied some wild grapes hanging within 15 yards of my hiding place, and came boldly toward them. I let him come so close that the load from my Remington nearly severed his neck.

The instant I had fired, I ran my speediest toward the flock, hoping to get a long range shot, but the birds were too quick for me.

The next day I returned with my father and brothers. We took positions along the mountain side, about 100 yards apart. For an hour all was quiet; then I began calling, and presently a turkey answered. I changed my position and called again. In a few minutes I had another gobbler. No other of the partv was lucky enough to get a shot.

W. C. Robb, Homestead, Pa.

I CAUGHT HIM.

In the fall of 1896 I hunted in the Northern part of Wisconsin. One rainy day as I sat under a pine, a large buck came out from a hemlock thicket about 25 rods away. I fired at him and supposed I had killed him. On going to the spot, however, he was gone. I found plenty of blood on the wet leaves, but this soon disappeared, washed out by the rain. After a long search I gave him up, and started for camp, determined to hunt no more that day. Coming to a road I saw where a large buck had just crossed diagonally to the South, but I kept on toward camp. Farther on I noticed an old road leading South, and it occurred to me if I should go quietly down the road I might get a shot. I did so and presently came on my buck, 120 yards away. I fired and the buck dropped, shot through the shoulders. Reaching for my knife to cut his throat I suddenly remembered an experience I once had with a wounded buck in Texas. I decided to get a log and throw it on his neck, stand on it and cut his throat without danger. Setting my gun against a tree I started in search of a log. Hearing a noise I turned just in time to see the buck disappear through the bushes. I hurried back to my gun and fired into the hole where he disappeared, but without result. I followed him, getting occasional glimpses of him but no shot. Remembering my ill luck of the day I knew my speed must win or all was lost. Coming to a pile of fallen trees I mounted them and made a desperate leap to clear myself. I caught my foot and took a header into the swamp, thrusting the muzzle of my gun about a foot into the soft mud, my left arm and head ditto. Gathering myself up I hurried on, clearing the mud from mv gun bore with a stick as I ran.

How long the race lasted I can not tell, but finally I saw the buck standing on a hillock looking back at me. I fired once more and he dropped. When I reached him both were gasping for breath, and for a time I did not know which would die first. Finally my breath came while his left.

I hauled him on top of a large stump, and again started for camp, where my story caused much merriment. All, however, were willing to help eat my game.

S. W. Button, Sparta, Wis.

SLAUGHTER OF CARIBOU.

St. Johns, N. F.

Editor RECREATION:

Popular Ornithology has come to hand. Much obliged for your promptness. Exactly what I wanted, and better than I expected at the price. The author says the wren does not winter in the North. It does remain on our West Coast all winter, and is as hardy as the chickadee, which also remains. Our wild birds are never shot. Few are killed, and those only by boys. The law protects even the smallest of our song birds.

One gentleman with more money than brains imported a few English sparrows, and now we find them in every street. Even as I write—thermometer 14 degrees below zero—there are 50 under my window.

Our G. P. Society is formulating some new laws *in re* the caribou slaughter that has gone on for years.

Over 3,000 of those beautiful animals were killed at White Bear bay, and other places on the West Coast, last year, and 60 per cent. of those would have dropped fawns in less than 3 months. Many more were wounded, to perish in the woods. The trouble is, market hunters have votes, and you know what that means.

In the month of October last, on one day, the train from Gaff Topsails brought out to Norris' Arm, in Notre Dame bay, 400 caribou, leaving 60 more alongside the track, that train not being able to take them all. So the slaughter goes on, and it is only a matter of time when they will go the way of the great auk. The beavers are nearly all gone, and not till now have we secured a closed time of 3 years for them. This is too short.

Your journal has done good here. I find some old pot shots are ashamed of what they have done.

May Recreation long live to carry on the good work.

W. A. B. Sclater.

THE COUGAR SHOULD GO.

While you are leading a crusade against game hogs, bird killers, and other unreasonable folk, why not go after the beast of prey? In some parts of this Western country the wolf, bear, lynx, and cougar abound. The wolf, of course, is a great deer killer; but the cougar is especially destructive. Calves, horses, and dogs are often taken. I have known a rancher on Vancouver island to lose 2 sheep, while his neighbor lost 5 sheep and 2 young hogs the same night. I have known cougars to come into a town in broad daylight. They are also a menace to the safety of little children. I know of 4 cases in Western States, in the last year, in which these beasts have killed children.

The beasts live almost entirely on deer, and no doubt if we could trace the number killed in a lifetime by an old cougar, it would astonish us. They are successful hunters, quietly dropping from a tree on the unwary deer, or leaping on it from some hiding place. They can, with one upward blow under the chin, break the neck of a large elk. The cougar is a silent hunter, and can follow a herd of deer for days unknown to any but his victims.

I gather from Recreation that you do not even yet know the full extent of the crimes of Western game hogs. I know of 5,000 deer skins shipped from one small town not long ago. I know of a herd of 17 elk that were shot down and left to waste. I know a man who, while in search of a pair of horns, killed in 2 hours 10 large deer. None having horns to suit him, he left them all to rot.

So it is clear the cougar is no longer needed; his work is being done by other beasts, and sportsmen should camp on his trail. It would be a good thing to encourage hunting, trapping, and poisoning cougars for the sake of the deer; and the States should be urged to pay a large bounty for their scalps.

C. Evans, Libby, Mont.

Yes, I know too much of the work of game hogs, East and West. Give me the names of those who did the killing you refer to and I will brand them.—Editor.

SEQUEL OF A SQUIRREL HUNT.

During the winter of '87 and '88, I was hibernating in Citrus county, Florida. Much of my time was spent in hunting through the dense hummocks near the Withlacoochee river, and fishing in beautiful Tsala-Apopka lake.

One morning in early spring I buckled on my cartridge belt, containing 12 shells loaded with No. 4 shot, threw a 12 gauge W. Richards across my shoulder, and started for the hummocks. I figured on getting a few bushy tails and perhaps a brace or 2 of ducks. Perhaps, also, I might find a 'gator in my rambles, and cure his hog-stealing propensities with an ounce of shot at short range.

There were several small bays or inlets in the beach along which I walked. I peered cautiously around each point I came to, hoping to see either a heron keeping his lonely vigil or an alligator basking in the sunshine. At last, on turning a corner, what should I see but 5 wild turkeys feeding leisurely along the shore toward me. I crouched behind a clump of saw-palmetto and eagerly awaited their coming. Through openings between the fan-like leaves, I could see without being seen.

My greatest fear was that they would scent me and take flight. On they came, however, in single file. I thought of my No. 4 shot and wondered if I could kill one of the great birds with such small pellets. I could hear my heart pounding like a trip-hammer, and knew I was catching what old hunters call a "buck ague." However, I took 2 or 3 deep inspirations and the ague left me. With both hammers at full-cock, I watched, over the barrels of my gun, the approach of the turkeys. They came in single file to within 22 steps of me. Then, fearing to wait longer, I pulled the left trigger and stepped from my cover. As L did so, one lone turkey flew up. True to instinct and training, I threw up my gun, fired, and brought her down. I had killed the other 4 with my first shot.

I was almost beside myself with joy at my achievement. I had left home with 12 shells, and in less than an hour returned with 10 shells and 5 wild turkeys.

W. G. Hawthorne, Taggart, Tenn.

NOT SATISFIED WITH OREGON'S GAME LAW.

Appended to my story of a hunt in Oregon, in May RECREATION, I find this note bv the editor:

"You should not hunt deer with dogs. Nearly all States prohibit this by law, which shows the sentiment of the best sportsmen on the subject."

In justice to myself, I must say that only in the last few months has Oregon had a law forbidding the hunting of deer with dogs. Recently a new set of laws have been passed, some good and some otherwise.

In Oregon there are 2 sides to the game question. First, that taken by the true sportsman, who wishes to see fair play for all. Classed with him are the hogs who never hunt illegally, yet by inborn meanness make themselves so odious to farmers that they greatly retard, and often prevent, the accomplishment of results sought by true sportsmen. Then there is the homesteader's or farmer's side of the question. In many remote mountain districts men shoot deer more or less the year round. They do not kill in wantonness, as do some city hunters during the open season, leaving the game to rot on the hillsides. These people kill nothing but bucks, use all the meat and hides, and they resent it when a game warden is sent to correct them.

It is much the same with the bird law. Mongolian pheasants are the principal game, and 50 of these birds will destroy half as many acres of wheat just after it has been sowed. When the farmer protects himself against them as he does against crows or squirrels, he finds himself in the hands of the law. Then, in the summer and fall, when he is busiest and can not possibly spare time to hunt, and thus partially replace his loss, the law is open and hunters in scores invade his place, ruining his crops and carrying away the birds he has fed for a year. Occasionally a game case comes up in court, but a jury of 6 farmers find it hard to see where they come in, and usually fail to convict. A case last summer stirred up so much feeling here that nearly 50 farms, which had previously been open ground, were closed against hunters. So, in reality, sportsmen suffer by trying to enforce the laws as they stand.

Stanley D. Herbert, Corvallis, Ore.

GAME ON THE NEW YORK LAKES.

Union Springs, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

One word in regard to shooting ducks at night and about the people who know little if anything about shooting; who chase ducks from their feeding grounds with steam yachts. If this is continued, in a short time the ducks will be driven from the waters of Cayuga lake, or any other body of water where they go to feed. There is a law against the shooting of ducks at night, and chasing and shooting them from steam yachts and sailboats. I have protested against the practice every season, but as yet the matter has received no attention.

The Fisheries, Game, and Forest Commission should have a first class officer patrolling the waters in the central part of this State during the entire duck season. Several arrests and some heavy fines would break up this illegitimate shooting. Nothing will ruin duck shooting so quickly as chasing them from their feeding grounds, or shooting at them at night. The birds get no rest or feed, and soon leave us.

About 30 years ago battery shooting was lawful on Cayuga lake. Then ducks were plentiful. We used to have all kinds, canvasback, redhead, and bluebill. There were only 2 batteries on Cayuga lake, and their use soon made ducks very scarce. Canvasbacks left us entirely. It was a rare thing for many years that one was seen. Four years ago a few came back on our lake, and the flock has increased every year till last fall on Cayuga lake there was a flock of thousands. A large number of them were killed last fall and a year ago. The shooting at night and chasing them from their feeding ground has driven them away again. Only one thing can be done to give us duck shooting every year; that is to close spring shooting, keep out batteries, stop shooting at night, and enforce the law. It will not enforce itself. In over 50 years on the shore of Cayuga lake, I have seen the time when there was no market for ducks, and was glad to get 25 cents a pair for canvasbacks, or redheads. Give us a shorter season on all kinds of game, and prohibit its sale.

Henry C. Carr.

ON THE KOOSKOOSKIE RIVER.

I have read recently several articles in RECREATION about the Clearwater region in Idaho. I am in camp in that country now. Have been through the greater part of these mountains, and find game and fish plentiful. Elk, moose, mule and white tail deer are numerous; there are a good many goats, and grouse are abundant. This is a rough country, thickly timbered and with much underbrush. Several trails and passes give access to the region. I came in on the Lo Lo trail, and am going out over Lost Horse trail.

Parties coming from the East should stop at Missoula, Mont., and get their provisions there. Guides may be met either at Missoula or at Lo Lo station. Trappers and prospectors tell me it is not safe to be in here after October 1. Twenty miles from here, down this fork of the river, is where the Carlin party was snowed in.

Last year a son of Marcus Daly and a son of Senator W. A. Clark came in here with a guide named Hammond, from Missoula, who was at that time a game warden. They killed 26 elk during July and August. How many they killed after that I have not learned. I am sure many deer also are slaughtered here in close season. This would be a good place for the L. A. S. to have a game warden. If protected, there will be game here many years. This is a large country, and the cover is unusually good. Game is exceedingly tame. I got within 30 feet of 3 deer at a salt lick. They would look up at me and then go on feeding. They may be feeding yet.

W. L. Winegar,
Middle Fork of the Clearwater, Idaho.

A "NOBLEMAN" ON THE HOG.

Norway, Me.

Editor Recreation:

I have just seen the last copy of Recreation, and I am disgusted with the brazen statements made by some of the game hogs.

Some time ago I read the letter from Mr. Webber, Deputy Collector of United States Customs at Vancouver, B. C. The true sportsmen out there should build a pen, horse high, bull strong, and pig tight, put a nice ring in Webber's nose, and turn him in. That is the proper place for him. I keep hogs myself, and I know if they are not confined they are sure to do mischief, and have no regard for the rights of others.

Why can't men be men and not brutes? I don't pretend to be a sportsman, but I like to see the game increase. I have been out in my orchard when the grouse were budding my apple trees and have driven them off rather than shoot them.

Last fall, in company with my brother Nathan, J. C. Heath, and W. A. Delano, I went to our camp in Mason, at the foot of Mt. Caribou, for a week's pleasure, which consisted in roaming through the woods, climbing the mountain, and having a good time generally. We were in a game country, and in all that time we shot only one grouse. Why should we molest more? We had supplies enough, and the man who kills just for the sake of killing is a brute. Cowper says:

"I would not reckon on my list of friends, though graced with polished manners and fine sense, yet wanting sensibility, the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm, yet when life, health, or safety intervene our lives are paramount and must extinguish theirs."

There you have the whole thing in a nutshell. Frank G. Noble.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

While in the Teton mountains, last fall, I succeeded in killing a big grizzly at uncomfortably short range. I was out with my guide, and discovered bear tracks. Supposing them made by a black bear, I left the guide and started in pursuit. After following the trail several hours, I saw a black foot moving in some bushes on the opposite side of a gully. I fired at the object, and at the crack of the Winchester a slightly wounded grizzly, with a roar that was heard over a mile away by the guide, charged at me down the hill. I knew there was but one thing for me to do, and that was to depend on my gun and stand my ground. The animal came at me with a rush, and I could see the whites of his eyes when the last one of 5 shots laid him out dead about 8 feet from where I stood.

When the guide came up we searched for the balls. We found none, either mushroomed and adhering to the jacket or otherwise; but the carcass was literally filled with splinters, or fragments, of the balls. Our first impression was that the jacket behind the mushroom had sheared off the soft nose of the bullet and gone on; but that idea was dispelled by finding many fragments of the jackets, and by the fact that none of the balls passed through the beast. We concluded that the balls, or at least the butts of them, when they left the gun, were in an almost molten state, resulting from the great load of smokeless powder and the friction of the barrel. That, striking a hard substance like the spinal column of the bear, at short range, had the effect of upsetting the bullets, splitting the jackets, and causing the balls to fly to pieces. All the fragments of the balls had the appearance of lead that had been poured into water while melted, many taking the shape of globules.

G. A. West, Milwaukee, Wis.

A DISGRACE TO COLORADO.

Bryan Haywood ought to feel much puffed up over the big haul of game he made at Longmont yesterday. When he stepped off the train he had 106 ducks and 2 splendid geese.

"I hardly thought the ducks would turn out so well in such fine weather," he said:. "I did not have as much trouble getting all I got as I have had getting the small number I shot heretofore during this season. I made them come down fast when I got started, being obliged to use but 58 shells to bring them all down."

John F. Champion and former Governor Grant had their usual quota home with them from the lakes. The servant of Mr. Campion had 100 ducks slung over his shoulder, which were killed by both of the hunters.—Denver paper.

Replying to your favor I beg to say it is a common occurrence with members of our club—the Cloud City Gun club—to kill the number of ducks you mention, in one day. The spring shooting has been below par, yet I have repeatedly killed all the law allows to one gun a day; namely, 50 ducks. In addition thereto, I usually secure 5 or 10 geese a day. In this State each duck hunter is allowed by law to shoot 50 ducks, and 20 geese each day. We shoot Saturday afternoon, and Sunday morning, and usually succeed in bagging the legal limit of ducks, and 2 to 10 geese; so, you see on the whole we haven't much to complain of in the way of shooting.

John F. Campion, Denver, Colo.

I am aware that the Colorado law allows 50 ducks a day to each man during the open season, but this statute is a disgrace to your State, as many of your own citizens have admitted. I trust your Legislature may amend this law, reducing the maximum bag to 25 birds at most.

It is only by baiting the ducks you may shoot from daylight till dark. It is your luck that you can get them in such numbers. There are few places left in the United States not so treated, where a man can kill on an average 25 ducks a day.—Editor.

THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

Have been up the river with a party for ducks. I hope to start on another cruise soon.

There's one cruise unknown to me; viz., from here up the St. Johns and Ocklawha rivers, Lakes Griffin, Eustis, Harris, Okehumpkee, and through to Lake Panasoffkee, around and up the Suwannee, down the Withlacoochee to Cedar Keys, through the Okefinokee swamp, down the St. Mary's river, then back here to Jacksonville, via Fernandina. I know there are good game grounds along most of the route.

Your efforts to protect game I hope will never flag until it is a success throughout the United States. I do all I can when opportunity serves. The laws are now controlled by each county. It is so arranged that one has an open season the year round by going from county to county; but I have never seen willful slaughtering of game except by a few pot hunters. The fishing is different; there are men here who depend on that for a living, and it's pretty hard to break them off even for a few months in the year. The cracker is stubborn when you go at him roughly. He has always fished and hunted when he pleased, and now he doesn't want to be told by the Yankees, as he calls us, that he must only shoot and fish when we permit.

Capt. S. C. Barker, Jacksonville, Fla.

SHEDDING HORNS TO FACILITATE RETREAT.

While sitting in front of camp on Spencer lake, a number of us observed an animal crossing on the ice about 2 miles South of us.

It looked too large for a deer, and as there was a diversity of opinion as to whether it was a moose or a caribou, 3 of us took down our rifles and decided to investigate.

On reaching the ground, we discovered, by its tracks in the snow, that it was a medium sized doe which the atmosphere had greatly magnified.

We saw a large buck near shore, and the only man of our party who hadn't killed 2 decided to try for him.

Circling around to get down wind, he attained a point about 300 yards from his buck. The deer lifted its head and saw him, but as he was carrying a 30-30 Winchester, and had great faith in it, my friend opened up from that distance. At the first shot he broke the left foreleg of the deer.

It jumped into the bushes bordering the lake. After following it up a mountain a quarter of a mile, he picked up an antler which the deer had knocked off against a tree. A little farther on he found the other, which had been disposed of in the same manner.

A half mile farther he came in sight of his game and killed it.

I suppose the deer found it more convenient to go through a thick country without antlers than with them.

Louis L. Lawton, Jackman, Me.

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

In October, H. E. Wells and I went to Arden, Mont., for a few days' deer hunting. We got off the train at 3.30 a. m., and sat by a cold stove in the only house in Arden until daylight. Then we started for the timber, Wells armed with a 12 gauge Parker and I with a 30-30 Winchester. Snow 3 inches deep had fallen during the night. We found plenty of signs, but returned to the section house at noon without having seen a deer.

When we tried again after dinner, we became separated. Wells saw several deer, but got no shots. I followed tracks through dense willows for several hours without finding game. At 4 p. m. I was returning to the house, and as I entered a small opening in the timber a big buck jumped up and ran for the thick willows. I fired 2 shots, but missed with both.

As I again turned toward the house another buck jumped up. I fired twice as he ran directly from me, and once as he turned into the brush. I noticed his tail was down, and hurried to the spot where he disappeared. I found blood on the snow and followed the trail a mile. When I came up to him he was lying down, but his hair was turned toward his horns; so, to save trouble, I put a ball in his neck. It was nearly dark, and I was too tired to dress him. Next morning we brought him in.

We got 3 deer on the trip, and hope to do as well at the same place in '99.

M. L. Shover, French Lick, Ind.

THE PASSING OF THE WILD FOWL.

Here is another chapter in the sad story:

Mr. Daniel Webster, Meredosia, Ill.

Dear Sir: Your letter containing subscription to RECREATION reminds me forcibly of some good times I had shooting ducks on the marshes about the mouth of the Meredosia, away back in the 60's and early 70's. I camped on the banks of the river, 4 or 5 miles up from the Mississippi, several times, and had good sport there.

I have often wondered whether the ducks and geese still stop there; whether the flat lands along the Meredosia still overflow in the spring and fall, and whether there are enough ducks left of the thousands that formerly migrated up and down the Mississippi, to make it pay a man to wait in that country for an occasional shot. Yours truly,

G. O. Shields.

ANSWER.

Replying to your letter: Ducks are very scarce here as compared with the times you speak of. We still have good shooting every spring and fall, but there are not more than ¼ so many ducks as when you were here. There are 10 shooters to one when you were here; so the birds do not get much rest. They are kept on the wing so steadily they are unable to feed here and soon move on.

Many hunters come here from Springfield, Decatur and Chicago, and camp on the Meredosia for weeks in spring and fall.

Daniel Webster, P. M., Meredosia, Ill.

DEFENDS DR. KALBFUS.

In October RECREATION, Mr. A. R. Williams, of First Fork, Pa., makes the statement, "Our game laws have never been enforced." I take exception to this remark. Never having hunted in Potter county, I know nothing of the work being done there to enforce the game laws. I assure Mr. Williams, however, that he is misinformed if he thinks no work is done to that end in the Eastern part of the State. If the sportsmen of his county would form an association and work in conjunction with the Board of Game Commissioners and such men as Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, of Harrisburg, there would be little cause for complaint. Unfortunately the representatives of this great commonwealth of Pennsylvania are so short sighted that the Board of Game Commissioners has been unable to obtain an appropriation; in consequence of which many violations of the game laws have to go unpunished for want of funds to arrest and convict the offenders.

A liberal appropriation is what we want in this State, and what we must have. You, Brother Williams, can aid the cause materially. Get the boys together, even if there are only 4 or 5 of you, form a club, and join the L. A. S. Then go to your Representative and your Senator and say to them, "We helped put you in office. In return we ask that you aid us to get a liberal appropriation for the enforcement of the game laws." You will find they will treat you well, particularly before election, and do everything in their power to help the cause along. I believe the day is not far distant when the man who violates the game law will be called to account more speedily than for almost any other crime.

Dr. H. M. Beck, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

HE WALKS UP TO THE PEN TO BE BRANDED.

John Kirchner arrived home yesterday from the Lewiston reservoir after a several days' sojourn spent in hunting and fishing. He brought with him 150 ducks and 80 pounds of fish, which he generously divided among his court house acquaintances.—Dayton, O., Evening Press.

I wrote John asking if the report was correct and here is his reply:

Yours of the 6th inst. at hand. The duck story is all right, but the fish was 115 pounds of bass. By the time I was done dividing among my friends I had none left for myself, so I went back, April 3rd, and staid till April 8th, and that time got but 93 ducks and 75 pounds of bass, some of which I kept for myself.

John Kirchner, Dayton, O.

But how about leaving some alive to breed? Are you trying to exterminate the ducks, John? If not, why kill them in spring, when on their way to their nesting grounds? If you must kill in spring why not be satisfied with a reasonable bag? Why slaughter to such an extent as this? You report having killed 243 ducks and 155 pounds of bass on 2 trips. Don't you know, John, that all decent men will class you as a hog when they read this?

Your letter head says you are a contractor for mason work, street building, etc. John, did you really distribute your ducks and fish about the court house from a sense of pure generosity, or did you give them to the county officers in order to influence trade? If you were really generous you would have left at least 75 per cent. of those ducks and fish alive, in order that your neighbors might have some sport in years to come, as well as something to eat.—EDITOR.

SOME GOAT HOGS.

A friend of mine who has 2 ranches and lives 15 miles below came up the other day and said he hadn't killed a deer for 3 years. He coaxed me to go out and show him where the game stayed at this time of the year. He said he might go alone and fool around a week and get nothing.

We went up the river on the ice and got 2 bucks. He was pleased, because, he said, his wife had been telling him she didn't think he could kill a deer.

A few days before we went to hunt, 2 Missourians were up in that country hunting, and, coming across a flock of tame goats, killed 18 of them; thought they were mountain sheep. Then a hired man who lives on the ranch found the goats and killed one. Learning at last that they were tame goats he drove them home to the ranch, only 4 left, and we saw them. Those I saw were females, heavy with young, and not fit to be eaten, but those Missouri Yahoos will eat anything. They are goat hogs. We suppose the goats came over the top of the range in summer from the Larimie plains and got snowed in. They are all ear marked and if the owner could find the parties he could recover damages; but he may think wild animals have destroyed his stock.

I calculate to get some bear next spring.

Ralph Anders, French Creek, Idaho.

DECOYS VS. DECOYS,

A friend to whom I lent my goose decoys last fall had an amusing and instructive experience with them. They are of the profile variety, and made to order, the colors being rather dull and not sharply contrasted, that they may not look too startlingly bright to the geese. I have used them 10 years, and have great faith in their drawing powers. Only last month 75 geese alighted among them while a friend was using them. To the club house at which Mr. M. was stopping came another member of the club, A., with 12 bright, new decoys, apparently painted with enamel paint, for they reflected the sun's rays brilliantly. He had never used them, but called attention to their beauty. Mr. M., an old goose hunter, said they were pretty bright, but his suggestion was received with scorn. A. in turn hooted at my battle scarred decoys, saying a goose would be a fool to come to such looking things. The next morning the decoys were placed on opposite sides of the lake. The first flock of geese headed straight for the new ones, but turned short in alarm, at a distance of 200 yards, and passed close over my decoys and my friend M., who did good execution among them. After some hours of that sort of thing M. noticed A. rubbing mud over his pretty decoys to dull their brilliancy; but he did not get a shot at a goose that day. If there are any deductions from this story they are, first: Don't laugh, on theoretic grounds, at any device which has for years proved itself effective; second, don't paint goose decoys too bright.

J. W. Hall, M. D., Denver, Colo.

MOOSE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The latest report of the Nova Scotia Game Society says moose are increasing in all parts of the province. How numerous they are, your readers may judge from the following: October 2nd a friend and I called up and killed 2 bull moose within sound of a steam mill on one side and a farmyard on another. While awaiting the approach of the animals we could hear dogs bark, roosters crow, and cow bells ring. One moose came up in the early morning within 60 yards. He was killed by one bullet passing through behind his shoulders, and ran 10 yards after being struck. While skinning him we continued to call at intervals. In an hour we heard another answer. We dropped our knives and took up our rifles. In 15 minutes another moose lay on the meadow 40 yards from the first. He came within 28 steps of our cover. Two bullets entered his chest, only 2 inches apart, and he died where he stood. He was a 4 year old bull, and a handsome animal.

In the latter part of the same month 2 other sportsmen and I were calling in another locality. We had 2 moose close to us, but failed to get a shot, as a breeze carried our scent to them before they broke cover. While listening to these moose we could hear the church bells at Bear river ringing for evening prayer meeting. This trip was made between noon and bedtime. Comparatively few foreign hunters come here; a fact not deeply regretted by local sportsmen.

J. L. De Vany, Bear River, N. S.

THE GOOD WORK GOES ON.

A sportsman's club having for its object the preservation of game and the enforcement of game laws has been organized in this city, with Frank C. Oschever as secretary. The club has successfully prosecuted one person for fishing out of season, with fine of $20. Last Sunday the club turned out *en masse* on a hunt for blue jays and it was a blue day for the jays; some 400 being killed. It has been fully determined that these birds have no redeeming traits, are destructive of quail eggs and in other ways are a nuisance.

Trout fishing engaged the attention of sportsmen here last season, with only fair success reported. The streams have been restocked, and with an abundance of rain again this winter fishing will be good. Later, we will have dove, quail and deer shooting in the mountains hemming in Santa Clara valley. Duck shooting is also good here in the season.

We do not have much complaint to make concerning game hogs. Yet some missionary work can be done. Sportsmen here do not kill or catch to sell and usually are satisfied with reasonable numbers. We had fastened on us here for years a political pest who fattened on a salary of $100 a month as game warden, who never had a rod or a gun in his hand and who rendered no service in return; but having got rid of him the club will try to look after the interests of the community in this regard, it being conceded that game and fish are the source of much profit to a country in the way of bringing tourists into the valley.

C. L., San Jose,, Cal.

OPPOSES NON-RESIDENT LICENSE.

I read RECREATION each month with great interest, and am especially pleased with many of the articles in regard to the protection of game; but are there not different sorts of game hogs? For instance, the laws of many States prohibit non-residents from shooting. There are hundreds of sportsmen who would not break the game laws under any consideration, yet these men happen to live where there is no game. By going 30 or 40 miles they might enjoy a few days' shooting, but they can't go into another State without paying $10 to $25. Take this community, for instance. Here we have hardly anything but deer. By going down Green bay a few miles we could get fairly good duck shooting, but it will cost us $25. Even then we only stay one day. When I was South a man could not shoot in Virginia if he owned a million dollars' worth of property there, unless he was a resident of that State one full year previous. That certainly is not according to the Constitution of the United States, which says the rights of the citizens of each State shall be equal; or, "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges of citizens of the several States." I want to see the game preserved, but not to preserve it so we can kill it all ourselves. To show our neighbors that what we want is not to take care of the game except in order to play game hog in our own State, and not let our friends shoot a gun anywhere in this great free country, seems to me mean and selfish.

Frank F. W. Greene, Escanaba, Mich.

A VALUABLE GUIDE.

I am glad to see the name of C. H. Stokes, Mohawk, Lake county, Florida, added to RECREATION'S list of good guides. Some of the happiest recollections of my life center about the days spent with him in the search of game and health, both of which I found, among the sand hills and crystal lakes surrounding his charming home. Next to the satisfaction of killing game is that of having it well and appropriately served; and Mrs. Stokes is as delightful a cook as her husband is guide and companion in the woods. "Grease and grits," nor any other of the gastronomic horrors of the back woods of Florida ever enter into the cuisine of their household, where the comfort and pleasure of guests are carefully studied.

Mohawk, while easily accessible, is off the beaten line of tourist travel and has never been overhunted. Quails and doves are plentiful everywhere, the lakes are full of big mouth bass, while only 12 miles South is a practically uninhabited country abounding with deer, bear, squirrels, etc., turkeys, ducks, quails and other game birds. A camp hunt into this country with tents, cots, and all other paraphernalia necessary for comfort is an experience to be treasured as long as memory lasts.

The devotee of the rod, gun or camera will find in Charlie Stokes a congenial and intelligent companion, a faithful and efficient guide, and his home a delightful place in which to sojourn in a climate where it is "summer in the winter time."

Ned Lee, Floral Park, N. Y.

WOODCHUCKS IN VIRGINIA.

W. A. Bruce has an interesting article about woodchucks in November RECREATION. I can not, however, agree with him that there are no woodchucks in Virginia. I vividly remember an experience I had with one when a boy; the place being only 40 miles from Richmond.

During the latter part of a summer, when walking up a dry creek bed. I noticed my cousin's pointer, which had followed me, was greatly excited. He would shoot up out of the tall bottom grass, his nose, body and tail in a straight line, his legs rigidly set and every muscle at highest tension. When his highest point of flight was reached, in a frantic effort to see all around him, he would do an act that would make an acrobat pale with envy.

When the game appeared on the scene I scored a clean miss, but the dog held the animal until I could reload. I got it with the second shot and carried it home in triumph to be named. It was pronounced a ground hog, the Southern name for woodchuck. Its weight was 12 pounds. Later I caught 6 by placing a covered steel trap in front of their holes, but none of them were much over 6 pounds. I think the Southern variety are smaller than the Northern, and that they do not take so kindly to civilization, as I have never seen one near a dwelling or barnyard.

Can some reader of RECREATION inform me if they are found farther South than the Carolinas?

C. D. K., Newport, Ky.

A GOOSE HUNT.

Two years ago my friend George visited me. It was in April. Geese and ducks were on their Northward flight and we determined to go wild fowling.

We had marked a field in which we had seen many flocks alight. About 4 o'clock one morning we reached the field. While George built a blind of corn stalks I set out the decoys. We were soon concealed and ready for our game. Presently we heard the honking geese and saw a large flock coming in our direction. As they circled close over our decoys we gave them 4 shots, dropping 2 birds. For 2 hours we waited in vain for another shot, and then went home to breakfast.

Later in the day we noticed geese alighting in a barley field, East of the house. We went there and saw a flock sitting in the field close to a shallow ditch. We agreed that George should try to crawl up on them while I went around to the farther side of the field. I started and George began crawling through mud and water in the ditch toward the geese. When within 300 yards he looked up and could see their large bodies standing erect in the thick stubble. He crawled again until within 100 yards. Then he decided to jump up, run in and perhaps get one before they could get out of range. When the moment came he sprang up and ran for the geese; on nearing them he fired, but they did not fly. They were only decoys.

J. A. F., St. Anthony's Park, Minn.

CONFIRMS THE REPORT.

COLUMBUS, O.—Auditor of State Guilbert, Attorney General Monnett and Treasurer of State Campbell returned from Texas to-day with 500 ducks, bagged in 3 days' shooting at Aransas Pass.

I wrote Attorney General Monnett asking if this was true and he replied as follows:

I had the honor to receive a communication from you subsequent to my return from a hunting trip at Aransas Pass. State Auditor W. D. Guilbert and State Treasurer G. B. Campbell, W. O. Johnson, of Chicago, and Walter Bebee, of this city, formed a hunting party and were extended the courtesy of the Sinton ranch, near Aransas Pass, between Rockport and Portland, Tex. The Norther that was then raging drove in a great many ducks, and we were so favorably situated that our party, in 3 days, killed over 500. It was not a remarkable killing when you consider the great number that came in at that time. However, we felt much gratified in being told it was one of the best records that had been made there in some time.

F. S. Monnett, Attorney-General.

You should not have felt in the least "gratified" when complimented on your slaughter. You should have felt ashamed of it. Big bags and big records are a disgrace to any man, and the Attorney General of a great State should set an example for decent men to follow instead of one they should avoid.—EDITOR.

JACK'S BEAVER TRACKS.

Early in the spring of 1883, Jack Foster, John Dunkin and I went over from Dillon to trap at Red Rock lake. We reached the lakes shortly after the ice had broken up. Dunkin went up one creek and I another, looking for signs; while Jack was to go around the lake. When I returned to camp late in the afternoon I was surprised to find everything in great confusion. Dunk and Jack were overhauling traps and making extra drowning sacks out of a piece of stuff we had been using for a pack cover.

Jack explained that he had found the shores of the lake all tracked up with beaver. "There are hundreds of them," he said. The next morning, after a breakfast cooked and eaten in a hurry, we shouldered all the traps. Then, with ax, auger, and some rope, we started for the nearest timber to build a raft that would hold up at least a ton. If the beaver could have seen us cutting, slashing, and carrying logs to make that raft they would have taken shame to themselves as workers. We got the raft done at last, and pushed off. "Right up there is where I saw the first sign," said Jack, indicating a cove where a small stream came in. When we poled in, there was not a sign of beaver, but the mud was covered with swan tracks. We went around the lake to make sure, and all Jack's beaver signs were of the same kind.

Henry F. Hackett, Lakeview, Mont.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

I tumbled out at 4 o'clock one morning and hurried to the house of my brother-in-law, Ell. In response to my hail he soon appeared, ready for the coon hunt which he knew my arrival meant. With gun, hatchet, lantern, and Bruce, the dog, we were soon on our way to the woods.

Bruce struck a hot trail, and soon barked and treed. We found him barking up an old water elm which overhung a creek. The stream, owing to a recent thaw, was swollen, and about 40 feet wide at that point. After building a fire we looked the tree over several times before we saw those 2 little shining spots which proved our coon was looking at our light. I would have shot the animal at once had I not feared it would fall in the creek and, if only wounded, escape by swimming. Ell said he would pull off his boots and wade to the other side. Wading creeks in January wasn't in my line, so I did not offer any objections to his going. He crossed over and tried to get the dog to follow, but Bruce declined.

Holding the lantern on my head, I fired, and a splash in the water showed that my aim was true. We could see our game floating downstream, and Ell again pulled off his boots and waded after it. I shall never forget his look of disgust as he threw our prize on the bank, crying "It's a darned old cat!"

J. T. Maris, Sayre, Ohio.

WHY HE COULD NOT KILL.

I made preparations for a day among the quails, which were quite plentiful here last fall. Our company consisted of my friend, J. Frank Jaqua, two others, and me. Frank is a good shot, and a judge of a dog. He is an enthusiastic hunter. Being in a hurry that day, he had some boys load a lot of shells for him. As we were starting, he remarked, "I'll show you fellows how to catch quails without salt, and I'm no game hog, either."

He had a new Winchester trap gun, and of course we expected to see some phenomenal shooting. The game was plentiful and not wild, and our dogs worked well. Frank shot at every bird that rose, and as far as he could see it. But, alas! he could not kill. The rest of us got nearly every one we shot at.

He blamed his gun, then his dog, and finally gave up in despair. Here we suggested the salt scheme, but he was homesick; so we all quit. On our way home we saw a lone quail sitting on a fence post. Frank said, "Now, if I don't get that bird you may call me a game hog." He fired, and away sailed the quail without a feather being roughed. Then we remarked that there might be something wrong with his cartridges. Investigating, he found that the boys had loaded his shells with pop-corn.

He was no game hog.

Max, Humboldt, Iowa.

THE VIRGINIA SPORT IN OHIO.

We had a delightful fox chase here recently.

This was the third chase given in this county this fall, and the first chase in which we were successful in capturing the game. The day was an ideal one for the royal sport, and tit was enjoyed to the full.

Long before the time for meeting, could be heard the horn and shell.

The line enclosed about 9 square miles, the center being Means' wood. At 11 a. m. the lines had converged to the woods, and there we could see the sly fellows seeking unavailably to break the enclosure. At a given signal the hounds were let loose and the sport began.

The dogs caught one fox, and another was chased into a hollow log and captured. Then there was a race for the open field, where a ring was quickly formed and the fox was turned loose. The dogs were also loose, but the sport did not last long. After 2 or 3 circuits of the ring the fox broke through, and would have escaped had he not been shot. After lunch the drag was given, which was enjoyed by all. The victims were both red foxes. Some said they had seen a gray fox, and others a black one.

Silas Darling, Lima, Ohio.

TRAINING DOGS TO TREE.

In October Recreation R. T. Bartlett asks how to train a dog to tree and stay at his stand. I have been a trainer for years and have taught many dogs to tree squirrels. If a dog takes an interest in his work he will remain at the tree. I have had dogs that would tree, bark and then go on hunting. In such cases I call the dog to me, tell him to hunt, and watch him closely. If he wanders too far away I call him back. Usually he will soon locate his game again and indicate that he has treed. Then I sit down a while and watch the dog, calling him back if he attempts to leave his post. I walk around the tree, locate the game, and try to make the dog see it. Having waited a reasonable length of time I kill the game and allow the dog to smell and mouth it. A few such lessons are sufficient.

By working a young dog in company

with an older and well broken companion he will soon learn not only to bark, but to stay at the tree until you come. Do not let your young dog get too far away. When he trees and gives you warning, get to him quickly. Take plenty of time, walk around the tree and talk to your dog, encouraging him to stay and watch. If you follow this method you will have no trouble in training any dog of average intelligence.

F. L. Kenyon, Oklahoma City, O. T.

HUMANE TO SAVE CRIPPLES.

I note an ad. in your magazine by E. Whitton, "Don't kill cripples. Wing tipped birds will live, etc."

Yes, but how? I think it cruel to let wounded animals live and suffer; not at all sportsmanlike and not in keeping with the general tone of your magazine.

Frederick S. Rose, New York City.

ANSWER.

I am surprised at the sentiments expressed in your letter. I have always supposed the man, woman or child who rescued an injured bird or animal, who ministered to it and saved its life was a good Samaritan and was entitled to a free pass up the golden stairs. Your argument would tend to contradict this time honored theory and to prove that the humane societies, as well as the thousands of kind hearted men, women and children who do not belong to them, are doing wrong whenever they try to save the life of a bird or an animal that has been hurt.

The man who advertises in RECREATION for crippled birds buys all he can get of them, binds up their wounds so they readily heal, and in a few weeks the birds become as sound as ever. Then he places them in a large park where they have running water, plenty of food, and all the creature comforts a bird could have under such conditions. Here they live, thrive and multiply. Will you please tell me where the cruelty comes in?—EDITOR.

SHOOTING AT POINT JUDITH.

The shooting on Point Judith flats was fair last season. It would have been extra good if the breach inlet had been open; but that being closed most of the season made the water high on the flats, and there was but little bare feeding ground. Every man had to take his birds on the wing, or not at all. I was glad of it, for a great many birds escaped, and there ought to be good shooting next season. My best day's score was 12 yellow legs and 6 redbreast snipe. One afternoon I killed 10 yellow legs and 2 large curlews.

Ducks came in October, and were quite plentiful from that time until December. There were ruddy ducks, redheads, widgeons, black ducks, and bluebills. I went 6 times and killed about 50. The largest number I killed in one day was 10. I think I could have killed 50 birds that day, but I quit when I got all I wanted. Those 10 birds were all ruddy ducks, and the way the little Syracuse gun tumbled them was a caution. The ruddy duck takes a deal of killing, but with No. 6 shot and 40 grains of Dupont smokeless I killed them at distances of 40 to 60 yards.

There are some hogs and game law breakers in these parts, but they will be watched mighty close this year.

A. Kingsley, Wakefield, R. I.

DOUBTERS MAY TRY IT.

On page 289 of October RECREATION appears an article on coon hunting, signed M. E. Hoag, D.D.S. I congratulate Dr. Hoag on having such a good dog, to stay so long; but the dog must be a slow runner or the coon very fast. I have hunted coons many times at night, and never had any trouble in bagging the game in 2 to 3 hours.

What do you think of this for a fox chase? One day last winter I cut my 3 hounds loose for a run at 7 o'clock in the morning, and at 7:30 they had an old fox track working up. I did not intend going that day, as I had been the day before, but at 8 o'clock my friends Stryker and Overton came in and thought it a good day; so I joined them. At 11 o'clock we were successful in getting the other dogs in with the first, and had a fast chase until darkness and tired horses prevented us from following the hounds any longer. We returned home, leaving it all with the dogs as to when they would come. I retired that night at 10 o'clock, and the dogs had not showed up at that hour. This is no fish story. Should any lover of this kind of sport, who owns good dogs, doubt it, we would be pleased to have him join us any time.

Deer shooting was good last season.

J. W. Davis, Bayport, N. Y.

FERRETS NEVER JUSTIFIABLE.

I see in RECREATION you call a man a game hog who hunts rabbits with a ferret. I should like to see you come up this way and try to hunt them without a ferret. If you depended for your supper on the rabbits you got, you would go to bed hungry. A man might as well hunt squirrels without a gun as to start out after rabbits and not take along his ferret. Of course, I don't uphold a man in getting 15, 20, or 25 rabbits in one day, as I have known some to do. Such a man is a hog; but if 2 or 3 fellows go out together, use a ferret, and get 6 or 7 rabbits, I do not think you or anyone else can justly call them game hogs.

Ray L. Robinson, Dundee, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I insist that no true sportsman would use a ferret in hunting rabbits, and I am not alone in this. If you have been reading RECREATION, you have noticed that many of my contributors have denounced these ferret carriers as strongly as I have. It would be just as reasonable, and just as sportsmanlike, to dynamite brook trout as it is to hunt rabbits with a ferret, for the trout would stand just as good a show in a hole where a stick of dynamite is exploded as the rabbit would stand when a ferret is chucked into his burrow.—EDITOR.

A CALIFORNIA CAMP.

In July we made our camp in a beautiful little valley, 5 miles long and a half mile wide, in the heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains, Plumas county, California.

Our camp was on the Eastern side of the valley, consequently the sun did not strike our tent until 6.30 p. m., but it was warm notwithstanding the altitude of 4,400 feet. The stove was made of logs about 2 feet long and 4 to 6 inches thick; mud over thick to keep the logs from burning; then flat rocks piled on that with mud between to hold them together, and a piece of sheet iron over that to cook on.

Wood and water were plentiful. The latter we procured from a small brook, 150 feet from the camp.

In the daytime squirrels, chipmunks, and countless numbers of birds came about, and at night coyotes and owls.

We were in a gold region, and could go up to the mine and pan out nuggets, sometimes 2 or 3 times the size of a pinhead.

Wild bees were plentiful, but we did not succeed in finding any trees, though we got 5 courses.

We had many delightful days there, and in September we came home to school, happy and healthy.

Garrison Costar, Chico, Cal.

THE BEAR AND THE .30.

Some time ago I bought a .30-30 Winchester repeater. I had no opportunity to try it until Ben Earp invited me to X ranch for a hunt. Ben, a Mr. Tidwell, and I mounted ponies and started up the mountain over a trail so rough nothing but a cow pony could travel it. We reached the top, and were following the summit ridge when Ben said, "Yonder goes a bear." And, sure enough, down in a draw below us, about 250 yards off, was a large bear. "Stay here," said Ben; "I will go around with the dogs and get in below him." With cocked rifles we sat and waited for Bruin to come out of the thicket. "There he is!" cried Tidwell; and bang! went his old Sharps buffalo gun, knocking up dust 20 feet to the left of the bear. "Say, Doc, I can't get this infernal shell out; you'll have to kill him." I fired as the bear stepped into an open spot. "You've hit him, Doc!" Bang! bang! And down he went for good, with 2 holes through neck, one through foreleg, and one just back of shoulder. He weighed 500 pounds, and his hide measures 6 feet 3 inches from nose to tail. The .30 caliber did it, and the .30 caliber will kill anything that walks.

I. J. Bush, M.D., Pecos, Tex.

ANOTHER CASE OF DISTORTED VISION.

Early in November, '92, Lou, Ed. and I started for the American river, 20 miles East of Superior, Wis. We chose a deserted logging camp for our roosting place. After getting camp in shape and a plentiful supply of wood, Lou and Ed went to look for signs. This locality had been the feeding ground for several seasons of an immense white tail buck. Many hunters had seen him, but all failed to bring him down. Ed was returning about dusk when he discovered this monarch of Aminicon on the road near camp. A broadside shot from a .45-90 did not prevent the animal from wheeling back in the brush. Ed advanced and saw he had scored a hit. He followed the crimson trail a short distance, until it became dark. Then, in making a circuit for the road, he jumped the deer from its bed, showing it had been hit hard. Ed did not disturb him further and returned to camp to tell us he had slain the great buck with horns bigger than an elk's. After a sleepless night Ed arose early and got breakfast. Then we all took the trail and found, not an immense buck with big antlers, but a 130 pound spike horn. Ed well nigh lost his voice trying to explain the matter to our satisfaction.

J. O. B., Minneapolis, Minn.

THINKS THE GAME HOG IS AN EASTERN PRODUCT.

Most of the game law violators seem to live in the East. So I think you have commenced at the right place. When our open season is on our trouble begins. Eastern people come here and shoot everything that wears hair or feathers. They seem to think that because they go to some expense in getting to the game fields, it is their duty to murder. Fawns were mounted at Glenwood Springs last autumn; elk were killed before the open season; doves were shot on sight. There was a continued violation of law, largely by visiting hunters. Our game wardens are not the right kind. One told me he could do more good at an outfitting point, by asking tourists not to violate the law, than by going into the mountains.

I presume you fully realize what you are up against. The railroads offer every inducement for people to come here and help kill. The hotels do the same. And the guides, great heavens! There is not one of them who will not find any kind of game the hog wants, in season or out, for money. I read of your efforts with great interest, but it's a hard proposition you have to face.

J. E. Miller, Leadville, Colo.

GAME NOTES.

Please compare the new game laws of Colorado with the old ones and see if you do not think the old law better adapted for the protection of game.

The season on deer was formerly September 1 to October 15.

What do you think of changing it to August 15 and letting it run until November 5? What a time that man Webber would have should he be up on the White river 80 days. Thank heaven, we do not boast of any such alleged sportsmen in this vicinity.

I think it wrong to increase the number of ducks allowed each person. You may depend on it, any man who will shoot 50 ducks in a day will take more if he has a chance.

In this State quails are supposed to be protected at all times, and yet any day one can buy quails in the market by getting in with the marketkeeper. That is how the game laws are enforced in Colorado. We have plenty of game now, but our people do not seem to realize that it will not be long until one hears the question, "Where has all the game in this State gone?"

Fred. P. Taylor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

I have read the articles of E. L. Lindsley, of Seattle, Wash., and E. C. Chamberlain, of Chicago, in which they justly and intelligently refute the statement of one G. H. Webber, whose article appeared in Recreation. Webber's views are contrary to all that is reasonable and decent. If the solid logic and high-minded argument in Recreation fail to convert him, then let him keep on grunting with the rest of the herd. His diet should be B. B. shot instead of slop.

Mr. Chamberlain wisely suggests that "If the reading of Recreation makes Webber weary, he should discontinue it. From the tenor of his letter, I imagine he borrows it." Yes, Mr. C. is right, and the old proverb asserts itself in W's case: it is like "throwing pearls to the pigs." Recreation deserves better company, and anticipating that Mr. Pork will discontinue, I hasten to make good his deficiency in Recreation's list by enclosing $5 for 5 new subscribers. Long live the doctrine advocated by Lindsley and Chamberlain, Recreation and its editor, that righteousness may prevail and game hoggishness be doomed to everlasting oblivion.

Fred Naegele, Helena, Montana.

I am deeply interested in the work you are doing, and I am glad to say that nearly every sportsman around here is a true member of the clan. One of them has been to Texas for 2 weeks. He found plenty of ducks, but killed only 40. I don't call that hoggish, for 7 days' hunting.

In a recent number "Crum," of Toronto, Ont., asks if any of Recreation's readers ever tried to keep game birds in captivity.

I once knew a man who attempted to keep ruffed grouse. He found in the woods a grouse nest containing 13 eggs. He took 5 and placed them under a hen. In 8 days she hatched out 4 of the liveliest youngsters I ever saw. Wild? The least sound sent them under the house, barn, or anything they could get under. We caught them, took them to the woods, left them a lot of food, and let the ungrateful things bring themselves up.

R. Williams. Butler, Pa.

I was much amused at accounts in Recreation of the yacht Sybilla. The boat went through the ditch here, in November, and was covered with game of all kinds, just as they claim. They had come from Hatteras; but the laws of North Carolina are very strict and are well enforced. No non-resident may shoot afloat.

The people about Hatteras dislike to see any stranger kill or catch anything, and if the Sybilla got her load there it was gotten with silver bullets.

So please don't call the owners game hogs. From what we saw of them here, they were pleasant, clever men.

If anyone doesn't believe what I say about Hatteras, let him go down there and try to get a little shooting. It is the finest place in the world for geese and brant; but strangers are not tolerated.

A. S. Doane, Coinjock, N. C.

Mr. Doane's complimentary remarks about the Sybilla men are suggestive. Did they buy any game of you or your friends, Mr. Doane?—Editor.

Yours of recent date to hand, with L. A. S. circulars enclosed. I am heartily in favor of the platform, and the object of the L. A. S. I think I can get some friends to join, and shall do all I can to secure members, as I think if something is not done at once to protect our game it will soon go the way of the buffalo and the wild pigeon.

Small game in this section is scarce, but is increasing. I have just learned that some Italians living near used a ferret last fall for rabbits. I was away from town all last season, and could not watch for them, but you can bet high there will be fun next season if they do any more of their dirty work. There was a man, or hog, here a few years ago who boasted of killing over 75 rabbits with a ferret. I think he lied fluently, for nobody ever saw him with many rabbits, but a short time after he told that story someone was good enough to kill his varmint. Served him right, too. Pity someone did not catch him using his ferret and pinch him hard.

Charles Rupert, Oakmoat, Pa.

> Information was brought to the city which will give the greatest pleasure to local sportsmen. A farmer from near Lowell was in a local gun store and said that on his farm there is a flock of about 40 wild pigeons. They came there several weeks ago and he has been watching them ever since. William Woodworth, who was for many years at the head of a sporting goods department in a local store, confirms the report with the statement that in his cabin at the West Bridge street ferry, he has four pigeons. They came there several weeks ago and he built a little cote for them on the roof. They took possession and seem to have come to stay.
>
> It has been years since wild pigeons have been seen in this part of the country. Many years ago they were in flocks of thousands, and sportsmen from all over the country came to Michigan to shoot them. They were bagged in great numbers, taken in nets and traps and in a few years were entirely exterminated. The reports that the birds are coming back will attract attention, therefore, and as they are fast breeders, the stock may become replenished. Pigeons are now protected by law and the game wardens will give special attention to them.—Lowell (Mich.) Exchange.

The example of these gentlemen in trying to save a few pigeons from thoughtless hunters, should be emulated by every sportsman in the country who sees a flock of pigeons. All the States should pass laws putting a 10 years' close season on wild pigeons and meantime all shooters should respect and preserve them as they would butterflies.—EDITOR.

Last winter I had a shooting trip, shared by Frank Griswold and Henry Fry, of Hammondsport, N. Y.; Henry Russell, and H. R. Phillips, of Penn Yan, N. Y., and R. Hall, of Poolsville, Md.

We arrived in Bell Haven January 27. Next morning we took the schooner Enterprise for Lake Comfort, at head of Juniper bay, Hyde county, North Carolina. We arrived at Juniper bay Friday night, after a sail of 40 miles. Saturday it snowed terrifically. Sunday fair; Monday we were in good season for quails, and had fair shooting. Bagged over 40.

Then came the doleful part of it; rain and snow, almost a blizzard, for 3 weeks. Mattamaskut lake froze tight, which drove the ducks to the farm ditches in great numbers. We killed 118 in 2 days, and quit. Could not get into the woods for deer on account of the water; everything was afloat. As soon as the ice broke up in Albemarle sound, we skipped for home, voting 3 days' hunt in 3 weeks pretty slim. We had a few copies of the best sportsmen's magazine printed, RECREATION, to while the time away.

H. R. Phillips, Penn Yan, N. Y.

I wish to ask some brother sportsmen, through RECREATION, about the game of Wisconsin.

1. In what part of the State are the best trapping grounds for bears, wolves, cats, and smaller game, such as minks, otters, fishers, etc.?

2. Is a 38-55 Marlin large enough caliber to take to the woods there, for big game?

3. How is trapping in Sawyer and adjoining counties?

4. Are there any panthers or cougars in Wisconsin?

I should like to correspond with some trappers and hunters in Northern Wisconsin on this subject.

Although the severe winter has been hard on our game here, there are still some grouse and rabbits left. I have seen a good many squirrel tracks in the snow, and there will be plenty of them next season, if the nut crop does not fail us. There were a few quails, but the cold was too much for them. Grouse abundant.

Leather Stocking, Oakmont, Pa.

I beg to notify you that the organization of the Rainy River Hunting Club is complete. Ten kindred spirits have organized ourselves into a club and have equipped a permanent camp, on the Rainy river, in Northern Perry sound, with canoes, stoves, acetylene gas plant, etc., employing a resident guide to look after same during our absence. Most of us hunted in that locality last November with such satisfactory results that we decided on the above organization. We held our first annual business meeting at St. Catharines in April last; completed constitution and by laws and elected officers for the dent, Berlin; Dr. F. Killmer, vice-president, St. Catharine's; S. L. Doolittle, secretary-treasurer, Ingersoll. The meeting was most harmonious, and as all our members were selected with care and are thorough sportsmen, we anticipate many pleasant November outings in our Northern camp.

S. L. Doolittle, Ingersoll, Ont.

I am spending the winter in the woods of Northern Maine, at the Grand Lake camps on the East branch of Penobscot, 30 miles from a post office.

Snow is 4 feet deep, making hard going for moose and deer. One can easily overtake a deer or a moose in 50 or 100 yards' walk. Caribou do better, but even they get along with difficulty, as the crust will not support their weight.

I find a few tracks of the Canada lynx, but do not think they are killing many deer in this vicinity.

Deer are in poor condition. I have repeatedly walked up to one and put my hand on it. They are spiritless from starvation. It has been an unusually severe winter.

Moose do not seem inclined toward being petted, so I have not tried it with them. I postpone that experiment till the open season next fall, when I shall make it with my rifle.

No poaching noted.

P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, Me.

During the blizzard of '99 we were shut in by ice and snow 10 days; an almost unique experience for Eastern North Carolina. There was a high wind and a blinding snow storm, with the river nearly closed by ice. The only airhole open for miles was about 500 yards from our float, and by an effort I reached it and stuck a little blind. I had no decoys; but how the ducks did come in. I never had better shooting. As we had a fair sized crowd and very little grub, and we did not know when we would get out, I killed what I could. The ice would not bear me, nor could I get a boat through it, so when it came to retrieving I peeled off what I could and did the trick myself. When we got out a week later we did not have one duck left; had eaten the very last one, and mighty glad were all hands that we had them to eat. We cooked 7 or 8 every meal, and enjoyed the last as well as the first. The ducks were redhead, ruddy, black, widgeon, teal, one mallard, one canvas, and others.

A. D. Doane, Coinfork, N. C.

I do not wish to be considered inquisitive, but would like to ask if, in the opinion of the editor of RECREATION, there is any connection between the enclosed page from RECREATION and the *quasi* caustic editorial that recently appeared in a weekly paper devoted to field sports, published in your city? The editorial to which I refer was aimed at us fellows who have a habit of calling Mr. Game Hog by his right name.

M. Schenck, Troy, N. Y.

ANSWER.

The clipping to which Mr. Schenck refers shows reproductions of several monthly orders from the American News Company, which indicate the phenomenal growth in their trade in RECREATION. Their order for June, '98, was 10,600 copies, and for April, '99, 21,000 copies. This would seem to indicate that my custom of calling game butchers by the name of their 4 footed prototype is not so unpopular with real sportsmen as the old fogey champion of the game hogs would have us believe.—EDITOR.

A remarkable incident occurred while I was quail shooting in North Carolina last fall. There were 3 in our party, and we had with us 3 dogs. Two of the dogs were at heel; the other flushed a bevy of quails about 200 feet from us. The birds flew in our direction. We fired 5 charges of No. 9 shot at them and killed 8 quails. All fell within 7 feet of each other. I have been shooting more than 40 years, and never saw nor heard of another kill of that kind. Please give your opinion of it, and do not call us game hogs for killing so many birds at one time.

H. Richards, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I never heard of a parallel case, but doubtless some readers of RECREATION have, and if so, they are invited to report on them.

This killing does not entitle you to a place in the game hog corral by any means. The supposition is that each man singled out a bird and fired at it, and that the other birds simply got in line and were killed accidentally, so to speak.—EDITOR.

While quail shooting last fall, I killed 2 birds at one shot in a most peculiar way. A friend and I flushed a covey, and they scattered into some hazel brush. We were walking side by side, when 2 birds flushed at about 10 yards and flew straight away. My companion pulled on the left hand bird and I took the other. As I threw my gun to my shoulder a third quail rose and started off at an exact right angle to the others. We each killed our bird, and then turned to get a shot at the third. It had disappeared, and I asked my friend where it was. He replied, "You got the one that flew to the right." To prove it he picked up the quail he had seen fall, while I got the one I had shot at. They lay fully 40 yards apart, the second bird having crossed the line of fire just as I pulled the trigger. I did not see him fall, and would not have known anything about it if my companion had not seen him.

E. W. Nettleton, St. Paul, Minn.

On my group of 4 seed farms in Essex county, Massachusetts, I am compelled in self defense to make the destruction of that pest, the woodchuck, a regular business. At present I depend on traps or on the rifle in the hands of an expert, who devotes about an hour daily during the growing season to hunting these marauders. He sets a dozen or more traps, going the rounds with his rifle and now and then picking off some stray woodchuck. His bag last season was 96 woodchucks, 11 skunks, and 4 rabbits.

J. J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

Here is an opportunity for some of the Massachusetts sportsmen to make themselves useful and have some fun at the same time. It would seem that in a country where game for the rifle is so scarce as in the Bay State, no farmer would have occasion to complain very long of the depredations of the woodchucks.—Editor.

Toward the end of last October there was a fair flight of ducks in this part of Missouri. One morning my brother and I pushed out in a dense fog to have a shot at them. We pulled 3 miles up the river and waited for the fog to lift, meanwhile pushing our boat under some overhanging willows. In a little while it grew clearer. Then we heard a gun above us. Presently 2 greenheads came our way. One shot from my 10 bore dropped both. One rose again before we could get to him, but my brother called him down. As nothing else appeared we went on up the river. While rounding a little point we put up 4 teal. I could not drop the oars in time to shoot; my brother was ready, however, and got a bird with each barrel. On the return trip we overtook a large mallard floating down stream. He let us get within 35 yards, and then took wing clumsily, having evidently been wounded. We could not well miss him. and he made the fifth and last bird for that dav.

John Fryer, Kansas City, Mo.

There is a region in Montana, little visited by the sportsman, which should be better known than it is. The railroad guidebook speaks of it, but says that at Monarch, Mont., from which point this field is reached, no guides can be obtained. I found a guide living 2 miles below Monarch, an old hunter and trapper, full of good nature and interesting stories. His name is Jesse Bolsinger, and he is the best guide I have ever had. About 25 miles from Monarch, where streams from 4 directions come together in a wild and rugged region, about 15 miles in diameter, is the place to hunt and fish. Fish abound, grouse have been seen in flocks of 200, deer are plentiful, also elk and bear. One can camp in the center of this region, and reach any portion of it in a day. Few ever go into this country on account of its ruggedness, yet it is just the place to go if one desires real sport. It is about 70 miles from Great Falls, and can be reached from Monarch only by careful pack horses.

W. T. Euster, Great Falls, Mont.

The year of the World's Fair, after spending a short time in Chicago, I went to South Dakota. There being good hunting, I one day borrowed a Winchester repeating shot gun and, with a chum named Wood, set out in quest of chickens. We did not go far before we were into a flock. Wood got the first shot, bringing down a cock at about 30 yards. I cut loose at another, but missed. I soon had another chance, and missed again. That continued all day, I not getting a feather, while Wood scarcely missed a shot. Of course I was chaffed unmercifully that evening. Next day I took the gun my friend had used, a double barrel, and went out alone, taking but 7 shells. In 2 hours I returned with 7 chickens, not missing a shot. On several occasions since, I have tried a single gun without much success, though with a double barrel I can score as many shots as the average hunter.

Stanley Crandall, Union City, Mich.

Iowa sportsmen are working hard for the protection of her game and fishes.

We are about to make Iowa a nonresident license State. Also to stop all hunting between January 1 and September 1. An open season in the spring has always been detrimental to all game. It has given the game hog a chance to shoot everything in sight while hunting ducks or snipe. The abolition of spring shooting will save waterfowl from extermination. By the time the spring flight is here, say March 1, thousands of ducks are paired, and the killing of one female duck means the destruction of a whole brood. It is as much a crime to kill a duck in the spring as it would be to shoot a quail sitting on a nest of eggs. We have a rod and gun club here with about 200 members. All belong to the Iowa Fish and Game Protective Association. We have a standing reward of $25 for evidence that will convict any person violating our fish or game laws.

A. J. Mull, Muscatine, Iowa.

A friend who read Dampier's letter in October Recreation wrote him some good advice, and sends me a copy of the letter. It runs thus:

MINNESOTA LUMBER COMPANY,
Doerun, Ga., Oct. 7, 1900.

E. R. Dampier.

Dear Sir: I saw the account of your

fishing excursion in December RECREATION; also correspondence in October number of same.

If you don't want to make a complete fool and a laughing stock of yourself and friends over this matter you would better drop it. Subscribe to this best of friends to the game of this country, and reform. Coquina is going to beat you as sure as h—ll, for he will have the moral and financial support of 100,000 readers, who will, to a man, contribute $1 each for his defense. I am among the number; "and so," as Mr. Shields says, "it's up to you, Dampier."

Yours truly,
C. S. Stewart.

On the 18th of November David and I went down to the ranch, 12 miles below town, for a hunt.

During the evening's shooting we dropped 3 geese and 3 ducks into the grass, but were able to secure but one duck and one goose.

By daylight on the 19th we were again at the blind. During the morning we killed 2 geese and broke the wing of a third, which we caught and still have, alive.

In the afternoon we went down to a bay protected by salt cedars, and spent most of the evening watching some 300 geese feeding on the open prairie. On the way to the ranch that evening we dropped one goose out of a bunch that flew near us.

On the 20th we left the ranch before day, going to the lower end of the pasture, 9 miles South; but found that the geese were very wild. We killed only 3 that we secured, 2 dropping out on the prairie, where we were unable to find them.

H. M. Brown, Port Lavaca, Tex.

I have just finished reading in RECREATION an article signed Pijiji, who claims to live in California. If I were you I would put him in the same pen with G. H. Webber. Pijiji says some kinds of game are increasing in California. I suppose he means ducks and geese. If so I beg to differ with him. Anyone going to the markets in San Francisco, early in the morning, will see thousands of game birds piled up ready to be sold. There are thousands of acres in this State where these birds used to feed undisturbed and that are now in cultivation. The farmers formerly employed men with guns to keep the geese from destroying their crops, but that is fast becoming a thing of the past. Almost anyone will agree with me that these birds could hardly increase under these conditions. I agree with you when you say this man's defense is weak.

RECREATION is surely doing a great work. S. T. R., Napa, Cal.

Some years ago, in Northern Ontario, I tried a long range shot with a .22 caliber rifle at a red headed woodpecker, high up in a tall pine. Down it came, and never even fluttered; but when I stooped to get the bird it flew off, apparently uninjured. Can any reader of RECREATION explain this? Possibly the bullet tipped his head, stunning him a moment.

The best sport to be had here is hunting muskrats by moonlight. It is not bad fun if the nights are not too cold and there is no wind. There is a creek here full of rats, but the best night I put in was on an old canal. A friend and I went to it one evening and borrowed a boat. While one paddled noiselessly, the other sat in the bow looking ahead for the ripples which betrayed a swimming rat. As soon as one was shot the shooter became paddler. My friend shot 4 and I 5. I became quite expert at calling them by making a noise with my lips.

.40-82, Dickinson's Landing, Ont.

Prairie wolves were numerous in this county last winter. Several were seen within 80 rods of the city limits. The county auditor paid out in bounties $265 for the first 6 weeks of '99. The bounty is $5. That means 53 killed. The last of January and beginning of February were excessively cold, which worked up a good appetitie for the wolves, and they killed considerable stock. Many persons think the excessive cold makes the wolf bold. The strangest thing was they were all fat, and I believe they destroyed numbers of prairie chickens.

If the wolves and foxes are not thinned out there will soon be no prairie chickens left to protect from the game hogs. The wolf and the fox are the biggest game hogs we have. We have others, but unfortunately the State does not pay any bounty on them.

C. S. Hull, Warren, Minn.

I notice in RECREATION that the laws of Indiana prohibit the selling of quails. Will you please publish a list of all States whose laws do not permit the selling of quails?

They should all prohibit the sale of deer and ducks as well.

Keep after the game hog. Yours is a noble work.

T. V. M., Richmond, Va.

Indiana, Washington, Ohio and Pennsylvania are the only States, as far as I can recall, in which the sale of quails is prohibited. I heartily agree with you that the sale of this bird should be prohibited in all States where it is found, and this will come to pass within a few years. This bird is becoming too rare to be longer made an object of traffic. The same may be said of the woodcock, the ruffed grouse, the prairie chicken, and several other species of birds.—Editor.

The hunting season closed in Iowa April 15. The first ducks appeared March 18. A large number of flocks were seen going North, but they did not alight in this region. There were more ducks here the last week in March and the first few days of April than have been seen for 2 or 3 years previous. By the 7th of April most of them had gone North. I did not see any spoonbill and but few blue wing teal, as they do not arrive here until the middle of April, unless we have warm spring rains. Our Legislature, at its last session, passed a law affecting non-resident hunters. The law reads about as follows: "Non-resident hunters shall pay $10 license, and 50 cents to the auditor of the county in which they hunt; and shall not take more than 25 birds out of the State; and these shall be carried openly."

W. A. Bevan, Angus, Iowa.

And your Legislature should now pass a law to prohibit spring shooting.—Ed.

I have not been hunting for over 3 years; but have been in and around the Black hills nearly 20 years, and have seen my share of game. I was too young to participate in the buffalo hunts, although I am not sorry now. I am only sorry we did not have a few Coquinas to save the buffalo from the old swine of the early 80's. My only successful hunts were accomplished with Sharps rifles, the 45-90 being my preference. The black powder Winchesters never carried up to suit me. I have had no chance to try the modern smokeless, but I am promising myself a hunt this fall at Cold Springs, with a 30-40 or a .303. This country is sadly in need of game wardens. The army shoats go out from Fort Mead every fall in bunches, and what deer they don't kill with their Krag Jorgensens they cripple or run out of the country.

E. N. B., Lead City, S. Dak.

The doctors and the leading business men of this place care nothing for the game law. They shoot quails and deer at any time. If anything is said about it they want to know what we are going to do about it. There is no game warden for Riverside county. I like to hunt as well as anyone, but I never hunt out of season. I can get my share in season. The law allows the killing of quails and ducks 5 months. That is long enough. It is low business for a man to catch a little fawn and use it to decoy its mother. That has been done here, though the law says does and fawns are not to be killed at any time. There are only a few here who care for the law. When the season opens, the law abiding sportsmen are driven to the hills for game, because the pot hunters have been riding around all summer shooting at everything in sight.

A. R., Corona, Cal.

In a recent issue of Recreation I notice a letter from F. L. Cowdrey, of Jamaica, Vt., regarding the deer crop. Does are numerous, and do much damage to the potato crop and gardens. Bucks are seldom seen. Only 103 were killed during October, '98, and 101 during the last 10 days of October, '99.

Art. 94, Section 3, reads: "No person, during the open season of any year, shall take, kill, destroy, or have in possession more than one deer." Section 2: "Deer having horns may be hunted and taken in this State during the last 10 days of October."

I hope the General Assembly will pass an amendment to this law, so that does may be taken as well as bucks. Not many more of them would be killed, probably, but more of them would show up in town.

Geo. E. Ryder, Randolph, Vt.

I leave to-morrow for Florida to take some elk, mule deer, antelope and trumpeter swans to Cumberland island—the home of Mrs. T. M. Carnegie. The island is now stocked with deer, wild turkeys and some quail. The duck shooting is excellent at the proper season.

Shooting here last fall was good. The law limits a man to 5 animals—deer, sheep or antelope—and many men killed the limit. About 18 deer were killed around the ranch and many pintail grouse. Two large rams were killed lately. Grouse are abundant and furnish good shooting. Since the county bounty was taken off the wolves and coyotes are increasing. We trapped a large lynx last week, ½ mile from the house; also got with poison 2 golden eagles.

Howard Eaton, Medora, N. Dak.

We have a sport, not sportsman, here who told me he saw a pheasant in the woods and tried to kill it. I told him pheasants were protected until 1900, but he said that did not mean our common pheasants. Can you tell me what kind of pheasants we have in Ohio? I call them the ring neck. Should like to hear from you, as I think Mr. John Dinehart needs a good ripping up the back.

Dan M. Wogaman, Quincy, O.

ANSWER.

You have the native ruffed grouse, erroneously called pheasant. Your Fish and

Game Commissioners have imported and liberated a large number of ring neck pheasants, on which there is a close season for 5 years. If Dinehart attempted to kill one of these, or if he tried to kill a ruffed grouse except in the legal season for killing, he should be prosecuted.—Editor.

A party of 20, of which I was one, left Ashley last October for Maine and camped at the upper end of Moosehead lake. Were there about 26 days, and the entire party got about 33 deer. One man said 35. I think 33 is correct. For 6 of us to kill 35 deer would be unreasonable and a violation of law. We are in favor of protecting game instead of slaughtering it. One of our party saw 15 deer and 3 cow moose in one place, and I saw 5 deer. I stood within 50 feet of them, watched them feed several minutes, and none of us raised a gun to shoot. Could have killed a great many more if we had thought it right.

J. W. Wright, Kendallville, Ind.

I left Silverton one frosty morning, and after going about 2 miles got a pot shot at a flock of curlews, killing 7. I shot 9 jack rabbits. They were the tamest I ever saw; I hit every one sitting. My dog treed 33 quails, and I bagged all of them with my Scott gun. This was a good day's hunt for a true sportsman. I like Recreation because it condemns the game hogs.

Janus Horner, Silverton, Ore.

But you are not a true sportsman. If you were you would not have shot into a flock of plover on the ground. Neither would you have killed 33 quails in a day. Twenty is all any man should kill in one day. You say your dog treed these, and the inference is you shot them sitting. This is worse still. It is time for you to take a reef in your greed.—Editor.

The Cheyenne Indians have been killing off our game the last 3 or 4 years. They get a permit from their agent in the fall to leave the reservation, and then they slaughter the deer and antelope. As long as the government feeds them, I don't think it right to let them kill all the game. A lot of them are now camped at Forsyth, waiting for the ice to get solid on the Yellowstone river, so they can cross to the North side to kill antelope. They killed about 75 last winter. Three years ago they killed 70 deer and 2 bears. The fall before that they killed a lot of deer and an elk. People here don't seem to care how much game is killed. But it will not last long if the Cheyennes can go after it whenever they like.

Frank Wyant, Forsyth, Mont.

Mr. Fletcher, of Alpine, Tex., says there are still elk in the Sacramento mountains. This, I am sure, is a mistake. The last one killed here was over 3 years ago. The Indians, who are the original game hogs, killed off the elk as they are now killing the deer. Turkeys are plentiful, because the Indians do not hunt them except for sale. Superstition deters them from eating any bird. They believe them to be the abode of the spirits of dead Indians. Bear are plentiful, and, with gray wolves, are becoming a source of loss to the stockman. This is quite a game country, though not comparable to the Sierra Madre. There are large flocks of bandtail pigeons along the Sacramentos.

C. A. T., Tularosa, N. M.

Having heard that ducks were coming in fast from the North, we left home October 24th for Lewistown reservoir, and a week's hunting and fishing. Arriving at our destination, we put things in order for a general good time. We hired a small furnished cottage, of which there are several on the ground, for $3 a week. Then we were ready for the fish and ducks. The first day we had fair success, killing about 20 ducks. The next day, although the afternoon was stormy, we killed as many more. The fourth day we had for 2 hours the best shooting of the week. The ducks were flying thick and fast and we secured about 25. Altogether, we got 80 birds and had a most enjoyable week.

B. E. Hocker, Dayton, O.

This is the garden spot of Colorado and is within 45 miles of Estes park, one of the most beautiful summer resorts in the Rocky mountains. Our small streams are full of trout, and deer and mountain sheep are abundant. In spring and fall we have good duck shooting in the many lakes of this region. Out here game hogs call themselves "gentlemen sportsmen." They lease a lake, build a club house, hire a man to feed the ducks and geese 5 days a week and then shoot on the other 2 days. The law limits a man to 50 birds a day; but club men often kill 150 ducks in a day.

A. H. Hawkins, Berthound, Colo.

It makes no difference what such men call themselves. Every decent man knows the brand as far as he can see it. I hope your Legislature will put up a 10 bird limit this winter, with a jail penalty behind it. —Editor.

As we keep an eye on the prairie chicken from early spring to late fall, we find that not only is the hunter the chickens' enemy, but that quite a percentage of the chickens and their eggs are destroyed by old Reynard and the hawks. By close watching we may see the old fox carrying, almost daily, a chicken to her young.

The hawk has a keen eye, and in his tour over the fields he keeps close watch for mice, small birds, and eggs of any kind. I have seen hawks, after detecting a chicken and her nest, drive her off, eat the eggs and destroy the nest. No hunter need feel guilty in shooting a fox or a hawk, for by so doing he is increasing the sport of prairie chicken hunting.

James Frank, St. Paul, Minn.

In November last I made up a party of 6 to go rabbit shooting. With a team, tent, oil stove and grub we drove back 26 miles into the country, reaching our destination and making camp before dark. The first morning our dogs picked up a track which seemed to puzzle them. They followed it to a thicket, and we stood around expecting a rabbit to pop out. Instead, we were surprised to see a catamount appear. He saw us and turned at long range, and though we fired 2 charges, the loads were too light to stop him. We had better luck with the rabbits; there seemed to be one behind each log and in every bush. We could have killed many more, but contented ourselves with 8 apiece.

W. H. Kaufman, Scranton, Pa.

If C. H. N. will carry out carefully the following directions, he will have no difficulty in curing his dog of being gun shy. First tie the dog up and leave him a day without food. On the following morning take a muzzle loader with but an ordinary cap on the nipple, and, with a small piece of meat, bid Mr. Purp a cheerful good-morning. Snap the cap and offer the meat. If he takes it from the hand, well and good. If not, try same treatment again at noon, and so on until he does take it. When he gets accustomed to the cap, try small load of powder, increasing the charge as the lessons progress. Hunger is great sauce, and will work wonders with a gun shy dog.

R. C. W. Lett, Ottawa, Can.

In the village cemetery at Bozeman, Mont., rest the remains of Adam Comstock, the discoverer of the great Comstock lode, at Virginia City, Nev. He sleeps in a suicide's grave, with only a cedar stake to mark the spot. The grave is covered with a rank growth of grass, and but for the stake would be entirely obliterated.

Comstock's discovery gave to the world $400,000,000 in gold and silver; gave employment to thousands of miners for many years. It also resulted in a goodly crop of bonanza kings and millionaires, not one of whom has lifted a finger toward the building of an enduring monument to the man who made their millions possible.

D. C. Lee, Janesville, Wis.

Recreation is the most pleasing magazine I have ever read. Last fall I went deer hunting with father and Frank Wheeler. We started in the morning. We followed a lumber road, with father on one side of me and Frank on the other. After walking some distance I heard a noise and saw a large buck coming. I had the buck fever the day before, but I was not going to let a buck like this pass me. When he was within 50 yards I fired. He started to run, but fell in a heap. I used a Winchester 30-30, and the ball struck him just behind the shoulder. The 30-30 is the gun for me. The buck weighed 110 pounds.

H. A. Troller, Buffalo, N. Y.

You are doing a good work in your ceaseless war on game hogs. They ought to be exterminated. We used to have a few of them, but here they have no abiding city. Public land there is none on which they can go, and the farmers will not allow any wholesale slaughter on their premises. This gives them no chance to perpetrate their crimes.

Game is not so plentiful as to make large bags possible. This part of the country, unfortunately, is being rapidly denuded of its woods. However, there remains enough game for the general sportsman. The season for rabbits and quails is open too long. Success to you.

Geo. F. Gunkel, Moorestown, Pa.

We have a game law, but it does not amount to anything. In and about our town are a score of men who make a business of killing and selling game. They sell to the hotels and ship to Omaha and Sioux City. On the tables of the big hotels quails are served as grass birds, while chickens are served as squabs, woodhens and the like. It is a shame. The birds are disappearing as rapidly as did the buffalo and the deer.

J. H. Bates, Chadron, Neb.

Unless Nebraska passes a non-export law this winter she will have no quails or prairie chickens left in 2 years from now.—Editor.

Sportsmen visiting North Carolina and Virginia, who are fond of bear shooting, should by all means spend a few days at Suffolk, Va., a beautiful little city near the Dismal swamp. Lately bears have wandered out from the swamp and are becoming so bold as to invade even the suburbs of the town. Persons coming here will find plenty of sport, congenial sportsmen, a good hotel, reasonable charges, and everything calculated to make their stay pleasant. Any further information will be cheerfully given through RECREATION.

Virginius, Norfolk, Va.

It gives us all much pleasure to note RECREATION'S efforts to put a stop to indiscriminate shooting and fishing, and we wish it God speed.

The law regarding quail shooting is being well observed here, and the birds are increasing in number rapidly; several fine flocks within ½ mile of village. Grouse are scarce. A few parties around here hunt for market, and the law is evaded. There is not one bird to-day where there were dozens 3 years ago. Good bass and pickerel fishing in Mississippi river. Our fishing banks are becoming noted, attracting sportsmen from other States.

W. H. Hunt, Potosi, Wis.

Enclosed please find clipping which goes to show how the game laws are enforced in some parts of Ohio:

> Warren, O., — George McCloud was fined $25 and costs Thursday by J. A. Blackburn for violating the game law. McCloud shot a duck Monday and the crime was reported to Game Warden Samuel Klingensmith.

I wish every game warden in the country would do his utmost to secure a conviction where a violation is reported. Also too much good can not be said of Mr. Blackburn for the way he punished violators of game laws.

W. J. Eckart, Columbus, Ohio.

I read in RECREATION, in "A Day on the Beach," that 2 men bagged, approximately, 56 birds. Does not this story trend toward the pen? Many interesting articles in past issues point this question, and I feel that such contributions ought to be followed by a cautionary footnote, "Ware the trait porcine."

Captain Kidde, Schenectady, N. Y.

I do enough roasting, the Lord knows. If I let a guilty man escape occasionally, that's no sign my readers will. They hate all the hogs whose bristles show up, whether I tell them to or not.—EDITOR.

> The case of the State against George Holmes, charged with violating the game laws, occupied all of Justice Mallet's time yesterday. Holmes was accused of shooting a quail on September 6th, and was arrested by Deputy Game Warden Davis. A cloud of witnesses were subpoenaed, and the bird that was shot preserved in alcohol, was also brought in, to prove that it was not a quail but a dove. Holmes was discharged.

That is the kind of game wardens we have here. They are less anxious to protect game than to fill their own pockets. They persuade farmers to post their lands, that they may be able to pounce on any one unlucky enough to trespass.

L. A. Cobb, Toledo, O.

Ducks of several varieties are plentiful on the Iowa river during the migrating seasons. During a storm and in unsettled weather they at times seek the protection of the bluffs which line the river. On such occasions hundreds of the birds are shot. We have, I am sorry to say, plenty of men who play the hog when they get a chance. A pleasing feature of the Iowa river are its pigeon roosts. Thousands of these birds make their homes in the crevices of the giant walls which border the river.

R. J. Latson, Iowa Falls, Ia.

A few passenger pigeons fly over here every year. At Lake Samish, 7 miles East of this place, a great number of pigeons may be found during August. I know this to be a fact, for I have hunted them there.

Justin Tabor, Fairhaven, Wash.

I regret to learn that you or anyone else should have killed a passenger pigeon. These birds have been extremely scarce for many years, and now that a few are returning to this country they should be carefully preserved everywhere in the hope that they may again become numerous.—EDITOR.

I have been a sportsman ever since I was old enough to hold a gun, and have in these parts seen the almost total extermination of game. The meadows, fields and hedges and the ponds, lakes and brooks are tenantless; the beautiful creatures that frequented them have vanished. There are about as many game birds in Queens county as there are game hogs in heaven. In my opinion, the only remedy is to prohibit the sale of game at all times. That would end the terrible slaughter which is now carried on to supply the markets.

Gerard Van Nostrand, Flushing, N. Y.

The game in Western New Hampshire is well hunted and consequently scarce, but good sport can be had with foxes, coons, rabbits and grouse, and there are a few gray squirrels and woodcock. Plover are plentiful on the high lands during the summer, but about August 1st suddenly disappear. Do any of RECREATION'S readers know where they go? The small cony rabbit is increasing alarmingly. Deer are multiplying rapidly under the rigidly enforced protection and are quite tame, being often seen at close range in the farming country.

W. R. Nelson, Mill Village, N. H.

Just returned from a month's hunt on Missouri river. We killed some white tail deer and some mule deer; 8 in all, for 3 of us. Ben Rose, one of the party, used a .30-40, single shot. I used an old .40-65 Winchester; a good gun, but behind the times. I think the .30's are best for any game found in this part of Montana. The Missouri river country contains a great deal of game: deer, bear, grouse, sage hens, cottontails, wolves, coyotes and mountain lions. If the Indians were kept out of that country game would increase.

A. H. Broodbrooks, Saco, Mont.

I sent in my subscription to RECREATION a short time ago. A friend gave me a copy, and I shall thank him all my life for introducing me to so fine a sportsman's magazine. Your pictures can't be beaten. I have hunted 20 years, and in the last 3 months have killed 30 lynx, 4 cougars, and 8 bears. I hunt bear, cougars, and wildcats with trained dogs, and have as fine a pack as ever made a track in the woods.

Frank Mossman, Kamileh, Wash.

The cold weather last winter destroyed a great many quails, but there are enough left to make good shooting next fall. My neighbor, Mr. A. Rose, carried out grain to several coveys all through the extreme cold weather; a commendable act. He is a farmer and a sportsman of the highest order. While cutting timber on the last day of February, I found 5 young fox squirrels which were probably several days old. Can any other reader of RECREATION remember seeing young squirrels so early? J. T. Maris, Marion, Ohio.

Our game is increasing, and if our laws are enforced we shall soon have plenty of it; but we have some game hogs who can not wait until the season opens. They go out and shoot everything they can find regardless of law. They should be made to pay dearly for shooting game out of season.

You deserve the support of all good men in your war on the game hog. RECREATION is getting better every issue, and I hope it may reach every true sportsman of this country.

Wm. Snyder, Middleburg, Pa.

The Martinsville Republican says many ducks are being killed on the river near that place and that a few days ago a local sportsman killed a duck and a nine-inch bass at one shot. "The duck," says the Republican, "had already made a meal off the fish and it was not found until the duck was cleaned. The fish had evidently just been swallowed." No doubt a hungry duck might swallow a nine-inch bass, but how did he catch it?—Indianapolis, Ind. Paper.

I think the sportsman (?) would be more respected if he would pose as a second class liar, instead of as a spring duck shooter. How about it?

Jas. E. Lackey, Indianapolis, Ind.

I second the motion.—EDITOR.

This end of the island is a poor game country. Farther down there are deer and other game, including snakes of almost any old length, and parrots by the million. Last season at Mariel, Cuba, I saw large flocks of roseate spoonbills which reminded me of old days in Florida, when the pink curlew and plume birds were a beautiful reality. There are no blue jays here, nor many birds of any kind for that matter, which seems strange, considering the proximity to Florida.

C. O. Moseley,
Columbia Barracks, Cuba.

In February RECREATION a writer condemns the use of decoys. I have hunted ducks for the last 18 years and have never yet seen any sport in using decoys. For most men there is too strong a temptation to let the ducks light among the decoys and then pot them, or else take a bunch shot as they are in the act of alighting. I am not a crack shot; still I take more pleasure in one duck which I may get by still hunting, or by pass shooting, than I would in a dozen murdered over decoys.

Bob White, Omaha, Neb.

I believe that if the shipment of game were prohibited by all the States and the was were enforced, there would be plenty of game for the sportsman. Still, even that would not make game plentiful enough to allow of shooting quails on the ground, as some so called sportsmen do here. Last fall at least 100 dozen quails were shipped from this place to Washington by negroes, who are the market and pot hunters of the South.

H. P. Wilder, So. Boston, Va.

Ducks, quails, and rabbits were moderately plentiful last season. Open season for quail began October 1, and poor Bob White had a sorry time of it. The season should open later, as many birds were not half grown when shooting began. Chas.

H. Smyth and O. B. Stocker brought in 255 ducks as the result of 2 days' shooting.
A. W. Bitting, Wichita, Kan.

It would not require a microscope to find their bristles.—EDITOR.

There is a big game hog in this community. His name is John Bailey, and he does nothing but hunt. He shoots rabbits all through the summer, and had killed 99 up to January 1st. Then he growled because he couldn't find another to make it an even 100.

I should like to hear from someone in Colorado or thereabouts who intends going on a bear hunt next spring.
George W. Harp, Brinley, O.

Game of all kinds is plentiful here. Fine duck shooting can be had within a mile of the center of this city. Quails are abundant. Bags of 20 or 30 are the usual result of a day's shooting. Back in the mountains deer, elk, sheep and goats may be found, with an occasional bear or puma. In short, Idaho offers every inducement for the hunter. The game laws are well enforced; but people show game no mercy in the open season.
J. H. Gipson, Caldwell, Idaho.

Will readers of RECREATION kindly tell me what is the relative number of mourning doves, commonly known as mourning, turtle, or Carolina dove, in comparison with that of 15, 10, and 5 years ago? What position do they occupy as a game bird in your locality? About what percentage are killed lawfully, annually? What percentage unlawfully killed? Please give all information you can regarding this bird in your locality.
Otto Holstein.
San Antonio, Tex.

Have just returned from a 1½ years' outing in Northwest Colorado. Had a splendid time. Game and fish are fairly plenty there yet, in spite of the lax enforcement of game laws in that section. I saw and counted 2,400 deer last spring, at one crossing place, as they were going up to their summer range, from the middle of April to about the middle of May. Colorado should have plenty of game for many years yet.
Piatt Carnahan, Carthage, Mo.

The sportsman's journal spoken of in RECREATION, which started by giving pointers on raising ferrets, must be an interesting sheet. I presume the next issue will contain full explanations as to the best way to dynamite fish.

In common with all true sportsmen, I am opposed to the use of ferrets. I should like to see a law passed making it a misdemeanor, punishable by a heavy fine, to have a ferret in possession.
X. Y. Z., Savannah, N. Y.

I like the way you roast game hogs and think they deserve all you give them. For years this district has been overrun by men who shoot everything they see, from a wren to a rabbit. There is but little game in this vicinity. Three rabbits are considered a good bag for an all-day hunt.

At Oakland, 12 miles from here, there is good hunting. At Greenwood lake good hunting and fishing may be had.
Philmer B. Brooks, Paterson, N. J.

There are few birds here in the Black hills, but a great number of squirrels. Deer are plentiful on Spearfish creek, and herds of them are seen in the Limestone range West of here. It is reported that a minister from Edgemont, S. D., killed 14 deer before he was driven out of the country. He was even more of a game hog than the ranchers who kill deer for meat in summer.
Claus Bargsten, Englewood, S. D.

You will be glad to hear there are a few moose in Northern Michigan. Though I saw only their tracks, others of our party saw the animals. In fact, there are numerous reports from different parts of the Upper Peninsula that these animals are again in evidence. Now we must protect them in good earnest. Actually one man wrote for permit to kill one. Of course it was not granted.
M. H., Greenville, Mich.

On our way to the hunting grounds on Caloma we killed one curlew and one rabbit. We arrived about 3 p. m., and during the evening killed 8 ducks, 1 snipe, and 1 quail; besides catching an ample mess of fish. The next morning we were out early, but on account of warm weather, geese and ducks were flying too high. During the day we killed 2 doves, 3 ducks, and caught about 6 pounds of fish.
H. M. Brown, Port Lavaca, Tex.

Prairie chickens and grouse are plentiful here, and everything favors a large hatching next spring. Quails are increasing every year with the protection they receive, and if our winters are not too severe we will have fine sport with Bob White in 1900. Ducks were not so abundant last fall as in years previous. They were kept away by the constant shooting at mud hens by local sportsmen.
E. N. Hurd, New Lisbon, Wis.

Bathhurst, N. B. — Game warden Bishop is still prosecuting for violations of the game law. Albert Smith and John Smith of Salmon Beach, were up before Stipendiary McLauchin and fined $50. and costs. A warrant was issued for Leslie Ellis of Salmon Beach. His trial will take place Saturday of this week

Warrants will also be issued for several others as soon as enough information can be obtained.—Moncton, (N. B.) Times.

Game Warden Bishop deserves unlimited credit at the bank for his splendid work.

I am working with our State game warden to get evidence to convict some persons who lately killed a whole band of mountain sheep, over 20 in number. That outrage, and the killing of 17 bull elk for the heads and teeth, is all the damage to our game I was able to unearth last winter. Game wintered unusually well. We have had an open winter so far, and I do not anticipate any considerable loss.

Dr. Frank Dunham, Lander, Wyo.

As our game laws have been repealed, we farmers have taken it into our hands to stop the market hunters from killing all the game; and in Keystone Precinct we have succeeded. Anybody wishing to hunt on our lands must ask the owner. If a market hunter, he gets left. We have made 4 arrests, costing the hunters $5 apiece. We are well organized and mean business.

Harry Taylor, Farnam, Neb.

There is considerable game in this section of Florida. There are also a number of game hogs and pot hunters; and we have no game wardens to interrupt them in their nefarious work. I like your style of roasting pork, only you do not put on quite enough pepper. I could tell of many shameful acts of butchery committed in this county alone.

F. M. Wilson, Canaveral, Fla.

There should be a law to prevent bird dogs from running the fields while birds are nesting. I hope you will take up this matter and endeavor to have such a law passed. Through May and June one dog will destroy more young birds than a dozen hunters could shoot in the fall. We have dogs here that go out 5 and 6 miles and run all day.

T. E. Lewis, Bradley, S. Dak.

There is a large amount of game in the timber Southwest of here, and I think it will last for a long time to come. Grizzly bear are plentiful. The sheep ranchers are afraid to bother them much, and the Eastern sportsman has not found this part of the country yet. Keep up your crusade against the game hogs. You have the moral support of all decent men.

David Allerton, Piedmont, Wyo.

During spring and fall there is an abundance of large game on the foothills and lower ranges of the Cascade mountains. Elk, deer, bear, wildcats and cougars are especially numerous. Of small game we have grouse, quail and Mongolian pheasants. The latter do considerable damage to grain crops, but they afford more sport than any of our other birds.

R. R., Molalla, Ore.

I am reading newspapers and magazines in 5 different languages, but find none to equal RECREATION. There is not a page which I would leave unread. I, a born hunter and angler from the Alps, used to enjoy shooting poor, innocent birds and animals, but that is now over. I find more sport in protecting and helping any animal that crosses my path.

W. Sholar, Beatty, Pa.

We had a hard winter last year for our game. The snow was 3 feet deep in the woods in this county, and 100 miles North it was 4 feet. There were 23 days of extreme cold in January, the mercury falling 48° below. Still, game did well. The farmers say there are many prairie chickens, and woodsmen report ruffed grouse numerous.

D. J. E., Stevens Point, Wis.

W. J. Hale, fish and game warden recently arrested at McCloud, D. and R. L. Wilson, for killing grouse out of season. Warden Hale took the men before Justice Tetnt, where they pleaded guilty and were each fined $200 which they paid. This is the first case in Northern California for some time in which a fine has been paid for violation of the game laws.—Shasta, (Cal.,) paper.

And so the good work goes on. There are a lot of League members in Northern California, and hence the cry for reform is heard in the hills.—EDITOR.

In Northeastern Illinois there is but little game. It should be better protected than it is. Hunting should be forbidden for at least 5 years. A gun club of Waukegan wants to stock this part of the State with Mongolian pheasants, and offers to furnish the birds if the State will protect them 5 years. I hope such as agreement may be reached.

F. W. S., Warrenton Grove, Ill.

Kindly inform me through RECREATION at what time of the year and under what restrictions raccoons and opossums may be shot or trapped in New York and New Jersey?

G. G. Dixon, New York City.

Raccoons and opossums are not protected at any time in either New York or New Jersey.—EDITOR.

I am glad to see the stand you have taken in regard to hunting with ferrets. I think your sentiments are indorsed by every sportsman. Poor bunny has a hard enough time without being driven from his refuge by a ferret, to be caught by some miserable hog. I hope to see a law passed that will make it a crime to have a ferret in one's possession.

J. A. Dyer, Binghamton, N. Y.

I second the motion.—Editor.

I can not imagine why Mr. Black should feel so bad about your pork roast. Perhaps the fire scorched him a little; or perhaps game and fish are so abundant in Michigan that he thinks they will last his time. If he were a true sportsman, he would be glad to buy any publication that would help roast the razor backs and the violators of the game laws.

Anti Hog, Oneida, N. Y.

I have hunted and trapped 26 years. Last fall I was up the Neshnia-bo-tanz river. Caught 525 muskrats, 7 coons, 42 minks and 2 skunks. I stood in my tent door and counted 120 prairie chickens within gun range, but I did not shoot. Why? Well, I had plenty of coon meat to eat.

W. L. Rounds, Malvern, Ia.

I believe it my duty to say something in regard to the good that Recreation is doing. I see the results already on the few subscribers I obtained for you. I have been a subscriber one year, and am sorry I did not see your magazine before that time. I should have liked to read every number you have published.

A. W. Laughlin, Corning, O.

I see in a recent issue a clipping about a flock of quails being killed or driven away from the river bank a short distance from where I live in Wyoming. Hunt down and roast the hogs who chased them away. Game is none too plentiful here, although the surrounding country would be a fine place for game if not overhunted.

W. C. Cortright, W. Pittston, Pa.

For the benefit of C. H. N., New York, page 308, October Recreation: To cure a gun shy dog, keep him locked up, cut his rations short, and every time you go near him shoot a few caps, with light charges. Then pet the dog and give him something to eat. At the end of a week he will probably be cured of his shyness.

John H. Wictor, Ripon, Wis.

Quails and rabbits abound in this vicinity. Rabbits are not protected in this State, and the poor quail pays the penalty; many a rabbit hunter brings home more birds than bunnies. I wish some one would describe, in Recreation, the best ways of trapping the fox, mink, skunk, coon and muskrat.

C. Q. T., South Bend, Ill.

I spent a week last summer on a farm 10 miles from a railroad station. As the bird season had not opened, I took my .22 caliber rifle and hunted fox squirrels. It took 6 squirrels to make a meal for the family, so I would shoot that number each day and spent the remainder of my time taking pictures.

Wm. Donker, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The city of Keokuk, Iowa, had in one of its parks, last March, an old buffalo bull, 2 buffalo cows, a 2 year old bull, and a yearling bull. There were also about a dozen deer in the same park. There is a park in Cherokee county, Iowa, that has a herd of elk, and a man at Sac City, Sac county, has a herd of deer.

Dr. J. W. Graham, Early, Iowa.

Will some one who lives in Montana, Wyoming (Big Horn mountains especially), Idaho or Washington please tell me through Recreation or by correspondence the best parts of those States for deer, elk, moose, antelope, bear, wolves, coyotes, lynx, wildcats, mountain lions, goats, sheep and small game.

E. R. Forrest, Washington, Pa.

Recently one of our Justices of the Peace fined a game dealer $22 and costs for having quails in his possession in the close season. The defense claimed the birds came from Illinois, and that our law contravened the interstate commerce law; but the Justice took a different view of the matter.

Frank L. Littleton, Indianapolis, Ind.

I wish the editors of all papers would join the L. A. S. We have goose and duck shooting here in the spring and fall, and chickens, quails, cottontails and jack rabbits. The latter are so numerous they destroy many young fruit trees. During the winter they are hunted a great deal, hundreds being killed every week.

J. A. Carleson, Axtell, Neb.

I recently returned from a journey through Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. The only thing that marred the pleasure of the trip was the presence everywhere of the ubiquitous, God-forsaken game butcher. I spent some time examining the ancient cliff dwellings in the Mesa Verde, Colorado.

F. F. Kanert, Grand Island, Neb.

Last fall we had abundance of squirrels, rabbits, hares and grouse. Foxes, which are plentiful, are killing more birds and rabbits than are shot. The advance in price of furs is sending our local hunters out after foxes, so we anticipate more birds here next season than we have had in recent years.

Geo. M. Bennett, Apex, N. Y.

Several sportsmen's papers announced that the severe cold last winter caused the death of thousands of quails and other birds. In this section I have not heard of a single dead quail being found. Quite a number of doves and smaller birds were frozen. Last summer being dry, quail multiplied greatly.

H. E. Scott, Columbia, S. C.

All last winter quails were sold in open market in this State in defiance of the law. They had a prominent place on the bill of fare at the Republican love feast at Indianapolis, last January. Success to your crusade against the game hogs; give them the hot end of the stick.

J. C. Scott, Colfax, Ind.

Recently I saw a large flock of wild geese flying North, which, I think, is unusual at this time of year. Hunting is good in this section. Grouse, rabbits and coons are plentiful. Deer are not so abundant as in some other parts of the State. We have many foxes.

Lee S. Kimball, Northfield, Vt.

While spending a summer at Somerset, Kentucky, a friend and I greatly enjoyed a sport new to us both. Frogs are numerous in the ponds of that locality. We hunted them with .22 caliber rifles. We never failed to return with a string of 20 or 25; enough for a meal for 5 persons.

C. A. R., Cincinnati, O.

I hope to see a law passed prohibiting the killing of grouse for 3 years in this State.

Spent a week on Lake Champlain last fall, but had poor luck; the leaves were too thick for grouse shooting, and the water was too high for snipe.

H. E. Spaulding, Cambridge, N. Y.

We had good woodchuck shooting here last spring. We have also a few game hogs. One fellow killed 10 ducks at one shot, sitting on the water. No true sportsman would have been guilty of such slaughter.

Otis Hougland, Edinburg, Ill.

I was instrumental in the organization of a gun club here recently. Our roll now numbers 69 and is still increasing. One of the prime objects of our club is the protection of game and fish. May your good work of exterminating the hog continue.

Will G. Campbell, Walla Walla, Wash.

Where can I get a pair of domesticated wild geese for decoys?

Chas. S. McCall, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

ANSWER.

Write Charles Payne, Wichita, Kansas.—Editor.

With 3 friends I spent 2 weeks last October in Carter and Ripley counties, Mo. We killed 3 deer and were satisfied. Quails are becoming more scarce here every year. Chickens are almost extinct.

W. E. Huffman, M. D., D. D. S.,
Adrian, Mo.

Deer are increasing rapidly throughout the State. The open season lasts only 10 days, and we are allowed to shoot but one deer apiece.

Verne S. Thayer, Readsboro, Vt.

Game is scarce in this region. We have a few quails and prairie chickens.

E. F. Bell, Roland, Io.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion:

A yearly subscription to Recreation furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography, or who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days or weeks. A subscription to Recreation means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with checks in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipients will be.

HOW TO MAKE AND CARE FOR AN AQUARIUM.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Editor RECREATION:

In one issue of RECREATION Mr. E. L. Dupuy, of Blackston, Va., asks about the care of fishes and how to make an aquarium. The aquarium I will describe has the 2 long sides made of glass and the 2 ends and the bottom of wood.

The ends and bottom are made of 1 inch, well seasoned deal, dovetailed together. They are grooved, the grooves running with the grain. These grooves are ⅜ inch deep, about the same wide, and ¾ inch from the edge. The ends are held firmly in their places by 2 bars at the top of the aquarium. These bars are 2 inches broad and one inch thick. They are dovetailed into their places, and have grooves to correspond with those in the bottom and the ends. The ends are lined with window glass, and the bottom is lined with slate. The sides are formed of plate glass ¼ inch thick. These must be put in their places before the crossbars at the top of the aquarium are fastened, the grooves into which they go having previously been half filled with cement No. 2, described farther on. Cover the bottom with a thin layer of the cement just mentioned, and press the slate or glass firmly and gently into its place. Fix in the same way the glass linings for the ends. Fill up the corners with a cement of red and white lead to the depth of ¼ inch. When it is somewhat hard, put over it a coating of the cement which was first used. The junction of the glass linings with the ends, and the dovetailing of the crossbars can be hidden by 4 strips of wood, 2½ inches wide and ¼ inch thick, neatly mitred together. The corners of such framing may be decorated with small ornaments. The woodwork will look well either stained or varnished.

The following cements are useful in the construction of aquaria:

(1) Red and white lead, the 2 being mixed together into a stiff paste. The bed of this cement ought to be painted with gold size.

(2) One pint each of plaster of Paris, litharge, fine white sand; and 1-3 pint of finely powdered resin. This mixture should be kept in a well stoppered bottle, and when wanted the necessary quantity should be made into a putty with boiled oil and driers. This is a quick drying cement. It becomes, if anything, too hard.

(3) The same as No. 2, with the exception of the plaster and the driers.

(4) The best Portland cement.

(5) One part pitch and ¼ part gutta percha, applied when warm. These should be melted together in an iron ladle over a gas flame or a lamp. This cement is especially useful for an aquarium made of wood.

The following rules, when properly carried out, will save trouble and will keep the fish from dying:

No one should keep an aquarium who is not willing to bestow on it a little daily attention. This necessary attention will be hardly any trouble. Sometimes all that will be required will be a glance to see that nothing is wrong. As a rule there will be little to do but to supply some of the inhabitants of the tank with food. The food should be given at regular times, and never omitted.

The breadth of the pond should always be greater than its depth. The strength of the tank ought to be considered before its elegance.

The sun should never be allowed to shine directly on the water, and a North aspect is the best.

Unless it be very small, an aquarium should be placed in the position in which it is intended to remain, before it is filled with water. An attempt to move a fair sized tank full of water will be certain to do some, if not great, damage to the vessel or its contents.

Everything which is placed in the aquarium should be perfectly clean, whether gravel or sand, water or weed.

The aquarium ought always to be filled with water by means of one or more small siphons.

All aquaria, except very small ones, should contain aquatic plants. These plants ought, of course, to be healthy, of the right kind, and set in the right way.

All aquatic animals should be wisely associated.

No strange fish should be put into the aquarium until it has been some time in quarantine.

Aquatic snails should be put into the tank; especially those that feed on *confervæ* and decaying vegetable matter.

Feed your fishes at regular times.

No discarded food should be left in the tank.

All garden worms should be killed before giving them to the fish. Dip these in water before putting them into the tank, so all impurities will be washed off.

A dead plant or animal should be at once removed from the tank. A glass tube about ½ inch in diameter ought to be used for that purpose. Operate it in the following way: Put your finger on one of the ends and pass the other end over the object in the water who you wish to remove. Take your finger off the top suddenly, and the water and object will shoot up the tube. Place your finger back in the first position, and take the tube out.

Never crowd your fishes. It is always wiser to have too few than too many. When the fish swim near the surface of the water it may be taken for granted there are too many in the aquarium, or that the temperature of the aquarium is higher than it should be.

If a fish or any other animal is seen suffering from fungus, it should be removed at once. Cure: Put in running water or in water containing salt.

Never put armed fish with unarmed fish; as, for instance, a stickleback with a goldfish.

Fill your aquarium with water a week or 2 before putting any of your animals in it.

Never wash your sand, pebbles, etc., in any wooden pail that has been used for washing, or where any soap has been used.

Have several rockeries, so the fish can go below them.

If anyone should wish further information in regard to making, stocking, care, etc., or where to get the different species of fish, I will be glad to give it. I have had a black bass as tame as a dog. When the time came for me to feed him he would swim near the surface, watching my movements. I could hold the food 2 or 3 inches above the water and he would jump at it, and tear it out of my hand. I think an aquarium column in RECREATION would be interesting.

L. E. Schreiber.

LAKE MAXINKUCKEE, INDIANA.

The fishing at this lake has been unusually good this season. Those of the cottagers about the lake who enjoy angling found it easy to take all the fish they should at any time, since the season opened. Some were greedy, I fear, and caught more than they should; but as a rule the people who come to this lake to spend the summer have little respect for the fish hog. The Lake Maxinkuckee Association (the cottagers' business association) is beginning to see the importance of protecting the fish of the lake, and it is hoped it may create a strong public sentiment against overfishing.

This association has already taken up the matter of protecting the native birds about the lake, and it will accomplish much good if it will put forth proper efforts.

Mr. F. A. Lucas, of the United States National Museum, spent 2 weeks here in August and September renewing his acquaintance with the bass, bluegill, and yellow perch. Mr. A. R. Dugmore, the author of "Bird Homes," was here 10 days, photographing live fish.

Coot (*Fuilca americana*) shooting is good. As the coot here feed almost entirely on wild celery (*Vallisneria spiralis*), which is abundant in the lake, they are most delicious eating, rivaling even the canvasback duck.

Officers of Lake Maxinkuckee Association:

W. T. Wilson, president, Logansport, Ind.

A. Herz, vice-president, Terre Haute, Ind.

J. C. Capron, secretary, Plymouth, Ind.

The fishing at Bass lake, Indiana, has been excellent this season.

The bluegills, large mouth black bass, and the calico bass have been abundant, and some good catches have been reported.

This lake is on the Chicago & Erie, 9 miles West of Lake Maxinkuckee. There are 2 or 3 comfortable hotels on the lake, and it is a pleasant place to spend a few weeks.

THE SQUAW FISH.

I live on White Fish creek, about 10 miles from Kalispell. There are not many fish in the creek except in the fall, when the whitefish come up to spawn. There is one kind of fish here called squaw fish. Do you know anything about them?

W. D. McBride, Kalispell, Mont.

ANSWER.

The squaw fish is one of the largest members of the *Cyprinidæ*, or minnow, family. It is also called chappaul, yellow belly, and Sacramento pike, but squaw fish is its proper common name. In the books its scientific name is *Ptychocheilus oregonensis,* which is longer than most of the members of the minnow family, but not so long as the squaw fish. Though a minnow, the squaw fish is not a little fish, by any means. I have seen squaw fish in Flathead lake, not far from Kalispell, that were 3 feet long, and in the Pend d'Oreille river I saw one even longer. "Minnow" does not necessarily mean a little, young fish, as many people who do not know fish think it does. A minnow is any member of the *Cyprinidæ* or minnow family, and in this family are species of various sizes, from 1 inch to 6 feet in length.

The squaw fish is a common species throughout the Columbia river basin, and is particularly abundant in Idaho, Montana, and Washington. It is not a bad game fish, and affords good sport to the angler. I have taken it on the fly in Swan river on the East side of Flathead lake, and I have seen them served at the Demersville hotel as whitefish! B. W. E.

A DEVIL OF AN ANGLER.

The following clipping was taken from the Scranton Republican. It is evident Mr. Florey is devoid of any sense of true sportsmanship:

> C. M. Florey, who summered at Lake Winola, is said to have caught in one day 72 pickerel, 44 black bass, 18 sea trout, 3 halibut, 90 bullheads and 822 sunfish. Four lines were used, but Mr. Florey handled them alone.

I am well acquainted with the fishing grounds of Pennsylvania, but it has been some time since I have had such a surprise as this. Lake Winola contains neither halibut nor sea trout. Pickerel fishing, in Lake Winola, as in most other lakes or ponds, requires the skill of a good skipper, or the laborious work of hours of trolling. If Mr. Florey caught 72 pickerel, it certainly was done either by skipping or by trolling. In such case, how were the 44 black bass caught at the same time he was pulling out the 72 pickerel? Bullheads are not running against a hook in July, especially in Lake Winola. As to 822 sunfish, it would require a month's work, instead of 4 hours' work, to take them. Instead of 4 lines Mr. Florey must have had 40 and 4. I am inclined to believe the Republican reporter wrote this article more to play horse with Mr. Florey than to place him in the proud list of sportsmen. I have known Mr. Florey a number of years, and can hardly believe he would slaughter our finny tribe as he is discredited in the report with doing. The reporters of the Republican love to guy their friends, and if this item was written for that purpose it should be effectual.

G. P., Scranton, Pa.

FURTHER EVIDENCE REQUIRED.

Lake Bomoseen, Vt., is a beautiful sheet of water about 9 miles long and averaging 2 wide. It lies between the foothills of the Green mountains to the East and in view of the lower Adirondacks to the West and North. It is easily reached by way of the D. and H. to Castleton, which is 5 miles from the lake. I have never seen more natural waters for bass, both small mouth and Oswego. They grow to an unusual size. It is a common occurrence to catch the former weighing 5 to 6 pounds and the large mouth, or Oswego, 8 to 10 pounds. In fact, I have seen some caught there which weighed 12 pounds. Those are the largest I have ever heard of. Pickerel also grow there to an enormous size, running from one pound to 30. The larger ones, however, are caught as a rule through the ice.

As in the case of all good fishing grounds, especially those that are as yet not well known, this lake suffers from illegal fishing. Nearly every night one can see lanterns dodging about over the waters, indicating plainly that netting is going on. I have been told by law abiding natives that it is a common thing for a wagonload of the big fish that are caught that way to roll by to the local markets.

F. M. Spiegle, New York City.

Those are great bass you tell of. Were they weighed or estimated? You will have to put up some strong affidavits to induce anglers to believe such fish are common anywhere in New England.—Editor.

POSSIBLY NOT FISH HOGS.

Enclosed find clipping from local paper that tells its own story. And the fish warden at that! The whole catch were not bass, I have since learned, but I think these men are still included in the swine class.

The clipping enclosed was as follows:

> Frank Taylor and Fish Warden Spence returned from a gratifying fishing trip last night. They had 2 market baskets full of big and handsome black bass caught in the pond at North Andover. They had more sport than the chief marshal of the parade and felt bigger than the Fourth of July. Two of the bass weighed 9 pounds and another 5½ pounds.

Warden Spence recently prosecuted a boy for spearing eels in the Merrimack fishway. The law and the statutes were such that Judge Hadley could only impose the stated fine of $50. The boy's parents were poor, and the payment of the fine was a severe hardship. Mr. Spence therefore kindly returned his recompense, which was half of the fine. But Sunday fishing, the use of spears, nets, and dynamite are as frequent as ever. Ponds supposed to be closed from December 1 to June 1 are frequently fished a month before opening date. Keep up your crusade against this pest, and you will be surprised as to results and number of friends and staunch adherents to the cause you so ably champion. I have been a subscriber to Recreation from the first number.

C. S. Hale, Lowell, Mass.

It depends on the size of the baskets and what else was in them besides bass.—Editor.

WHERE THEY GO.

There is much controversy here as to where our fish go. The only fish we have, suckers, red sides, mullet, and red horse, run out of small lakes and up from the Great Lakes to spawn in our small streams. They run up at the only time of year in which there is ever much water in these streams. After spawning, the fish return to the lakes. The spawn hatches and remains in the creeks and ditches. Then comes dry weather, the small streams dry up, and every year millions of young fish perish. I have seen thousands of sucker and red horse fingerlings in a pool in the dry bed of a creek 2 miles from the river.

Still, every year our sportsmen wonder where our fish have gone, and curse the fellows down the river for using nets. Ten years ago fish were 10 times as numerous as now, yet they have not been speared or netted to any extent. I claim the decrease in their number is because of the great loss of fingerlings in the drying up of our small streams. If each sportsman would devote a day in his own locality to returning these small fish to the river, we would again have good fishing. What do the readers of RECREATION think about it?

Stanley Crandall, Union City, Mich.

GOOD REPORT FROM CLEVELAND.

It has been a great pleasure to me to read RECREATION, and I have been much interested in the correspondence published. I am heartily in sympathy with you in your good work. Cleveland is a village on the north shore of Oneida lake. The lake is about 21 miles long and 6 miles wide. It abounds with pike, black bass, perch, and sunfish. There has never been anyone here who would fish with a trap or any other kind of net. The game officers stop at Cleveland when they come to search the lake for nets, because it is the only place around the lake where they can be protected. I do not mean to say there are no game hogs here, for I know there are a few. If RECREATION were sent to some of them, it would shame them out. Duck shooting was good here last fall. Ruffed grouse and rabbits were also numerous. Panther lake is about 8 miles from here, and furnishes good fishing. There are any number of brook trout in the streams around here. We hope the game officers and RECREATION will keep on fighting the game hogs and net fishermen. RECREATION has taken the right stand, and we ought to do all we can to help it along with its good work.

L. E. R., Cleveland, N. Y.

MORE PENNSYLVANIA PORK.

Jacob Bubb, landlord of the Athletic Hotel, and John Bubb, of the Farmers' Hotel, have returned from a fishing trip along the river. They brought back over 100 pounds of fish. They started at Waterville, trolled down Pine Creek and then down the river to this city. They were compelled to quit fishing because the big fish got away with all their hooks. Ten of the fish were over 20 inches long, being bass and wall-eyed pike.—Williamsport, (Pa.) paper.

I asked Bubb about it, and here is what he says:

In reply to your question, the report of my having caught more than 100 pounds of fish, is true; but I will not forget to mention that my brother was in company with me, and is also entitled to some of the credit. We generally go together; nevertheless you can give me the credit of catching more than 100 pounds in weight.

Jacob Bubb, Williamsport, Pa.

Give you the credit, eh? Hardly. I will simply put you and your brother on record as 2 more of the swine who are so deservedly hated by decent people everywhere.—EDITOR.

NIBBLES.

Three records were made last season in these mountain lakes within 24 hours. Mr. William N. Lovelace caught a 33 ounce speckled trout in Sapphire lake, the best up to that date. Mr. R. E. Miller caught a 34 ounce rainbow trout in Fairfield lake, and a little later William L. Sherwood caught a rainbow trout in Sapphire lake which weighed 40½ ounces, this being the largest fish caught here to date. Three fish, caught in succession, weighed 4 pounds 9 ounces. Mr. Doughty, of Fairfield Inn, caught a speckled trout also, which weighed 28 ounces.

The Taxaway Company made special efforts to stock its lakes last year, putting 137,000 fry and this year 170,000 more in their 71 miles of fishing waters.

W. L. Sherwood, Sapphire, N. C.

After reading in your magazine of the catches of fish made by many parties, I feel tempted to tell where a true sportsman can find what I call real bass fishing. I have just returned from a 4 days' fishing trip. With spoon and live bait we caught 23 bass. One of these was the much talked of wall eyed bass, introduced into our Potomac river not long ago. Its eyes were surrounded by a red ring, something unusual in bass of other kinds. Should any brother sportsman wish some good sport with the rod and reel, or with the gun, in season, he should go to Sharpsburg, Washington county, Md., and get someone to drive him to the river one mile from there. He can have all his heart can desire.

Harry J. E. Thomas, Sharpsburg, Md.

In August, 1899, while trolling flies by moonlight, I took a bullhead of 2 pounds. Later another took artificial bait under the same conditions. Not desiring to be classed as a rival of Ananias, I kept silent on this subject. However, I took another bullhead on flies this year, on a dark night, fishing for pike, and have the assurance of a brother disciple of Walton that he has taken bullheads under the same circumstances. Perhaps there are others? If the bullhead is being educated up to the standard of a game fish, why can not the Filipino be redeemed? Next!

H. C. Wilcox, Friendship, N. Y.

It cost 4 Lowell fishermen $178.30 in Hudson police court for violating the fishing laws of New Hampshire.

David and Patrick Boyle were captured at Ayer pond by Fish Commissioner Wentworth and Chief of Police Martin of Hudson, and were charged with killing 8 pickerel. They pleaded guilty to the charge and were fined $10 for each fish. They were also fined $4 for having one pickerel in their possession which measured less than 10 inches in length. This made a total of $112.30 for fines and costs.

At Grumpus pond William Carr and Michael McDonald were captured with 15 short pickerel in their possession and were fined $60 and costs, which amounted to $6. All the offenders settled.—Nashua, N. H. Exchange.

This is all good news to law abiding citizens. The guilty men will probably observe the fish and game laws hereafter.—EDITOR.

If there is a game warden in the vicinity of Big Timber he is not doing his duty. The Electric Light Company at Big Timber, also the Pioneer Milling Company, has each a large ditch running out of the Boulder river to supply their plants with water. Hundreds of trout and other fish go down that ditch. The companies turn the water off at night, and the trout in the ditch are left to die. In some places the odor of decayed fish is intolerable. Every ditch on that river should have a screen at the head. The game warden should see to it that screens are put in.

E. R. G., Melville, Mont.

Farris Wallace, William Culp, V. Schrock and Calvin Schrock were arrested by Deputy Game Warden James Gowan and City Marshal Self, of South West, Ind., while spearing fish in violation of a State law. They were arraigned before Justice Farrell, pleaded guilty to the charge, and each was fined $24. It would have been much cheaper for these men to have bought their fish, for it is said they had captured only a few small ones when the officers descended on them.

The Caughnawana Fishing and Hunting Club has leased all of the Magnassippi territory from about 18 miles North of the Ottawa river to the Kippewa waters in the Province of Quebec, and all persons who are not members of that club are respectfully requested not to trespass on the club lands.

Halstead Scudder, Sec'y-Treas.,
Caughnawana Club,
Mineola, N. Y.

Star Lake, July 2.

State Game Protector McCullom recently arrested Andrew Astrello, for catching and having in his possession trout under the size prescribed by law. He was fined $25 and costs.

McCullum placed a warrant in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Barley for the arrest of a Syracuse party on a charge of catching trout under 6 inches in length and of destroying birds' nests. The fine was placed at $50 and costs and it is understood they will settle.—Watertown (N. Y.) Standard.

Bully for McCullum! I hope he may soak every man or boy who violates the law in his district.—EDITOR.

I am much interested in your fish and fishing department, and should like a little information. Will some readers of RECREATION who have habitually used the Bristol steel casting rod tell me if it works well, and if it gives good satisfaction for all around bass and pickerel fishing?

I should also like some information concerning fish taxidermy. Wish to learn how to mount fish at home if it is possible.

William Yardey, Chicago.

Henry Dillberger, who was summering at Delaware Water Gap caught among other fish 3 bass, measuring 6, 7 and 7½ inches, respectively. It is illegal to take bass under 9 inches from the Delaware. Unluckily for the summer guest, a fish and game officer was at the Water Gap. Toward him Mr. Dillberger proudly bore his string and was promptly placed under arrest for violating the fish laws.—Philadelphia North American.

The warden is a good one. Mr. Dillberger will not want any more such costly little fish.—EDITOR.

Stroudsburg, Pa.—Fish Warden Harry D. Garretson has made another arrest for violation of the fish laws. J. O. MacQueen, a Philadelphian, was taken into custody at the Water Gap. He had 5 bass under 9 inches.

Warden Garretson took Mr. MacQueen before Justice Gruver, of this town, who fined him $10 for each fish. —Philadelphia North American.

Warden Garretson has my congratulations. No system of education is so effective as the object lesson.—EDITOR.

THINKING OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?

How would a subscription to RECREATION strike you for each of 5, 10, or 20 of your friends?

The hunter's mellow horn blows free,
But all this has no charms for me.
Yet understand, I do not scorn
The fisherman's mellow, quiet horn.
—Detroit Journal.

A pneumatic mattress is a joy at home or in camp, and 25 subscriptions will earn you one. Send them now and you will do yourself a kindness as well as me.

This is the time to provide your camping outfit for next summer. You can get a tent free by sending me 8 subscriptions, and a larger tent for 25.

Your magazine is the best on earth.
D. B. Cook, Farmersburg, Iowa.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

MODERN HIGH VELOCITY ARMS.

The gun and ammunition department of Recreation has for me a special interest. I note the diversity of opinions, and the plea each writer makes for his favorite arm. For those who utterly ignore fundamental principles in the face of undeniable evidence, I desire to review this subject in a plain and practical manner.

What is it that gives high power arms such advantage over all others. It is smokeless powder, high velocity, flat trajectory, small caliber and quick twist. These are the cardinal principles, substantiated by indisputable facts. The advantages of each principle involved may be briefly stated and readily seen.

Smokeless powder gives quick action, slight recoil, clear field, immense driving force; securing for the bullet a high initial velocity with non-fouling properties and leaving the barrel in good shape even after many shots have been fired.

High velocity insures flat trajectory; both essential for hunting purposes, but not necessarily desirable for target work.

Small caliber, if soft nosed bullet be used, affords enormous smashing force with great killing power; to my mind greater than could possibly be produced by any large caliber. It gives, moreover, the advantage of light weight in both rifle and ammunition, which to the sportsman is important when returning to camp after a hard day's tramp.

Quick twist is essential in preventing the bullet from jumping grooves in all high velocity arms.

Such are some of the merits these arms possess over the weapons of black powder and big bores. The latter are heavy to carry, unwieldy to handle,have an unreasonable and unpleasant amount of recoil, high trajectory, low velocity, and loud report. They are in every way out of date, and should be discarded, especially in modern warfare.

In a previous article entitled "Comparative Merits of the Winchester 30-40 and the Savage .303," I spoke concerning an experiment with a beef. This was to me conclusive proof of the enormous smashing force and killing power of high velocity arms using a soft nose bullet; and this, notwithstanding what Grizzly Pete says about the tenderfoot and his small caliber. Pete is amusing; but if he will stand behind a 30 inch tree, I will show him what the little pop and spit-fizzle can do. I guarantee to bring him out and think the first shot will make things plainer. I will be willing to get behind the same tree and he can fire away to his heart's content with his gun at the sick tenderfoot.

I have never experienced the pleasure or regret of having faced my first grizzly, but should the opportunity afford, the 30-40 soft nose will do the work well, and is bonemill enough for me, until something indisputably better is put on the market.

Gilbert T. Smith, M. D., Yankton, S. D.

SOME GUN LORE.

If Howard Bratten, Kishacquilla, Pa., uses a Stevens or a Winchester rifle he will find the 22-7-45 Winchester the cartridge he wants.

If Mr. Cackler, Athens, O., has a 12 gauge gun he will find 3 drams powder and 1⅛ ounces No. 6 shot a good all around load. Two Winchester pink edge wads, with 1 card wad over powder and one over shot, will fill a 2⅝ inch shell to the crimp. If his gun is 10 gauge he can use 4¼ drams power and 1⅜ ounces of No. 6 shot.

I would say to L. G. Miller that the 22 long rifle is the best cheap small game cartridge. The most popular target rifle is the 32-40 Stevens.

Would say to M. F. Jones that a cylinder barrel should shoot round ball accurately and effectively at 150 yards.

As J. C. Campbell can not agree with me on the point of big game guns, it may interest him to know I expressed the opinions of F. T. Jackson, W. C. Oswell, Gordon Cummings, R. H. Percy and Sir Samuel Baker, all experienced hunters of the largest kinds of game.

I find the same objection to repeating shot guns that is mentioned in April Recreation. The shells are difficult to change in the field; while with a double gun you can carry one barrel loaded for one kind of game and one for another.

I notice many questions about loads for 12 gauge shot guns. I have tested all loads from 1¾ to 4 drams of powder and from buckshot to No. 10, on both targets and game. A good buckshot load is 3 drams of F F G powder and 9 No. 4 buckshot, which chamber 3 in a ring in a 12 bore. For geese and muskrats, 3¼ drams powder, 1¼ ounces B. B. shot; for ducks, 3¼ drams power and 1⅛ ounces No. 4 shot; for rabbits, grouse, etc., 3 drams powder, 1⅛ ounces No. 6 shot; for squirrels, etc., 3 drams powder, 1 ounce No. 8 shot; for plover, woodcock, snipe, etc., 3 drams powder, 1 1-3 ounces of No. 10 shot. I have tried 20 different makes of shells and find the Winchester New Rival the best, with Blue Rival a close second. Winchester primer and pink edge wads are perfection. I don't like the brass shells. They are a nuisance to handle on account of the shot jarring out. The screw butt brass shells are much more satisfactory, as they stand hundreds of loads and use the ordinary gun cap.

Will some readers kindly give their experience with the 25-25 C. F. cartridge, and if they reloaded, state charges, weight of bullet, grade of powder, etc.

40-82 Dickinsons Landing, Ont.

THREE LONG, QUEER SHOTS.

I read RECREATION with a great deal of pleasure, and always turn first to the Gun and Ammunition department. I wish to tell you about a remarkably lucky shot I made last December.

In company with David Libby, of Newport, Me., who is known under the name of "Penobscot," I started for a week of hunting and recreation.

The snow was hard and walking was noisy. About noon of the second day, on the side of an open ridge, a deer jumped at about 40 yards and ran straight away along the foot of the ridge. I aimed ahead to the first clear space, and pulled as the deer blurred the sight. I saw the snow fly and knew the deer was hit, but quickly pumped 2 more shots.

After I dressed the deer, I went back to where I found the empty shells, then paced the distance. It was 90 yards.

That was a remarkable shot for me, but I discovered that all 3 of my shots had hit a cedar 5 inches through. The first went exactly through the middle. The other 2 hit on either side, and swerved off into other trees. The cedar was about 40 feet from the deer.

We stayed about a week, and Mr. Libby got 2 deer, the last one a large buck.

I use an extra light Winchester, 45-70, with smokeless powder and soft, hollow point bullets.

Although my rifle is only 7 pounds weight and 22 inch barrel, I think it shoots as well up to 300 yards as any I have ever owned. However, I do not like the straight stock; would prefer more drop and pistol grip.

E. A. Weatherbee, Lincoln, Me.

GUN STEELS.

Please define and classify the following names of steels used in gun making. Are any of the terms synonoymous?

Steel, blue steel, rolled steel, crown steel, ordnance steel, Krupp steel, smokeless steel, Titanic steel, Vulcan steel, wire twist, nitro steel, fluid steel, Bernard steel, laminated steel, decarbonized steel, Damascus, fine Damascus, Boston Damascus, Washington Damascus, China Damascus.

East Side Gun Club, Columbus, O.

ANSWER.

It is impossible to classify the steels named, because they are mostly special steels made and named by manufacturers, who vary the composition of the metal slightly to secure special results. The variations are usually carefully guarded secrets, and the composition of the metals could be found only by chemical analyses. Such analyses would not even then disclose the manner of treatment, manipulation, etc., of the metal. Some of the names given are popular, as, for example, smokeless steel. This is intended to mean a steel designed to be used in barrels for smokeless powder charges, and is, no doubt, synonymous with nitro steel.

The standard steels, such as laminated, Damascus, fluid, etc., are discussed satisfactorily in a number of books on shot guns; for example, "The Gun and its Development," by W. W. Greener. Rolled steel is a special name which I first saw in connection with the barrels manufactured by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. for their repeating shot gun. This is named rolled, on account of the manner of treatment of the metal, and the Winchester people could no doubt give explicit information if they chose to do so.—EDITOR.

HINTS ON RELOADING.

After using all kinds of rifles, I consider the 30-40 Winchester, box magazine, and the .303 Savage the best guns for big game. I live near the line of the Yellowstone park. Many elk and bear come out of the park in fall and winter, and this gives me a good chance to try guns.

I am now using a 30-40 Winchester, 22 inch barrel carbine; with shot gun stock and rubber recoil pad. It is fitted with Lyman's receiver sight and bead front sight. I find it a first class rifle for large game.

I load my own cartridges. For full charges I use 35 grains of Laflin & Rand 30 caliber rifle powder and a 220 grain lubricated metal patched bullet. Always using new shells for full charges, this load will give satisfaction. For short range use the same shells after being fired with a full charge. Use Ideal No. 3 reloading tool. Resize the muzzles of all shells before reloading. Load with 10 grains of No. 1 or No. 2 DuPont smokeless rifle powder and the Ideal No. 30810 bullet, cast 1 to 10. This is the .303 Savage miniature 100 grain bullet, 311 diameter, to be sized to 308. I find it a good load up to 75 and 100 yards.

Ideal No. 30815, 32 caliber, 125 grains, Remington bullet, sized to 308; and the 32-20, 115 grain Winchester bullet, sized to

308, and loaded with 10 to 12 grains of No. 1 or No. 2 DuPont powder, will give good satisfaction. Do not crimp the bullets in the shells.

W. H. Emmet, Aldridge, Mont.

SPEAKS UP FOR THE REPEATER.

I know you can not give space to every one wishing to praise Winchester shot guns and that words spoken in their defense are really unnecessary. There are a few, however, among your contributors who erroneously believe that repeating shot guns are fit only for market shooters and game hogs; or, as one gentleman said, "indiscriminate shooting into a flock." Market shooters use Winchesters, not because they are cheap, but, as the gun is the all important tool of their trade, they realize that reliability and effectiveness must be considered before price. If we, of lesser experience, are beginning to catch on to the wisdom of their choice, should we be branded as game hogs? If a man is unable to resist temptation, he would better not buy a Winchester, for they are surely game getters when properly steered. My indiscriminate brother will find, however, that he can be more successful by picking out his birds than by pumping his gun at the flock. About ½ of the trap shooters in this vicinity use repeating shot guns, and they are making the top scores, too. If you want to get what you go after and have lots of fun while you are getting it, do not buy a muzzle loader, a hammer gun or a hammerless, but buy the latest result of progressive gun making—a '97 model, Winchester.

Clarence Simpson, Hutchinson, Kan.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

The choice between Winchester and Stevens single shot rifles of small caliber is much a matter of prejudice, as these factories apparently use the same system of boring and rifling. The Stevens Favorites and Ideals have 2 commendable features. They are all take downs. The working of the lever leaves the hammer in the safest position, neither full set nor resting against the firing pin. The Ideals can, by using the reversible link, place the hammer at full set by motion of the lever. Besides, 3 or 4 barrels of as many different calibers can be used on the same stock by using different breech locks and levers. This is appreciated by the shooter who does not depend on an all around gun, and who wants to pack guns in a trunk. I do not like Winchester cartridges; but that does not prove that they may not be the best in a Winchester rifle. Generally speaking, burning powder is a paradox; the smell is unpleasant yet we like it. Not so with Winchester powder; a small noseful has a large headache in it. A Winchester will not show outside wear so quickly as a Stevens. I find no difference in the inside wear of guns of similar caliber and length.

Jack of Clubs, Speelman, Pa.

A GOOD .32-40.

I have a .32-40, '94 Winchester, 28 inch barrel; equipped with Lyman sights and set trigger. It balances perfectly, is extremely accurate, and hits hard. I cast my own bullets and lubricate them with Japan wax, softened with cosmoline. I load with King's F. G. semi-smokeless or Dupont No. 1 smokeless, bulk for bulk as with black powder, and use the Winchester '94 reloader. The cartridges are perfect. You can load light enough for sparrows or heavy enough to knock the underpinning from a Texan steer. As regards the shooting out of Winchester barrels: In the last 18 years I have had the Winchester Company make me 10 or 11 rifles. Two of these guns in particular have had thousands of shots fired through them, and I defy anyone to detect the first sign of wear in the rifling. If a person does not wish to reload ammunition, and wants a purely hunting rifle for use in a country where long distance shots are usual, then its flat trajectory and great penetration make the Savage .303 a cocker.

H. C. Pettit, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

WHY JACKETS STRIP.

Please answer this query: I have a Marlin 30-30, using smokeless shells. Sometimes the jacket on the bullet is left in chamber, and until it is dislodged I can not insert another cartridge. What is the remedy? W. S. Catchings,
Georgetown, Miss.

The above was forwarded the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. They reply:

The stripping of bullet jackets may be due to imperfect metal which it is impossible to detect in course of manufacture. Probably if a jacket is left in the rifle barrel, and another fired on it, the barrel would be swelled or burst. If the bullets in cartridges used by Mr. Catchings have flat point, they are our make, and we should like them returned at our expense for examination and trial, we replacing same. We mistrust they may be some of the first we manufactured, since which time a change in the bullets has been made.

SMALL SHOT.

I enjoy Recreation so much that I expect to take it as long as I live. I am 65 years old, but not too old to enjoy hunting and reading about hunting. Your gun and ammunition department is the most interesting of all to me. In the last 3 years I have been using a 7-pound Baker hammerless, 28 inch, 12 bore. It is the best shooter I ever owned, besides being really safe to handle. The so called safety on the tang of most guns merely prevents the trigger from being pulled; even with the safety on, a heavy jar will discharge the gun. The Baker safety is automatic, and is all the time between the firing pin and the hammer except when the trigger is pulled. No matter what happens to the gun when loaded it will not go off unless the trigger is pulled. If you want the gun safer still, slip the top safe down and the triggers are blocked as well as the firing pins.

Daniel T. Tuthill, Orient Point, N. Y.

A great many fellows seem to think Recreation is a hat by the way they talk through it. Mr. Knowles wants us all to give up shot guns and use only rifles. I will wager I can take the gentleman to my favorite snipe pasture and make him and his rifle look like 30 cents. The shot gun is good for something after all, and there are places where a rifle does not amount to much. I judge the gentleman never owned a shot gun; at least a close shooter. I want to put in my word for DuPont's smokeless. I have used that powder nearly 3 years, and have tried almost all the nitros. My experience has been that DuPont smokeless is the best powder made. I load my shells exclusively, and so know what I am getting.

C. L. Hedderly, Los Angeles, Cal.

In June Recreation Jay Hawker says, "Factory ammunition is 100 per cent. better than you or I could load." I do not agree with him. I have used various rifles since I was a child. The best score I ever made was with ammunition loaded by myself. Targets were home made, with rings ½, 1½ and 3 inches in diameter. On February 6th, '98, at Ellinwood, Kan., I placed 8 shots in 1½ inch ring, 1 in 3 inch ring, and 1 on edge of outer line; distance, 100 yards; Lyman sights; shot from rest. Load, 110 grain bullet, 1 part tin, 14 lead; 20 grains smokeless shot gun powder. Rifle used was a Marlin .25-36. Since then I have disposed of that gun, as it would not handle cartridges in a manner calculated to keep me from breaking the third commandment.

G. W. Harris, Kansas City, Mo.

How you have improved the royal road to health, or Recreation, since I took No. 1, Vol. 1! I notice the Marlin ad is still out. No one is any worse off except themselves. You remember the rifle I bought from them that you had some correspondence over? It would never clear itself. The action is not good. I gave it away after missing a bear I had wounded, and having to run. I have a Winchester, 30-30, now, and it puts the lead just where it is wanted.

I notice D. Harper, Alto, Wash., wants to know about Babbitt for bullets. If he will take my advice he will leave it alone. It injures the rifling and the bullets keyhole more or less; for what reason, I can't say; but that is the experience of a friend of mine who wanted to play sharp.

A. W. Palmer, Field, B. C.

That the best ammunition is always the cheapest in the end is the conclusion to which I come after 12 years' experience in using King's smokeless powder. I have used most brands of powder known to the trade and I find King's best as to pattern, penetration, and quickness. The load I use for targets and live birds at the trap is 3¼ drams powder and 1¼ ounces No. 7 chilled shot; loaded in the New Victor shell by the Peters Cartridge Co. For quail and snipe I use 3 drams powder and 1¼ ounces No. 7½ chilled shot. These loads are both effective and pleasant to shoot.

New Victor, Auburn, Ind.

During the fall of 1899 I had the good fortune to be able to try a 30-40 Winchester, with soft pointed ball, on a large female grizzly. I had started her from her bed, and when first observed she was about 50 feet distant, coming toward me. This presented the face for a target, and because of the fact that she was coming up a steep incline the ball struck lower than I intended. Nevertheless, the result was highly satisfactory. She rolled to the bottom of the canyon, dead as a stone.

I have used the 45-90, 45-70 and other large caliber rifles, but I can not believe any of them would have done quite so well in this case as the one used.

B. M. Webster, Omaha, Neb.

Pending the settlement of the 30-30 question, I offer a suggestion concerning a lighter arm. Among the numerous rifles made in small calibers it seems strange there is no repeater taking the 25-10-65 rim fire. This cartridge is the ideal load for squirrels, rabbits and similar game, and I think a rifle like the Winchester, '92 model, that handled it, would soon become popular. The 25 is at present a little more expensive than most rim fire ammunition, but would doubtless become cheaper as the demand for it increased. As big game hunting, with the heavy expense it incurs, is beyond the reach of the average rifle shooter, the smaller and lighter guns should receive more consideration.

C. B. P., Glens Falls, N. Y.

Mr. H. E. Greenhall's statement on page 302 of October Recreation is extremely amusing, where he says, "The .30-30, .32-40, and Winchester repeating shot gun are the only strictly up to date scientific guns made." While I endorse his choice of the Winchester, the .32-40 sounds queer to men who have had experience with game and not at the target alone, where I assume his has been. I think if Brother Greenhall were to jump a silvertip he would soon change his opinion of the .32-40 as a big game rifle, and begin to realize that lead goes a long way farther than science with a bear.

Piseco, Denver, Colo.

I have just bought a shot gun from the W. H. Davenport Firearms Co., through having seen their advertisement in Recreation. I was delighted by the courtesy shown me by that firm. Every question was cheerfully answered, and much outside information was given me before the purchase was made. Guns were sent me for inspection without any deposit. Such treatment is rare in America, and I wish to publicly thank this firm for such confidence and consideration. The gun bought is a beauty in every respect and surprisingly cheap for such workmanship.

Norman Astley, New York City.

Please give me the outside diameter at mouth and base of each rifle and revolver shell for which reloading tools are made.

F. P. Vedder, Glenville, N. Y.

ANSWER.

If you will consult the "Ideal Hand Book," pages 78 to 106, you will find all the diameters of the various balls for the different cartridges that are made in this country; and the ball size, of course, is the inside diameter of the muzzle of each shell. The Ideal Mfg. Co. advise me that they have no data relative to the diameter of the various heads.—Editor.

Light Seeker asks in Recreation which is the better gun, the Ithaca, Parker or Remington. I have used them all at different times, but the balance and finish of the Ithaca won me over, and for several years I have been shooting a 12 gauge, 28 inch barrel, 6¾ pound gun; right barrel cylinder; left, full choke. I can kill more grouse with it than with any other gun I ever shot. My gun was built to order by the Ithaca Gun Co. and cost me 25 per cent. less than the same grade in other makes would have cost.

Harry Hotaling, Center Lisle, N. Y.

By reading Recreation I find that sportsmen have not yet forsaken the Stevens rifle. This does me good; there is a big warm spot in my heart for the Stevens guns. I learned to shoot with one, and to this day have never found a better arm. I always choose the Stevens when shooting in a gallery, and there are few who can turn me down at that class of shooting. If there were more single shot rifles used in the woods there would be as much game killed as now and not so many men

Len Whittemore, Redlands, Cal.

In Recreation I notice, from time to time, articles condemning the repeater. I want to say in reply to T. B. Nelson, Pulaski, N. Y., that I have a repeater and am perfectly satisfied with it. I do not think that simply because a person has a repeater he has it for no other purpose than to murder game. I have used nearly all kinds of guns, and I prefer a repeater to all others. If Mr. Nelson prefers a double gun, I think he ought to be charitable enough not to condemn another man's preference.

A. T. Abbott, Stockport, O.

Tell F. H. Campbell, Lexington, Va., that the Savage is the most accurate high power, smokeless rifle now on the market. It can also be depended on for short distances, 50 to 75 yards. I have tried Winchester, Marlin and Blake guns, and, though accurate at 150 to 300 yards and over, they will not center at short distances. With the Savage I have no difficulty in hitting the head of a prairie dog at 50 to 75 yards.

Eugene C. Giault, Escalante, Utah.

I have a 25-25 rifle. With a load of 9 grains of .250 Rifleite and a hard lead ball it will shoot through 4 inches of ash. With a jacketed ball it will shoot through 5 inches. Have had a number of different calibers and makes of guns, but never owned nor saw one equal to my 25-25 Stevens. Do you think my 25-25, with a soft nose bullet, would do good work on big game?

C. M. Brawn, Sutton, Neb.

ANSWER.

Your 25-25 would be all right for big game if you could put your ball in the brain, spine or heart, but not otherwise.—Editor.

In looking over Recreation I notice Light Seeker's inquiry about different shot guns. Last fall, after trying several makes of guns, I selected an 8½ pound Ithaca, 12 bore, with 30 inch barrels, because it was the closest, hardest shooting gun I could find. It certainly has made some remarkably long kills for me.

Amos M. Johnson,
Whitneys Point, N. Y.

Are Mauser rifles serviceable, or should the buyer consider them as trophies only?

Will some readers of RECREATION who have used the Savage rifle state what they consider weak points about it. As I have seen so many favorable reports on this rifle, I should like to hear the other side of the story, if there is one, before buying.

D. F. E., St. John, N. B.

Will some readers of RECREATION give their experience in reloading short range shells for the Savage .303 rifle? How does the paper patched bullet .303 cartridge compare with the .32-40 for accuracy? I should also like to hear from users of the .45 caliber revolver.

Howard Turk, Bunker Hill, Ill.

I think Mr. Bicknell is wrong in condemning the forearm action Winchester. I have used one of these guns over 18 months and used it hard. I consider them safe, and prefer them afield or at the trap to any other gun I have used. I believe them the most killing guns on the market.

C. F. Chord, Bethany, Mo.

I should like to hear from sportsmen who have used the 38-72 and the 40-72, '95 model, Winchester box magazine rifle on big game. Is it as effective as the 30-30 or 45-70? The Winchester catalogue claims flatter trajectory and more penetration for the 38-72 and 40-72.

L. A. S., West Park, O.

Replying to M. F. Jones' inquiry in regard to 16 gauge gun, will say I have used an Ithaca 16 gauge, 30 inch barrels, regular chamber, and find it perfect. It is as deadly as any 12 gauge gun. I believe the man behind the gun has everything to do with its work.

J. W. G., Wheaton, Ill.

Are soft pointed bullets made for the Lee, U. S. Navy, 6 mm. rifle? If so, by whom? Would not this gun with soft pointed bullets be more effective on large game than a .30-30 or .303? Will someone using the Lee rifle give his experience with it?

L. A. S., 2239, San Antonio, Tex.

I should like to learn through RECREATION a few facts regarding the performance of 12 and 16 gauge Winchester repeaters, both for all round use and, more especially, for wild fowl shooting.

G. H. Hurlbert, Gillette, Wyo.

Will some reader give me instructions in reloading 30-30 shells? Can black powder be used, or is nitro better? What can be done with factory loaded 30-30 cartridges at ½ to 1 mile?

J. D., Moro, Ore.

Have any readers of RECREATION used black powder, and a bullet made of Babbitt metal or a composition of lead and tin, in the .30-40 or in the .303 Savage? If so, what was the result?

B. B. Bliss, Seneca, Ia.

What is the best rifle for the double purpose of target shooting and killing game no larger than woodchucks?

Y. F., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Can anyone tell me a cure for flinching when trap shooting?

W. O. Watson, Charlottesville, Va.

What is the quickest smokeless powder?

F. M. Gilham, San Francisco, Cal.

A yearly subscription to RECREATION is one of the most practicable and useful Christmas presents you could possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography.

All boys instinctively love the woods. RECREATION teaches them to love and to study the birds and the animals to be found there. If you would have your son, your brother, your husband, or your sweetheart interested in nature let him read RECREATION. It costs only $1 a year, and would make him happy 12 times a year.

For 8 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION, I will give you a Davenport Brownie rifle as premium. You can take these subscriptions easily, among your friends. Send them in.

Why not send me 25 subscriptions and earn a Syracuse double hammerless shot gun as premium? I have a few to offer on that basis, and the opportunity is a rare one.

Five subscriptions to RECREATION will earn for you a Harrington & Richardson revolver. Why be without one?

NATURAL HISTORY.

REARING QUAILS IN CONFINEMENT.

Union City, Pa.

Editor Recreation:

In answer to David Shafer's questions in February Recreation, would say I have bred many quails in captivity, and with considerable success.

It is best to get birds late in the fall for breeding, and keep them through the winter, as they lose much of their shyness, if properly cared for, by spring. They can be kept in a large cage or a spare room in the house.

My breeding pens were 12 feet long, 8 feet wide, and about 7 feet high. The entire front and 2-3 of the roof were made of woven wire, one inch mesh. The back and sides were boarded up; also about 1-3 of the roof. The pens should have no floor. To keep out rats, sink one inch mesh wire netting into the ground about 18 inches deep. Rats are the worst enemies of young quails in captivity. Care must be taken that the ground is free from depressions in which the rain could form pools.

Each pen should contain a plentiful supply of loose straw and prairie grass for the young birds to hide in. A lot of cut brush in one corner, or along one entire end, makes the best resting place.

The best results will be had by keeping only one pair of adult birds in a pen.

After they have been placed in their pens they should be disturbed as little as possible.

The pens should be so built that food and water can be supplied without entering them.

My hens averaged 12 eggs a setting, although I have had them lay as many as 18. A few days before it is time for the young to appear I begin feeding hard boiled egg and stale crackers mixed, together with dried ants' eggs and plenty of seeds. When the young birds appeared I gave them a liberal supply of meal worms, and sometimes a little boiled beef, chopped fine.

In about 6 weeks the young are able to take care of themselves. Then they can be removed; and, if not too late in the season, the old birds will at once begin laying again. However, I seldom had good success with the second brood. The young never seemed so strong, nor did they grow so fast as the first.

I always let the hen bird do her own setting, but know of several persons who placed the eggs under domestic fowls.

Mr. Will Churchman, of Indianapolis, Ind., at one time raised a few in an incubator. I think they were California quails.

Any other information Mr. Shafer may desire on this subject I shall be pleased to give him, either through Recreation or by letter.

C. T. Metzger.

EFFECT OF ODORS ON ANIMALS.

Some of the secrets the ancients practised on the smelling sense of animals exercised so powerful an influence over them that the effects appeared marvellous to those who witnessed them for the first time. Many different plants were used to get these desired effects. The catmint, a white flowering plant with which we are well acquainted, exhales a strong, pungent odor, which is agreebale to cats. Marum, or cat thyme, is a plant that grows on the shores of the Mediterranean, and its odor, which is agreeable to cats, may lead them to tear it to pieces wherever they find it. Valerian and many other plants of the same nature were used as animal enticers.

If we can put any faith in the ancient observers the elephant loved the sweet odor of flowers, and the goat of the Caucasus mountains is so delighted with the odor of cinnamon that it will eagerly follow the hand which presents it.

No doubt the ancients practised some of their secrets on the ferocity of wild beasts, for in those days exposure to wild beasts was a common practice, especially in the Roman empire. When the wild beasts were let loose on Thecles, they did not tear him to pieces, but, on the contrary, they seemed as if overcome by sleep. "This was due," an ancient writer says, "to the spikenard, the cinnamon, the precious aromatics and the perfumed oil that were thrown on Thecles by the women." The effect was considered by the multitude a miracle, and they had ample reason for thinking so, as they were ignorant of the real cause.

In Egypt the juice of the citron, taken internally, was used to work this assumed miracle. According to Ælian, "a coating of elephant grease is an infallible preservative." He relates an experiment on 2 wretches who were thrown to carnivorous animals. One was permitted to drink citron juice, while the other was denied that favor. The one who had drunk heavily of the citron juice was saved, while the other was torn to pieces.

Fortunas, who was invested with the imperial purple at Alexandria, swam among the crocodiles with safety, and he owed his life to the odor of the crocodile grease with which he had rubbed his body.

How much less perilous would the animal trainer's occupation be to-day if he thoroughly understood the effect certain odors have on the ferocious beasts with which he has to mingle. What would he not give if he knew the ingredients of the aromatics and perfumed oil which the women threw on Thecles and which saved him from the very jaws of death.

N. H. Covert, Beaver Falls, Pa.

SEEN IN ONE WALK.

Near my home is a clump of wild cherry bushes which have grown up around an old stump. Catbirds, robins, and thrushes can usually be found there during cherry season. One Sunday afternoon I sauntered down to this clump. On my way a gopher scampered across the walk in front of me. I stood perfectly still, and, seeing I did not move, he went back to the grass. He looked at me again and began digging. I moved softly nearer. He sniffed at the ground and began to dig again. At last he brought up a fat, white grub, which he ate. I was then only about 6 feet away. After he had finished that grub he got another, and had just finished that when he was frightened by something and went into his hole.

When I arrived at the clump I tried to steal in quietly, but one of the birds evidently saw me and gave one note, at which all the others seemed to look around. Then the catbird, for such it evidently was, flew away and the rest followed him. I sat down, however, and began to read. In about 5 minutes a catbird came hopping along a fence nearby, peering at me first with one eye and then with the other. Having looked me over to his satisfaction, he flew to the main part of the clump and began jerking off the cherries. One after another the birds returned, eying me suspiciously, and then, flying to the branches, began eating, until about 10 catbirds, 3 robins, and a brown thrush had returned. The clump seemed fairly alive, and I could plainly see the catbirds, which had become quite bold, jerking off cherries, using their tails as a tight-rope walker uses his balancing pole, then uttering the plaintive catcall from which they get their name.

The slate color of the catbird, the brown back and spotted breasts of the thrushes, the red of the robin, the red and black cherries, and the beautiful green of the foliage made a picture never to be forgotten. The birds stayed about an hour, some coming, some going, till at last all were gone except 2 catbirds.

I saw 6 robins in a low cherry tree, and, intent on creeping up to them, ran into some 20 on the ground. They only flew into the tree, however, and began cheeping, once in a while singing a song. Soon a pair of flickers came up, and seemed bewildered by the noise the robins were making. The flickers were on a white oak, and had it not been for their red crescents it would have been almost impossible to distinguish them from the bark. It was then quite late, but the vesper sparrow was still singing, while one meadow lark and one robin kept up their respective whistle and song.

E. B. Dibble, St. Paul, Minn.

OF DOUBTFUL VALUE.

I have heard that the plant golandrina is a specific in cases of rattlesnake bite. Golandrina, which in Spanish means sweet home, is often used by the Mexicans for healing old sores, and is abundant in many places. Will you please investigate the merits of this plant as a remedy for rattlesnake bites and publish the result in RECREATION? Everyone ought to know of this remedy if it is reliable.

Ethan Allen, Pueblo, Colo.

ANSWER.

Cures suggested for the bites of venomous snakes have been many and varied, and golandrina is yet another added to the list. Twenty years ago numberless herbs and drugs were considered infallible; yet how they acquired their reputation is a mystery, unless they were used in the case of a bite from a harmless snake, which would prove nothing.

In recent years the venom of serpents has received scientific attention, which has culminated in the decision that the effects of a deadly apparatus provided by Nature to kill must be treated with an alternative derived through immunization. Thus has diphtheria been successfully conquered with anti-toxin. Hence the antidote for snake bite found most promising of success, in fact, now considered by numerous medical authorities as infallible, is the anti-venomous serum secured through the immunization of large animals by Dr. Albert Calmette, of Lille, France.

The first thing to do in the instance of a bite from a poisonous snake is to lacerate the punctures made by the fangs, causing the blood to flow freely. This should be followed by a ligature above the injured part. The injection of anti-venomous serum, or, in the case of the absence of the same, strychnine, should be the next and final step.

In a case of snake bite, whisky, a once famous antidote, does nothing but stimulate the action of the heart, which the venom tends to decrease. Its use in moderate quantities is to be recommended, but is not imperative. It has absolutely no chemical effect against the venom itself, and, used in large quantities, does more harm than good.

In summing up this question, golandrina has received no attention in the works of the numerous students of snake poison. It may possess great healing power, but its action against snake poison is much to be doubted. Fatal effects seldom follow the bite of a small, or even a medium sized snake, if the usual precautions of placing ligatures, followed by laceration and suction, and culminated by the placing of small quantities of permanganate of potash in the wound, are carried out with care.—EDITOR.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

I recently received a book entitled, "Beasts. Thumb Nail Studies in Pets," by Wardlaw Kennedy, published in 1899. On pages 141, 145, 146 and on to the end, Mrs. Lemon, secretary of the Society for the Protection of Birds, says, "I saw prepared for one sale as follows:

Hummings birds, 116,490.
Roller and king fishers, 48,759.
Owls and hawks, 7,163.
Birds of paradise, 2,362.
Osprey plumes, 11,352 oz., etc., etc."

Truly a sight which might make an angel weep! She adds:

"In 2 forests in France 15,000 nightingales, flycatchers and other insect eating birds were captured to supply the demands of fashion. One London house ordered and received 10,000 pairs of wings of seabirds."

Some other facts follow, even worse. Coquina, how long can the birds stand such murder and exist at all? Of course this is not in our country, but the question is, when their kinds are gone, won't they begin on ours?

H. L. Dillaway, East Boston, Mass.

ANSWER.

In spite of such frightful records of murder as detailed above, the millinery people insist that they do not use any song birds in their trade, nor the plumage of any birds except game birds and domestic barnyard fowls.

True, gulls, terns, humming birds, birds of paradise and the like do not sing. Neither are they game birds. Neither are they domestic fowls. Yet dame fashion decrees that they shall be slaughtered in order to ornament the headgear of vain women.

Thousands of these bird skins are being killed every year for such purposes.—EDITOR.

A COMPARISON.

Perhaps the enclosed clipping from the Oxford County Advertiser may interest you.

Sunday afternoon and before breakfast Monday morning, June 3 and 4, rambles in the woods of Pike's hill showed the birds named below:

Large hawk,
Small hawk,
Butcher bird,
Brown thrush,
Humming bird,
Chimney swift,
Yellowhammer,
Ruffed grouse,
Song sparrow,
Orchard oriole,
Phebe,
Chicadee,
Canada jay,
Bush sparrow,
Indigo bunting,
American robin,
Catbird,
Hermit thrush,
Yellow warbler,
Whippoorwill,
White-throated sparrow,
English sparrow,
Night-hawk,
Baltimore oriole,
Linnet,
Barn swallow,
Small nuthatch,
Crow,
Woodpecker.

Twelve years ago I made a similar list over the same grounds under similar circumstances. I then found no butcher bird, English sparrow nor humming bird, but did find

Bobolink,
Blue jay,
Redstart,
Vireo,
Martin,
Wren,
Kingbird,
Pewee,
Scarlet tanager,
Another woodpecker,
Mountain lark,
Cedar bird,
Sand martin,
Cuckoo,
Bluebird.

There are possibly errors in observation, but there was a decrease of more than 50 per cent. in number of individuals.

I am no naturalist; I simply like to get out in field and forest and see things. On the journey of 12 years ago, I was accompanied by a friend who was a well read ornithologist. Perhaps I made mistakes in my identifications of species, but I think not.

The woods mentioned comprise about 2 square miles, and are near the village. It is mixed growth, and a small portion is dense. By cuttings it has been kept in about the same condition yearly for bird habitation.

The Advertiser has for several years been preaching from the text, "Save the Birds," and will keep the sermons going.

D. C. Clark,
Norway, Me.

PORCUPINES AND THEIR ENEMIES.

In November RECREATION are many conflicting statements as to what animal is the natural enemy of the porcupine. M. P. Dunham says the coyote kills them.

I am not prepared to say what a Montana coyote is capable of doing. In this State the coyote knows enough to let the porcupine alone.

Near my house is a large gravel bar on the Pend d'Oreille river. While watching there for deer, I saw a porcupine walking along the edge of the water toward me. Presently I saw a large coyote coming up the river. He got within 100 yards of the porcupine before he saw it. The coyote was on the alert in an instant. I could see him trying to smell, but as the wind was wrong he trotted off to one side until he got behind the porcupine.

He got within 10 or 15 steps of it and

followed it some little time. For the first time the porcupine seemed aware that something was following it. It turned, sat up on its hind legs, and looked at the coyote. Then it went on, with perfect unconcern, not even looking around again. The coyote followed it a little longer, then went on his way.

If that had been a Montana coyote, I suppose the air would have been full of quills and hair in a minute.

I once had a chance to test the fighting qualities of a porcupine on the same bar. I was coming down the river, and saw one on the shore. I got out and began to tease the animal by putting my paddle under him and trying to turn him on his back. Every time I put the paddle near him he would strike it with his tail. With every blow he would leave a number of quills in the cedar paddle.

John B. Renshaw, Usk, Wash.

A ROBIN REDBREAST STORY.

One spring several years ago, the blind of an upper window of the house in which I lived was left some time slightly open, and a pair of robins built a nest on the outer sill. It made a safe, cozy home for them, and they grew so accustomed to seeing me sitting by the window inside my room that it never seemed to disturb them in the least.

The perfect freedom with which I sat and watched them at their house building and housekeeping was delicious, and never do I expect to enjoy the like again. The general habits of dear Robin Redbreast are so well known I will not give a description of them here, but speak only of one interesting domestic incident of which I was a much amused observer.

One day while I sat at the window, after the 2 eggs had hatched and the young robins had grown nearly large enough to fly, yet not full fledged, one of the old birds brought a small green snake, squirming in its bill. After a lusty struggle between the baby robins, one of them finally succeeded in swallowing about half of the snake. The triumph of the successful bird was of brief duration, however, for the other young bird, when the parent bird had flown away, suddenly began to renew the struggle. He managed to gain possession of the unappropriated end of the snake, and persisted until he succeeded in not only swallowing that half, but in drawing the other half from the crop of his brother, let us assume, and swallowing that also!

Through the thin, pin-feathered skin covering that dreadfully distended crop I watched with fascinated eyes the faint yet quite perceptible struggles of the still living green snake.

Mary S. Potter, New Lebanon, N. Y.

PROBABLY A SANDPIPER.

In Northern Wisconsin, I recently saw a bird I had never seen before, and I have lived there 8 or 9 years. It was like a pigeon in every respect, but not quite so large, and the colors of its feathers were like those of a ruffed grouse. It was not shy. It would run around in my garden picking up insects and seeds. When I tried to get too close, it would fly up in a tree and sit there until I went away. Then it would fly back again. When it was on the ground, feeding, it walked around just like a pigeon. After a few days it flew away, and I have not seen it since. What kind of a bird was it? There are some birds here about the size of a robin. They have quite long necks, long bills, long legs, and their breasts are white, spotted with black. They frequent streams and swamps and walk around in the water, occasionally jerking their tails. When frightened they fly straight up into the air, sometimes to a great height, often coming back to the same place again. They are called snipes here, but I do not believe that is the right name for them. What should they be called. Are they eatable?

Amateur, Chicago.

ANSWER.

I referred the above to Dr. A. K. Fisher, who suggests that the birds may be the quail and the solitary sandpiper, *Helodronas solitarius*, but it is impossible to identify the species with certainty from the descriptions. If these identifications are correct, both birds are eatable, but the solitary sandpiper can hardly be recommended as game, and should not be killed for that purpose.—EDITOR.

WILD GEESE IN DOMESTICATION.

The interesting article in March RECREATION, by Norman Pomeroy, Jr., and the one in July number, by H. M. Brown, in regard to rearing and domesticating Canada geese, *Anser canadensis,* seem to imply that they are rare in captivity. There are probably 1,000 in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, and perhaps 100 sportsmen who have been rearing the noble birds for years as decoys. The only difficulty seems to be in giving the mated pairs a proper place in which to breed; and when eggs are hatched, in immediately taking the goslings away and rearing them by hand on a strictly grass feed. In this vicinity unmated pairs can be bought for $2 to $6, and mated pairs, guaranteed to lay, for $10 to $40 each. The wild goose does not mate until 3 or 4 years old, and then remains mated for life. The usual number of eggs is 5 to 7, and the birds are good hatchers.

If Mr. Brown would like more information in regard to raising these birds, I should be glad to give it. If you wish any such controversy in your magazine, I will venture to start it by the assertion, based on my own and others' long experience, that in migrating from North to South the flocks probably never fly more than 20 miles without alighting. Natural history books give the opposite idea.

Geo. K. Tinkham, Fall River, Mass.

Let us hear from others who have any new facts as to the habits of this grand old bird.—EDITOR.

BOYS WORSE THAN SPARROWS.

I have seen a number of articles in RECREATION condemning the English sparrow, and none in favor of it. The greatest objection to him was that he was responsible for the decrease of song birds. The next was that he destroyed large quantities of grain, but not many bugs or insects. I have seen boys shoot many song birds for whose death I suppose the sparrow has been blamed. A few boys will do more damage in one week than all the sparrows in existence. I think blackbirds and robins are far more destructive birds and more injurious to farmers than sparrows are, as they depend entirely on seeds and grain. The sparrow stays with us during our long, cold winters, and helps to brighten many cheerless days while all our song birds are enjoying a warmer climate. Did any of you ever realize how deserted and desolate our cities would be in winter without that little fellow? I believe in protecting all game and song birds, but I believe we must get at the root of the evil by teaching boys and men not to kill everything they see, and by passing laws that will protect. We need shorter open seasons on all game birds and animals. Our laws should be made by sportsmen and not by men who have no knowledge of what such laws should be. You would not employ a carpenter to build a gun.

John A. Dyer, Binghamton, N. Y.

ANSWER.

The reason you see nothing in RECREATION in favor of the English sparrow is that nothing can be said in his favor. He is a pest without a single good trait and should be killed at sight. Instead of decorating the winter landscape, he is as a fly speck on it. As well talk of ornamenting our streets with rats. That boys kill song birds is no reason why sparrows should be allowed to drive them (the other birds) away. The sparrows should be destroyed and the nest-robbing boys locked up.—EDITOR.

HARES CARE FOR YOUNG.

I wish to reply to F. Doltz, who makes inquiry in August RECREATION regarding Belgian hares. At the time a doe kindles she has an almost insatiable thirst, and if not provided with an abundance of water is likely to eat her young. Give her plenty of water; and don't forget to fasten the water dish so she can not turn it over. Don't think your Belgian doe is not taking care of her young because she leaves them alone all day. She never allows them to suck during the day. If you will look into her nest after dark you will see she is not neglecting her young. Of course, the buck is always kept in a separate hutch; and the doe placed with him when desired for a few moments only.

F. N. Lang, South Superior, Wis.

I heard my late father say that an old lady bearing the name of Doliber, his next neighbor in his childhood days, kept a blackbird 40 years, confining it to its cage during the cold season, but when summer came hanging the cage outside her window, with the door always open. The bird flew away every morning, returning at night. The cause of its death was unknown; they simply knew that there came a night when it failed to return.

J. J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

Near Bernardston, Mass., lives a farmer, Mr. W. B. Nelson, who relieves the monotony of farm work by breeding pets of various kinds. Six years ago he enclosed a deer park of about 5 acres, and now has 6 tame deer. He has a number of other animals; among them a pair of coons that raised 3 young ones last year.

Mrs. C. P. Nelson, Mt. Hermon, Mass.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion:

A yearly subscription to RECREATION furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days, or weeks. A subscription to RECREATION means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with checks in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan? Try it and see how grateful the recipients will be.

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The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.

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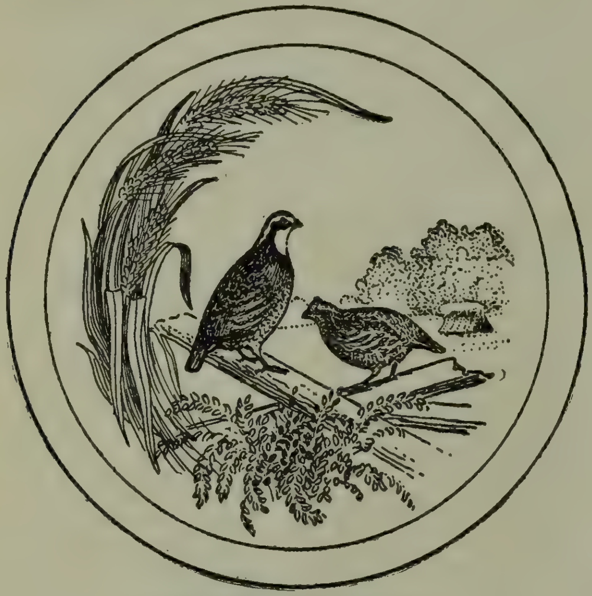
WATCH PRESENTED TO HON. JOHN F. LACEY.

The Lacey watch scheme has proven a complete success. Contributions came from every State and Territory in the Union, and while I did not ask anyone to contribute more than 25 cents, a number of enthusiastic friends of Mr. Lacey sent in $1 each, and one man contributed $5. I mention this to show the enthusiasm which many good men feel in the cause of game and bird protection.

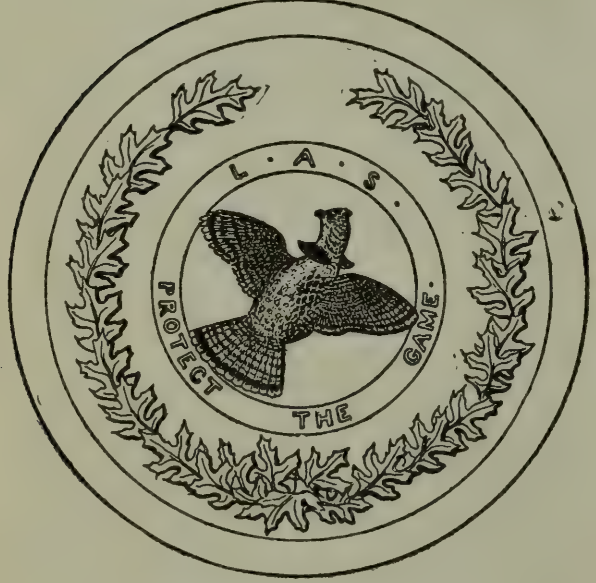
The total sum raised was $162.50. This is sufficient to buy the best watch that can be made in the United States. Mr. Lacey being a typical American, we deemed it advisable to give him an American watch.

We therefore selected the highest grade movement made by the American Waltham Watch Co., of Waltham, Mass., and the best they can produce at any price. The case is of 18 karat American gold, and was made by the Dubois Watch Case Co., 21 Maiden Lane, New York.

The designs for the engraving on the cases were drawn by an American artist and soldier, Captain C. B. Hudson, and the engraving was also done by an American artist. The cover designs are reproduced herewith.



DESIGN FOR FRONT CASE.



DESIGN FOR BACK CASE.

This inscription was engraved on the inside cover:

Presented by the League of American Sportsmen to the Hon. John F. Lacey, M. C.,

THE FRIEND OF THE BIRDS

In recognition of his great work in securing the passage of the Lacey bird bill. December 25th, 1900.

A heavy chain, of rich and tasteful design, was attached to the watch, and the outfit was shipped to Congressman Lacey on October 11. In due course came the following acknowledgment:

Oskaloosa, Iowa, Oct. 22, 1900.

G. O. Shields, President,

League of American Sportsmen,

My dear Friend:—I am delighted to receive your courteous letter with the beautiful watch presented to me by the League of American Sportsmen as a token of their appreciation of my work in securing the enactment of the Lacey Bird and Game Law.

There is no statute with which I would more highly appreciate the honor of having my name connected, and this splendid gift, exclusively of American material, artistic design and workmanship, from the hands of so many friends of the birds and game in all parts of the United States is the most pleasing memorial of my public life.

An enlightened public sentiment favoring the preservation of God's beautiful and useful creatures can only be created by such organizations as yours and the Audubon societies. May the pot hunter and the game hog soon become a malodorous reminiscence, and may the time soon arrive when a lady will shudder at the idea of wearing the embalmed mummy of a bird in her millinery.

The French have a saying that "a dead bird in the bonnet will bring crow's feet around the eyes."

A hearty public opinion must be formed in aid of any law, and I look hopefully to the time when the birds will come back again, and the subject of the preservation of game excite a general interest among all our people.

The League of American Sportsmen has become a great factor in this good work.

Again thanking you and your generous associates, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

John F. Lacey.

Here is a list of the names of persons who have contributed to the Lacey watch fund since last report:

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Steuart Davis,
W. G. Fanning,
H. B. Landgraf,
C. M. Bollman,
L. A. Amundson,
W. O. Davie,
E. H. Dickinson,
A. L. Aylmer,
H. L. Kyser,
W. Westergren,
H. R. Layton,
Dr. A. L. Brooks,
C. E. Butler,
Dr. C. C. Curtis,
Dan Beard,
Roscoe Wines,
B. Smith,
M. Bowman,
R. R. Wiley,
C. A. Greene.

After all, this watch is but a slight token of the love which every American sportsman and naturalist and every bird lover feels for Judge Lacey. He has done a greater service to them and to agriculture than any other man has ever done, and future generations, for hundreds of years, will bless and revere his memory.

MORE GOOD MEN IN THE LEAGUE.

Another division of the L. A. S. has recently been organized. Nevada is the last one to come into line, with 28 members. Mr. J. M. Coleman, a prominent civil engineer of Carson, has been chosen as the chief warden. He is an ardent worker in the cause of game protection, and a rapid growth of the Nevada division of the League may be safely predicted under his leadership. He has also pledged himself to devote a large portion of his time during the next year to enforcing the game and fish laws of that State. The mountains of Nevada are the natural home of the elk, the mule deer, the great blue grouse, and several other species of game. The trout streams and the lakes of that State are among the most beautiful and naturally the most prolific on the continent. Yet the fish hog, armed with his dozen sticks of dynamite, has well nigh cleaned out many of those streams and lakes. The good sportsmen of Nevada are thoroughly aroused on this subject of game and fish protection, and lawbreakers may expect plenty of trouble within the next few years.

HON. W. D. JONES,
Attorney General of Nevada, L. A. S. 2971.

J. H. AGER,
Chief Warden Nebraska Division.

A Division has been organized in Nebraska, with J. H. Ager, of Lincoln, at its head. He is president of the State Sportsmen's Association, is a hustler, and may be depended on to build up the League membership rapidly.

Still another Congressman has joined the League—the Hon. W. B. Shattuc, who represents the First Ohio District in the House. He is an old-time sportsman, and was for many years president of the Cincinnati Sportsmen's Club and of the American Field Trials Club, the great success of which was due largely to his energy and ability. He was also general passenger agent of the O. & M. Railway, and every man who ever did business with him can testify to his uniform courtesy and to his ability as an executive officer. The League is indeed fortunate in securing the co-operation of so able and strong a man.

HON. W. B. SHATTUC, M. C.
1st District, Ohio.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Red Bank, Wyo.
L. A. S. Local Warden for Big Horn County.

The Hon. Z. T. Sweeney, Commissioner of Fish and Game of the State of Indiana, is also a member. He has made a most enviable record in his position. Here is an extract from a letter recently received from him, which, however, was not written for publication:

"Yours of July 9th came during my absence from home, and in reply I beg to say that the case of Maurice Thompson is barred by the statute of limitation. I reregret this as, like yourself, I desire to make examples of such men. Since I have been in office, over 3 years, I have fined 8 ministers of the gospel, 10 justices of the peace, and a much larger number of road supervisors, constables, etc. I have also convicted and fined about 600 other men for violations of our fish and game laws, and about 25 men for killing insectivorous and song birds. This is not a great record, but when you recall that our laws were a dead letter before that, it is a good beginning. The laws of Indiana are not what they should be, but we have the foundation for a good law and are hoping to make great improvements in the Legislature next winter.

"I beg to enclose you my application for membership to the League of American Sportsmen, and one dollar to pay my dues for the year. I am in most hearty sympathy and accord with every work of the League, and shall watch and assist its growth with much pleasure. I have organized a number of clubs in the State, and see no reason why they should not be transferred to the League. If you think this feasible, please write me."

If all men holding similar positions would work as hard as Mr. Sweeney does, there would be more game and more birds in the country than there are.—EDITOR.

SAMPLES OF PUBLIC FEELING.

Here are a few letters, selected from the many hundreds received in response to my editorial article on page 282 of October RECREATION, entitled "How the Other 999 Shirk":

I enclose $2, for which please continue the subscription of E. H. Russell and present his application for membership to the L. A. S. This latter action, if I may be permitted to judge, is as strong a recommendation of your work and the worth of your cause as you have yet received. It is much more a spontaneous tribute to you and your efforts than the result of my personal solicitation. For 25 years Mr. Russell has been principal of the Massachusetts State Normal School at Worcester, and the enthusiasm with which his alumni, who practically form the entire teaching force of this city, have preached the gospel of humanity to our birds and animals is sufficient testimony to the earnestness of his instruction. He is no sportsman, but is glad to stand in line with them in this campaign of education in which the L. A. S. is carrying the banner. I congratulate you on the increasing favor with which RECREATION is being regarded, and endorse most heartily your course. Your appeal to the "other 999" was particularly strong and I trust will bear fruit.

G. R. N., Worcester, Mass.

Enclosed please find $1, for which put me in the League of American Sportsmen. For more than 20 years I have been a subscriber to The American Field, for which I have paid $4 to $5 each year. I have helped, as you know, to fill its pages with articles in regard to better game protection. I have paid that company at least $100 for subscriptions, and now they will not aid you in the fight against the game hog. They have shown their hand, and it will be a cold day when they get another year's subscription from me. RECREATION is a generation in advance of that publication. May RECREATION ever remain the champion of game protection.

Geo. O. Greene, Princeton, Ill.

I am a charter member of the L. A. S., and consider it the best society in existence for game protection. I have been a subscriber to RECREATION almost since its start, and mean to be as long as I stay on earth. My next way mark is 70 years. My eyes grow dim, but the spirit of the sportsman still exists, although the flesh is weak. The Lacey bill I honor, and my quarter has been passed on for the watch. My great-grandfather on my mother's side was named John F. Lacey, a remarkable coincidence.

Stanley L. Warner, Lanesville, Conn.

Have been a reader of RECREATION several years, and have always taken an interest in the L. A. S. I am fully aware of the destruction of game in this part of the country as well as to the North of us. I can not take so active a part in assisting the League as I should like, yet the dollar enclosed will help somewhat. Your exposition in RECREATION of various game hogs as you come across them is but a light chastisement. The penitentiary is the proper resting place for such.

Frank P. Storm, St. Louis, Mo.

I'm one of the 999, but please take me in out of the wet, for I enclose $1 for membership in the L. A. S. I do not get more than a week's shooting out of the year, but

I believe in the protection of all game, and hope to see the day when it is not possible to buy game of any kind in the markets. I used to have hoggish proclivities, but have been converted by reading RECREATION. May you live long and prosper in your fight for game protection.

Chas. H. Bentley, Hampton, Va.

No, I am not one of the 999 and have never been. I have always been in sympathy with you in your work for the protection of fish and game, and have done some work in a quiet way along the same lines. I shall continue to do all I can. There is much to be done yet, and I hope you will continue in the good work. You may always count on me to help you all I can.

H. A. Hall, Boston, Mass.

If your article in October RECREATION, "How the Other 999 Shirk," strikes all others as it did me, I am sure you will have a greater increase of L. A. S. members in the next month than ever before. How a man can read that and not take the time to send in his dollar, is beyond my comprehension. Here is mine. Wish you the best of success.

C. E. Prescott, Hudson, Mass.

I heartily endorse all you say in the article mentioned, and hope there may soon be no 999, but that all may join the L. A. S. and help protect the game.

Enclosed please find $1 for my membership.

J. R. Valentine, Woodbridge, N. J.

I was one of the 999, but RECREATION and your letter made me change my mind. I send my application herewith.

Robert S. Lemmon, Englewood, N. J.

GOOD REPORT FROM NEW JERSEY.

Since the appointment of Roland Mitchell and myself as wardens of the L. A. S., we have been doing some work. May 9th small meshed gill nets, set contrary to the laws, were destroyed. May 13th at 11 o'clock Sunday night we arrested Jerry Stanton, Robert Stanton, and George Fennimore for violating the fish and game laws. Robert Stanton was prosecuted and fined $100 and costs. Jerry Stanton and Fennimore escaped to New York, so we could not get them. Sunday, May 25th, we took 3 shad gill nets out of the river, set, and chased the owners to the Pennsylvania shore. We have taken 9 nets in all, set contrary to the fish and game laws of the State. Sunday, June 10th I arrested Fred Owens for Sunday gunning. He was convicted and fined $20 and costs, amounting to $22.70. The same day I arrested Albert Wise for fishing Winged Fykes on Sunday. He was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs. On refusing to pay the fine he was sentenced to 30 days in the county jail.

A great deal of illegal fishing is sanctioned by the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners. They allow men to fish for carp in the Delaware river. The laws of the State plainly say there shall be no fishing with nets from the 15th day of June until the 10th day of August, under a penalty of $100 for each and every offense. Will you please tell me what authority the fish and game commissioners have to issue permits for carp fishing? I have written to the fish and game protector, and he has failed to answer either of my letters on the subject. I don't wish to cause anyone trouble, but according to the laws everyone so fishing is liable to arrest and conviction, unless there is some law that gives the commissioners authority to issue permits. I shall continue to keep things moving with all violators.

Jos. Ashmore, Trenton, N. J.

I am delighted to hear of your excellent work, and that of Mr. Mitchell, in the interest of game and fish protection. You are certainly entitled to great credit. The game commissioners of your State should be glad to render you every possible assistance. I have not a complete copy of the New Jersey game and fish laws at hand, and can not, therefore, say whether or not they contain a provision authorizing the commissioner to issue permits for fishing. I assume, however, they do. If not, those officers would scarcely be willing to take the responsibility of issuing such permits.

As a matter of fact, the carp have become an intolerable nuisance in nearly all waters in which they have been planted, and it would be a great service to all sportsmen if the last one of those finny vermin could be netted and killed. The trouble is, of course, that in netting carp many game fishes must be taken also. The Commission should provide wardens to accompany people who are netting for carp and see that they put back all other fishes into the water. This, however, would be expensive.—EDITOR.

THE LACEY LAW IS ALL RIGHT.

Hon. John S. Wise, one of the best informed lawyers in the United States as to game laws, writes thus of the Lacey law:

Editor RECREATION:

You ask my opinion on the constitutionality of the Lacey game law. I have no hesitation in giving it, because the decisions already rendered by the Supreme Court of the United Stats substantially cover every point which can arise under the Lacey law. It has been repeatedly held by the Supreme Court of the Unitd States that, in entering the Federal compact, the States did not in anywise part with their power to regulate the taking of fish and game, and that the power so retained by the States is not curtailed except as the power of Congress to regulate commerce and navigation incidentally affects traffic in game, and fisheries. In the recent case of Geer vs. the State, the Supreme Court, discussing the game law of Connecticut, upheld the law, which forbade the transportation of game killed in the State to points beyond the State, although game thus killed and acquired in traffic was claimed to be an article of commerce. The decision rested on the point that it was the right of the State not only to control the subject of killing game, but, under its police power, to preserve a food supply to its citizens. These powers were declared to rest with the State and be unimpaired, even if their exercise incidentally rstricts commerce. In support of this, the Supreme Court cited its decision in the oleomargarine cases, where, under the law of Massachusetts, oleomargarine was required to be labeled as such so the people who ate it would know what it was, notwithstanding it was an article of commerce. This I take to be the undoubted law of the case; and the only limitation on the control of the States over the subject of game and fish is that power of Congress to regulate commerce which might seem to conflict with these laws.

The exercise by Congress of its power to regulate commerce is certainly discretionary, and when Congress passes an act like the Lacey bill, expressly declaring that it will not exercise its power to regulate commerce so as to negative local laws on the subject of fish and game, there is no power anywhere, in any court, State or Federal, which can compel Congress to pass such laws. In the absence of such a law, the State laws are supreme, and dealers in game will have to submit to them until they convince the local legislators that the State laws are unwise.

In my opinion, the State law of New York is wise, and the Lacey law is equally wise; and the 2 laws make the State law, as it stands, impregnable.

John S. Wise.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

In response to the article on pages 282 and 283 of October Recreation, and to the postal card which followed it, a number of people have written me that they could not afford to join the League—that they could not spare the dollar. This sounds strange to me. There is scarcely a sportsman in the United States who does not fool away a dollar every month, and many people pay out that amount every day for things that are not necessary to their comfort. There are few sportsmen who can not afford a box of cartridges, or several boxes of them, when the shooting season comes. There are few who can not afford a new line or a new rod when the fishing season opens. There are few who can not afford to buy a railway ticket to some shooting or fishing ground when the time comes. There are few who will deny themselves the luxury of a box of cigars, or a few packages of good smoking tobacco, or a good bottle of whisky, when fitting out for a shooting or fishing trip; yet when you ask these same people to put up $1 a year to increase the supply of fish and game some of them say, "I can not afford it."

When the League was organized, a number of gentlemen in the convention were in favor of placing the membership fee at $5 a year, and others at $10 a year. The sentiment of the majority, however, was that the membership fee should be made so small that a boy working on a farm at $10 a month, or in a grocery store at $5 a week, could afford to be a member. The fee was therefore placed at $1 a year, and now for any man or boy to get up on his hind legs and say he can not afford this, makes me tired.

One man in this State replied to my appeal to the effect that he could not spare the dollar, and I told him in plain English what I thought of him. He answered in this way:

"You have won out. I have 40 uses this month for the enclosed dollar, but the other 39 may wait."

This is the voice of a man. Now let the other hard luck howlers do likewise. I hope no other man may ever tell me he can not afford $1 a year for membership in the L. A. S.

A WHOLE FAMILY.

We read Recreation and like it. We are much interested in the League of American Sportsmen. Our father says you have done more for the cause of game protection than any other man in this country. We like you and believe in your ideas of game protection. Father says the life work of such men as you is largely done for the young generation of sportsmen, and that the country must look to them for carrying out your ideas; so my brother Charley and I would like to belong to the League of American Sportsmen. Here is a money order for $2.70. This will pay our membership fees and leave 50 cents for each of us a bronze badge. We also put in 10 cents each to help buy a gold watch for Mr. Lacey. What a grand thing it is

that the birds have such friends as you 2 men!

Guy Woodcock,
Charles Woodcock,
Byron, Ill.

LEAGUE NOTES.

Several generous and sensible men have recently sent in their checks for $25 each, for life membership in the L. A. S. Among these are Lorenzo Blackstone, Norwich, Conn., and E. Haring-Dickinson, Moosehead Lake, Me.

These have each paid their dues 10 years in advance: W. J. Fyffe, 50, Board of Trade, Chicago; E. C. Hancock, Yardley, Penn.; A. J. Miller, Brewster, Me.; H. A. Mallock, Kendall, Ont., and Dr. A. L. Aylmer, 329 Central avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

The following have paid their dues 5 years in advance: F. Kennys-Tynte, Lake Mills, Wis.; R. R. Colgate, 100 William street, New York City; E. E. Bennett, 857 Beacon, Boston, and Dr. R. B. Maury, 111 Court street, Memphis, Tenn. And there is still plenty of room at the top.

Have lately returned from Western Canada, where the game which still roams that favored country forcibly reminded me that in many portions of the States our game is only too rapidly approaching extinction. The objects of the League must be attained, but it will take time to educate people in this matter, judging by the replies some men make when asked to join this organization. As a teacher, I have, to some extent, introduced the doctrines of the League into my school, and have the satisfaction of knowing that my occasional little talks on natural history are listened to with more absorbing interest than any part of the regular school work. I like the rifle as perhaps few men do, but I love the forest and its creatures even more.

Wm. T. Cox, Lowry, Minn.

This is to remind you that the next annual meeting of The League of American Sportsmen will be held in this city on the second Wednesday of February, 1901. Please paste this in the next new hat you get, so you will not have to write me a year hence that you cannot attend the annual meeting because of a "previous engagement."

I joined the L. A. S. last year, and believe everyone interested in hunting or fishing should be an enthusiastic member. In fact, every American born gentleman should join, for your object is worthy, and in numbers is strength.

W. E. Baldwin, Glens Falls, N. Y.

While watching the boats on Lake Washington and listening to the band yesterday, I was pleased to note about half a dozen League buttons worn by men passing on the board walk. I know it will please you to know the League of American Sportsmen is well represented here.

Dan Beard, Seattle Wash.

The League of American Sportsmen is doing great work. What a pity someone could not have thought of this years ago. I am sure it is much appreciated by our many true sportsmen.

H. D. Vosburg, Galesburg, Mich.

The League has done much good work and will do more, the results of which will be everlasting.

J. W. Beattie, Rutland, Vt.

A CRAMPIER.

A lawyer whose queer name is Dampier,
And who likes naughty fish hogs to pampier,
Sought a scrap with Go Shields
Of New York's green fields,
For he thought that with him he could tampier.

Then this man who inhabits high collars,
And at juries howls, bellows, and hollers,
Said, "Oh Lawd! I've been libeled
By language most ribald,
And I want about 500 dollars.

I've been brought in contempt as a lawyer,
And, though I'm not anxious to jaw yer,
If you don't put up dough,
As a balm for my woe,
I'll sail in and quite badly chaw yer."

Now, a word in your ear, Mr. Dampier,
Take care, or your business you'll hampier.
Better let out this job;
For Shields is a whole mob;
And he'll probably just make you scampier.

Have you read the article on pages 282 and 283 of October Recreation? If not, I will esteem it a personal favor if you will do so at once. Then I will esteem it a still greater favor if you will send me your dollar for membership in the L. A. S.

THINKING OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?

How would a subscription to Rereation strike you for each 5, 10, or 20 of your friends?

FORESTRY

EDITED BY DR. B. E. FERNOW,

Director of the New York School of Forestry, Cornell University, assisted by Dr. John C. Gifford, of same institution.

THF DATE PALM IN THE UNITED STATES.

The date palm is a native of the arid regions of Northern Africa and Southwestern Asia. It was early introduced into America by the Spanish. The history and present status of the date palm in the United States has been made a subject of study by the Arizona Experiment Station. The palm followed the progress of Catholic missions from St. Augustine to Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona and California, where it is now grown in the open ground as an ornament as far North as San Francisco. The tree will, however, produce fruit only over a much more limited area. It is not yet grown on a commercial scale anywhere within the United States, though occasional seedlings are found in the desert regions of Southern New Mexico, Arizona and Southeastern California, which produce fruit of excellent quality.

The United States Department of Agriculture has recently imported a number of rooted suckers of date palm which have been distributed for testing in New Mexico, Arizona and California. Of the trees thus planted it appears that 30 are now living, of which 15 have blossomed, 7 of them being pistillate or fruit-bearing plants. It may be 2 or 3 years before their true fruit qualities can be ascertained.

The regions in which the date palm thrives are characterized by deficiency of rain and wide variations of temperature. The summer heat is intense, reaching 115 degrees or more, though in winter the thermometer may fall as low as 16 degrees below freezing. These climatic conditions are practically identical with those that obtain in the more Southerly portions of the great Colorado desert. So great is the similarity, in fact, that as far as climate is concerned, we may reasonably expect the date palm to fruit satisfactorily in the arid regions of our Southwest. Although the date palm requires exceptionally intense heat in summer, it will withstand in winter a temperature that would be fatal to the fig or the orange.

The date may be propagated from suckers like those distributed by the Department of Agriculture, or from seeds. The latter method is not much used except in originating new varieties, because, like many other fruits, the date does not come true to seed.

The male and female flowers of the palm are borne on separate plants. In the male plant the flowers are crowded closely together on a large branched panicle and have an odor like musty flour. If the panicle is shaken when the flowers are well opened quantities of pollen will escape, filling the air as if with dust. The flowers in the female panicle are much farther apart; the segments are smaller and less spreading. The center of the flower is well filled by 3 pistils, 2 of which soon become abortive.

It is evident, then, that the male and female trees should be planted near each other. It is quite common to set one male plant in the center of an irregular circle of 6 or 8 females. If the trees are planted in a row along a roadside, the male trees should be planted to the windward. The wind may be depended on, as a rule, to effect pollination if the staminate are not more than 6 or 7 rods from the pistillate flowers. At greater distances pollination may be effected, though with doubtful certainty of completeness, by both wind and bees.

The varieties of dates are almost innumerable. They vary greatly in size, color, sweetness, delicacy of flavor, and length of time required to mature. The dates of commerce are usually light colored, these being of firmer texture, hence preferable for shipping purposes.

The average yield of a tree is 8 bunches, each weighing about 17½ pounds, though they may weigh as much as 44 pounds. In Arizona seedling trees 7 years of age have produced upwards of 200 pounds in a single season. Young trees blossoming the first or second time should not be allowed to bear more than 4 or 5 bunches.

FISH AND GAME PROTECTION AND THE NEW YORK COLLEGE OF FORESTRY.

The number of persons taking an intelligent and active interest in the protection of fish and game and our native birds has greatly increased within the last few years. The committee on bird protection of the American Ornithologists' Union has been doing splendid work, not only in creating a sentiment in favor of bird protection, but in the actual protection of the birds themselves. And the League of American

Sportsmen, only a few years old, but already possessing a membership of more than 3,000, with every State and Territory in the Union represented, is wielding a most powerful influence favorable to the protection of our birds, mammals, and fishes. The recent passage of the Lacey Bill by Congress will add immensely to the forces that make for good along this line. And now comes Cornell University with its College of Forestry actively taking up the subject of fish and game protection and fish culture, and establishing a regular course of lectures on this subject. The course consists of lectures, together with laboratory work and field observations and demonstrations regarding the life histories of the important fresh water food and game fishes; the biology of streams and lakes; the relation of the forest and of forestry, logging, lumbering, milling, mining, and irrigation operations to the streams and lakes and their inhabitants; the artificial propagation and protection of fishes; and the protection of the useful mammals and birds and the song birds of the forest.

This course of lectures is given each spring by Dr. Barton W. Evermann, Ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, in the College Forest at Axton, in the Adirondacks.

The value of instruction along these lines can not well be overestimated. The young men who graduate from the College of Forestry are the men who will be called on to manage the large Government forest reservations and the large private forest properties. They will know not only how to care for the trees of the forest, but the birds and mammals, the streams and lakes, and the fishes which inhabit them. They will know how to reclaim waters which have been made unfit for fish, and will be able to restock them with the proper species. They will know how to conduct their forestry operations without detriment to the streams. They will know the value of our insectivorous birds and how to protect them. In short, their interest in Nature will be increased, and they will have an intelligent appreciation not only of the economic importance of our various species of fishes, birds, and mammals, but they will appreciate the esthetic value of protecting the animals of the forest and the forest streams.

PROTECT THE FORESTS.

Mr. E. E. Stokes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes approvingly of Mr. Wild's communication in July Recreation regarding the destruction of a beautiful red oak tree by a greedy farmer who could not appreciate the beauty of the tree as transcending its money value. Pointing out the different purposes which trees may subserve, Mr. Stokes suggests better laws for the protection of works of nature.

Laws should be framed to protect the forests, as birds and animals are protected. Unprincipled men should not be allowed to destroy wantonly Nature's perfect handiwork.

Works of science, art, and beauty produced by man are all protected by man's laws. Why should not Nature's work be protected too? Her punishment, though sure, is often tardy and does not directly reach the real offender.

God has devised His works for pleasure, beauty, and utility. Each fills a want, but in a different way. Some are to be used by man for his convenience, thereby changing or destroying their form; others are intended to minister to the higher needs of his soul in their original form, and of these this tree was a perfect specimen.

Recreation's editor is an uncompromising champion of field and stream. I hope he will become as implacable an enemy to forest hogs as he is of the game destroyers, and that he may soon be backed by wise laws.

INDIANS DESTROY FORESTS.

Not only should every effort be made to save the game by striking at its real destroyers, but also by preserving all forests now standing in this Western country. That our forests are as ill protected as our game the following, from a Montana paper, will show:

> A camp of 100 Crees and Chippewas is located on the forest reserve, in the vicinity of Major Steell's ranch, near the mountains on Birch creek, and they are building houses and cutting timber. These Indians belong in Canada, and the Canadian government has repeatedly expressed its willingness to support them, if they will return to its jurisdiction. Their presence is a menace to the peaceable possession of property, as they must live, and will hardly go hungry as long as there is stock on the range. If our citizens can not go on the forest reserve, foreign Indians should not be allowed to.

This is but one instance in thousands. I hope all members of the L. A. S., in whatever section of the country they may be, will do their best to persuade those in authority to have all game and forest laws carried out to the letter.

W. Jackson,
Blackfoot Agency, Mont.

"How is the landlady this morning?" asked one of the boarders.

"'Threatening and cooler,'" answered the man with the newspaper, misunderstanding the question.

And the other boarder, who was notoriously slow in settling with the landlady, looked partly cloudy.—Chicago Tribune.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

Edited by C. F. LANGWORTHY, PH. D.

Author of "On Citraconic, Itaconic and Mesaconic Acids," "Fish as Food," etc.

A DIETARY STUDY.

A dietary study was recently made, by Prof. M. E. Jaffa, of the University of California football team, the work being a part of the nutrition investigations of the United States Department of Agriculture. All athletes believe that good, wholesome food is necessary to sound bodies capable of feats of strength and endurance, but not all of them know what constitutes proper nourishment. It is well known that college football teams are extremely well fed, according to the popular interpretation of that term. In order to ascertain how such men would be provided for by a person not governed by any dietary standard other than the desire to furnish what is generally considered good, nourishing food, advantage was taken of the opportunity to study the dietary of this football team during a part of their training period.

The study was continued 17 days. The average daily attendance at meals was 23; that is, 1,181 individual meals were served, equivalent to one man for 394 days. The diet was abundant and hearty, beefsteak, roast beef, lamb chops, chicken, oysters, eggs, bouillon, butter, milk, and cream making up the animal food. These articles were supplemented by oatmeal, bread, beans, potatoes, etc., and an abundance of garden vegetables and fruit. Considerable porter was drunk. Oatmeal water was also a favorite beverage. The total food bought furnished 335 grams protein and 9,810 calories of energy a day to each man. Some food was wasted, and the total amount eaten furnished 270 grams protein and 7,885 calories a day to each man, the cost being 83 cents.

An examination of the results obtained discloses some facts that are both interesting and important. In consideration of the nature of the work done by football teams, it might be supposed that the food consumed would be equivalent approximately, at least, to that of a man at severe muscular labor. But these investigations show that in this instance such was not the case. The dietary standard commonly accepted for a man at severe muscular work requires 180 grams of protein and 5,700 calories a day. In the University of California dietary the excess of protein in the food eaten over the standard was 90 grams, or 50 per cent., while the excess of energy was 2,185 calories, or 38.3 per cent. It is interesting to compare the average daily consumption of food by members of the California team with the average for the Wesleyan University team, which was studied a few years ago, and with the average of 7 studies of the Yale and Harvard boat crews. The food eaten by the Connecticut football team furnished 181 grams protein and 5,740 calories of energy. The average diet of the university boat crews contained daily 155 grams of protein, and had a fuel value of 4,085 calories. The average of the boat crews is equivalent to the standard for a man at active muscular work, and the average for the Connecticut team is equivalent to that for a man at severe muscular work, while the average for the California team is, as was noted above, much larger. With regard to the Eastern team, it may be said that, although the study was made while the team was still in active training, with exercise vigorous, and at times severe, it was toward the close of the season, when the men were eating less heartily than they had done earlier. Possibly if the study had been made at the beginning of the training season, as in the case of the California team, the differences between these 2 studies might not have been so large; but it is doubtful if so great an excess could be accounted for in that way.

It might be contended that the diet of the California team was called for by the character of the exercise of the men and their physical condition at the time it was taken. The theory has been advanced that when intense muscular work must be performed in a short time, an unusual supply of protein is necessary; for respiration, although greatly quickened, does not supply enough oxygen to satisfy the enormously increased demand. A study of the results obtained and a comparison of this dietary with that of the Wesleyan team and the university boat crews led the author to believe that factors like those indicated were not sufficient to account for the high food consumption. Making all allowances, the study as a whole seems to warrant the conclusion that the team was overfed. The total amount of food consumed by each man was much larger than other observations have shown to be necessary. The amount of food wasted was also large. Nearly 20 per cent. of the protein purchased was thrown away, and a correspondingly large proportion of the other nutrients. The figures for waste do not include the refuse, such as bone, etc., but represent the edible material rejected either in the kitchen or at the table. Such a practice in the ordinary household would be ruinous. In the case of the fooball team one explanation of the large waste is that the materials which left the table could not be served again, especially animal foods. Meats were always freshly cooked for each meal.

The average daily cost, 83 cents a day for each man, greatly exceeds the amount paid by the majority of housekeepers. The cost of the meat alone was 35 cents a day for each man. Another large item of expense was ale, which cost nearly 20 cents a day for each man. The excessive cost of the diet may, therefore, be said to be due, in considerable measure, to the cost of beverage, the large quantity of animal food purchased, and the great waste.

BANANA FLOUR.

During the past few years many statements have appeared concerning banana flour, or meal. Little reliable information, however, has apparently been available on this subject. Banana flour is prepared by cutting the fruit into suitable pieces, drying, and grinding. Several years ago the Royal Gardens, Kew, England, published a somewhat extended discussion of the food value of bananas and banana flour, and stated that the latter article, according to the testimony of travelers, had been prepared by native inhabitants of tropical countries since early times. American analyses of banana flour made from different sorts of bananas have been recently reported. The banana flour was found to contain about 10 per cent. water, 3 per cent. protein, 87 per cent. carbohydrates, and a little fat, crude fiber, and ash. The fresh fruit contains about 75 per cent. water, 1 per cent. protein, and 21 per cent. carbohydrates. In composition bananas do not differ much from apples, which contain about 84 per cent. water, 0.4 per cent. protein, and 13 per cent. carbohydrates. Dried apples contain about 28 per cent. water, 2 per cent. protein, and 66 per cent. carbohydrates.

Dried, ground bananas contain, in the same bulk, more nutritive material than the fresh. This would naturally be the case since a large part of the water in them is removed in drying. The same is true of dried apples and other dried fruit. The dried apples contain somewhat more water, hence less nutritive material than the dried and ground bananas. Both are inferior to wheat flour, which contains about the same amount of water as the dried bananas, but considerably more protein. Of this, wheat flour contains nearly 12 per cent. on the average and 75 per cent. carbohydrates. The nutritive value of the banana flour rests almost wholly in the materials which constitute the carbohydrate group. In those countries where banana flour is prepared in considerable quantity it is used in combination with milk, sugar, etc., in the preparation of cakes, custards, and similar articles. It is said to be very palatable, and would doubtless prove an acceptable addition to our food materials if it should be placed on the American market.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD VIRGINIA.

In all regions Christmas is the time for hospitality. The great event of the day is the Christmas dinner. This is always abundant, and in the old days in Virginia a long list of good things was considered necessary. Roast turkey, stuffed with oysters or pecans, baked ham, and possibly roast pig, were accompanied by many vegetables, corn pone, and a host of cakes and sweets; nor was the plum pudding of old England wanting. A feature of the holiday season in the South is the egg nog, which everyone must taste. Every guest is offered a glass of egg nog and pound cake or plum cake. Though a round of visits be paid, there is more danger from indigestion than from bad effects due to over indulgence in intoxicants, as may be readily seen from the way in which the egg nog is made. The following recipe, which antedates the Civil War by many years, has been often tested by a family famous for good cheer:

Beat into the yolks of 6 eggs 6 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and stir in one quart of new milk. Add slowly, while stirring rapidly, ½ pint of French brandy and one pint of Madeira wine. Beat the whites of the eggs separately and stir into the mixture just before serving. The egg nog should be made some hours before it is used, and is best if allowed to stand over night in the cold. Egg nog is most commonly made with good whisky instead of brandy and wine, as above, the mixture being dashed with a gill of rum.

In Virginia, and doubtless other regions of the South, it is the custom for the family, early on Christmas morning, to exchange good wishes and pledge one another in a glass of egg nog.

You can earn for yourself a Primus cooking stove by sending me a small club. Write for particulars to

G. O. Shields,
23 West 24th St.,
New York

EDITOR'S CORNER.

IT IS COMING OUR WAY.

The change in public opinion as to the protection of game and fish and song birds within the past 2 years is little short of phenomenal. From every State and every county in the Union letters and clippings from newspapers come to my desk announcing this wonderful change of sentiment on the part of all classes of people. Men who travel through the country North, South, East and West come into my office and report that they hear everywhere people denouncing game hogs, fish hogs, song bird destroyers, and millinery traffic in bird skins.

A single instance will suffice to indicate the widespread and far reaching effect of Recreation and the L. A. S. in this particular. A friend who spent 2 weeks at a large hotel on the coast of Maine, in September last, told me guests were registered there from nearly every State in the Union, and scarcely an hour passed that he did not hear some of them discussing this topic. Many of the guests went fishing at frequent intervals, and it was a common thing to caution a party starting out with rods to quit when they got enough. Other guests were scouring adjacent woods and fields with guns or rifles. All these were admonished as to the necessity of limiting the bag to a reasonable extent. My friend said that whenever any angler caught half a dozen birds or a dozen trout he quit fishing; or, if he continued, he put back all he caught. One party of 3 men from some backwoods district, who had not been reached by our missionary work, caught a big string of bass, went to the local photograph gallery, stood up alongside of their string, and had their picture taken. Not a day passed during the next 2 weeks that someone about the hotel did not comment unfavorably on the conduct of those men. Many of the guests expressed the wish to get hold of a copy of the photograph and send it to Recreation, together with the names and addresses of the fish butchers; but the photographer would not sell a print. Everybody agreed that Recreation ought to have an opportunity to show those men to the world in their proper light. Several of the guests told the offenders, in vigorous English, what they thought of them and what would be their lot if Recreation got hold of one of their photographs.

This is simply one of the thousands of reports that, as I have said, come to me from every point of the compass.

Recreation and the League will keep up the crusade until every man, woman, and child, white, red, and black, in this broad land, shall feel the force of the good teachings, and until the slaughter of the innocents shall cease.

Do you realize the value of the offer I am making, of a scholarship in the Rough Rider Military School? Here is a chance for a young man or boy to get a year's schooling with board, clothing, bedding, and everything else he needs, free. This offer is open to any number of young men who may see fit to compete. The scholarship is offered to the man or boy sending me the largest number of yearly subscriptions on or before April 1, 1901. Competitors who may not be successful in securing the scholarship will not lose their time, for they can select any premiums on my list to the full value of the subscriptions they may send in. Some active young man will win this prize as the result of probably less than a month of lively work. Will you not try?

Prof. Henry F. Osborn, Vice-President of the New York Zoological Society and a member of the L. A. S., has been appointed to succeed the late Prof. O. C. Marsh as palæontologist of the U. S. Geological Survey. Professor Osborn will have charge of the vertebrate palæontology of the survey, especially with reference to the completion of the monograph for which illustrations were prepared under the direction of Professor Marsh.

This issue of Recreation contains 32 pages more of reading matter than usual, making an aggregate of 112 pages of text and pictures.

This is more than Scribner's, Harper's or the Century run, yet they sell at 25 to 35 cents each.

Have you read the article on pages 282 and 283 of October Recreation? If not, I will esteem it a personal favor if you will do so at once. Then I will esteem it a still greater favor if you will send me your dollar for membership in the L. A. S.

Away back in '95 or '96 a reader of Recreation in New England suggested the formation of a League for the protection of game. Will he please write again, giving full name and address?

Will K. C., who recently sent me a marked copy of Pearson's Magazine, kindly send me his full name and address?

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THE

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has just come from the press. It is not a mere Price List, but an Art Book, teeming with matter of general interest to both beginner and expert. It is free.

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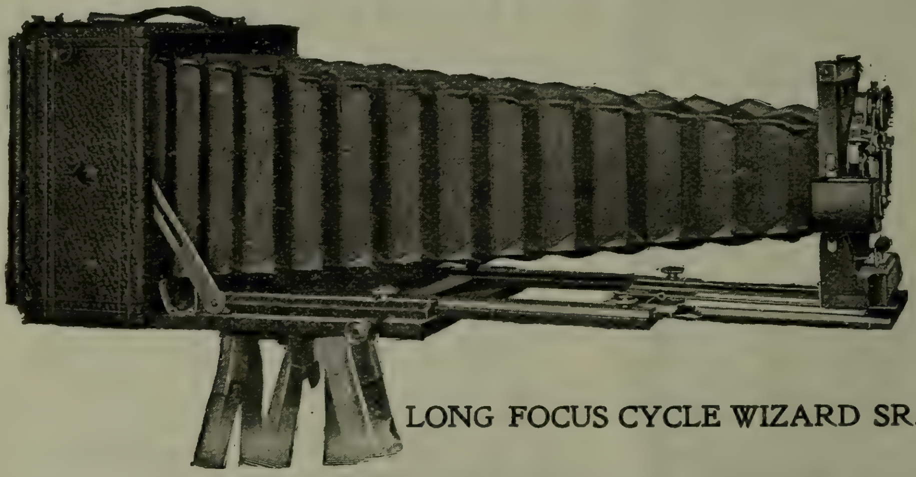

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"For sport the lens is better than the gun."

I wish to make this department of the utmost use to amateurs. I shall, therefore, be glad to answer any questions and to print any items sent me by practical amateurs relating to their experience in photography.

PRIZE WINNERS IN 5TH COMPETITION.

Recreation's 5th annual photo competition closed September 30th, with 557 entries, and it is gratifying to be able to say the pictures submitted this year are fully up to the high standard of those entered in my previous contests. The judges who awarded the prizes were, Dan Beard, the well known artist and author; Dr. C. C. Curtis, Professor of Botany in Columbia University, and S. F. Taylor, a prominent business man of this city and secretary of the Commercial Club. These men are eminently fitted in every way for this important work. All are enthusiastic amateur photographers, and have made many fine pictures.

The first thing the judges did was to go through the entire lot of pictures and throw out all that were found impossible as winners. On the other end of the table they stacked up the possible winners, of which there were over 300, while there were but 38 prizes to be distributed. It took all the afternoon to sift the 300 pictures down to 38. Then there was another long consideration as to how these should be arranged, and after a most arduous, careful and cosncientious study they were disposed of in the following order:

1st prize—Beavers Cutting and Drawing Wood, made by W. E. Balch.
2d prize—Our Daily Visitor, F. R. Woodward.
3d—The Poacher, P. A. Tavernier.
4th—What Did I Hear? Clinton Smith.
5th—A Choice Spider for the Babies, Geo. C. Embody.
6th—Young Pelicans in Nest, on Uninhabited Mexican Island, S. W. Little.
7th—Not at Home, F. C. Wisner.
8th—Wm. Schwartz.
9th—A Diamond Back Rattler, William H. Fisher.
10th—Who Said Rats? W. R. Smith.
11th—Mending His Net, A. Emerine, Jr.
12th—Here They Come, B. D. Brewster.
13th—Who Would be Mean Enough to Kill Me? C. C. Speight.
14th—Young Hawks, R. J. McLaughlin.
15th—Young Bitterns, H. K. Job.
16th—A Camp Fire Yarn, Mrs. G. E. Conn.
17th—At the Falls, J. Wilson.
18th—Nest and Eggs of Mourning Doves, T. H. Jackson.
19th—Where Is He? A. H. Anderson.
20th—They Left Their Happy Homes for Me, I. S. Trostler.
21st—'Possum Fat Am Very, Very Fine, J. E. Taylor.
22nd—American Merganser. Name of photographer unknown.
23rd—An Unlucky Catch, Guion Miller.
24th—Ring Neck Pheasant, William Simpson.
25th—Hands Off, C. C. Speight.
26th—Fetch, J. B. Proctor.
27th—Slap Jacks for Breakfast, Charles W. Dake.
28th—An Interrupted Lunch, F. S. Merrill.
29th—No, They Don't Bite To-day, Lyman H. North.
30th—The Noonday Lunch, H. G. Higbee.
31st—The Start, A. H. Armstrong.
32nd—Lawbreakers Beware, J. B. Pardie.
33rd—Careful, Perry Archibald.
34th—A Bucker, C. Markle.
35th—Clark's Nutcracker, Evan Lewis.
36th—We Are Going to Have a Pet Gopher, H. M. Wolf.
37th—Sprigs Over Decoys, J. B. Brokaw.
38th—We Must Get Him, We're Out of Meat, J. H. Zinkon.

The series of prizes as previously announced would end here, but there were so many other fine pictures, the makers of which the judges wished to reward, that I decided to make a special class of 30 more and to award the maker of each of these pictures a year's subscription to Recreation, making 68 prizes in all. These next 30 are listed as follows:

39th—A Dead Cinch, M. S. Wagner.
40th—Good Medicine, J. R. Peterson.
41st—Cruising, F. W. Mallet.
42nd—A Rough Day on the Susquehanna, Wm. H. Fisher.
43rd—Just Loafing, Mrs. Chas. E. Bond.
44th—Plenty of Room at the Top, J. D. Peterson.
45th—At Bass Lake, W. D. Cockburn.
46th—In the Dark Room, H. H. Bowen.
47th—Dar's 'Possum Fo' All, Will H. Davis.
48th—The Camera Girl, I. N. Cross.
49th—After the Day's Sport—M. L. Anderson.
50th—He Can't Get Away, R. W. Hardee.
51st—A Fish on the Plate is Worth 2 in the Creel, Martin Nuholson.
52nd—A Beaver Lodge, G. Bickford.
53rd—Baiting Up, Edith Smith.
54th—Old Sport, F. E. Foster.
55th—Are These My Babies? H. M. Beck.
56th—I Guess Sevens Will be Right, Chas. W. Long.
57th—Off for a Cruise, M. B. Paine, Jr.
58th—An April Shower, Chas. T. Springman.
59th—Gathering Cat-tails, H. Slating.
60th—Drop It! H. D. Cochrane.
61st—I'll Give Him Plenty of Time, T. W. Bonney.
62nd—The Flying Squadron, E. V. Long.
63rd—Who Said Grub? William Stark.
64th—Listening, Chas. W. Dake.
65th—Bobbing for Bullheads, C. H. Filly.
66th—The Packtrain, R. J. Fischer.
67th—Retrieving a Grouse, A. E. Fischer.
68th—The Value of Real Estate, William Rickert.
69th—Old Bob, Mrs. Nellie Scott.
70th—My Pointer, H. D. Cochrane.

The following pictures were highly commended by the judges for various good qualities:

A Portrait, Andrew Emerine.
Told by the Camp Fire, Percy A. Taverner.
Fawn of Virginia Deer, F. S. Merrilll.
Horned Owl, J. B. Brokaw.
Brook Trout, H. D. Cochrane.
Critical Work, H. H. Bowers.
At Home, F. C. Wisner.
A Lesson in Developing, H. H. Bowen.
Feeding Time, Joseph W. Anderson.
Tough Weather, James M. Redfield.
Hustling for Minnows, Andrew Emerine.
Trout Fishing Near Platte Lake, Andrew Emerine.
Nighthawk on Nest, Herbert K. Job.
Caught in the Act, Evan Lewis.
It Will Fly All Right, J. B. Pard e,

Nest and Eggs of Blue Winged Warbler, with Cow Bird Egg, Thomas H. Jackson.
Showing Him How, Lyman H. North.
Fox Squirrel, A. L. Princehorn.
First Fall for Foxie, F. S. Merrill.
Waiting for a Big One, Henry T. Whitmore.
Reflection on the Neponat, A. G. Bowles.
Not a Bite, Harry N. Dean.
Weakfish, Herman Maylath.
The Truants, Andrew Emerine.
I've Got Him, R. W. Hardie.
Half Grown Fox Squirrel, Andrew Emerine.
Hunting with a Camera, J. B. Pardie.
The Cats and the Fish, Andrew Emerine.
Satisfied, Harry G. Higbee.
The First Carry, Harry G. Higbee.
Looking Up Rock River, W. D. Cockburn.
The Amateur Photographer, Harry E. Pumphrey.
Sunset on the Reservoir, Geo. C. Embody.
Roughing It, H. D. Cochrane.
Bound for the Fishing Ground, A. Emerine, Jr.
For Recreation, A. D. Witt.
Over the Hog Back, J. B. Pardie.
Pushing Off, H. D. Cochrane.
That Old Time Snake Story, A. Emerine, Jr.
An Inexperienced Fisherman, Clare L. Colburn.
Our Luck, H. D. Cochrane.
Among the Last of the Covey, Charles Laughridge.
The Finish, A. H. Armstrong.
The Passing of the Jug, Andrew Emerine.
The Trout Fisherman, Andrew Emerine.
On the Connequessing Creek. R. Wilkinson.
Me and the Old Man, Arthur Hunt.
An Early Bird, B. D. Brewster.
Missed Them, By Gosh, B. D. Brewster.
Shooting at Blue Rocks, J. B. Pardie.
Sunning, Andrew Emerine.
When the Bass Bite Best, Geo. C. Embody.
A Tight Shell, Chas. W. Long.
An Indolent Coon, W. C. Knight.
The Evening Drink, R. C. W. Lett.
A Day Off the Farm, J. B. Brokaw.
Hunting for Pleasure, Harry G. Higbee.
If I'd Only Get a Bite, Chas. T. Springman.
Trout Fishing, Andrew Emerine.
Columbian Ground Squirrel, F. S. Merrill.
Gannets and Murresons, Herbert K. Job.
Nest of Whippoorwill, Herbert K. Job.
In the Cavern's Mouth, Frank E. Foster.
Blue Racer Snake, W. W. Gilmore.
The Hungry Hunters, Chas. W. Dake.
The Patient Angler, Henry T. Whitmore.
The View Finders, Chas. E. Benson.
An Afternoon Off, Mrs. W. W. Manchester.
A Dry Amateur, H. K. Greene.
A Difficult Trail, Perry Archibald.
Waiting for the Canoe, R. H. Searcy.
Sails Full, H. A. Snelgrove.
Fox Squirrel, A. L. Princehorn.
Three Shots at the Ace, Wm. H. Fisher.
Water Line Bathers, A. K. Boyles.
The Beaver Den, G. Bickford.
A Yard of Pups, Frank E. Foster.
Nest of Wilson's Thrush, Herbert K. Job.
Now I'm Ready, Dr. J. G. Grant.
Why Pa's Plates Got Fogged, Harry E. Pumphrey.
Nest of Snowbird, Herbert K. Job.
Camp Robber, Evan Lewis.
Not Empty Handed, Andrew Emerine, Jr.
Recreation, J. B. Pardie.
Looking Across Tunti Lake, W. D. Cockburn.
Resting, W. D. Cockburn.
Suspense, Geo. A. Bailey.
Into the Jaws of Death, J. E. Taylor.
Beaver's Work, G. Bickford.
Looking Down Rock River, W. D. Cockburn.
Hounds Resting, W. D. Cockburn.

There were many others that the committee would have been glad to recognize in some way, but the limited space at my disposal in this department would not admit of the printing of a longer list.

I am again deeply grateful to all my friends who have submitted specimens of their work in this competition, and while many are no doubt disappointed at not finding their names in the column of prize winners, I trust there may be no dissatisfaction. While you may imagine your picture is better than some that have been placed above it, the judges were, as I have said, honest and conscientious in placing the awards as they did. That you have not succeeded in this instance should not discourage you. On the contrary, it should stimulate you to greater efforts next year.

Several of the prize winners are published in this issue of RECREATION, and the others, together with those highly commended, will follow.

My 6th competition will open April 1, 1901.

A NEW ART.

58 West 56th St., New York.

Editor RECREATION:

I have just left a choke cherry heath where several clumsy and happy bears were breaking branches and leaving various visiting cards every night. On arriving in this vicinity of Fifth avenue canyon one of the first bits of literature I chose from the office table was RECREATION for October, and about the first thing that caught my eye was, naturally, the fine pair of photographs of the "Accommodating Bear." I was inwardly congratulating you on your luck in getting 2 such characteristic natural history lessons for showing readers just how a bear looks in a trap when I suddenly experienced that sinking feeling one has when a member of the company has talked at a mark and missed it. The feeling was caused by the letter of Mr. Ewing, who tells us to "rest assured the picture is bona fide, and there was no trap nor anything to deceive." Now, that riles me. I don't mind having men say things like that to me, but I hate to have them think I am fool enough to believe it. The other old bear hunters will feel the same way in all probability, and they will be expected to watch with some interest for the response to this offer. I will bet Mr. Ewing $100 even, that the bear in question was in a trap at the time the 2 photographs were taken. You are to be the stakeholder. The gentleman who shot the bear is to tell who wins, and $50 of the winning sum is to go to the general fund of the L. A. S.

A bear is not in the habit of standing around naturally in a good light for a photograph and clawing a tree in despair while the photographer and the shooter are deliberately choosing good positions. This poor devil of a bear has lost all of his "sass" and back bone, and has been in the trap I should say more than 24 hours.

I should like to put my arm around the poor old fellow in sympathy and carry him a basin of water, and I'll wager he would see what was in my heart and accept the offer.

I am fond of big game hunting and have looked for trouble many a time. I do not mind taking advantage of a bear up a tree because he is able to get down, and I am not above putting half a pint of rum in a molasses bait, beause it will sometimes give a timid bear just enough booze to make him reckless on a charge; but the sight of a bear in a trap is so pitiful that nothing would tempt me to shoot that sort of game and classify the procedure as sport.

A lynx or an otter, or almost any predatory animal, will keep plenty of fight in reserve while in a trap; but a bear is so intelligent that he "knows when he is licked," and he suffers so intensely that he shows it in every hair. The bear in your photographs has the typical air and bearing of a poor, dejected, old warrior, and it is an insult to the whole bear family for Mr. Ewing to tell us this is the way a wild Colorado bear looks when he has the keys of the forest in his pocket.

Robert T. Morris, M. D.

Westfield, N. J.

Editor Recreation:

I am a constant reader of Recreation and enjoy it, and believe in game protection, forest protection, and the good things generally advocated therein.

I can enjoy a fish or a bear story well told, even though I may be aware the teller has a vivid imagination and has painted his story in glowing colors. But here in the October number is a bear story that is too large for my swallowing capacity. And I notice it troubled you some.

I do not question the bear standing to be photographed or to be shot, for curiosity will sometimes lead wild animals, as well as women, to do strange things; but I have never before seen nor heard of a photograph being made of something that did not yet exist.

Now comes our friend, Mr. H. N. Richmond, of Bradford, Pa., and says,

"Picture No. 1 was taken before the bear clawed the tree in the foreground."

If the tree was not yet clawed how on earth could the claw marks be photographed?

Perhaps we have struck something new. Prophetic photography would be a great snap. By this means one could have his picture taken to-day to see what he was going to do to-morrow! The possibilities of such a thing roll in on me like the waves at Coney Island, with almost overwhelming force; and I suggest that as one more evidence of enterprise on the part of Recreation you secure the services of the maker of those pictures and open a school of prophetic photography. In that case you may enroll me as your first pupil, providing the demonstrations are satisfactory.

M. L. Nichols.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Editor Recreation:

Your rather doubtful authentication of the photographs of "An Accommodating Bear" in your October number is justified. The left hind leg is apparently imprisoned, and the claw marks on the tree show the bear had made desperate efforts to extricate itself. The facts that the first photograph was taken at a distance of not over 10 feet, and that the hunter and photographer then shifted positions to take another picture at the same distance, with the bear in the same position, speak for themselves. The felled timber where the bear stands accounts for his accommodating leisure, when surrounded by guns, cameras and presumably an admiring crowd.

George Shiras.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor Recreation:

In your October number of Recreation there are 2 snap shots of a bear. I have serious doubts whether the bear is free of a trap.

From the claw marks on the tree, about 14 impressions of his left fore paw, you will see that they are parallel, or nearly so.

In the first photo there is a stump of a tree directly behind the bear; picture 2 shows the same position, consequently the person had to approach so that the sapling in No. 2 does not show in No. 1.

Inspecting the background closely there are no piles of brush as the one hiding the bear trap. I don't think it goes in this part of the U. S.

Howard Carter.

Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Editor Recreation:

I have your favor 1st. The bear photographs sent you by Mr. H. N. Richmond, and published on pages 263 and 264 of October Recreation, were given him by Mr. F. C. Ewing, of this place. The bear was trapped by me last May, and was fast in the trap when photographed and shot. I also made the photos and gave Mr. Ewing copies of them to show his Eastern friends while on a visit to New York.

W. H. Hubbard.

I reprint Mr. Ewing's letter from October Recreation:

"Mr. Richmond handed me your letter of July 11th, asking if picture was taken with bear in trap. There was no trap and the picture was taken just as you see, with no showing of any trap. It was miles away from anyone, and impossible to transport a heavy bear trap. You may rest assured the picture is bona fide, and there was no trap or anything to deceive. Yours,

"F. C. Ewing,
"Glenwood Springs, Col."

Of course I knew it all the time, but I wanted to give my readers a chance to do some guessing.

Now, Mr. Ewing, it is your turn to guess again.

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH.

Here is some correspondence about the picture which won first prize in my 5th Annual Photo Competition:

Lunenburg, Vt.

Editor RECREATION:

I send you to-day 2 photos for entry in your competition. They show 2 beavers cutting and drawing wood.

I went up in Aroostook county, Maine, late last fall, to study the beaver, preparatory to mounting a group for the Vermont University. Had made a number of exposures on dams, houses, etc., but could not get any of the beavers themselves, though I had learned something of their habits. Finally, I found a family of them that had only one road to their wood lot. "Here," I said, "is my chance for a picture of the 4-footed carpenters themselves." How well I succeeded remains for your judges to decide. It was something of a job, and it took some time to do it, so I will not take time to write the story now, but will give it to you in detail later if you want it.

Yours truly,
W. E. Balch.

I replied as follows:

Your beaver picture is a marvel, and if it does not win one of the best prizes I am a poor guesser. This is one of the most interesting photographs I have ever seen.

The question will be raised, as soon as this picture is published, as to whether these beavers were alive or whether they were mounted specimens put out there for the purpose. You know photographers have played a lot of tricks of that kind, and so other photographers have become skeptical. Let me ask you, frankly, if these were mounted specimens? You know it would be possible for a good taxidermist to put up mounted specimens in these position, and possibly to put up freshly killed animals to look as natural as these do.

If these beavers were alive I should like to have you make an affidavit to that effect, and if you had anyone with you at the time have him join in it. If no one else was there, it would be well to have a letter written me and signed by 3 of your prominent men, certifying to your honesty and to their belief in the genuineness of this picture. This is all in the interest of science, and for the purpose of allaying doubt in the minds of the judges and of my readers.

I wish you would kindly send me the negative from which this picture was made, as I should like to have some enlargements made from it.

Awaiting your kind reply, I am,

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields,
Editor and Manager.

In due course came the following:

Dear Sir: Your letter at hand. The beavers that I sent you photo of are, without doubt, alive and well today. It is a picture of live beavers, straight and honest, and I will send herewith affidavits by myself and the station agent at Lunenburg, who was with me on the trip. I could refer you to half of the people in our town as to my honesty, if necessary. I have spent much time in the woods studying things. I found a chance to make a photo of live beaver, so I staked out my camera, hitched a string to it, so that I could pull it off, fixed a place to hide, 100 feet or more away, and you have the result.

Yours truly,
W. E. Balch.

September 29, 1900.

This is to certify that the photo of beavers, entitled "Beavers Cutting and Drawing Wood," entered in RECREATION'S competition, is not made from mounted or stuffed specimens, but from live beavers, on their wood lot as they were at work.

W. E. Balch.

Sworn to before me this 29th day of September, A.D. 1900.

Archibald J. Miller,
(Notarial Seal) Notary Public.

Lunenburg, Vt., September 29, 1900.

This is to certify that I accompanied Mr. Balch last season on the trip when the picture entitled "Beavers Cutting and Drawing Wood" was taken, and that the same was secured from live specimens while at work on their native soil.

Leslie I. Bishop.

Sworn to before me this 29th day of September, 1900.

Archibald J. Miller,
(Notarial Seal) Notary Public.

On October 11th I wrote Mr. Balch as follows:

Dear Sir:

The judges have made the following criticisms on your beaver picture:

The beaver on the left is apparently beginning work on a tree at a point 6 or 8 inches higher than the other stumps around him.

There is something across his left fore foot that looks like a string. Is it a string? If not, what is it?

His body does not look exactly the right shape for an animal standing up as he is. His stomach would naturally hang down, and he would be larger around at the flanks than he now appears.

The judges want to be perfectly certain on all these points before deciding the matter, in order to be able to answer any criticisms that may be made later.

To which Mr. Balch replied:

I do not know what to say as to shape of the beaver that is standing, only that he or she, whichever it may have been, did not stop long enough to do any cutting on the tree. He (or she) simply had time to reach up when I pulled the string and got them as they were at the time. As to what it is that looks like a string across the foot, you may be able to make out from the negative, which I send herewith. I can not say what it is. I noticed the same thing and have tried to make out what it was. All I can say is that it may be a twig of some brush that happened to be there at the time. I put some small poplar branches at the place to help stop the beavers if they came, so that I could get their photo. There certainly was no string there. I was careful not to leave anything around when planning for the picture that would in any way scare them if they came. I was not near the stand after the camera was set until after I had snapped it. I do not think the beavers came up as far as the turn or fork of the roads the first afternoon and night. It rained all the last part of the first night, and to that cause I attribute my luck in getting the photo.

If you or the judges think for a moment there is any fraud in the picture I should prefer to have it withdrawn and that nothing more be done about it.

Yours truly, W. E. Balch.

HOW SOME PRIZE WINNERS WERE MADE.

The beautiful little humming bird shown in "Our Daily Visitor" came regularly to the flowering beans that grew on the porch of our summer home in Rowe, Mass. I determined to get his picture for RECREATION, if possible, and I do not need to tell of the hours and patience that were consumed before the happy result I have sent you came to reward me. A long focus camera was placed in a window near and focussed on a particularly alluring bunch of the blossoms. For a while, on several different days, the bird's erratic and lightning like maneuvers seemed destined to spoil all the plates on the farm, even when he came for an instant where I wanted him.

At last, on a bright August forenoon, I caught him. In the 4x5 negative his little likeness is, naturally, small indeed, so I adapted our school stereopticon outfit to my large camera and made the enlargement on Velox paper, to about life size, which I submit. The plate used was a Record, made by the New York Dry Plate Co.

Fred'k R. Woodward, Lowell, Mass.

"A Choice Spider for the Babies" was taken with a long focus camera, and developed in weak pyro. This photo of a house wren carrying a spider to 7 young birds concealed within the bird box was taken from life. The subject was difficult, because of the restless nature of the bird. This was intensified by the nearness of the camera, which was only about 18 inches away. Ten visits were made to the bird box and 9 plates exposed before this picture was secured.

The bird was first watched, in order to determine on which part of the box it would alight the greatest number of times. That being known, the camera was focussed on that point. Forty feet of rubber tubing was then attached to shutter, with the operator at the other end, about 35 feet distant, bulb in hand, waiting for bird to reappear.

Geo. Embody, Hamilton, N. Y.

The photo of live wild moose was taken from a canoe on the Lake of the Woods, about 60 miles South of this place. There were 3 moose crossing the lake. Mr. Alan Sullivan and I, who were on a prospecting tour, paddled up to the moose through rough water and secured a few snaps at them. You will note there are 2 moose shown in this view. We were not able to get all 3 on account of the distance and the rough water. We used an Eastman Kodak, 5x7, instantaneous exposure, and printed on Velox paper, using films.

Wm. Schwartz, Rat Portage, Ont.

CAMERA NOTES.

GENE S. PORTER.

For those amateurs who lay aside their paraphernalia with November and rest on their laurels until May, let me advise a change of program. Try winter photography. Add to your customary apparatus a pair of stout boots and learn for yourself that no season has more appealing material to offer you than has winter. There is great beauty in the stubble fields, hedged in by blackened snake fences and leafless bushes, snow laden. There is wonderful beauty in the river, whether it flows a dark current between banks of willows drooping with fringed whiteness, and lifeless edges sparking with delicate frosty lacework, or stretches from bank to bank in glittering, icy sheen. There is beauty in the forests. Never do trees seem to me so large, so stately, so grandly majestic as when they stand stripped and bare, their branches outlined against the sky in fanciful frost tracery and snow decoration. Foliage can not compare with it in artistic beauty for photographic purposes.

The smaller trees and bushes, weighted with their burden of heavenly whiteness; bronzed and red leaves peeping through the green of pines, laurel and other winter shrubbery, furnish tempting subjects. There are fence corners and brush heaps piled high with drifted leaves, whitened with the snow, pencilled with frost, housing Bob Whites and ruffed grouse.

The cardinal, the jay, the squirrels and the rabbits are abroad. These latter call to the hunter, and with dogs to heel he goes plowing the snow. Lucky is the amateur who secures a choice bit of winter landscape with a rationally dressed hunter and dogs for his life study. The trapper, kneeling by his traps; the farmer chopping a hole in the ice-covered river for his cattle to drink; the quaint old people who live in cabins along the river banks; are subjects that would have made Corot's mouth water. There are the cutters geting out a summer's supply of ice. Skating parties work in well for figures in a winter river picture. What would you want better for the life of a winter landscape than a muffled old farmer hauling home a sled load of icy, moss-covered backlogs? An old mill, picturesque in summer, is even more so in winter.

There is good material for Salon pictures about a barn in the winter. Try the brimming, ice-covered water trough when the cattle come to drink and with great velvety eyes and dripping jaws bellow complainingly over the coldness of the water. Sheep are always good. They are never better than when huddled on the South side of the straw stack on a frosty winter day. There is the old farm team, standing lazily with crossed necks in the sunshine. Focus so the hair will show. Don't be afraid to experiment some on good horse studies. There are no spots photographically available in summer, that are not equally or more so in winter.

I have been using Solio developing paper and have also tried Aristo self toning. The latter curls badly in toning and fixing. Even if kept flat in fixing, it curls in the washing. Unless it has constant attention it can not be washed thoroughly. I want to try Aristo Platino, but as it is a collodion paper, like the self toning, am afraid it also will curl. Can this curling be prevented? If so, how?

H. R. Pfaff, Jennings, Ala.

ANSWER.

To prevent curling cover the bottom of the tray with ¼ inch of water and lay the prints in so they are flat on the bottom and scattered about on top of one another. When all are in, press into a solid mass and stand the tray on edge 15 minutes. Wash in all the water you please and the prints will not, usually, curl, in either wash water or subsequent baths.—Editor.

Will you please give me a formula, metol hydro preferred, that will produce contrasts in negatives. What ingredients are used for that purpose? For some reason I do not get sufficient contrast in my negatives. They are inclined to be flat.

A. R. Sedgley, Wakefield, Mass.

ANSWER.

Use the formula you now use or the one given for your plates. The plate maker will be glad to furnish you the formula best suited to his plates. To get contrast soak the plates 2 minutes in the following bath before developing, and if at any time during developing more contrast is needed repeat the process. The bath may be kept and used many times.

Water	8 oz.
Bromide of Potash..........	¼ oz.

—Editor.

A yearly subscription to Recreation is one of the most practicable and useful Christmas presents you could possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature study, fishing, hunting, or amateur photography.

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A Wizard camera is a never failing source of pleasure and profit. You can earn one in a day by sending me 15 subscriptions to Recreation. This is the time to get them and be prepared for my next photo competition.

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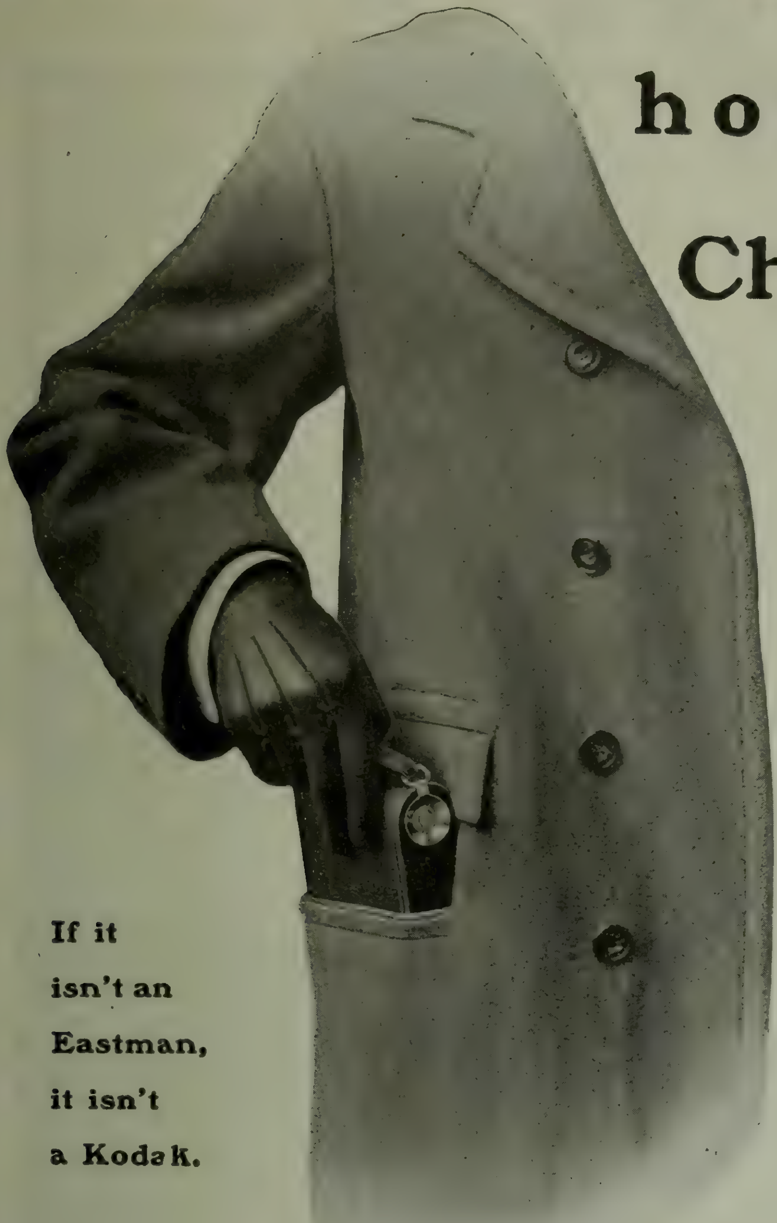

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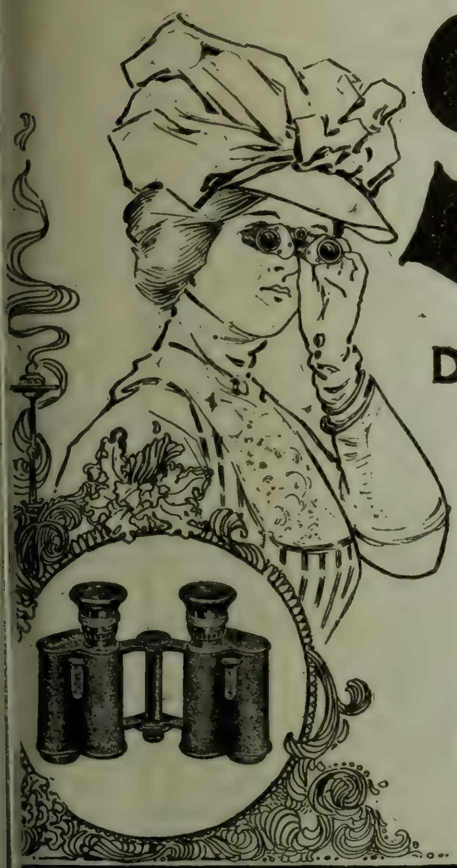

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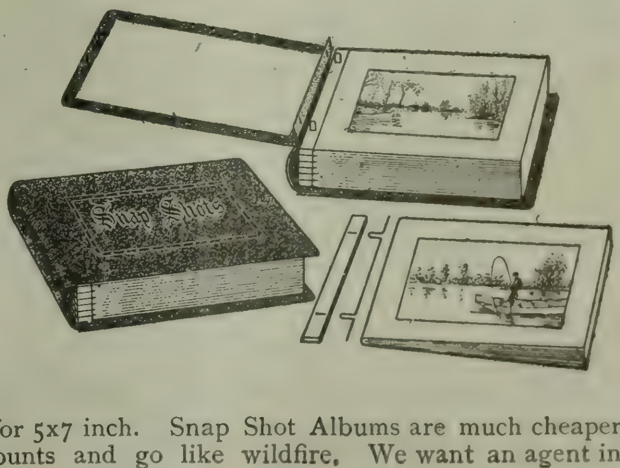

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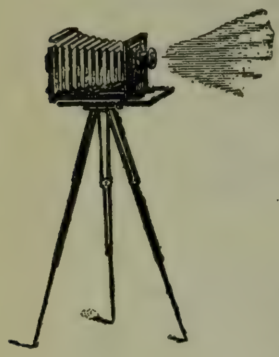

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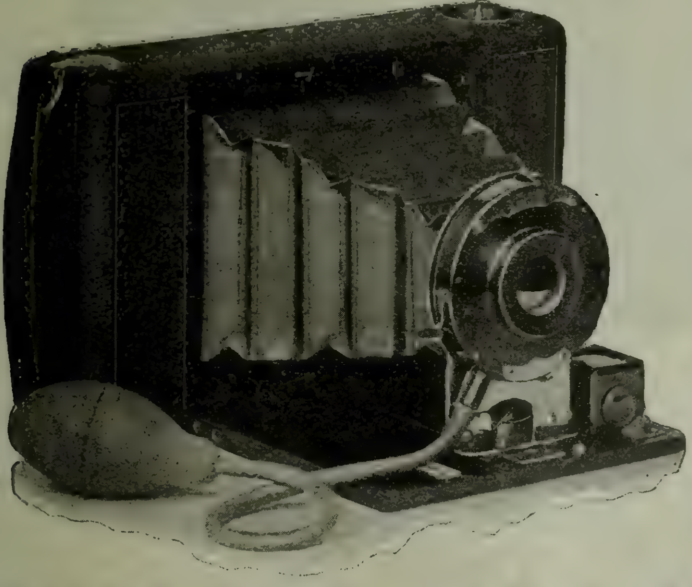

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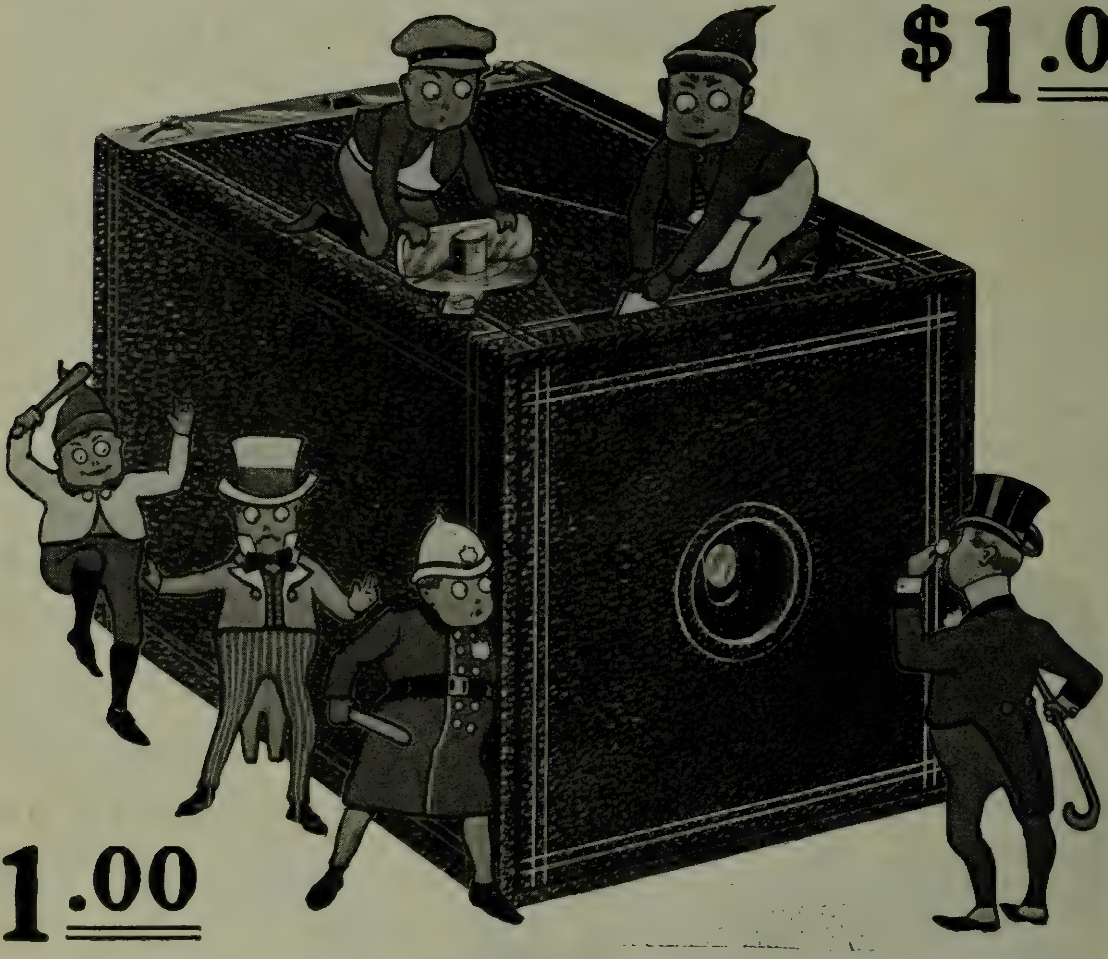

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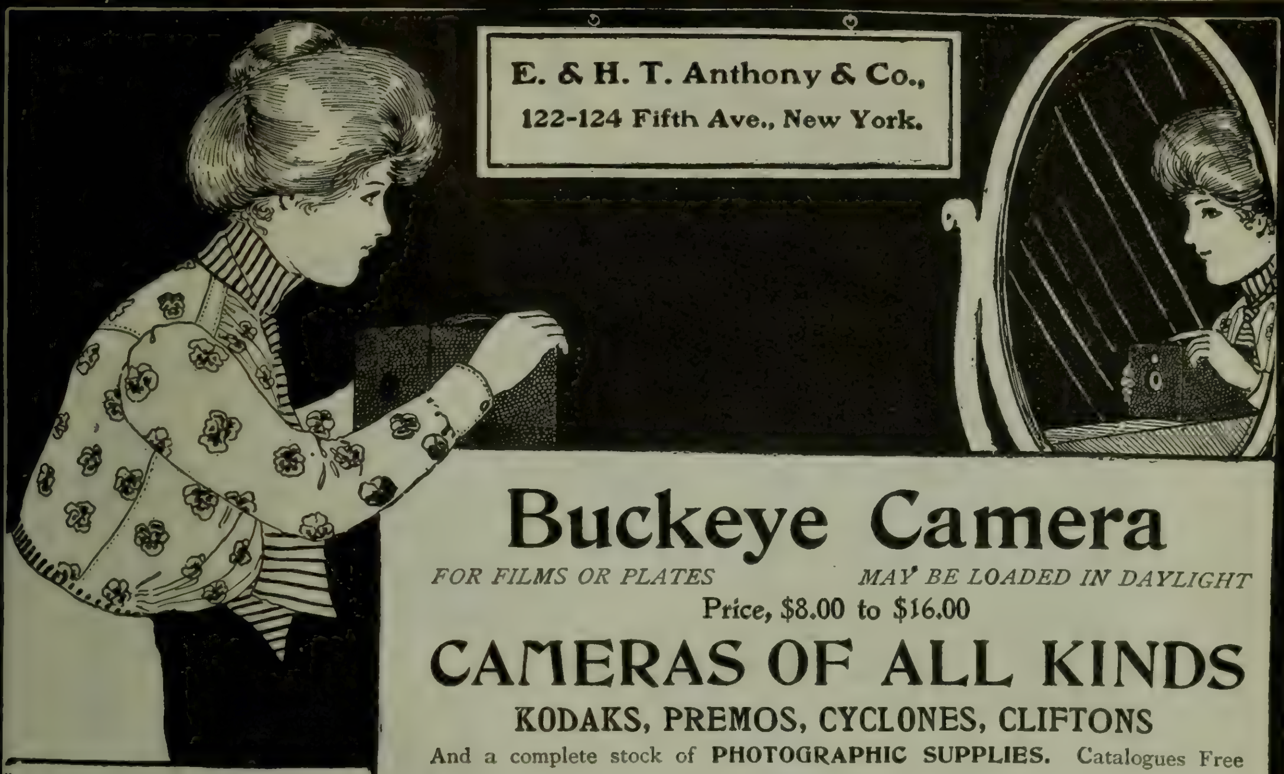

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especially with light draperies

LANDSCAPE OR OUTDOOR WORK WITH SKIES

or in photographing Interiors

or any subject with strong contrasts of light and shade

Exposed and developed like an ordinary plate
Send for circular of information

Mention Recreation.

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VELOX

paper, and secure the delicacy and richness of a carbon or platinum. A few seconds for exposure and a few more for development.

NEPERA CHEMICAL CO.
Division of the General Aristo Co.

For sale by all dealers.

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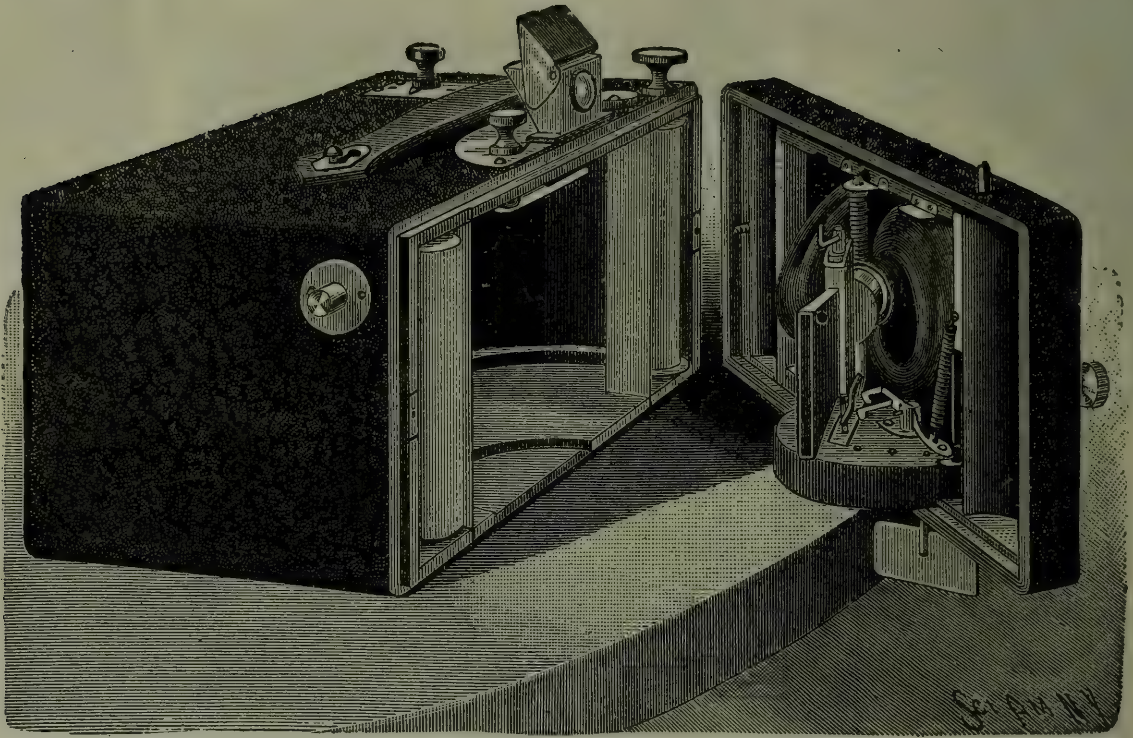
N. Y.

Camera Pleasure



depends entirely on what your camera will do. The more it will do, the more fun you will get out of it. The

Al-Vista

Panoramic Camera

is the camera which pleases both the amateur and the professional. It will do more things and do them better than any other make of camera. It will take the kind of pictures that any other camera will take, and it will take them just as well as an ordinary camera takes ordinary pictures. The swinging lens enables you to take pictures you can get in no other way. It will give your work character. If you have not made up your mind about your camera choice, let us help you understand all the good points of the AL-VISTA.

Multiscope and Film Co.,

68 Jefferson Street, = = BURLINGTON, WIS.

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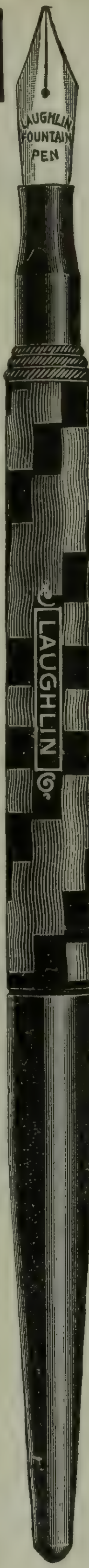
LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN
LAUGHLIN



LAUGHLIN
FOUNTAIN PEN
The Best at Any Price

A Christmas Suggestion—A gift of never ending usefulness and a constant pleasant reminder of the giver.

Your choice of these popular styles, superior to the

$3.00 STYLES

of other makes, for only

$1.00

Try it a week. If not suited we buy it back, and offer you **$1.10.** We are willing to take chances on you wanting to sell, we know pen values, you will when you own one of these.

Finest quality hard rubber holder, 14k. Diamond Point Gold Pen, any desired flexibility in fine, medium or stub, and the only perfect ink feed.

One Pen Only to one address on this special offer, by mail, postpaid on receipt of $1.00, (registration 8c. extra.)

Ask your dealer to show you **this** pen, if he has not or won't get it for you (do not let him substitute an imitation, on which he can make more profit) send his name and your order to us, and receive **free of charge** one of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders.

Remember — There is no "Just as good" as the **Laughlin,** insist on it, take no chances.

Address—

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.
261 Laughlin Block,
DETROIT, - MICHIGAN.
Mention RECREATION.

Old Gentleman: Don't you think it is cruel to shut up a bird in a little cage like that?

Little Girl: Oh! I don't know. I have a pretty good time, and I live in a Harlem flat.—New York Weekly.

ARENA 3¼
BARABOO 2¾
2/4
Fits like a
TRADE MARK.

LION
BRAND
COLLAR & SHIRT

Papa says you'll understand this if I don't.

They Fit You Because They Fit Each Other

The contour of the collars and the neckbands of the shirts are alike, causing both to set exactly as the fashion plates show them, insuring their stylish appearance, and preventing the binding and pulling which in unmatched goods wears out the wearer and the linen. The same principle applied to cuffs causes them to rest gracefully on the wrists. Two collars or two cuffs cost 25 cents. It doesn't pay to pay more. Shirts cost $1.00, $1.50 or $2.00, depending on the kind you want. Ask your furnisher. If he doesn't keep them write us and we will advise you who does. Do not send us money.

United Shirt and Collar Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

SELF-FILLING
SELF-CLEANING
SIMPLICITY
DURABILITY
RELIABILITY
NO LEAKING

Six Cardinal Points

Peculiar to the

Post.

The Only

Fountain Pen

Manufactured in America awarded GOLD MEDAL AND DIPLOMA by the Academie Parisienne Des Inventeurs Industriels et Exposants, Paris.

A Great Offer!

The subscription price of **Recreation** is $1.00; the pen is $3.00; yet I offer **Recreation** for one year and the Pen for $2.50, a saving of $1.50. The Pen will be carefully packed and sent to your address, or to any address you may send me, with printed directions, postpaid. If you want a present for a friend, man or woman, boy or girl, this is a splendid opportunity. If you want a really reliable pen for yourself, here is a chance to get it at less than half the price at which you could buy one from a dealer.

SUBSCRIBE TO-DAY!

SOURCES OF POWER

Vital Power and the magnetism that carries with it the qualities of mastery over circumstances as well as persons does not exist, and cannot exist, where the forces of the Nervous System must be drawn from a circulation that has become contaminated by the unhealthy products of Varicocele.

I have found by microscopical examination and chemical analysis of the blood of Varicocele that it is laden with broken-down cells and morbid material, which is nothing more nor less than dead matter.

The injury that the Nervous System sustains as a result of absorption of this material is of the gravest character and, although partial or complete physical collapse, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, or Nervous Prostration, may be long delayed, its coming in some form is only a question of time.

I confine my practice to Varicocele and Associated Pelvic Diseases and to the Nervous and Mental Diseases which result from them, thus accomplishing results impossible to the general practitioner.

By my special method I cure any case of Varicocele in five days at my Sanitarium.

The Richardson Home Sanitarium is fitted with every scientific device and requisite for effecting rapid cures.

If you will write a full history of your case, I will render a professional opinion without charge.

My booklets are free to those who write as above, if you wish them sent sealed, enclose ten cents for postage.

Personal consultation always preferred, but letters of inquiry are promptly and confidentially answered.

DO NOT WEAR A SUSPENSORY
THROW IT AWAY

D. D. RICHARDSON, M.D., 1292-98 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Mention Recreation.

COKE DANDRUFF CURE

The only absolutely unfailing remedy for dandruff—the disease that always ends in baldness. It has never been known to fail. If it ever does we'll refund the purchase price cheerfully. All druggists sell it. All barbers use it. If your druggist or barber has none in stock, send us $1.00 for a bottle, prepaid.

Two Awards at Paris

Coke Dandruff Cure carried off both prizes for Hair Preparations at the Paris Exposition in competition with the whole world. Beware of imitations.

A. R. BREMER CO.
23 La Salle Street
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A. R. BREMER CO.
Limited
TORONTO,
CAN.

Ask your druggist for Coke Hazel Bay and Coke Egg Shampoo.

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OF

Frost's Great Bear Picture

Frontispiece of this issue of RECREATION. Mailed postpaid to any address for

50c.

Only 300 of these proofs have been printed, so if you want one you must order soon.

A beautiful Christmas present for a sportsman Address,

RECREATION,
23 W. 24th St., New York City.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL SURGEON

AND OTHER SKETCHES

By F. E. DANIEL, M. D., Editor of the "Red Back"

Personal Reminiscences of Army Life in Camp, Field and Hospital, during the war of Secession, and of Subsequent Events, both Humorous and Pathetic.

Price prepaid, $1.10. Handsome scarlet cloth and gold covers, illustrated; 267 pages. Address orders to Dr. F. E. Daniel, Austin, Texas.

Dr. Daniel's humor is as sharp as a lance, and fairly twinkles with brightness. His manner of making men and things the butt of ridicule is well nigh inimitable.

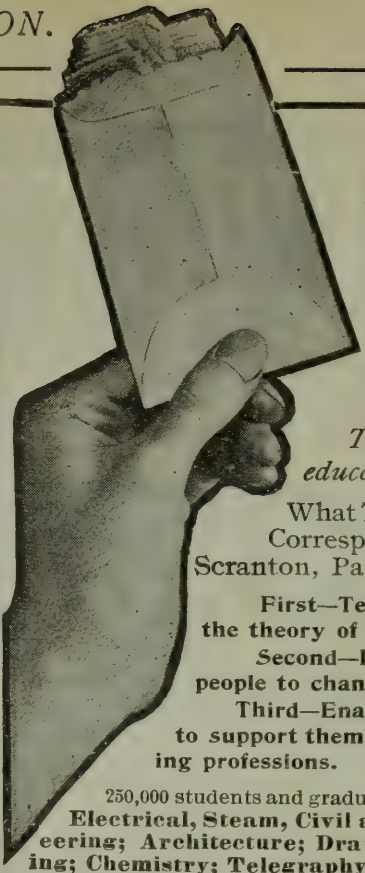
We advise our subscribers to read it—evenings—after loosening waistcoat and collar buttons.—*Medical Progress.*

Gladstone, Mich.

I am pleased to inform you that my ad in RECREATION is bringing very gratifying results. I am receiving a large number of inquiries for my booklet and a large percentage of them result in sales of some of the various products of my manufacture.

W. L. Marble.

IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR.



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What The International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., are doing.

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LIBERAL DISCOUNTS TO THE TRADE AND TEACHERS.

SCHWEYER'S WHISKEY

PURE PENNSYLVANIA RYE
DIRECT FROMDISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

Saves Middlemen's Profits.

FOUR FULL QUARTS

Eight Year Old $3.60

The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

OUR PROPOSITION.

We will send four full quart bottles of SCHWEYER'S Pure Pennsylvania Double Copper Distilled RYE, 8-year-old for $3.60; Cabinet 7-year-old for $3.00, express prepaid. We ship in plain boxes, no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it is not satisfactory send it back at our expense and we will return your money.

Prevents Adulteration.

EXPRESS PREPAID

Seven Year Old $3.00

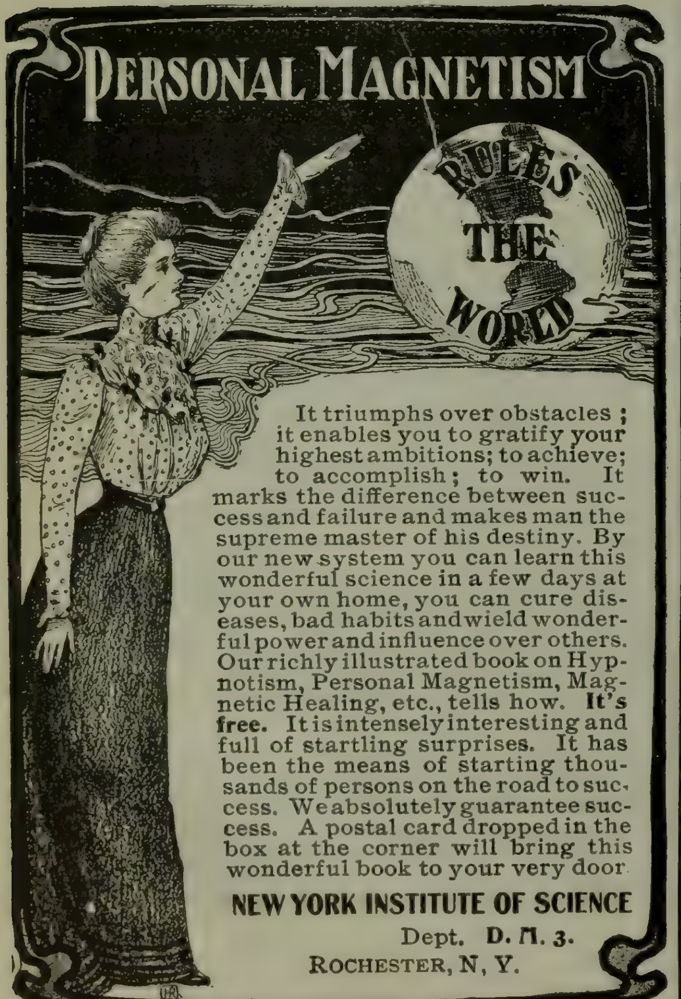
We are the only Distillers in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye to consumers direct.

Since 1871 we have been distilling and ageing Pure Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey. This whiskey is distilled from selected grain and aged in wood under the personal supervision of Mr. John Schweyer. We are selling our entire product direct to the consumer and guarantee every gallon we sell to be absolutely pure Whiskey.

Such whiskey as we offer cannot be had for less than $5.00.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,
Address all orders to Warehouse BO. - - - 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.
Orders for Ariz., Col. Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts by freight prepaid.



It triumphs over obstacles; it enables you to gratify your highest ambitions; to achieve; to accomplish; to win. It marks the difference between success and failure and makes man the supreme master of his destiny. By our new system you can learn this wonderful science in a few days at your own home, you can cure diseases, bad habits and wield wonderful power and influence over others. Our richly illustrated book on Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, Magnetic Healing, etc., tells how. **It's free.** It is intensely interesting and full of startling surprises. It has been the means of starting thousands of persons on the road to success. We absolutely guarantee success. A postal card dropped in the box at the corner will bring this wonderful book to your very door.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE
Dept. D. M. 3.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A pastor was busy erecting a fence around his small garden. He was hammering in the nails, when a boy going to school stopped and watched the operation.

"Well, my little man," said the pastor, noting the boy's fixed attention, "would you like to be a carpenter?"

"No," replied the boy.

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"I was waiting," returned the urchin, "to hear what a pastor says when he mashes his thumb."

Mrs. Jason—Si Hubbard has got a letter from his cousin in the Klondike, and he says a shave costs 50 cents, a hair cut $1, and a bath with hot water $3.

Mr. Jason—Was them all the prices he give? Didn't he say nothin' about the cost of none of the necessaries of life?—Indianapolis Journal.

"These pictures," the archaeologist of the distant future is explaining, "represent the cake walk of the ancients. The cake walk consisted of a number of movements evidently designed to assist the digestion of cake. Hence the name."—Detroit Journal.

Too much can not be said in favor of RECREATION. Give it to the game hogs.

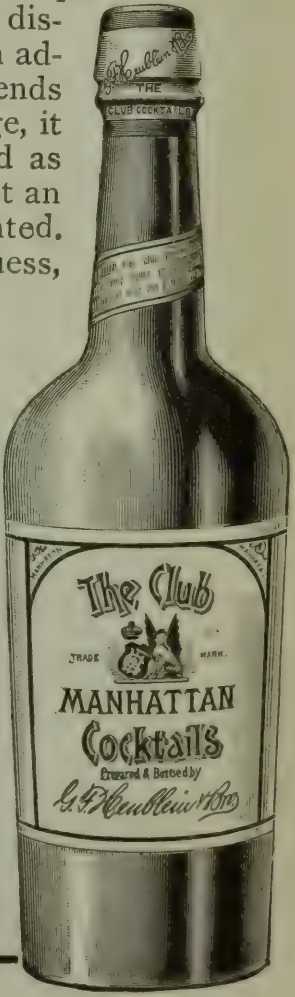
M. L. Brackett, Palmyra, Me.

The CLUB COCKTAILS

Manhattan
Whiskey
Tom Gin
Martini
Holland Gin
Vermouth and
York

Years of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality. Thousands have discarded the idea of trying to mix their own Cocktails; all will when they have given The Club Brand a fair trial.

Avoid imitations.



G. F. Heublein & Bro.
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

Mention RECREATION.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Have you commenced to think of Christmas presents? If so, here is a suggestion:

A yearly subscription to Recreation furnishes one of the most delightful, instructive, entertaining Christmas presents you can possibly give a man or a boy who is interested in nature, in fishing, shooting, amateur photography; or, who is fond of the woods, the fields, the mountains, the lakes or the rivers.

Many of the presents which people give their friends afford pleasure only for a few days or weeks. A subscription to Recreation means solid comfort a whole year. It reminds your friend 12 times during the year of your kindness and generosity. There are many men and women who for 5 years past have annually sent in long lists of names of friends, accompanied with a check in order that these friends might be made happy a whole year. Would it not be well for you to adopt this plan?

Try it and see how grateful the recipient will be.

The Massachusetts Audubon Society has issued a beautiful bird chart, of which every family and every school in the country should have a copy. It is 28 inches wide and 43 inches high, is mounted on canvas, and provided with rollers so it can be hung up as an ordinary map. It shows portraits of 26 birds, life size and printed in natural colors. In the margin the common and scientific names of these birds are given, and with this chart for reference it is an easy matter to identify any one of the birds when seen alive. The chart sells at $1.30, postpaid, and is worth $5.

The Society intends to issue a large number of these charts. For further particulars address Massachusetts Audubon Society, Boston, Mass.

George Shiras has been awarded a gold medal at Paris for his flash light photos of live wild game. A London paper says of these pictures:

> We can not omit a word of admiration and praise for the wonderful photographs of wild game taken in the forests at night by flashlight, by George Shiras of Pittsburgh, Pa., who has passed years of his life in the solitude of the woods in pursuit of his favorite hobby. So great are the dangers and difficulties attending this remarkable photography that Mr. Shiras counts himself lucky if he succeeds in getting 2 or 3 good negatives in a year. The attitudes of the animals, the expression of their eyes, the distinctness of the hair and the clearly defined reflection in the water are remarkable features of this masterly night photography.

Some sportsmen still doubt the efficacy of the Gun Bore Treatment Company's process. Here is a letter from a man who does not:

Dear Sirs:

Two years ago I sent you my 12 gauge gun for treatment, inside and out, and the result has been so satisfactory I send you to-day my 16 gauge for both internal and external treatment.

As soon as possible please return, with bill. Yours truly,

Edwin R. Lewis, M.D., Westerly, L. I.

The Yankee cot, made by Geo. B. Carpenter & Co., 200 S. Water street, Chicago, is the neatest and best camp bed I have yet seen. It combines with every good feature of past attempts in this line many patented improvements. When folded it measures 3 feet by 4 x 5 inches, and yet stands 30 inches high when set up. It weighs only 15 pounds, and will support 1,000 pounds. It is provided with a handle, and can easily be carried by hand.

Write for circular. Mention Recreation.

"The Riflemen's Record and Score Book," issued jointly by the King Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co., as well as their little booklet, "Hints on King's Semi-Smokeless Powders and Peters' Cartridges," have proved so exceedingly popular to the shooting fraternity that these companies have been forced to issue several editions. These books are sent free on application to the King Powder Co., Cincinnati, O., if you name Recreation.

Lieut. D. C. Rhodes, of the 6th U. S. Cavalry, has written a History of the Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, which has recently been published by the Hudson-Kimberly Co., of Kansas City. This is a most interesting and valuable bit of Civil War history, and the book is sure to prove of deep interest to all old soldiers, especially those who served in the Army of the Potomac.

Have you read the article on pages 282 and 283 of October Recreation? If not, I will esteem it a personal favor if you will do so at once. Then I will esteem it a still greater favor if you will send me your dollar for membership in the L. A. S.

Thinking of . . . **CHRISTMAS PRESENTS**

How would a case of wine strike you?
Such as this, for instance:

Brotherhood Building, New York City

1 qt. 5X Rye Whiskey
1 qt. Manhattan Cocktail
1 qt. Old Brandy
1 qt. Old Sherry
1 qt. Old Port
1 qt. Brotherhood Extra Dry Champagne

ALL FOR $5.00

1 Screw top hip pocket flsak in each case **free**

Or this:

3 qts. 5x Rye Whiskey
2 qts. Manhattan Cocktail
1 qt. Martini Cocktail
1 qt. Old Dry Sherry
1 qt. Vermouth
1 qt. Sauterne
1 qt. Rhine Wine
1 qt. Old Port
1 qt. Old Claret

ALL FOR $10.00

1 Screw top hip pocket flask, in each case **free**

The holiday season is one of good cheer, feasting and merry-making. Nothing could conduce more to this end than a case of pure, unadulterated, healthful wines.

THIS IS THE ONLY KIND WE MAKE

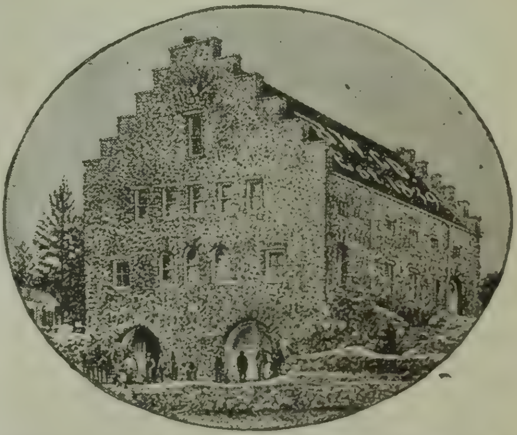
Let us send you a sample case for your own table.

Also let us ship a few cases direct to a few of your friends. Send us your cards and we will place one in each package, so that the recipient will be sure to find it.

What could you give a friend that would be a more agreeable surprise, or that would afford greater pleasure?

If you deal with us once you will be our customer forever after.

Send for price list and testimony of president E. R. Emerson of the Brotherhood Wine Company before the United States Senate Committee on pure Foods and Wines. A complete history of the making of champagne.



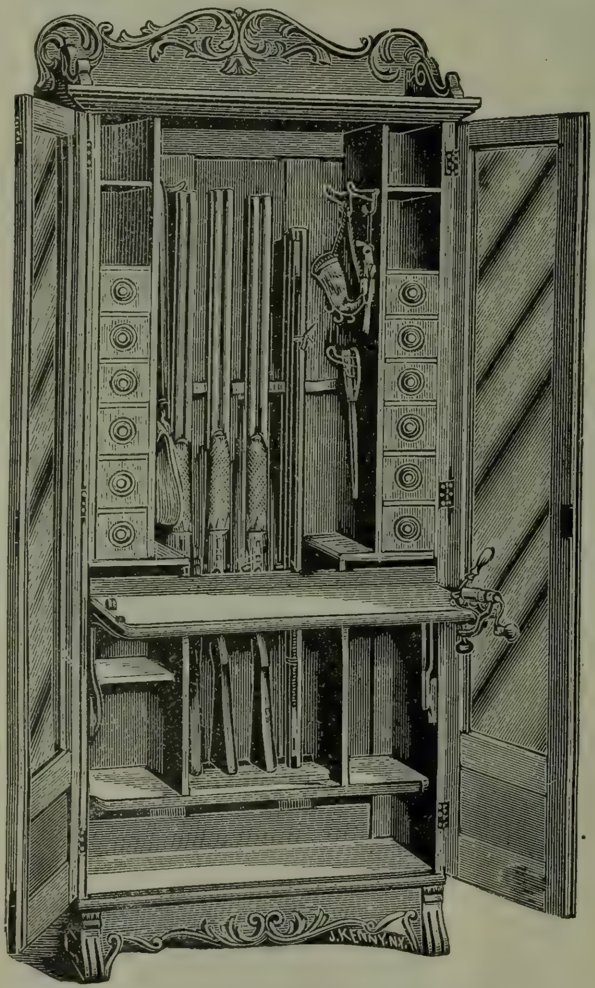
Main Entrance to Old Vaults, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Brotherhood Wine Company

Brotherhood Building
Spring and Washington Streets **New York City**

Sportsmen's Cabinets

For
Holiday
Presents



A most useful article for any sportsman.

A really beautiful piece of furniture.

Last year at this season we sold more of them than we could make. This year we can supply all orders promptly.

These elegant cabinets are made of quarter-sawed antique oak, top and bottom handsomely carved, all parts hand polished—double thick glass doors. A special feature is a strong folding table, which locks automatically when raised, and can be used as loading-table or writing-desk.

This style stands 6 feet high, 31 inches wide, and 12 inches deep. Nearly 500 of them have been sold and everybody satisfied. Price, crated, f. o. b. New York, **$35.00 net.** Large double Cabinets in stock, in antique oak and dark mahogany at **$50.00 and upward.** Special sizes to order. Time required on special work, six weeks. Cabinet circular **free.**

HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON, 20 Cortlandt Street,
NEW YORK.

Mention Recreation

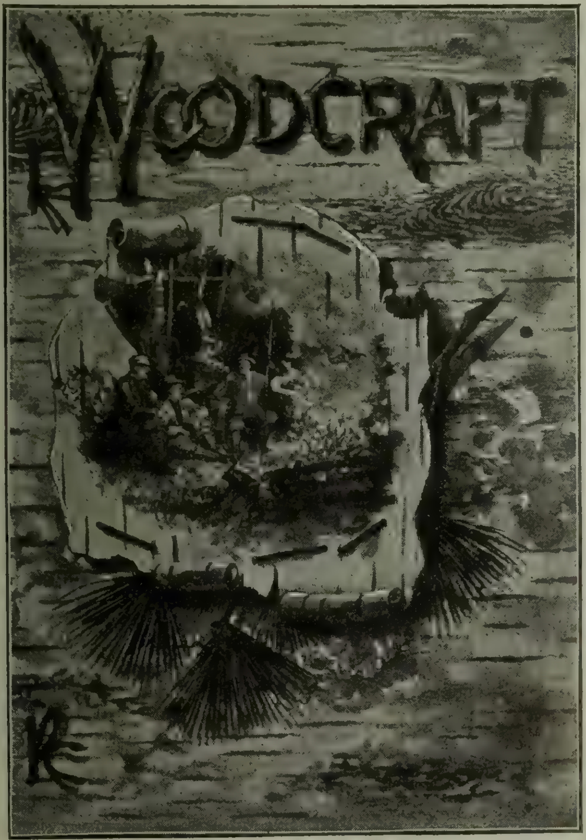
The Standard Emergency Ration

will make in five minutes by the application of water and heat, the following dishes:

Porridge
Fried Mush
Soup
Fried Hash
Hamburger
Steaks

When eaten without any preparation at all the food is palatable, nourishing and digestible, since the ingredients are all steam cooked.

The Standard Emergency Ration is a pocket-fitting can containing 3 hearty, delicious meals, and 2 quarts of choice sweetened tea. It is always ready, never spoils, and is the only insurance against an empty stomach. We have filled 683 orders during past month, from sportsmen, tourists, miners, prospectors and timber hunters, and expect to fill a thousand this month. Let yours be one of them. We will send on receipt of 15 cents to cover charges, a sample of the Standard Emergency Ration, knowing that after a trial you will never be without it.



"Woodcraft,"

our beautiful sportsman's guide which tells all about a trip to the woods, FREE.

* * *

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The American Compressed Food Co.

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A. J. DeLamare, 201 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.
Frazer Viger & Co., Montreal.
Bate & Co., - Ottawa.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle
} FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, cloth; or a Zar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Rifle or Shot Gun Powder, listed at $2; or a Nodark Tin Type Camera listed at $5; or a Snap Shot Album, holding 100 4 x 5 prints, and made by the Buechner Mfg. Co.; or a Recreation Waterproof Match Box, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $1; or a Shakespeare Revolution Bait listed at 75 cts.; or 1 dozen Lovell Dry Plates, 5x8 or smaller.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a safety pocket ax, made by W. L. Marble and listed at $2.50.; or a Laughlin Fountain Pen, listed at $3.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a Primus Oil Stove, listed at $4.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a set of Nehring's Convertible Ampliscopes, listed at $5.00; or an automatic, double action, hammerless Revolver, made by Harrington & Richardson, listed at $5.50; or a Willsie Pocket Camera, listed at $5.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7¼x7¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $6.50; or a Davenport "Brownie" Rifle listed at $8; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8; or a Bull's Eye Rifle, single shot, ejector, made by Remington Arms Co., and listed at $4.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a Wizard A Camera made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10; or a Davenport Ejector Single Shot Gun, listed at $10; or a 7x9 Wall Tent, made by Geo. B. Carpenter & Co., and listed at $9.50.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle No. 44, listed at $10; or a Hudson Fishing Tackle Cabinet, listed at $10; or a No. 40 Stevens New Model Pocket Rifle listed at $12.50; or a Yawman & Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Korona Camera, Model IA, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13; or a Peabody Carbine valued at $12; or a No. 5 Sidle Telescope Rifle Sight, listed at $12.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Wizard B Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co. and listed at $14; or a Shakespeare Reel, Silver Plated, listed at $15; or a 4x5 Tourist Hawk-Eye, or a Hawk-Eye, Jr., Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., and listed at $15; or a Davenport Elita Single Shot Gun, listing at $18; or a Field Glass, made by Gall & Lembke, and listed at $15.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less; or a Viking Folding Canvas Canoe, made by Glasscock Bros., and listing at $20.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Zonophone, listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½x17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less; or an Al-Vista Camera, made by the Multiscope & Film Co., and listed at $25; or a No. 10 Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25; or a Syracuse double hammerless Shot Gun, grade O, listed at $30.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a Shattuck double hammerless Shot Gun, listing at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less; or a Hudson Gun Cabinet, No. 10, listing at $15; or an Al-Vista Camera, No. 5-B, listing at $30.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a 5x7 Korona Camera, listed at $32; or a Forehand double hammerless Shotgun, grade O, listed at $30; or a King Folding Canvas Boat, listing at $33.

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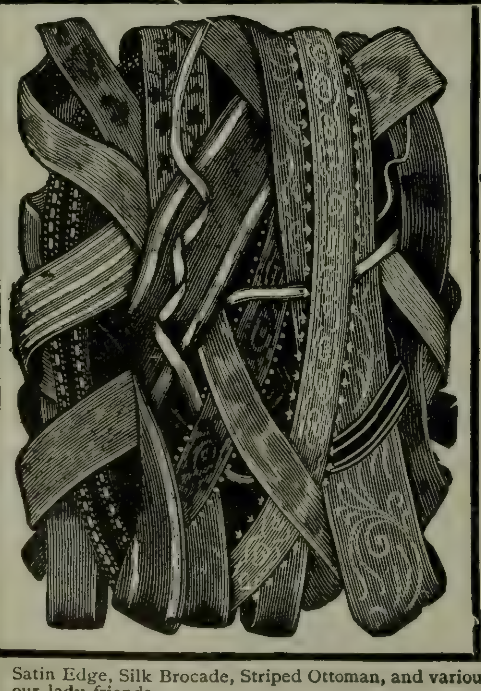

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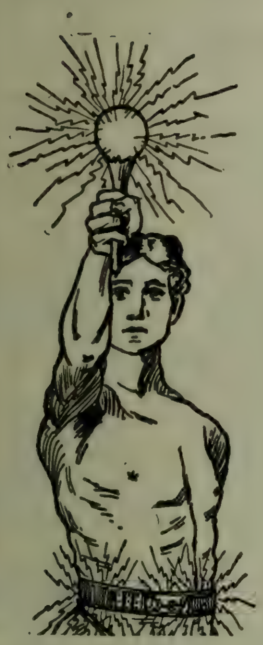

New Cure Weak Men

State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

On this 17th of October, 1900, before me, Thos. W. Folsom, a Notary Public for the County and State of New York, personally came Dr. A. T. Sanden to me, personally known, and who, being sworn declares that he will give to any sufferer of either sex his new Herculex

ELECTRIC BELT

on absolute free trial, without one cent in advance or on deposit, and that he agrees to forfeit $5,000 if this offer is not lived up to in both letter and spirit.

DR. A. T. SANDEN.

Sworn to before me this 17th day of October, A. D. 1900.

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[Seal.] Notary Public (37),
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You may ask why I have gone to the extent of making this sworn statement. The reason is simple. For your benefit, my friend, and for mine. I want to prove to you once for all that our company is different from all the rest, that our methods of doing business stand to-day precisely where they have stood for the past quarter century, upon a plane of upright honesty, the very quality which has made it possible for us to exist all these years, and the reason why I feel I can ask you to believe me when I say that the fact of the Dr. Sanden new Herculex Electric Belt being advertised on Free trial means precisely that and nothing else.

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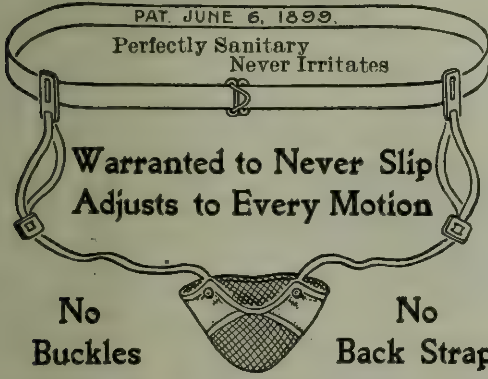

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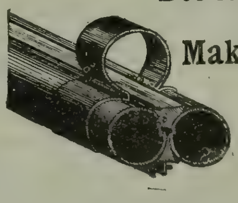

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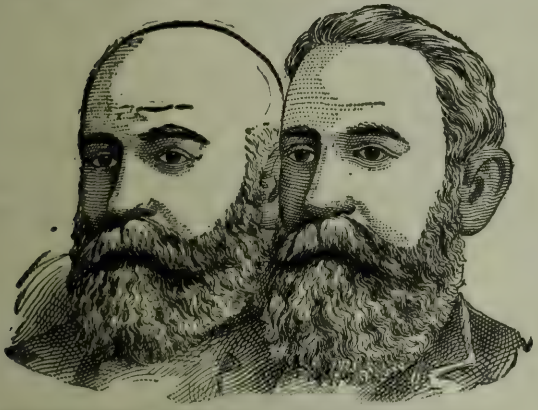

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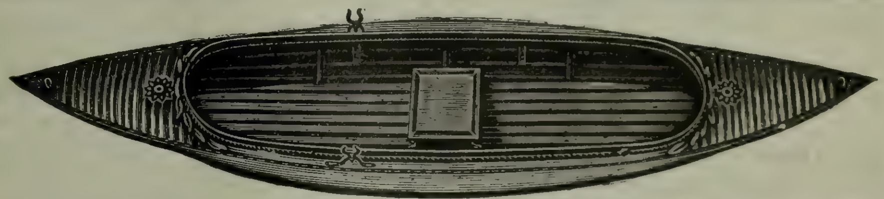

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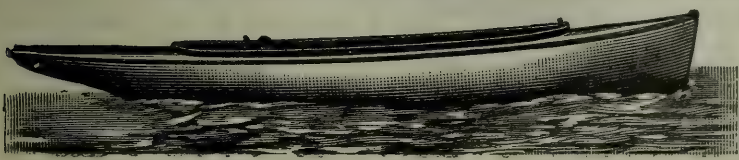

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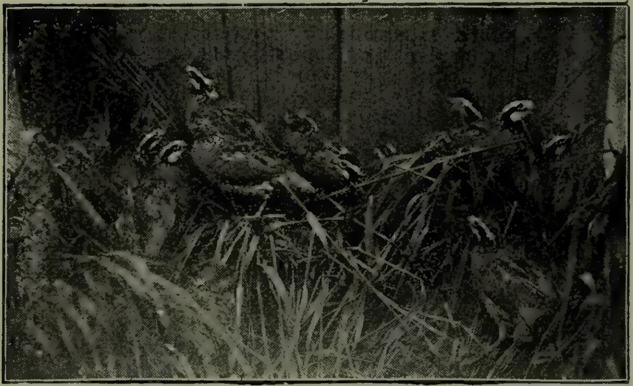

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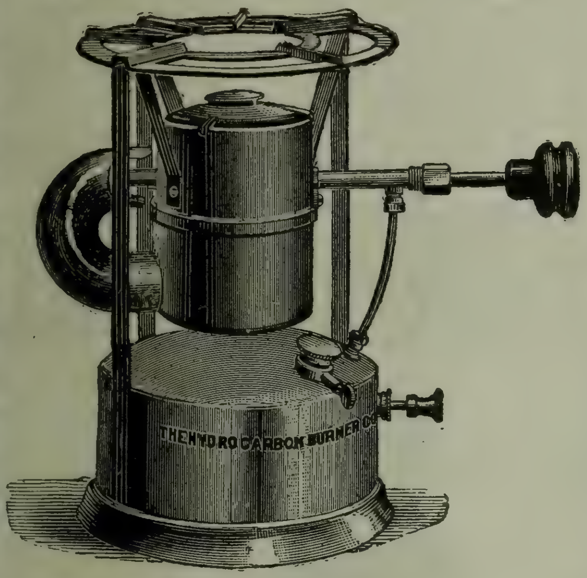

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I should be glad to correspond with a few sportsmen relative to the Apopka Mountain section of Florida. I have a very pleasant place; quails, turkeys, deer, black bass, etc.

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GUARANTEED all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, binds nowhere, warm, comfortable, convenient and extra heavy; has high, double collar that fastens across throat when raised. "A hot member" in the coldest weather—impossible to be cold.

If your dealer does not handle the jacket and will not order one for you, send us your size and the price—$4.50 for single breasted, $5.00 for double breasted, or $4.00 for our **hand-knit hunting jacket,** same thing but lighter weight—and we will make a jacket to your measure and send it to you by express, charges prepaid. Oxford gray best color for general use, dead grass for hunting. Always say which color wanted. Your money back if not satisfied.

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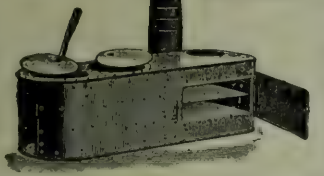

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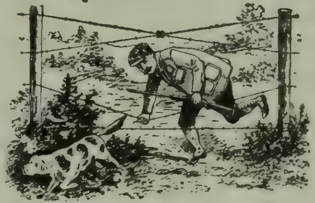

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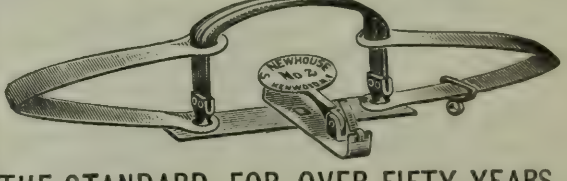

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Salmon Fishing in Labrador	Col. Charles E. Fuller
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A Bald-Faced Grizzly in Camp	M. W. Miner
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My Wife's Moose	W. E. Bemis
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Elkland	Ernest Seton-Thompson
Hunting Mountain Sheep in a Snowstorm	Capt. S. A. Lawson
Grouse in New Hampshire	Old Bill
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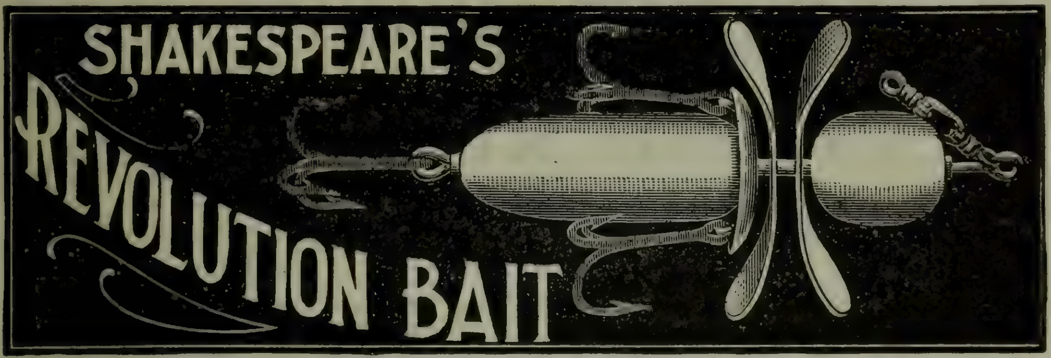

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Reference, Mr. G. O. Shields.

Northern Tourist (in Arkansas): Can you tell me, Colonel, why so many lynchings occur here?

Colonel Klank: I reckon, suh, it is because the infuhnal niggahs can't outrun us, suh!—Puck.

TO ANGLERS.

I make a specialty of painting Game Fishes, showing them as they are in life. Samples of my work can be seen at the office of RECREATION, or I will send them on approval to any responsible person in the United States.

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"They do not run for office in my country," said the man with the fierce British accent. "They stand for it."

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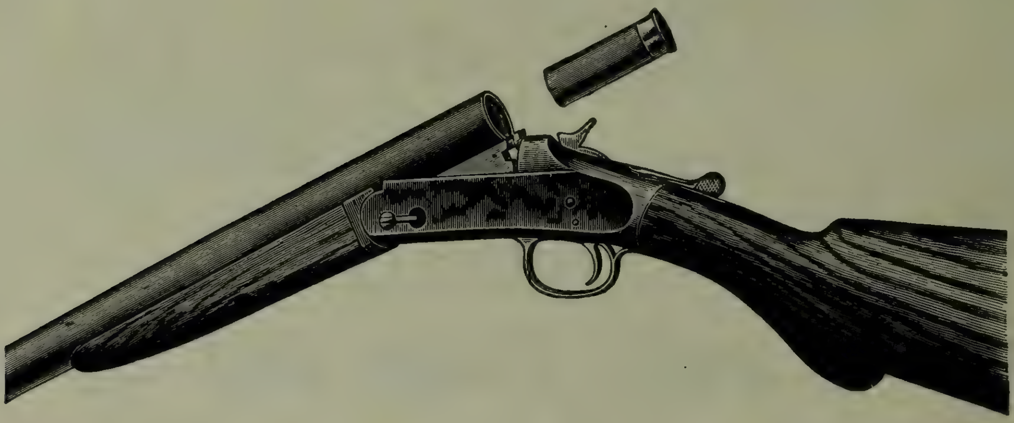

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CHRISTMAS AT LONE RANCH.

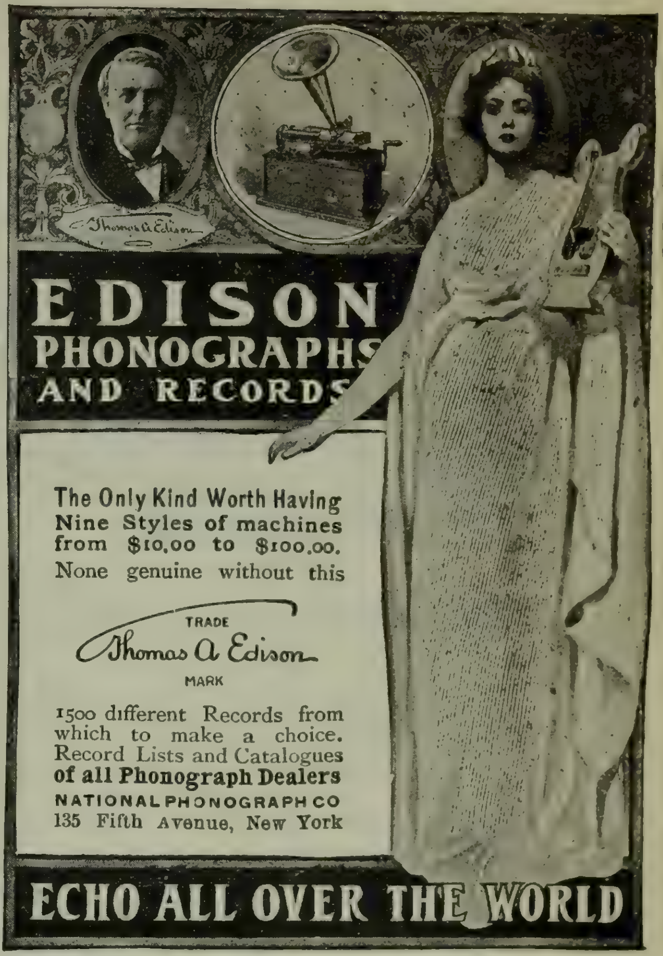
NIKON WATERMAN, IN L. A. W. BULLETIN.

Christmastime is Christmastime, no matter where you be,
Er what the circumstances is. It always 'pears to me
To sort o' meller up your heart an' make you feel as though
You'd like to give a thousand joys to everyone you know.
An', more'n that, you want to ask the stranger in to sup
The best you have to offer an' to take the second cup;
You hain't got ary enemy but what, with Christmas here,
You sort o' soften to him till you love him —purty near.

An' way out here at old Lone Ranch a pack o' hungry boys
Will gather 'round the Christmas board an' taste o' Christmas joys.
We hain't got all the fixin's that the folks have in the States,
But we're goin' to have the best o' grub to fill our old tin plates.
Fer, you see, I've done the cookin' an' the bakin' fer the feast—
I learned how from a feller who had traveled through the East—
An' they ain't a cowboy ennywhere but what my truck will suit;
Er, if there is, I've never chanced to meet the blamed galoot.

We hain't got ary turkey, an' I s'pose some folks 'd say
That that deficiency would mar the spread we'll have to-day.
But them as makes that statement, it is mighty plain to see,
Hain't never et jack rabbit served as rabbit ort to be.
You take a young and juicy jack and fill his tender hide
With things to tease your tongue and serve with brandy on the side,
An' enny locoed maverick that says it ain't all right,
Had ort to git a doctor fer to fix his appetite.

An' when the boys is seated, each in his appointed place,
An' Pious Bill has made his talk an' said some words o' grace,
Why, then, there'll be a big stampede o' joy, such as is found
On only them occasions where no women folks abound.
An' if on puddin's, cake, and things we're just a few chips shy,
We're mighty long on liquids, from champagne to alkali;
An' from the start it's goin' to prove a real high toned affair
Till at the roundup, Pious Bill dismisses us with prayer.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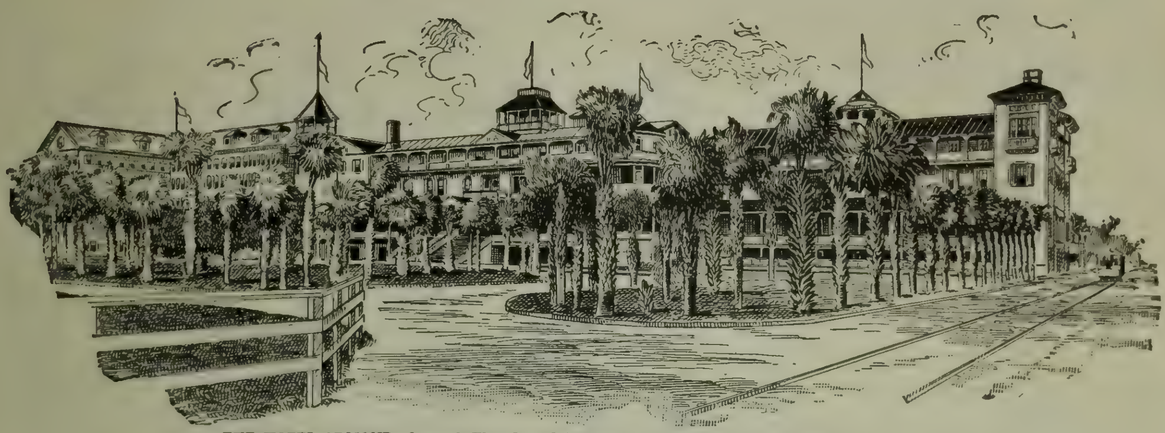

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MIDWINTER is pleasant Golf weather if you go far enough South. In Florida, the East Coast is dotted with links and club houses from St. Augustine to Miami, and the West Coast hotels are all equipped likewise as far down as Port Tampa. From December to March the links are crowded with Golfing parties. The weather is all that could be asked — blue skies, soft and balmy air, a glimpse of summer seas.

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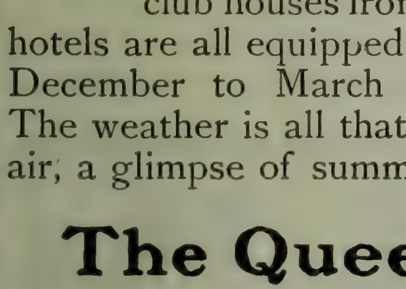

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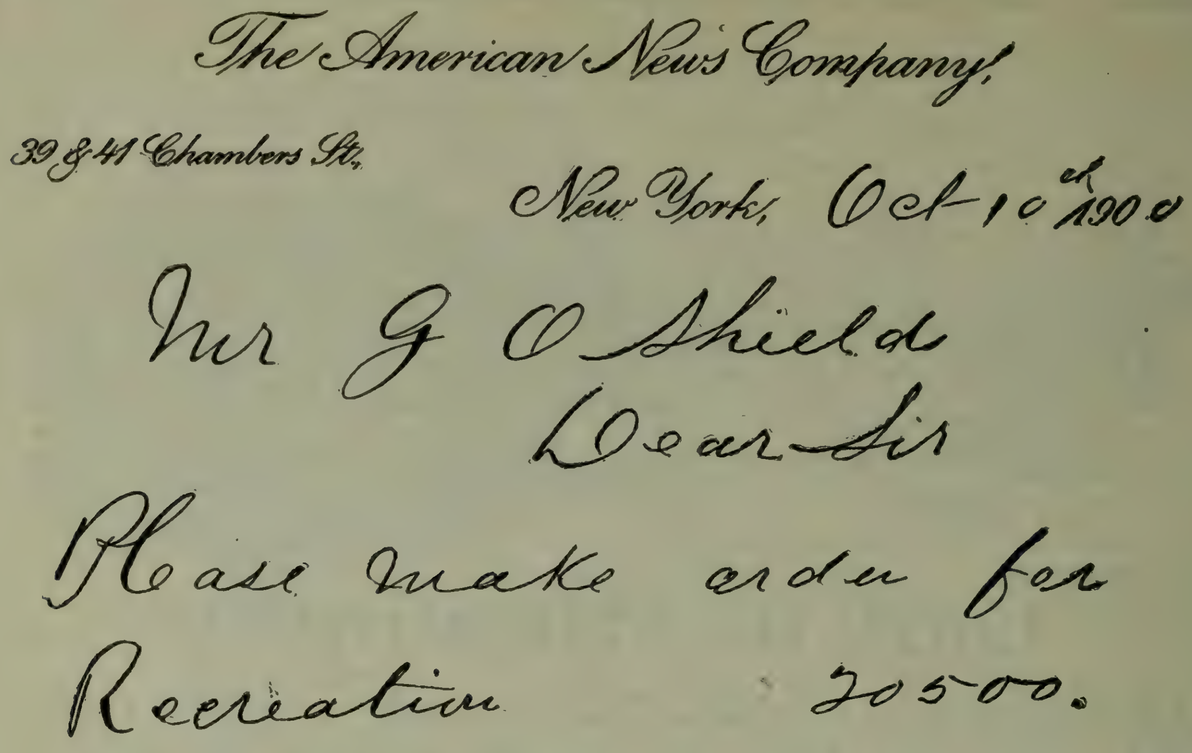

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Mr G O Shield

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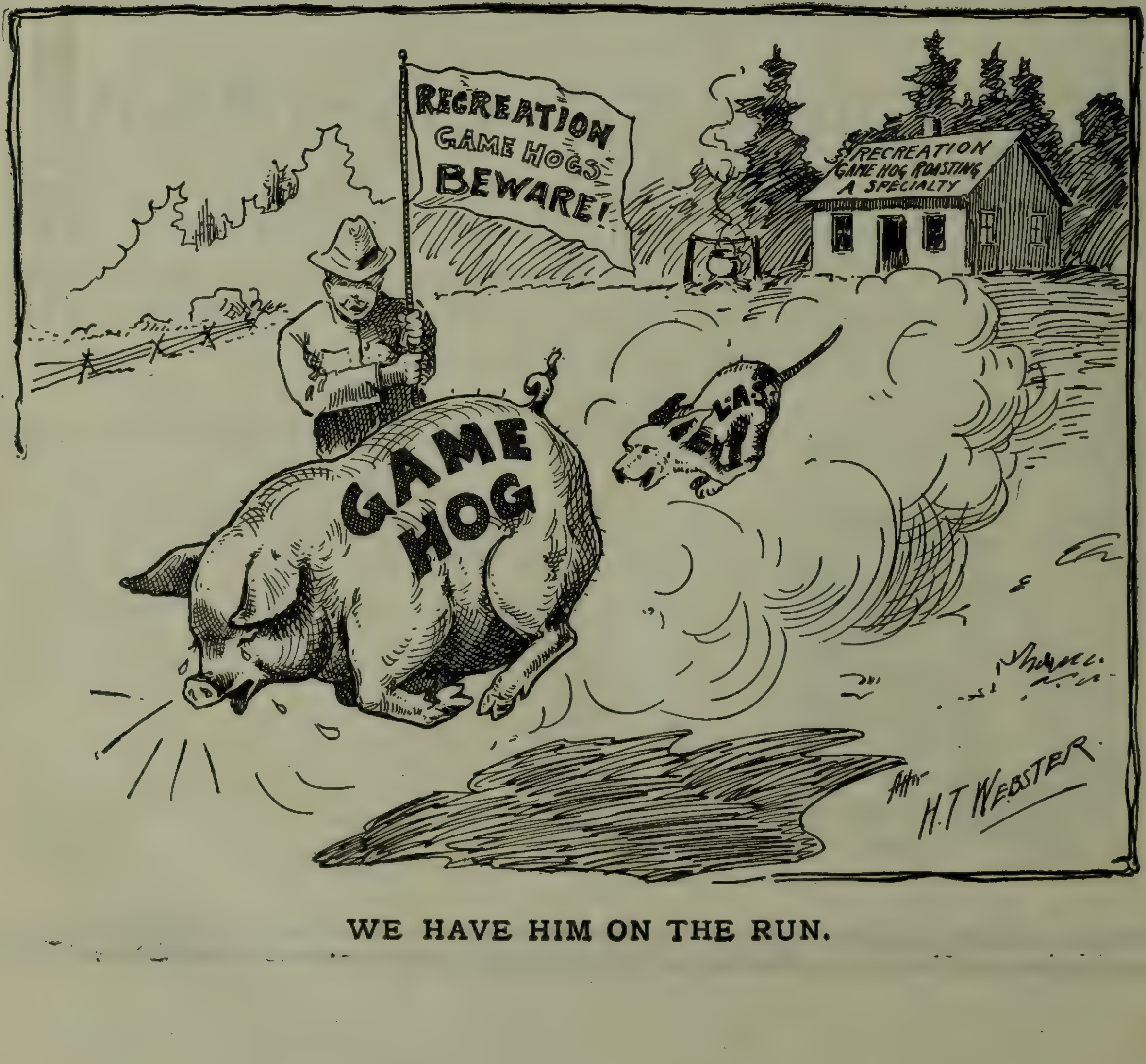
Recreation 20500.

Advertisers should note that certain other publications that claim big news trade decline to show their orders.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A SPECIALTY
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WE HAVE HIM ON THE RUN.

23 West 24th Street, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1900.

Dear Sir:

I wish you would read carefully the article on pages 282 and 283 of October RECREATION and consider carefully the facts therein stated.

Are you one of 999? If so, why not take steps at once to transfer to the other class?

Why not join the L. A. S.?

Has it not yet done enough to earn your support? Is it not yet worthy of the use of your name? Can you not afford to contribute $1.00 a year to an organization that has done so much for game protection as this League has?

It secured the passage of the Lacey bill, the most important measure ever enacted for the protection of game, and for this reason, if for no other, deserves your support.

There are other great things to be done in the future, and this League will do them if it can have the financial and moral support it should have. Will you not help?

If you are a friend of RECREATION you should be a member of the League, for their objects are identical.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will write me at once your views on this matter.

Hoping to receive your $ by return mail, I am, yours sincerely,

G. O. SHIELDS,

Prest. L. A. S., and Editor and Manager Recreation.

The Blake Rifle

The new repeater which 3 years ago made such a sensation among big game hunters is now on the market and I am prepared to fill a limited number of orders promptly. Made to use the 30-40 and 40-60 smokeless cartridges. Not the cheapest but the best repeating rifle in the world.

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I have known you so long through your writings that it seems as if I knew you personally. I bought the first number of RECREATION I ever saw, October, 1895, and have missed but one number since. With the exception of some numbers which I have loaned and which have never been returned, I have them all now.

Sixteen or 18 years ago I used to read your letters in other sportsmen's periodicals, so when I saw the name Coquina on the cover of the then little magazine RECREATION, I bought it, read it, still read it, and it is the best sportsman's journal published in this country to-day.

E. A. Mead, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Foreigner: Have you any American composers?

American (proudly): Lots of 'em. There's Schlossenwertz, Sweipierensciek, Mickiwitz, Ouscaspiel, Sweitzerwasserandt, and ever so many more.—New York Weekly.

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By an expert of Many Years' Experience

Some of the best shots in the country are using guns I have bored.

Among these are: Rollo Heikes, E. D. Fulford, Colonel Courtney, B. Leroy, E. Hallowell, Fred. Parmlee, Capt. A. H. Bogardus, George Roll, Doctor Williamson, Doctor Carson, Mrs. Carson and Harry McAlpin.

My method of boring and straightening swelled or dented barrels is the best known to science.

I bore guns for all kinds of shooting, especially for strong and close trap shooting. Also for bird shooting in brush, on lakes or in the forest.

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S. McMULLEN
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It is the only Smokeless Powder that gives all pellets contained in a charge of shot high and almost equal velocity, thereby insuring great and sure killing power.

Light Recoil, Easy to Load and pleasant to use.

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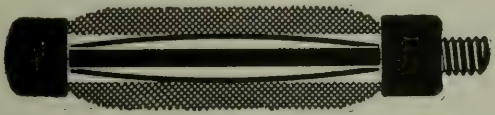
You must realize the importance of the care of it. We have the **only** tool needed to keep your gun in perfect condition. Our past 9 years of success prove this **positively.** Nothing will stop a gun from leading if you use it, as the friction on the barrel leaves a small deposit of lead. You cannot stop this, but you can remove it by using a **Tomlinson** cleaner, and with a small amount of work. We (and thousands of others) claim **it will** remove all lead, rust or any foreign matter. **It will** not injure the barrel, as the brass wire gauze cloth sides are much softer than the barrel metal.

It will last a life time, as its only wearing part can be replaced when worn, (it will clean a gun a great many times),



for 10 cents per pair. **Tomlinson** gives you an extra pair of sides with each tool. **Remember** neglected lead and rust cause "pitts" and that means **expense.**

We make them in gauges 8 to 20—fit any rod. All dealers sell them. Price, $1.00. Send for a booklet of information and testimonials and have your dealer show you the **Tomlinson,** or, we will mail direct in a wooden screw-cover box. You can use them in your "pump" gun the same as in a breech-loader.

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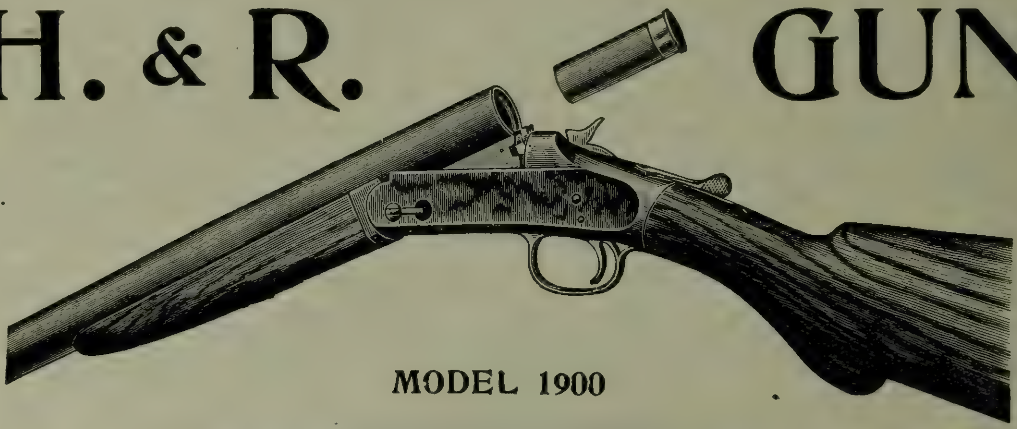
As a Christmas gift there is nothing more acceptable than an

H. & R. GUN



MODEL 1900

The best single gun on the market. Automatic ejecting; center hammer; rebounding lock.

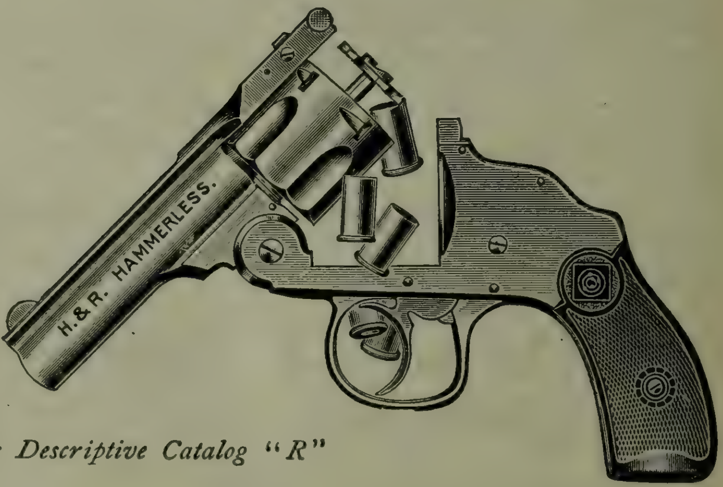
OR AN

H. & R. Revolver

Automatic shell ejecting hammerless revolver.

Absolutely Safe

forming an appropriate present for a lady and affording an infinite sense of security in the home.

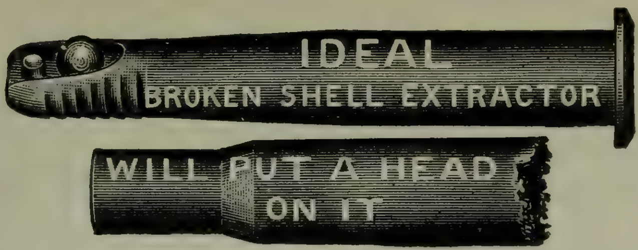

H. & R. HAMMERLESS.

Write for Descriptive Catalog "R"

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.

WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.

A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS



AND A
HAPPY
NEW YEAR

The "Ideal" Man wishes all Shooters
A Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Each and every one of you is invited
to send in your name and address for the

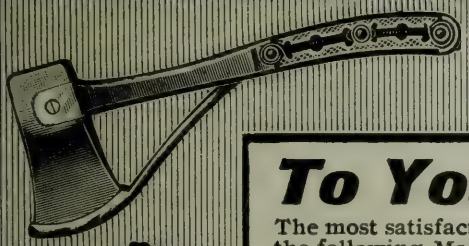
New "Ideal" Hand-Book No. 13
JUST OUT

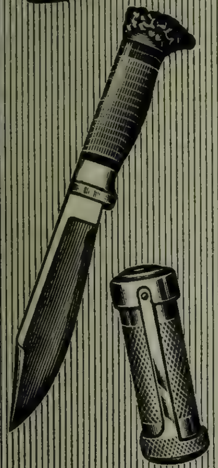
IT IS A "STOCKIN' FULL" OF GOOD THINGS FOR

Hunters and Trappers, Military and Target Shooters, Pistol or Shot Gun Cranks, Boys and Girls, Men and Women; *all who love to shoot,* will find something new and of interest in it.

Please mention RECREATION and send three stamps to

Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.





To Yourself **BUY YOURSELF A . . . . CHRISTMAS PRESENT**

The most satisfactory holiday gift you can give or receive is one of the following Marble specialties.

Marble's Safety Pocket Axe.—has safety guard which folds over blade when not in use. Handsomely finished. Hard rubber and nickel plated steel handle. Price, postpaid - - - - - - - $2.50
Nicely finished, with hickory handle. Price, postpaid - - 1.50

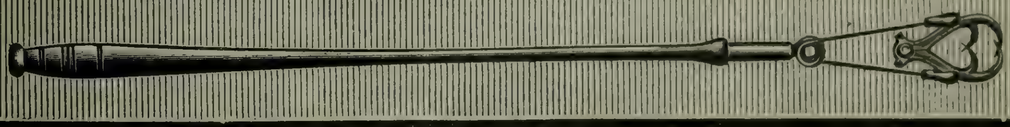
Marble's Ideal Hunting Knife.—Not a shoddy affair which loses its edge every time it is used. Thoroughly hand-made from best steel, laminated leather handle, bone cutter at back of point. Price, postpaid - - - - - - - - - - - $2.50
Fancy handle, extra finish. Price, postpaid - - - 3.00

Marble's Waterproof Pocket Matchbox.—All that the name implies. Enough matches to keep yon in smokes and fires for a week. Matches cannot get wet if under water a month. Handsomely nickeled, and just the right size to carry in a cartridge belt or pocket. Price, postpaid, $0.50

Marble's Automatic Gaff Hook.—No fisherman's kit is complete without it. Will catch and hold any fish from ½ lb. to 20 lbs. automatically. Price, postpaid - - - - - - - - $1.50
Full nickel plated throughout, and finely polished. Price, postpaid, 2.00

Buy from nearest Sporting Goods Dealer or Direct from maker.

W. L. MARBLE, GLADSTONE, MICH.



Putman Water Proof Shoes

Made from same leather and Water Proofed by same process that has for a quarter of a century made **Putman Boots** standard among Western Hunters, Trappers, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers. **Putman Shoes** are for those who desire a shoe in preference to our high laced boots. **Putman Shoes** protect the feet from dampness and cold. The leather never hardens. They are genuine hand sewed, made to your measure, go on like a glove and fit all over. Send for Catalogue of **Putman Shoes,** all styles in Black and Russet, also Storm Shoes (8 inches high). Catalogue of **Putman Boots** describes over 20 different styles of Hunting and Exploring Boots, also **Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins.**

Illustration shows **No. 401.** Has Bellows Tongue. Made on any style toe desired. Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with grain of the hide left on (our special tannage) making the leather **Water Proof.** Made in Black or Tan Color. Full Russet Calf Skin Lined, Medium or Heavy. Sole, Genuine hand sewed (making it soft and easy). Sole made of best Water Proofed Oak Sole Leather.

Made to your measure and delivered to any part of the U. S. for........................ **$6.50**

Send for order blank showing how to measure your foot.

H. J. PUTMAN & CO. **36 HENNEPIN AVE. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

Mention Recreation.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MASHIPACONG TRACT.

It is in Montague township, Sussex county, N. J., in the angle of the 3 States, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York; on the Delaware side of the Blue mountains, 3½ miles from the Delaware river, 5 miles from Milford, Pike county, Pa., and within 3 miles of the North line of New Jersey. It is in the heart of the mountains, and would make an ideal game park, with summer homes for 50 families. It is 8 miles from Port Jervis, on the Erie railroad, and 8 miles from Deckertown, on the Susquehanna railroad. The 2 nearest post offices are Colesville, on the Eastern slope of the mountain, and Montague, on the Western slope, on the Delaware river.

Near the center of the tract is Lake Mashipacong, which derives its name from a tribe of Indians who formerly lived here. The long distance telephone line runs within 3 miles of the property, and the distance from New York city to the lake, by wagon road, is only 60 miles. The tract contains 1,000 acres, and the lake 100 acres. The latter could easily be made to cover 200 acres by raising the dam at the outlet 4 feet above its present height.

There is another small lake covering about 20 acres. This latter is the head of Beerskill creek, which flows through the tract and which is a good trout stream. Mashipacong is practically the head of Big Flat brook, one of the best natural trout streams in the State. It flows down through the mountains, through a rich open farming country, and empties into the Delaware river, opposite Bushkill, Pa.

The Mashipacong tract is 1,225 feet above the level of the sea and is divided into upland and lowland. With the exception of about 60 acres of cleared land, it is covered with timber of great variety and of first and second growth. The growth of the timber alone will more than pay for the property in a few years. The whole tract is a natural grouse cover, and the lake affords good bass fishing. The shores of the lake are rocky and heavily timbered, 2 sides being high and sloping gradually back from the water's edge.

There is a good barn on the land, well painted and in good repair. The house is on a hill 500 feet from the lake, and has a porch around 2 sides of it, affording a good view of the lake. This is one of the few lakes in the State not owned by a club, and is just far enough from the city to be desirable. The Mashipacong tract is an ideal mountain spot, in a mountain valley, with no near neighbors to mar the seclusion. It is also known as No. 15 of Allotments, and is exactly square.

You can leave New York at 8.40 a. m., spend 3 hours in trout fishing on this property and be back in New York at 9 o'clock that night.

It is proposed to buy this tract and to make of it a game and fish preserve. The land can be bought for $5,000, and improvements should be to the extent of about $5,000 more. A part of this sum would be invested in game birds and animals with which to stock the land, and in black bass and trout, with which to stock the lake and the brooks. A club house would be built, and several dams would be thrown across the brooks to make trout ponds. The shooting and fishing privilege on 7,000 acres, comprising the Rutherford estate, and which adjoins the Mashipacong tract, and the fishing rights on 5 miles of trout streams, running through meadows or adjacent lands, belonging to a Mr. Nelson, can be leased for about $100 a year.

We purpose organizing a club of 50 members, to be known as the Mashipacong Club, at a membership fee of $200 each. This will create a fund of $10,000, to be used as above designated. The club will be stocked at $25,000, divided into 250 shares, of $100 each. The 50 members joining now will each receive a certificate for 2 shares. The balance of the stock will remain in the treasury until such time as the club may decide to sell other shares.

G. O. SHIELDS,
23 West 24th St., New York.

ANNOUNCEMENT!!

The readers of Recreation are fully aware of the fact that **CORNWALL & JESPERSEN** carry a big stock of **GUNS, RIFLES, AMMUNITION, SPORTSMEN'S CLOTHING, the THOMPSON-QUIMBY HUNTING BOOTS, SHOES and MOCCASINS, FISHING TACKLE, CAMPING GOODS, PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES, CAMERAS (and Sporting Goods generally)**, and that their motto is "**Good Quality Goods at Low Prices,**" and that their **150-page Catalogue will be sent on application.**

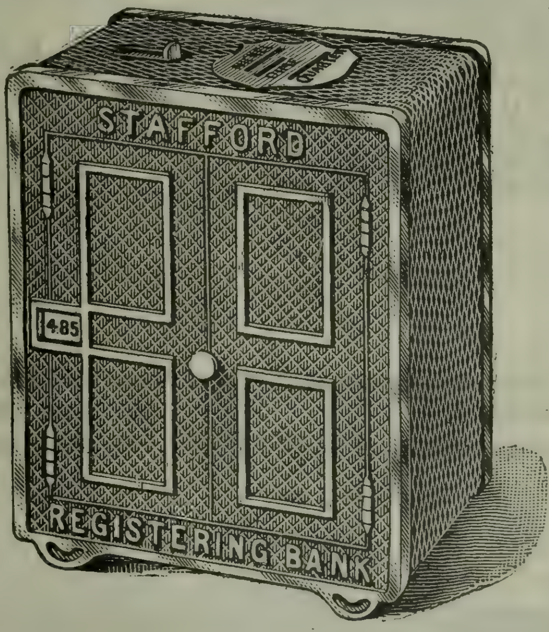
All the above we want to emphasize. Soon, however, the season for out-door sports will be closed, and we think it an opportune time to call attention to a "seasonable" invention, viz.: a most ingenious and substantial REGISTERING SAVINGS BANK, one that will be of interest and practical use to father, mother, youth and child.

The Three Coin Registering Savings Bank No. 7

REGISTERS
Quarters,
Dimes or
Nickels.

SIZE:
Height,
5½ inches.
Width,
4½ inches.
Weight,
2 pounds.

Made of iron and steel handsomely nickelplated.



Bank can be set to open at $5, $10, $15, or $20. The first coin deposited registers the amount on the dial and locks the Bank.

This Bank is guaranteed not to get out of order.

THE THREE COIN REGISTERING SAVINGS BANK,

Price, $1.00.

Please bear in mind that this Bank is not a toy, but a useful, desirable article. Christmas presents are now "in order." We suggest that you send to us for a No. 7 "Three Coin" Registering Savings Bank and open an account with it.

Cornwall & Jespersen,

Dealers in Best Quality Sporting Goods.

310 Broadway, New York.

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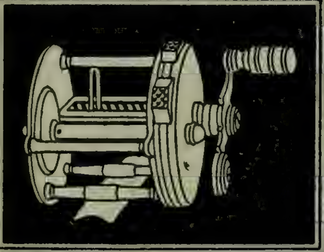
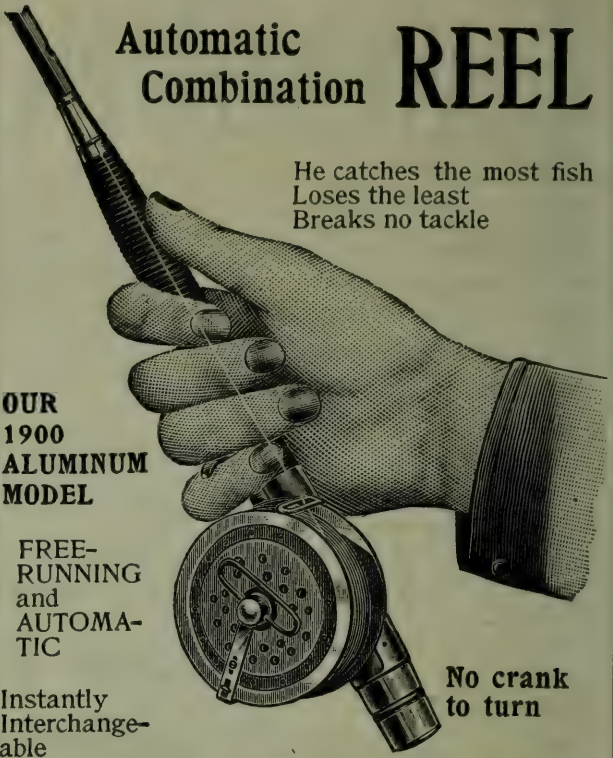


BY THE USE OF A MICROMETER IN THE HANDS OF A SKILLED WATCH MAKER THE ACCURATE DIMENSIONS OF THE SHAKESPEARE REEL ARE MAINTAINED. NO GREATER THAN 1/1000 TH AND IN SOME PARTS 1/10000 TH OF AN INCH IS ADMITTED.

FINE POINTS OF A REEL.

IS A BOOKLET TELLING HOW THESE REELS ARE MADE. IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO SEND IT TO YOU IF YOU ARE A LOVER OF FINE TACKLE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. JR
KALAMAZOO. MICH.



THE "KING BEE" AMONG FISHERMEN IS THE MAN WITH THE

Automatic Combination REEL

He catches the most fish
Loses the least
Breaks no tackle

OUR 1900 ALUMINUM MODEL

FREE-RUNNING and AUTOMATIC

Instantly Interchangeable

No crank to turn

Send for catalogue
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. Co.
Rochester N. Y.
Mention RECREATION.

BUY THE "BRISTOL" ROD

A fishing rod that can be certainly DEPENDED ON.

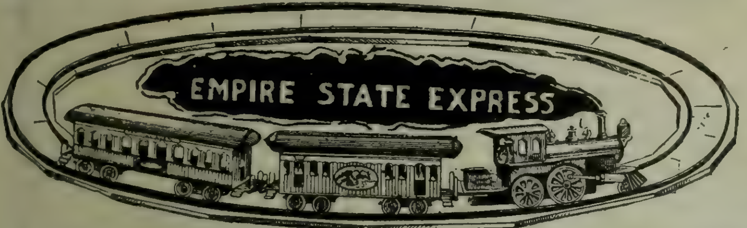
Made of steel, the "Bristol" is dainty — yet VERY STRONG.

The price of the "Bristol" is within any one's means.

*Catalogue for THE ASKING.
Write The Horton M'f'g Co.,
Bristol, Conn.*

INGERSOLL CHRISTMAS SPECIALTIES

Our Holiday Leaders have for years had a National Reputation; they are New, Original, Exclusively our own, and being sold **direct to the Consumer,** are at least 50 per cent above the average retail Market Value. Remit by Money Order or Registered Letter, prices named. For mailable goods, add postage as given. We refer to any prominent Publisher, Bank, or Business House in the U. S. Established 1880. Notice Particularly our $1.00 Leaders. **Send for Xmas Catalogue.**

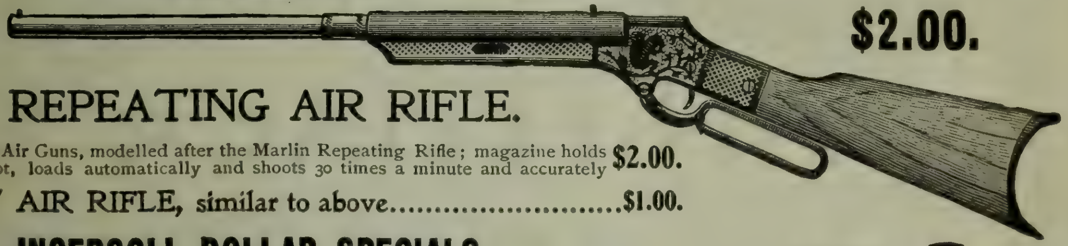


EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.

A perfect reproduction to the last detail of a Modern Express Train with perfect working (guaranteed) Steam Locomotive 12 inches long, Tender, Baggage and Passenger Cars, and a Sectional, Circular Track 14 feet in circumference; runs ½ hour at high rate; with Brass Boiler, complete, **$5.50.**

Nickel Boiler, Superior Finish . . . **$7.50.**

Smaller Size, 8 in. Locomotive, 1 car, 11 ft. Track . . . . **$3.00.**

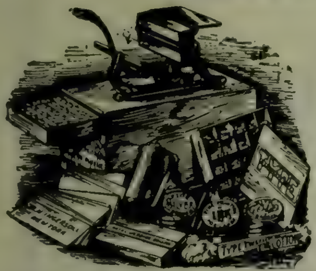


1,000 SHOT REPEATING AIR RIFLE. $2.00.

The King of all Air Guns, modelled after the Marlin Repeating Rifle; magazine holds 1,000 B. B. shot, loads automatically and shoots 30 times a minute and accurately **$2.00.**

500 SHOT AIR RIFLE, similar to above.........................$1.00.

INGERSOLL DOLLAR SPECIALS.



A Complete Printing Office! Press, Type, Ink, Bronze Cards, Roller, Cabinet, etc., as shown. Value elsewhere, $1.75. Our price Complete . . . . **$1.00.**

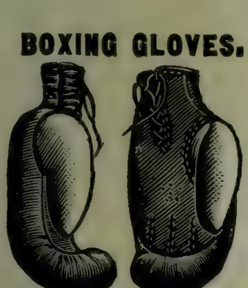
RACING SKATES

The Famous Fisher Canadian Tubular Racing Skates, by far the finest in the world; made of Tubular Steel, handsomely nickel plated, the lightest skate made, selling in Canada at $7.50 pair. Our special price, pair, **$5.50** Postage 25c extra.

HOCKEY

We are agents for the Canadian "Micmac" Hockey used by the world's champions. Each, **75c** Clubs of 6 at 60c.

BOXING GLOVES.

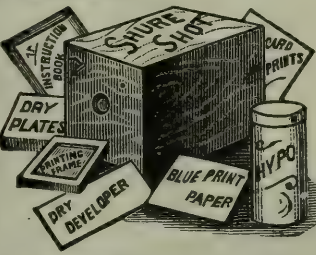


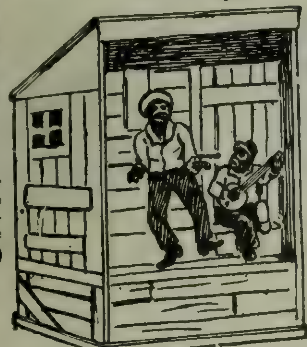
The best value in our line of 20 styles; Finest Tan Sheepskin, Laced Wrists, Best Curled Hair Stuffed. Men's size, $1.48. Large Boys' size . . . . . **98c.**

STRIKING BAGS.

Regulation size, Sheepskin, Double reinforced Crown. Worth $2.00. Our Price . . . . . **98c.**

A Perfect Leather Covered Camera, 2½ x 2½, with ground lens, time and snap shutter, View Finder, and New Folding Plate Holder, and Full Outfit for printing and developing. Postage, 25c. Price, complete, **$1.00.**

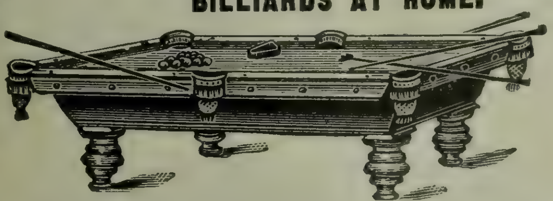




DARKEY AUTOMATIC BANK.

Not only a Money Saver but *Maker*—everyone will drop a cent or more in slot to see the performance—a breakdown and banjo solo, by automatic figures, run by clock work, 6 inches high, decorated Metal. Postage, 17c. Price, - - - **98c.**

BILLIARDS AT HOME.

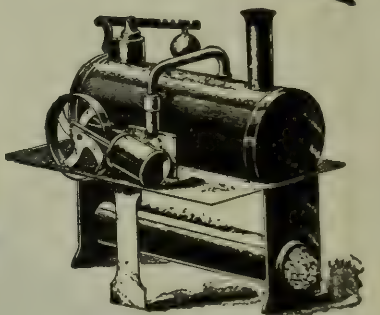


Our Celebrated "DORE" Pool and Billiard Tables are duplicates of the **$300** kind on a smaller scale. They enable young people to enjoy these innocent and delightful games with home surroundings. We will send this table for either Pool or Billiards for only **$9.00.** It is **19x34** inches; all Hardwood Frame, Varnished and Polished; **Perfectly Level Slate Bed;** Very "Quick" **Elastic Cushions**—taking a Ball Twice Around Table (7 Cushions) at One Stroke; Green Baize Cover; Complete with 2 Cues, 1 Bridge, Chalk Cups, Triangle, and 16 Perfect Turned Composition Balls for Pool or 4 for Billiards. **FULLY GUARANTEED for Accuracy and Satisfaction. LARGER SIZES. 24x44, $14.98; 28x52, $22 50; 34x64, $30.00. 75c** extra if crated for shipment.

OUR ATHLETIC LINE

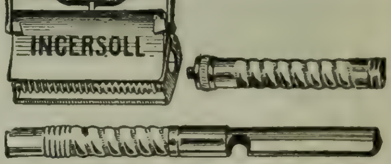
Is the largest in the U. S., comprising; Foot Ball, Hockey, Golf, Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Gymnasium Goods, Exercisers, Cameras, Bicycle, Basket Ball, Indoor Base Ball, Skates.

Send for Special Catalogue.



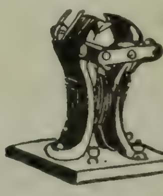
STEAM ENGINES.

Leader of our line of 15 styles of miniature Steam Engines. Complete as shown and guaranteed to run perfectly. Postage, 12c.; Nickel Finish, ... **50c.**



INGERSOLL SAFETY RAZOR.

A regular $2.00 Razor with every improvement, including best *Guaranteed* Hollow Ground Steel Blade. Postage, 4c. Price . . . . **95c.**



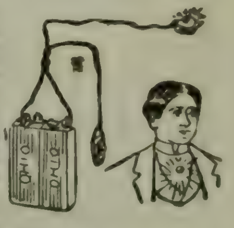
HUSTLER MOTOR

Perfectly made model of a Power Electric Motor. Postage, 15c. Price,

$1.00.

ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

A Great Novelty. Incandescent bulb surrounded by Stone Settings, connected with battery concealed in pocket. Lights by pressing switch. Postage, 8c. Price, Complete, **98c.**



Orders Filled in 24 Hours. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Money Back if Wanted.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT No. 77, 67 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y. CITY.

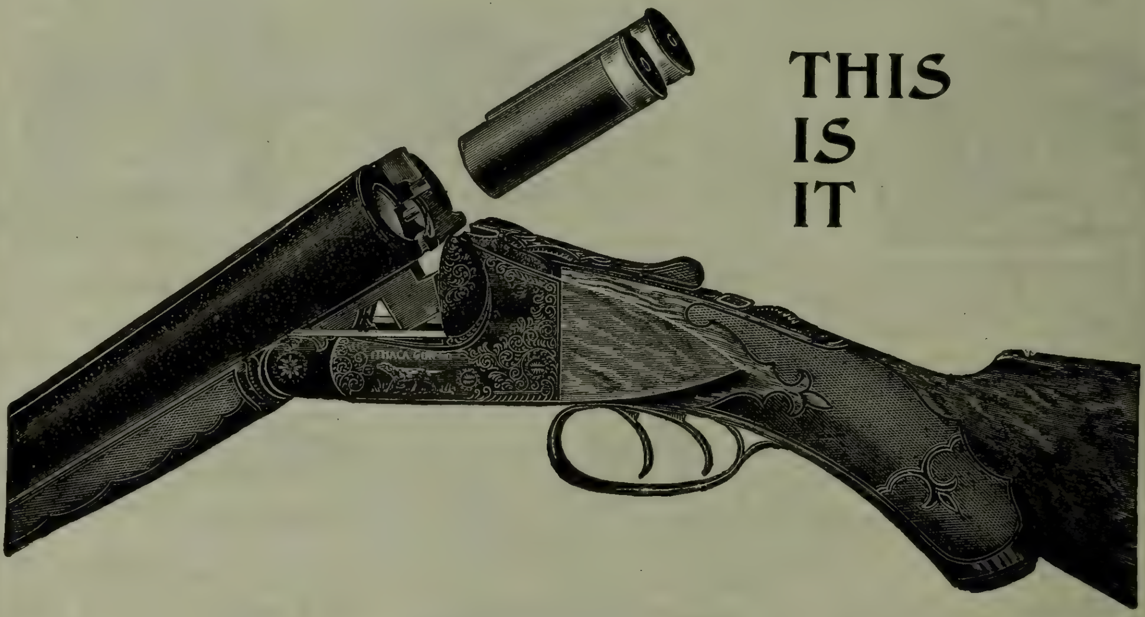
If You Want a Gun

That can always be depended on to go when you pull and to shoot as held; one that is good in all kinds of weather,

GET

AN ITHACA

It will never disappoint you.


ITHACA GUN CO.

THIS
IS
IT

Here is an Ohio shooter's opinion of it:

Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Gentlemen :—

The gun you sent me is the greatest shooting gun I have ever used. I broke 97 out of 100 targets with it, and yesterday I won the C. B. Wolfe Challenge medal, breaking 47 out of 50 in the target race, and 24 out of 25 on the shoot off, a very creditable performance for a new gun.

The Wolfe trophy is emblematic of the Championship of Columbus.

Very truly yours,
R. S. Rhoads, Columbus, O.

ITHACA GUN CO.

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ITHACA, N. Y.

The Only Three-barrel Gun is the

DALY

Made in 12 and 16 bore. 30-30 rifle cartridge; 7¼ to 7¾ pounds. Krupp steel barrels. Shooting equal to the finest rifle or shot gun. Balance and finish, perfect.

Prices, $150 and $200.

The only combination gun for Large Game, Birds, Clay Pigeons and Target Shooting.

Daly catalogue mailed on application.

NEW GREEN WALSRODE POWDER

The most striking proof that this powder is the

Best Smokeless Powder

is that the sale of it has increased—300 per cent.—over last year.

To those who have not yet tried it, we will send to any part of the U. S. (east of the Rockies) on receipt of

$1.00

1 lb. can New Green Walsrode Powder; 25 Empty Shells; 25 Card Board Wads; 25 ⅜-inch Felt Wads; 1 Powder Measure; 1 Circular instructing how to load the Powder.

Please tell us whether you shoot a 10 or 12 gauge gun. Will send 12 gauge unless otherwise mentioned

Schoverling, Daly & Gales,
302 and 304 Broadway, Cor. Duane St., NEW YORK.

Mention RECREATION.

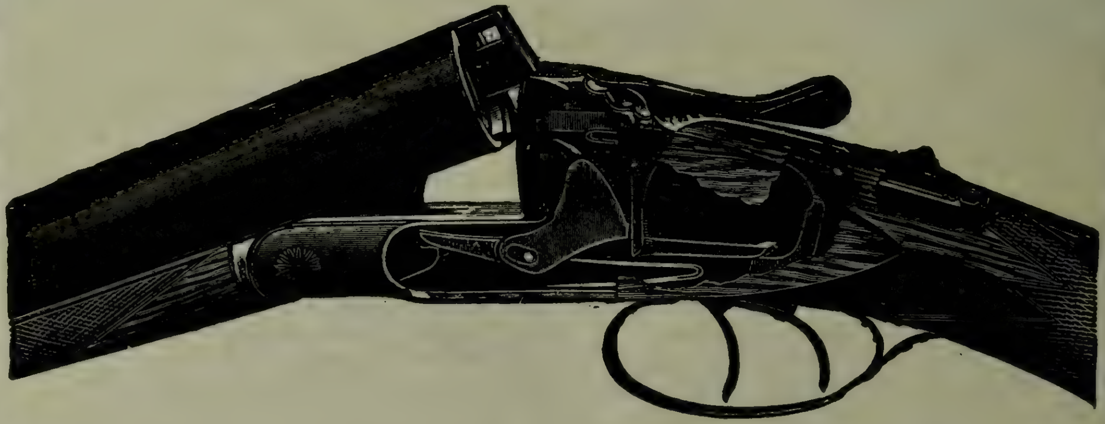
We do not say that——

Syracuse

Hammerless Guns

"Are as Good" as any gun in the market.

Their **Simplicity of Construction** and **Superiority of Finish** stamp them **Better** for practical and all-round work than any gun **in** the market. The "old, old story," but nevertheless substantiated by every man who ever drew a **SYRACUSE** to his shoulder.



SYRACUSE ARMS COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

GUN HOUSE

BEST GOODS. LOWEST PRICES

Send 5c. for Catalog. Over 700 illustrations.

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.,

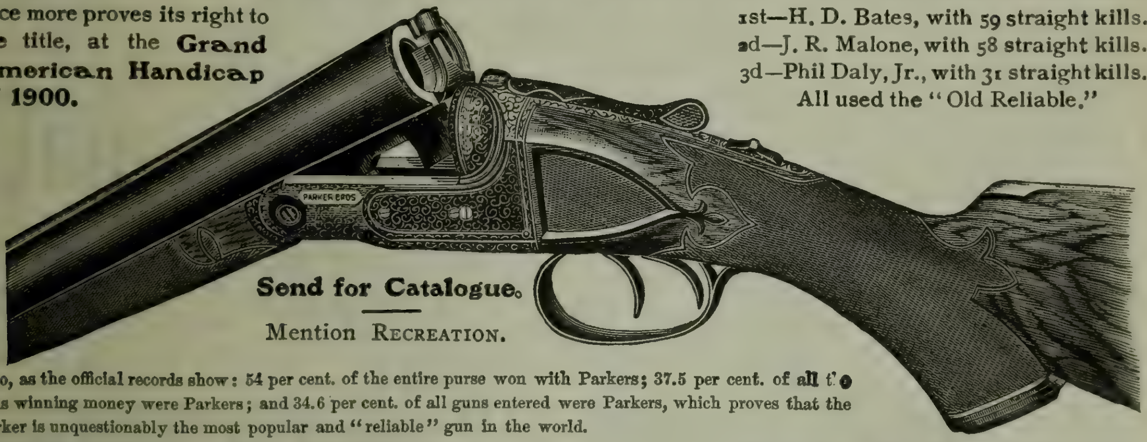
523 BROADWAY, - - NEW YORK CITY.

Mention Recreation.

THE "OLD RELIABLE" PARKER

once more proves its right to the title, at the **Grand American Handicap of 1900.**

1st—H. D. Bates, with 59 straight kills.
2d—J. R. Malone, with 58 straight kills.
3d—Phil Daly, Jr., with 31 straight kills.
All used the "Old Reliable."



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Mention Recreation.

Also, as the official records show: 54 per cent. of the entire purse won with Parkers; 37.5 per cent. of all the guns winning money were Parkers; and 34.6 per cent. of all guns entered were Parkers, which proves that the Parker is unquestionably the most popular and "reliable" gun in the world.

PARKER BROTHERS, - - MERIDEN, CONN.

TARGET CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA

WON WITH ...A Baker Hammerless

...BY...
W. R. CROSBY
MAY 20, 1899
AND AGAIN, JUNE [illegible]

BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.

Write for Quarterly BATAVIA, NEW YORK

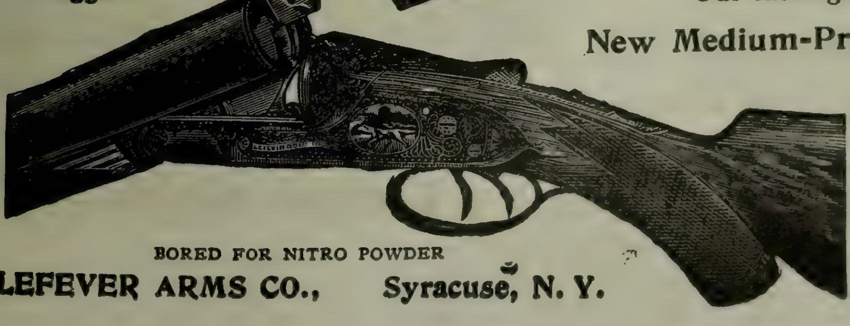
You are not up to date unless you have seen the

Ejector and Non-Ejector
Single or Double Trigger

IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless



This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

CARTRIDGES

THAT

WIN THE PRIZES

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE Co.
CINCINNATI

In such contests as the

International Military Rifle Tournament

at Sea Girt
New Jersey

Prove equally successful on **LARGE GAME**

Peters' Cartridges

Won Seven Prizes at Sea Girt

PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.
Cincinnati.

EASTERN BRANCH,
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80 Chambers St., New York

Mention Recreation and ask for Rifle Score Book or the Handy Book

Are You Going Hunting This Winter?

Be sure to take shells loaded with L. & R. Smokeless or Orange Black Powder.

Write for The Loads That win.

Gun Powder

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER COMPANY,
99 Cedar Street, New York City.

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THE REPUTATION OF

100 YEARS

In the Manufacture of Explosives
is the GUARANTEE of

DU PONT
SMOKELESS POWDER

Send for descriptive circular.

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E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Fine Guns

ALL THE PROMINENT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MAKES.

Scott's Monte Carlo

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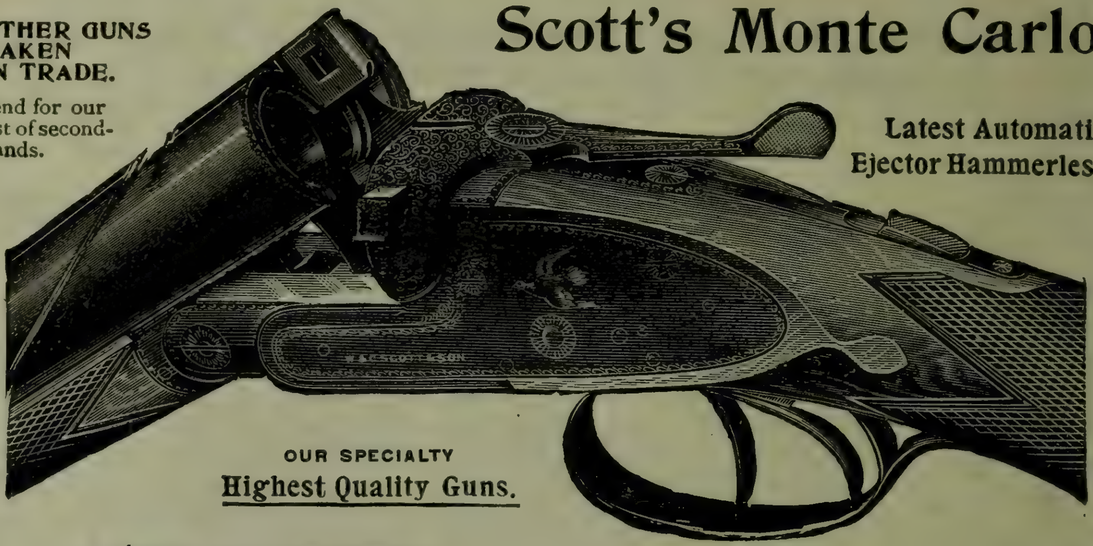

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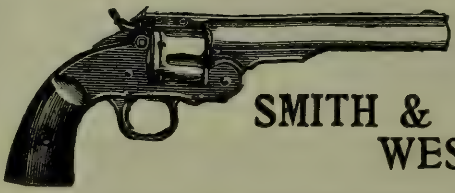

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